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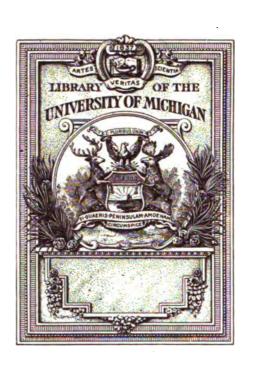
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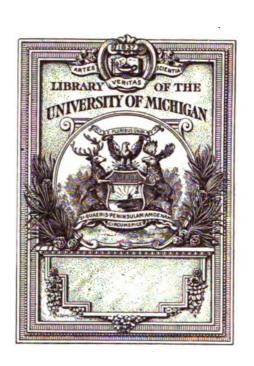
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# THE IDLER

### AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE

JEROME K. JEROME

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## THE IDLER.

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No. I.



### WOMEN OF THE BIBLE.

I.—EVE.

BY A. J. GOODMAN.

And the Lord God said unto the woman, "What is this that thou hast done?" And the woman said, "The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat."—GENESIS, Chapter III., 13.

### CONTRABAND OF WAR.

BY W. W JACOBS

ILLUSTRATED BY MAX COWPER.



SMALL but strong lamp was burning in the fo'c'sle of the schooner "Mary Ann," by the light of which a middle-aged

seaman of sedate appearance sat cro-

with the antimacassar. warningly, as a pair of sea-boots appeared at the top of the companion-ladder; "better not let him see you with that paper, Billee."

The boy thrust it beneath his blankets,

and, lying down, closed his eyes as the new-comer stepped on to the floor.

"All asleep?" enquired the latter.

The other man nodded, and Dan, without any further parley, crossed over to the sleepers and shook them roughly.

"Eh! wha's matter?" enquired the sleepers, plaintively.

"Git up," said Dan, impressively, "I want to speak to you. Something important."

With sundry growls the men complied, and, thrusting their legs out of their bunks, rolled on to the locker, and sat crossly waiting for information.

"I want to do a pore chap a good turn," said Dan, watching them narrowly out of his little black eyes, "an' I want you to help me; an' the boy too. It's never too young to do good to your fellow-creatures, Billy."

"I know it ain't," said Billy, taking this as permis-

sion to join the group; "I helped a drunken man home once when I was only ten years old, an' when I was only——"

The speaker stopped, not because he had come to the end of his remarks, but



A MIDDLE-AGED SEAMAN OF SEDATE APPEARANCE SAT CROCHETTING AN ANTIMACASSAR.

chetting an antimacassar. Two other men were snoring with deep content in their bunks, while a small, bright-eyed boy sat up in his, reading adventurous fiction.

"Here comes old Dan," said the man

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because one of the seamen had passed his arm around his neck and was choking him.

"Go on," said the man, calmly; "I've got him. Spit it out, Dan, and none of your sermonising."

"Well, it's like this, Joe," said the old man, "here's a pore chap, a young sojer from the depôt here, an' he's cut an' run. He's been in hiding in a cottage up the road two days, and he wants to git to London, and git honest work and employment, not shooting, an' stabbing, an bayoneting——"

"Stow it," said Joe, impatiently.

"He daren't go to the railway station, and he dursen't go outside in his uniform," continued Dan. "My 'art bled for the pore young feller, an' I've promised to give im a little trip to London with us. The people he's staying with won't have him no longer. They've only got one bed, and directly he sees any sojers coming he goes an' gits into it whether he's got his boots on or not."

"Have you told the skipper?" enquired Joe, sardonically.

"I won't deceive you, Joe, I 'ave not," replied the old man. "He'll have to stay down here of a day time, an' only come on deck of a night when its our watch. I told 'im what a lot of good-'arted chaps you wa;, and how——"

"How much is he going to give you?" enquired Joe, impatiently.

"It's only fit and proper he should pay a little for the passage," said Dan.

"How much?" demanded Joe, banging the little triangular table with his fist, and thereby causing the man with the antimacassar to drop a couple of stitches.

"Twenty-five shillings," said old Dan, reluctantly, "an' I'll spend the odd five shillings on you chaps when we git to Limehouse."

"I don't want your money," said Joe; "there's a empty bunk he can have; and, mind, you take all the responsibility—I won't have nothing to do with it."

"Thanks, Joe," said the old man, with a sigh of relief; "he's a nice young chap, you're sure to take to him. I'll go and give him the tip to come aboard at once."

He ran up on deck again and whistled softly, and a figure which had been hiding behind a pile of empties, came out, and after looking cautiously round, dropped noiselessly on to the schooner's deck, and followed its protector below.

"Good-evening, mates," said the linesman, gazing curiously and anxiously round him as he deposited a bundle on the table and laid his swagger cane beside it.

"What's your height?" enquired Joe, abruptly. "Seven foot?"

"No, only six foot four," said the new arrival, modestly. "I'm not proud of it. It's much easier for a small man to slip off than a big one."

"It licks me," said Joe, thoughtfully, "what they want 'em back for—I should think they'd be glad to git rid o' such—" he paused a moment while politeness struggled with feeling, and added, "skunks."

"P'raps I've a reason for being a skunk, p'raps I haven't," retorted Private Smith, as his face fell.

"This'll be your bunk," interposed Dan hastily; "put your things in there, and when you are in yourself you'll be as comfortable as a oyster in its shell."

The visitor complied, and, first extracting from the bundle some tins of meat and a bottle of whisky, which he placed upon the table, nervously requested the honour of the present company to supper. With the exception of Joe, who churlishly climbed back into his bunk, the men complied, all agreeing that boys of Billy's age should be reared on strong teetotal principles.

Supper over, Private Smith and his protectors retired to their couches, where the former lay in much anxiety until two in the morning, when they got under way.

"It's all right, my lad," said Dan, after the watch had been set, as he came and



COMMITTED HIS BODY TO THE DEEP (page 9).

stood by the deserter's bunk; "I've saved you—I've saved you for twenty-five shillings."

"I wish it was more," said Private Smith, politely.

The old man sighed—and waited.

"I'm quite cleaned out, though," continued the deserter, "except fi'pence ha'penny. I shall have to risk going home in my uniform as it is."

"Ah, you'll get there all right," said Dan, cheerfully; "and when you get home no doubt you've got friends, and if it seems to you as you'd like to give a little more to them as assisted you in the hour of need you won't be ungrateful, my lad, I know. You ain't the sort."

With these words old Dan, patting him affectionately, retired, and the soldier lay trying to sleep in his narrow quarters until he was aroused by a grip on his arm.

"If you want a mouthful of fresh air you'd better come on deck now," said the voice of Joe; "its my watch. You can get all the sleep you want in the day-time."

Glad to escape from such stuffy quarters Private Smith clambered out of his bunk and followed the other on deck. It was a fine clear night, and the schooner was going along under a light breeze; the seaman took the wheel, and, turning to his companion, abruptly enquired what he meant by deserting and worrying them with six foot four of underdone lobster.

"It's all through my girl," said Private Smith, meekly; "first she jilted me, and made me join the army; now she's chucked the other fellow, and wrote to me to go back."

"An' now I s'pose the other chap'll take your place in the army," said Joe. "Why, a gal like that could fill a regiment, if she liked. Pah! They'll nab you too, in that uniform, and you'll get six months, and have to finish your time as well."

"It's more than likely," said the soldier,

gloomily. "I've got to tramp to Manchester in these clothes, as far as I can see."

"What did you give old Dan all your money for?" enquired Joe.

"I was only thinking of getting away at first," said Smith, "and I had to take what was offered."

"Well, I'll do what I can for you," said the seaman. "If you're in love, you ain't responsible for your actions. I remember the first time I got the chuck. I went into a public-house bar, and smashed all the glass and bottles I could get at. I felt as though I must do something. If you were only shorter, I'd lend you some clothes."

"You're a brick," said the soldier, gratefully

"I haven't got any money I could lend you either," said Joe. "I never do have any, somehow. But clothes you must have."

He fell into deep thought, and cocked his eye aloft as though contemplating a cutting-out expedition on the sails, while the soldier, sitting on the side of the ship, waited hopefully for a miracle.

"You'd better get below again," said Joe, presently. "There seems to be somebody moving below; and if the skipper sees you, you're done. He's a regular Tartar, and he's got a brother what's a serjeant-major in the army. He'd give you up d'rectly if he spotted you."

"I'm off," said Smith; and with long, cat-like strides he disappeared swiftly below.

For two days all went well, and Dan was beginning to congratulate himself upon his little venture, when his peace of mind was rudely disturbed. The crew were down below, having their tea, when Billy, who had been to the galley for hot water, came down, white and scared.

"Look here," he said, nervously, "I've not had anything to do with this chap being aboard, have I?" "What's the matter?" enquired Dan, quickly.

"It's all found out," said Billy.

"What?" cried the crew, simultaneously.

"Leastaways, it will be," said the youth, correcting himself. "You'd better chuck him overboard while you've got time. I heard the cap'n tell the mate as he was coming down in the fo'c'sle to-morrow morning to look round. He's going to have it painted."

"This," said Dan, in the midst of a painful pause, "this is what comes of helping a fellow-creature. What's to be done?"

"Tell the skipper the fo'c'sle don't want painting," suggested Billy.

The agonised old seaman carefully putting down his saucer of tea, cuffed his head spitefully.

"It's a smooth sea," said he, looking at the perturbed countenance of Private Smith, "an' there's a lot of shipping about. If I was a deserter, sooner than be caught I would slip overboard to-night with a lifebelt and take my chance."

"I wouldn't," said Mr. Smith, with much decision.

"You wouldn't? Not if you was quite near another ship?" cooed Dan.

"Not if I was near fifty blooming ships, all trying to see which could pick me up first," replied Mr. Smith, with some heat.

"Then we shall have to leave you to your fate," said Dan, solemnly. "If a man's unreasonable his best friends can do nothing for him."

"Chuck all his clothes overboard, anyway," said Billy.

"That's a good idea o' the boy's. You leave his ears alone," said Joe, stopping the ready hand of the exasperated Dan. "He's got more sense than any of us. Can you think of anything else, Billy? What shall we do then?"

The eyes of all were turned upon their youthful deliverer, those of Mr. Smith being painfully prominent. It was a proud

moment for Billy, and he sat silent for some time, with a look of ineffable wisdom and thought upon his face. At length he spoke.

"Let somebody else have a turn," he said, generously.

The voice of the antimacassar worker broke the silence.

"Paint him all over with stripes of different-coloured paint, and let him pretend he's mad, and didn't know how he got here," it said, with an uncontrollable ring of pride at the idea, which was very coldly received, Private Smith being noticeably hard on it.

"I know," said Billy, shrilly, clapping his hands. "I've got it. I've got it. After he's chucked his clothes overboard to-night, let him go overboard, too, with a line."

"And tow him the rest o' the way, and chuck biscuits to him, I suppose," snarled Dan.

"No," said the youthful genius, scornfully; "pretend he's been upset from a boat, and has been swimming about, and we heard him cry out for help and rescued him."

"It's about the best way out of it," said Joe, after some deliberation; "it's warm weather, and you won't take no harm, mate. Do it in my watch, and I'll pull you out directly."

"Wouldn't it do if you just chucked a bucket of water over me and said you'd pulled me out," suggested the victim. "The other thing seems a downright lie."

"No," said Billy, authoritatively, "you've got to look half-drowned, and swallow a lot of water, and your eyes be all bloodshot."

Everybody being eager for the adventure, except Private Smith, the arrangements were at once concluded, and the approach of night impatiently awaited. It was just before midnight when Smith, who had forgotten for the time his troubles in sleep, was shaken into wakefulness.



"HIS MIND'S WANDERING," SAID HE, HASTILY.

"Cold water, sir?" said Billy, gleefully.

In no mood for frivolity, Private Smith rose and followed the youth on deck. The air struck him as chill as he stood there; but for all that it was with a sense of relief that he saw Her Majesty's uniform go over the side and sink into the dark water.

"He don't look much with his padding off, does he?" said Billy, who had been eyeing him critically.

"You go below," said Dan, sharply.

"Garn," said Billy, indignantly, "I want to see the fun as well as you do. I thought of it."

"Fun?" said the old man, severely. "Fun? To see a feller creature suffering, and perhaps drowned——"

"I don't think I had better go," said the victim; "it seems rather underhand." "Yes, you will," said Joe. "Wind this line round an' round your arm, and just swim about gently till I pull you in."

Sorely against his inclination, Private Smith took hold of the line, and, hanging over the side of the schooner, felt the temperature with his foot, and, slowly and tenderly, with many little gasps, committed his body to the deep. Joe paid out the line and waited, letting out more line, when the man in the water, who was getting anxious, started to come in hand over hand.

"That'll do,' said Dan, at length.

"I think it will," said Joe, and, putting his hand to his mouth, gave a mighty shout. It was answered almost directly by startled roars from the cabin, and the skipper and mate came rushing hastily upon deck, to see the crew, in their sleeping-gear, forming an excited group round Joe, and peering eagerly over the side.

"What's the matter?" demanded the skipper.

"Somebody in the water, sir," said Joe, relinquishing the wheel to one of the other seamen, and hauling in the line. "I heard a cry from the water and threw a line, and, by gum, I've hooked it."

He hauled in, lustily aided by the skipper, until the long white body of Private Smith, blanched with the cold, came bumping against the schooner's side.

"It's a mermaid," said the mate, who was inclined to be superstitious, as he peered doubtfully down at it. "Let it go, Jo:."

"Haul it in, boys," said the skipper, impatiently, and two of the men clambered over the side and, stooping down, raised it from the water.

In the midst of a puddle, which he brought with him, Private Smith was laid on the deck, and, waving his arms about, fought wildly for his breath.

"Fetch one of them empties," said the skipper, quickly, as he pointed to some barrels ranged along the side.

The men rolled one over, and then aided the skipper in placing the long fair form of their visitor across it, and to trundle it lustily up and down the deck, his legs forming convenient handles for the energetic operators.

"He's coming round," said the mate, checking them; "he's speaking. How do you feel, my poor fellow?"

He put his ear down, but the action was unnecessary. Private Smith felt bad, and, in the plainest English he could think of at the moment, said so distinctly.

"He's swearing," said the mate. "He ought to be ashamed of himself."

"Yes," said the skipper, austerely; "and him so near death, too. How did you get in the water?"

"Went for a —— swim," panted Smith, surlily.

"Swim?" echoed the skipper. "Why, we're ten miles from land."

"His mind's wandering, pore feller,"

interrupted Joe, hurriedly. "What boat did you fall out of, matey?"

"A row-boat," said Smith, trying to roll out of reach of the skipper, who was down on his knees flaying him alive with a roller-towel. "I had to undress in the water to keep afloat. I've lost all my clothes."

"Pore feller," said Dan.

"A gold watch and chain, my purse, and three of the nicest fellers that ever breathed," continued Smith, who was now entering into the spirit of the thing.

"Poor chaps," said the skipper, solemnly. "Any of 'em leave any family?"

"Four," said Smith, sadly.

"Children?" queried the mate.

"Families," said Smith.

"Look here," said the mate, but the watchful Joe interrupted him.

"His mind's wandering," said he, hastily.
"He can't count, pore chap. We'd better git him to bed."

"Ah, do," said the skipper, and, assisted by his friends, the rescued man was halfled, half-carried, below and put between the blankets, where he lay luxuriously sipping a glass of brandy and water sent from the cabin.

"How'd I do it?" he enquired, with a satisfied air.

"There was no need to tell all them lies about it," said Dan, sharply; "instead of one little lie you told half-a-dozen. I don't want nothing more to do with you. You start afresh now, like a new-born babe."

"All right," said Smith, shortly, and, being much fatigued with his exertions, and much refreshed by the brandy, fell into a deep and peaceful sleep.

The morning was well advanced when he awoke, and the fo'c'sle empty except for the faithful Joe, who was standing by his side, with a heap of clothing under his

"Try these on," said he, as Smith stared at him half-awake; "they'll be better than nothing, at any rate."





"TAKING HIM AFFECTIONATELY BY THE ARM, LED HIM AFT TO THE SKIPPER."

The soldier leaped from his bunk and gratefully proceeded to dress himself, Joe eyeing him critically as the trousers climbed up his long legs, and the sleeves of the jacket did their best to conceal his elbows.

"What do I look like?" he enquired anxiously, as he finished.

"Six foot an' a half o' misery," piped the shrill voice of Billy, promptly, as he thrust his head in at the fo'c'sle. "You can't go to church in those clothes."

"Well, they'll do for the ship, but you can't go ashore in 'em," said Joe, as he edged towards the ladder and suddenly sprang up a step or two to let fly at the boy. "The old man wants to see you; be careful what you say to him."

With a very unsuccessful attempt to

appear unconscious of the figure he cut, Smith went up on deck for the interview.

"We can't do anything until we get to London," said the skipper, as he made copious notes of Smith's adventures. "As soon as we get there I'll lend you the money to telegraph to your friends to tell 'em you're safe and to send you some clothes, and of course you'll have free board and lodgings till it comes, and I'll write out an account of it for the newspapers."

"You're very good," said Smith, blankly.

"And I don't know what you are," said the skipper, interrogatively; "but you ought to go in for swimming as a profession—six hours' swimming about like that is wonderful."

"You don't know what you can do till you have to," said Smith, modestly, as he backed slowly away; "but I never want to see the water again as long as I live."

The two remaining days of their passage passed all too quickly for the men who were casting about for some way out of the difficulty which they foresaw would arise when they reached London.

"If you'd only got decent clothes," said Joe, as they passed Gravesend, "you could go off and send a telegram, and not come back; but you couldn't go five yards in them things without having a crowd after you."

"I shall have to be taken I s'pose," said Smith, moodily.

"An' poor old Dan 'll get six months hard for helping you off," said Joe, sympathetically, as a bright idea occurred to him.

"Rubbish," said Dan, uneasily. "He can stick to his tale of being upset; anyway, the skipper saw him pulled out of the water. He's too honest a chap to get an old man into trouble for trying to help him."

"He must have a new rig out, Dan," said Joe, softly. "You an' me'll go and buy 'em. I'll do the choosing, and you'll do the paying. Why, it'll be a reg'lar treat for you to lay out a little money, Dan. We'll have quite a evening's shopping, everything of the best."

The infuriated Dan gasped for breath, and looked helplessly at the grinning crew.

"I'll see him—overboard first," he said, furiously.

"Please yourself," said Joe, shortly. "If he's caught you'll get six months. As it is, you've got a chance of doing a nice, kind little Christian act, becos o' course that twenty-five bob you got out of him won't anything like pay for his toggery."

Almost beside himself with indignation the old man moved off, and said not another word until they were made fast to the wharf at Limehouse. He did not even break silence when Joe, taking him affectionately by the arm, led him aft to the skipper.

"Me an' Dan, sir," said Joe, very respectfully, "would like to go ashore for a little shopping. Dan has very kindly offered to lend that pore chap the money for some clothes, and he wants me to go with him to help carry them."

"Ay, ay," said the skipper, with a benevolent smile at the aged philanthropist. "You'd better go at once afore the shops shut."

"We'll run, sir," said Joe, and taking Dan by the arm, dragged him into the street at a trot.

Nearly a couple of hours passed before they returned, and no child watched with greater eagerness the opening of a birthday present than Smith watched the undoing of the numerous parcels with which they were laden.

"He's a reg'lar fairy godmother, ain't he?" said Joe, as Smith joyously dressed himself in a very presentable tweed suit, serviceable boots, and a bowler hat. "We had a dreadful job to get a suit big enough, an' the only one we could get was rather more money than we wanted to give, wasn't it, Dan?"

The fairy godmother strove manfully with his feelings.

"You'll do now," said Joe. "I ain't got much, but what I have you're welcome to." He put his hand into his pocket and pulled out some loose coin. "What have you got, mates?"

With decent goodwill the other men turned out their pockets, and, adding to the store, heartily pressed it upon the reluctant Smith, who, after shaking hands gratefully, followed Joe on deck.

"You've got enough to pay your fare," said the latter, "an' I've told the skipper you are going to the City to send off telegrams. If you send the money back to Dan, I'll never forgive you."

"I won't then," said Smith, firmly; "but I'll send theirs back to the other chaps. Good-bye." Joe shook him by the hand again and bade him go while the coast was clear, advice which Smith hastened to follow, though he turned and looked back to wave his hand to the crew who had come up on deck silently to see him off. All but the philanthropist, who was down below with a stump of lead pencil and a piece of paper doing sums.

#### HE REMEMBERED.



Mrs. "Then there was my cousin George; you remember George?"
Mr. (in the dust to dust trade).—"Ay! Ay! Poor George. Sixty-eight by twenty-two, by eighteen plain oak in brass hangings!"

# DR. MAX NORDAU, THE AUTHOR OF "DEGENERATION."

HIS OWN ACCOUNT OF HIS BUSY AND MANY-SIDED LIFE.

BY ROBERT HARBOROUGH SHERARD.



R and light are all the luxuries one can hope for in a city."

It was Max Nordau who said this, as, drawing aside

the curtains of the windows of his sittingroom, he pointed out on to the broad and sunny Avenue de Villiers.

His apartment is situated in the house No. 34 of this most fashionable of Parisian avenues, and is on the first floor, just above a wine shop. Opposite is the palatial abode of the late Meissonnier, and in the neighbourhood are the studios of many other celebrated artists.

On a little plate on the door of the apartments are the words: "Dr. Max Nordau," for although the author of *Degeneration* is an artist also, his primary occupation is that of a working physician.

"I spend my days," he says, "in paying visits to my clients and in receiving visitors. In the intervals I attend to my journalistic duties, for I am the Paris correspondent of the "Vossische Zeitung, of Berlin, and I also contribute to the Frankfurter Zeitung, writing on all subjects. It is not till after dinner, that I sit down to my table to write my books. I then work till eleven o'clock or midnight, as the inspiration goes."

One waits for Max Nordau in the drawing-room which looks out on the Avenue de Villiers by two windows, and is furnished in yellow satin. On the mantlepiece is a bust of the director of a Parisian Musical Society, La Trompette, and on the walls are some oil paintings, including three portraits of Max Nordau, his mother, and his younger sister, who form the family. There is a piano heaped up with music between the two windows; and the

whole impression is that of the sunny and cheerful sitting-room of middle-class people of simple and unpretending tastes. The one circumstance that reminds one that he is here, in the abode of an anthropologist of no mean distinction, is that on a large table in the centre of the room are two piles of portraits of various people of fame and in high social position, issued as supplements to a London weekly periodical. "I like to study faces," says Max Nordau; and that is why he had collected these otherwise uninteresting portraits.

The doctor's consulting-room study adjoins the drawing-room. It is a corner room and has three windows in it. Against the window which is let into the corner of the house, stands Max Nordau's desk, which is covered with books and papers in some disorder. There is the portrait of a friend in a frame, a thermometer, and a pile of exceedingly thin foreign note paper. The large inkstand is filled with violet ink, and in the pen tray lie pens of exceeding fineness. There is a bookcase to Max Nordau's left and another to his right, as he sits at The bookcase to his left is his table. entirely filled with copies of the various editions and translations of his numerous books. In the bookcase to the left are dictionaries, books of reference, medical works, and in the place of honour, dedicatory copies of Lombroso's treatises.

"Lombroso and I are great friends," he says, "though we do not agree on all points."

Max Nordau's study is that of a hardworking man of letters, but it is not altogether without the paraphernalia of a medical man. On a little table by the window to the left are various surgical instruments, forceps, test-tubes, and such, whilst in front of the bookcase to the right is a long couch for patients to lie upon.

Though only forty-six years of age, the author of *Degeneration* has white hair and white beard and whiskers. Not that he looks an old man; the contrary, rather. He is full-blooded and vital, hearty and happy, with a charming urbanity of manner, which is by no means altogether professional.

"I was born in Pesth, of very poor parents," he said, "on July 29th, 1849. I can well remember the house, a small rustic house in Queen's Street, as it was called then, now known as Petoefy-Street. father was a Prussian, my mother was from Riga, in the Baltic provinces. father, who originally had been a Rabbi, came to Pesth as a tutor to Jewish children, and amongst his pupils was Adolf Fischoff, the revolutionary leader of 1848. He was a man of considerable ability, wrote a Hebrew grammar, and translated the Ecclesiasticus with commentaries. H: wrote poems in Hebrew, and published certain plays in German, which-well, though I am his son—I now appreciate at their value. My father was my first tutor and it was from him that I learned my first Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, though I cannot say that I made much progress in the last language."

Max Nordau was a very precocious child. He could read at the age of four. had a stern, an austere, childhood and youth, for we were very poor. My only amusement consisted in reading, and I read voraciously. It was desultory reading, to be sure. The first work of fiction I ever read was Midshipman Easy, which inspired me with a longing for adventure and travel which I afterwards was able to realise, and gave me a high opinion of British pride and British "I read Midshipman Easy tenacity. in English, for part of my education was English."

He began to write in 1862, and already

in 1863, that is to say when he was only fourteen, various poems, essays, and tales of his were published. "It was not, however, until 1865," continued Dr. Nordau, "I was then sixteen, that I began to make



MAX NORDAU.

money with my pen. In that year I was the principal contributor on a paper called Der Zaischenact, at a salary of thirty florins, or twelve dollars, a month, with which I kept us all. I was at school at the time, and spent my leisure hours at work for this paper, and my evenings at the theatre in my stall as a dramatic critic. I looked so young that often a kindhearted old compositor offered to escort me home at nights from the printing office -me, the dramatic critic!-for fear I should lose my way. Any time that I had to spare from my studies and my journalistic work, I employed in giving We needed every penny I could earn, for my father, mother, and sister were entirely dependent on me. It must have been about this time that I wrote my first long work, a satirical poem

in ten cantos, entitled *Deutschland*. I may remark that it has never found a publisher. I remained on *Der Zaischenact* until I left school, and at the age of eighteen, having entered the University of Pesth as a student of medicine, I joined the staff of the *Pesther Lloyd*."

Max Nordau was doing well at this period in his career. "My salary from the Pesther Lloyd was a hundred dollars a month, and I made about as much more as contributor to the Deutsche Zeitung and other newspapers. An income of two hundred dollars a month is quite a fortune in Pesth, and I saved a great deal, for I had made up my mind that as soon as I could afford it, I would take a long holiday and see the world. I had nothing to hope for in Pesth. I was considered a German, a foreigner. As a foreigner, I had no chance. The Hungarians hate the resident German, even if these be natives of Germany, and indeed have often tried to denationalise them. Besides, I had encouragement to continue a literary career, for I felt myself a rich man.

"My father died in 1872, having enjoyed two or three years of luxury. took my degree in 1873 as a doctor of medicine. My degree in the University of Paris was obtained in 1882. As soon as I had taken my degree I went to Vienna, discharging my conscription duties as a medical surgeon and acting, at the same time, as correspondent of the Pesther Lloyd on a salary of two hundred dollars a month. From Vienna I went to Berlin and studied under Vinchew, and walked the hospitals studying general medicine. In 1874 I paid a two months' visit to Russia, partly as a journalist and partly to see the hospitals in such towns as Moscow, Kiev, Petersburg, &c. Thence I went to Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, and afterwards to England and Ireland, with the same purposes in view. I contributed articles on social life, literature, art, and hospital life to my papers, and wrote on medical questions in the Wiener Medecinisher Wochen-Schrift. It is eather in the cap of a medical man to contribute to this publication. These tours were effected on my savings.

"I was studying all the time, learning languages, mixing with all classes of people, studying the life and literature of each country I visited, getting hold of old books, seeing theatres and art exhibitions in the various towns. I think I made good use of my rambling, which occupied my life between the ages of twenty-three and twenty-seven; I did not care to earn money. All I wanted was to heap up materials, to study men and nations. I returned home to Pesth in 1876, and took my mother and sister, who had lived comfortably in the meantime on an allowance, and went with them to Paris, where I continued to study medicine. We lived in Paris, partly on my savings and partly on the income derived from my pen as contributor to the Frankfurter Zeitung. Whilst pursuing my medical studies in Paris I began to write my first book: "Paris-Studien und Bilder aus dem Wahren Milliardenlande. This was written in the years 1876 and 1877. I found publishers for it in Messrs. Duncker & Humblot, from whom I received one thousand marks after the first edition had been sold out, and a further two thousand marks on the second edition. The book was much attacked in France, as it was supposed to be a retort on Tissot's Pays des Milliards. No doubt these attacks helped the book; for the first edition of twelve hundred copies was exhausted in six months, and the book was translated into Italian, Danish, Swedish, Dutch, and English.

"In October, 1878, I returned to Pesth with the intention of settling down there as a medical man. I had now a certain reputation. The financial results of my first three or four months were simply astounding. But I was disgusted with the social life there and the number of hypocrites I met, Germans who pretended not to speak German, but shammed to be



DR. MAX NORDAU'S STUDY.

Hungarians, lending themselves to a lie, a national lie. No German can live in Pesth unless he acts this lie, without it no social intercourse is possible. You find yourself in a drawing-room in a German family. Everybody is speaking German. Suddenly a sham Magyar is announced. body pretends to be a Magyar and talks Hungarian. It was sickening. It disgusted me and drove me away from Pesth. I then went to Germany on a lecturing tour. My lectures were prepared by walking about with my central idea in my mind, thinking out deductions and illustrations. My experiences as a parliamentary reporter helped me to speak. I have a natural gift for public speaking. You see, I have the advantage of being very shortsighted, so that large audiences do not intimidate me, because I can't see them. All I see is a few heads in the front row of the stalls, and it is to those I address myself.

I usually pick out one of these, and hammer away at what I am saying, until his countenance shows me that he has understood and is convinced. When, owing to the front row of stalls being too far away, I could see nobody, I got muddled, spoke long and clumsy phrases, in fact 'made a mess of it.' My 'Faust and Don Juan' lecture was a very great success. After I had delivered it in Frankfort, I received invitations from one hundred and twelve German towns to come and lecture. I could only accept a few, but for years afterwards I had to refuse invitations. As a lecturer I spent part of 1878, and the autumn of 1879. I used to receive from fifty to seventy-five dollars a lecture and all found, and here again was able to save money."

"In 1880 I returned to Paris and decided to fix myself there. I continued my medical studies, and took my

doctor's degree in 1882. In the meanwhile I had been working on a book which I had commenced to write in Pesth, as something to make me forget the people amongst whom I was living. This book was based on the notes I had taken during my travels, and appeared under the title of *From the Kremlin to* the Alhambra, which of all my books is the

one which has been the least attacked - a circumstance," added Nordau, "which perhaps does not plead in its favour. It appeared in two volumes, and has gone through twentythree editions. In the interval between my first and second books, I wrote a volume of short stories, published under the title of Soap Bub. bles.

"I forgot to say that whilst I was in Pesth, on my return from my lectur-

ing tour, that is to say in 1879—a year of great activity—I wrote two plays. One of these was in collaboration with Ferdinand Gross. It was played in various towns, but I never saw it performed. The other was never played in German, but was pirated and played in Swedish. In 1880 I wrote Paris under the Third Republic."

This book is now in it fourth edition, the first three editions having been exhausted in the first year of publication.

"During the next two years," continued Max Nordau, "I published nothing, but in 1882 and 1883 I wrote my Conventional Lies."

It was this book which firmly established Max Nordau's reputation, not only as an author, but as a philosopher. It has

> had great success -being, indeed, the German book which has been sold in the greatest number. Up till now, more than fifty-five thousand copies have been taken up of the German edition. It has been translated into everv European language, and it has formed the basis of a whole chapter of contemporary German literature. About this much-discussed book more than ten voluminous books have



DR. MAX NORDAU.

been written, some supporting the author's theories, others contesting them with virulent vigor.

"The manuscript of this book," said Nordau, handing me a thin volume of manuscript, neatly bound in a cover, "will show you what was my concentration of spirit whilst I was writing it." The writing is exceedingly fine: on some pages it is almost microscopical. The printed book consists of four hundred and twenty pages;

the manuscript book only contains seventysix pages. Some of the pages of manuscript gave eight printed pages.

Nordau sends all his manuscript as it is written, off to the printers, and has it sent back as soon as the work has been composed. He then has the complete manuscript bound up into a volume, joining the "takes," into which the original pages have been cut, with pieces of stamp-edg-He can tell by the look of his writing what degree of concentration of spirit he had reached whilst writing such or such The Paradoxes, which he passage. wrote in 1884, is a printed volume of four hundred and fourteen pages. The manuscript is contained in sixty-five pages.

"This book, like the Conventional Lies has been translated into every language. Personally, I consider it the best book I have ever written. It did not sell as well as Conventional Lies however! Up till now I think twenty-three thousand copies have been bought. In 1885 I published a selection of my Paris letters to the papers. In the meanwhile I was occupying myself with the study of neuropathology, to which I was first initiated by Professor Ball, whose lectures at St. Anne I attended for years."

Max Nordau wrote his first novel in 1887. It is entitled The Century's Disease.

"This was a study, in the form of a novel in two volumes, of the madness, the pessimism, which are the characteristics of the latter part of this century. My hero is a pessimist, a modern Hamlet, for, Hamlet, in my opinion, was nothing but a neuropath."

This book has also been translated into all languages. "Which proves nothing," says Nordau. "A bad book may attract universal attention, and a good book may be entirely passed over. I cannot congratulate myself on the publication of my first novel, for it poisoned two years of my life. I had submitted the manuscript to a publisher from Leipzig, who called on

me in Paris and asked me for it; and he literally stole it, ran off to Germany, published it, and managed to sell four thousand copies at three dollars before I could assert my rights. He then absconded without paying me a penny. It was not, accordingly, till 1891 that I published my next book. This was a second novel, entitled The Comedy of Sentiment, which describes the loves of a couple who are duping both one another and themselves." It was followed in 1892 by a volume of short stories, called Soul-Analyses which many versions have since been issued.

"Then came Degeneration, originally published in two volumes. It we written from December, 1891, to April, 1893, with steady, regular work. The manuscript, you see, consists of 330 pages, of not too small writing. What chiefly prompted me to write this book was that I was irritated at being always spoken about as 'The Author of Conventional Lies.' I hate being nailed to a speciality, and said to myself that I would disassociate myself from the speciality which was associated with my name.

"Degeneration has raised up innumerable enemies to me. I had a proof of this by the way in which the critics in Berlin dealt with my play, The Right to Love, which I wrote after Degeneration, and dedicated to my excellent friend, Madame Novikoff. Day after day they attacked it in their papers, and eventually, that is to say, after sixteen performances, succeeded in killing it, in Berlin at least. It was played with better success in seven or eight other German towns, and was also very favourably received in Milwaukee, where it was performed in Ger-My object it writing it was once more to disassociate my name from the fresh speciality which people were associating with my name. People were speaking about me as a philosophical writer. I wanted to show them that I could write plays also.

"I was not discouraged by the reception of my Right to Love, and in 1894 wrote a play called The Ball. produced at the Lessing Theatre, in Berlin, on the 31st of October. After the third act I was called seven times before the curtain. I did not hear among all the applause one single sound of disapproval, although the audiences at the Lessing Theatre are notoriously hard to please. It was, in a word, a very great success, and after the last curtain the author was much embraced. enemies had not forgotten Degeneration, and next morning twenty out of twentytwo papers declared that no such filth had ever been served up on a German stage. I did not read these notices myself, indeed I never read any criticisms of my work, but my friends wrote and told me what was being written about my play, and in a day or two I heard that the critics had succeeded in killing it. The director of the Lessing Theatre wrote and told me he had had to withdraw it after the third night, greatly as he admired it, and in spite of his conviction that it would eventually succeed, because he could not afford to play one single night to a losing house.

"However, I am not discouraged and shall write more plays. Just now I am writing a new novel. Then I shall write

another play, and then, perhaps a volume of short stories. Eventually I shall write another philosophical work. I will not be classified. I am no specialist. I hate specialists. I am a man of letters, and I wish to succeed in every field of my art.

"I work at my books from half-past eight in the evening till eleven o'clock or midnight. When I set pen to paper I am as sure of the last word of what I am going to write as I am of the first. find it hard to sufficiently concentrate my mind at first, and the work of the first hour and a half is about equal to the work of a quarter of an hour later. I may say that my night's work at this table is the one pleasure of my life. I go out very rarely. I have never smoked, nor drank, and never go to a café. I was too poor as a young man to smoke or drink or frequent public-houses. I had no time for anything but work, so that I never formed these habits. It is thanks to this that I have been able to produce largely, and it is thanks to this that even when my income was a very small one I was never in difficulties My average annual expenditure during the years in which I was travelling all over Europe, never exceeded fourteen hundred dollars, and this included an allowance to my mother, which enabled her to live in comfort with my sister."

#### CAUGHT. BY HAL HURST.



A widow always gets her third in America, I suppose.

The Widow (married twice).—You just bet she don't, Colone!. I thought I'd have a better chance if I came over here.

### THE PICTURE OF THE CURSE.

BY ALLEN UPWARD.

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. MILLAR.

I.



OU ask me to recount the dark and fateful tragedy in which it was my lot, more as a spectator than an actor, to be

involved. The chief persons concerned in it are dead, the picture which wrought out so terrible a vengeance has been removed to a public museum, where its identity has long been lost. So be it; I will relate the story.

I was staying at the time, as you may have heard, in the ancient city of Pisa, in Italy—in Italy, the land of beauty and secrecy, the land of passion and revenge. I had been in Pisa not many weeks when I was met at the corner of the Colonnade one morning by my friend Professor Rönnfeldt. We both spoke Italian, and it was in that language that he greeted me.

'You are the very man I wanted to meet," he said. "Have you any particular engagement for this afternoon?"

"I have none," I replied. "Why; is there anything which you want me to do?"

"I want you to come with me, together with an Italian gentleman, the young Count Assorli, to inspect a picture in the Soffareno Palace. It is called—The Picture of the Curse."

Naturally, struck by so strange a title, I asked Herr Rönnfeldt to explain its meaning. He then gave me the following account, which I regret that my memory does not allow me to reproduce in the Professor's own words. There were many other particulars, no doubt, which I have forgotten, but the main outline is correctly preserved.

"You are aware" (he began) "that the old and once haughty house of Soffareno is now only represented by the young Marchesa, who is at present lying at the point

of death. Twenty years ago, however, when the old Marquis was alive, the Soffareni were in the full zenith of prosperity and fortune. The Marquis Vincentio had married the most beautiful lady in Pisa, and she had brought him two lovely children, a boy-the one who died the other day-and a girl, the young Marchesa Helena. Ever since the nuptials the palace had been one continued scene of pleasure and festivity. Every day the old Marquis devised some fresh amusement or some added luxury to gratify his young wife; and she, on her part, threw herself into the tide of enjoyment with all the abandon of her youth.

"Foremost among those who contributed to the wild revels of the Soffareno Palace was a young and handsome painter, by name Andrea Chiatto. He was not a native of Pisa, nor, it seemed, of Tuscany. No one, in fact, could say from what part of Italy he had come. But his talent as an artist was undoubted, and equally remarkable were his powers in all the kindred arts or sciences of design, of architecture, and even of mechanics. In addition, it was said that his studies sometimes partook of a mysterious character, for a light was often seen burning in the topmost window of his solitary dwelling long after midnight, and even on to the very moment of dawn. The rumour among the common people asserted that Chiatto was a follower of unlawful knowledge. In less ignorant circles his nightly vigils were ascribed to the practice of scientific experiments, and he was credited with researches into those strange, half-understood forces of nature which are grouped under the empirical name of animal magnetism.

"To those who were intimate with him—if any could be said to be truly intimate with this reserved and singular man—he admitted a certain leaning towards the



SITTING IN THE SAME ATTITUDE.

occult arts. He professed belief in many of the marvels related of modern spiritualism, and was not unwilling at times to give illustrations of his own peculiar powers as a mesmerist. Such was Andrea Chiatto.

"He had not been long in Pisa when old Soffareno sent for him to the palace, and asked him to execute a portrait of his wife. The painter accepted the commission, and a handsome price was agreed upon, to be paid on the completion of the picture. The Marchesa was next approached, and she consented to appoint certain hours during which the artist might attend and pursue his labour. He came regularly and often, and for a month the picture made steady progress.

"At the end of that time, however, a singular thing occurred. Chiatto suddenly declared himself dissatisfied with his work, and, tearing the canvas in pieces, demanded leave to begin all over again. The beautiful sitter, whether flattered by this display of anxiety, or secretly willing to prolong the series of meetings with Andrea for which his task gave occasion, made no difficulty, and the sittings went on for another lengthened period.

"But the same thing was to be repeated. When a sufficient number of weeks had slipped past, the artist again pronounced his efforts to be wholly unworthy of their exquisite subject. The nearly-completed portrait was again destroyed, and a third canvas was set upon the easel.

"By this time the ingenuity of Chiatto and the Marchesa's complaisance began to be the talk of Pisa; and it was in the inevitable course of things that the voice should penetrate at last to the ears of the man whose honour was most interested.

"From this point conjecture as to what took place must to some extent supply the place of narrative. The Soffareni have ever been noted for a certain cold pride which isolates them from public sympathies, at the same time that it makes them peculiarly averse to anything in the nature of a public scandal. Hence in the present instance, the proceedings of the Marquis must have been extremely guarded and deliberate. So far as the information available suffers an opinion to be formed, he made no attempt to surprise the couple at one of their frequent interviews. He seems to have preferred to confront his wife alone and in private with the terrible suspicions for which her name had become the target, and to have satisfied himself, from her confession or from her evasion, that she had merited the doom of faithlessness.

"To admit, by seeking revenge, that his honour had been sullied by a man of Chiatto's low birth, he must have considered beneath his dignity. But the unhappy woman could not be allowed to live, and to confer, perhaps, the name of Soffareno upon the offspring of a wandering painter. Recourse was had to poison. No cry was heard, no warning given; but when Andrea came at the usual hour to renew his Penelope-like labour, he found, dressed in the same robes and jewels, and sitting in the same attitude he had chosen for his portrait, the corpse of the woman he had loved.

"He uttered not a word, but came away, bearing his unfinished canvas. He made no report of what he had seen to the public authorities; and meanwhile the Marquis Soffareno procured a medical certificate that the Marchesa had died from an overdose of a certain medicine pre-

scribed for her a short time previously. In those days, and in Italy, the law did not easily penetrate into the recesses of the noble's palace; and the air in Pisa was not freer from corruption than elsewhere. The punishment inflicted by the Marquis, moreover, was one sanctioned by public opinion, and even, within certain restrictions, by the public code of Tuscany. No enquiry was, therefore, instituted, and after a time it appeared as if no one retained any remembrance of the unhappy lady's fate.

"It was remarked that Andrea Chiatto lingered on in Pisa, although the houses of the nobility were no longer open to him, and he could scarcely hope to obtain any further employment in his profession as a portrait painter. He went out but little into the streets of the town, but whenever he did appear, he was seen to be preserving a cheerful demeanour, and by no means that of a man who was given over to thoughts of revenge. He continued to keep his mysterious light burning through the unhallowed hours of darkness, and the belief in his magical powers, among the lower orders of the people, grew stronger every day.

"The popular interest in this strange character was at its height, when it all at once became known that he had actually written to his enemy Soffareno, offering him as a gift the completed portrait of the unfortunate Marchesa.

"By this time the feelings of the husband had undergone a certain change. The extreme tenderness he had formerly felt for his youthful bride revived over her grave; and if he did not wish his stern deed undone, he at all events began to let his recollection dwell fondly on the time before his joy in her had suffered the chill of change and doubt. Strange as it may seem, then, he closed with the offer of the painter, and agreed to submit to the conditions by which it was accompanied.

"These conditions were far more extra-

ordinary than the offer itself. Chiatto stipulated that a room should be set apart for the reception of the picture, and that he should be permitted to come at his



"TREMBLING IN EVERY LIMB."

own time, and place it himself upon the walls. He required that the key of the room should be sent to him in advance, and insisted that no one should be permitted to enter until the work of hanging the picture was accomplished to his satisfaction. He intended to bring his own ladder and everything necessary for putting the picture in its place; and no person was to question him, coming or going.

"Having obtained these concessions, the painter arrived at the palace one day at the hour of dawn, with a conveyance, on which were two huge and unwieldy packages cased in black cloth. Assisted by the driver of the waggon, Chiatto carried these to the room appointed—the room into which it will be necessary for us to

enter this afternoon—and locked himself in alone. For the next half-hour sounds of hammering were occasionally heard from inside, and the shifting of furniture from place to place. Finally, the artist again summoned his waggoner, and, locking the door behind them, they carried back one of the two packages to the vehicle.

"The man then drove off, while Chiatto astonished the servants, who had been watching his movements, by ordering them to bring him before the owner of the palace.

"Smitten with apprehension, they obeyed, and the two enemies found themselves face to face.

"The Marquis had already been informed of the painter's arrival, and of his eccentric behaviour, and had hastily risen, and come out in his dressing gown, moved, partly by curiosity and partly by a secret longing to gaze at the earliest moment upon the features of the once-loved dead.

"The meeting between the two was an embarrassing one, but the Marquis began to frame some acknowledgment of the artist's gift.

"Chiatto interrupted him.

"'Sir,' he said. 'I did not come here for your thanks. There'—casting it down before him with a clang—'is the key of your room. Go to it, and look at your picture as soon as you please. But beware; for upon that portrait you have received into your house lies the curse of Andrea Chiatto, and every creature who looks upon it shall die!'

"After saying this, he strode away with frowning brow and flashing eyes, so that all the servants fell back from before him. That same hour he disappeared from Pisa, and no one has ever since heard where he has gone.

"If old Soffareno was daunted for a moment by this threat, he soon shook off his fears, and affecting to despise the words of Chiatto as the vapourings of a charlatan, he picked up the key, and departed to the chamber of the portrait. Not one man of all the household ventured to accompany him. Overcome by their fear of the unknown and mysterious powers of the painter, they hung in a group at the far end of the corridor, and at that distance watched their master enter through the forbidden door."

II.

"Two minutes elapsed" (continued the Professor), "during which they heard nothing. At the end of that time the door was thrown open, and the Marquis rushed out of the accursed chamber, trembling in every limb, and looking sick unto death.

"The attendants hastened to him, and, after locking the door by his feeblymuttered directions, and withdrawing the key, they carried him to his bedroom. The little boy and girl were sent for, too young to understand what was passing around them, and their father bestowed on them his last caresses. The priest arrived next, and in his ear, and his alone, did the dying man confide the secrets of the mysterious room. Within an hour the Marquis expired, his last words containing a solemn injunction that no member of his family should ever attempt to look upon the picture invested with so terrible an influence.

"From that time forward the portrait resting in its dread concealment received the name by which it is known to every intimate of the Saffareno Palace—The Picture of the Curse.

"For twenty years the dying command of the Marquis was scrupulously obeyed, and no human foot crossed the threshold of the chamber of the portrait. No earthly inducement, indeed, could have tempted any of the superstitious members of the household to brave the curse which had been so swiftly and horribly fulfilled before their eyes. It was reserved for the heir of the old Marquis, now grown to man's estate, to tempt, for the second

time, the awful denunciation attached to the portrait of his mother.

"The Marchesa Helena tells me" (said Herr Rönnfeldt) "that it was against her will, and in spite of her earnest remonstrances, that her brother ventured upon such a step. But the young Vincente was bold, even to foolhardiness, and being, besides, a freethinker, he especially prided himself on his indifference to all terrors not of a physical and tangible Some of his college companions, it would seem, started the idea in his mind by questioning him about what they scoffingly termed the enchanted portrait. And, partly to dissipate the effect of these jeers, partly out of a natural and amiable desire to behold the features of his dead parent, the young Marquis finally announced his determination to explore the fatal room.

"Having once fixed his intention, no persuasions on the part of those who sought to restrain him were of any avail. He discovered the key used by his father among a pile of musty documents, and in the full tide of youth and health and energy, he passed the doorway of the forbidden chamber and disappeared from view.

"He was gone for about a quarter of an hour. I happened to be in the palace at the time. I had but recently come to Pisa for a prolonged rest from my studies, which, as you know, have chiefly lain in the direction of physics, chemistry, and the allied sciences. Among my introductions happened to be one to a great friend of the young Marquis Soffareno's, and I rapidly became intimate at the palace.

"Never have I witnessed so sudden and ghastly a change in any man as had taken place in Vincente Soffareno, when he staggered, rather than walked, into the salon where we awaited him. Personally, I must admit that I had looked upon the legendary terrors of the picture as the merest fable, and I am afraid I had done something to encourage young Soffareno

 to prosecute his adventure. Judge of my surprise and consternation, therefore, when I saw him creep back, looking as a man might look who had just received a mortal wound.

"I asked him what had happened. He forbore reply. Dismayed by his dreadful silence, I withdrew, and it was not till after his death that I gleaned from his sister Helena a meagre account of what had taken place.

"Meanwhile, as soon as I had had time for reflection, I felt disposed to attribute the disorder from which the young man evidently suffered to a disturbance of the nervous system. I theorised thus: -- A young man, of sanguine temperament, goes into a room invested with the most appalling traditions, in which he himself unconsciously half-believes; he goes moreover to view the portrait of a mother who, as he has doubtless heard, came to a violent end under peculiarly shocking circumstances. He enters in a high state of excitement, and in all probability the first object that meets his eye is a skull or skeleton, or some such horrible object, above which perhaps hangs a portrait into whose expression the artist has conveyed all of frightful, all of loathsome, all of Satanic that his art could command. A nervous shudder runs through the intruder, he mistakes this natural trembling for an occult visitation, latent superstition asserts itself, and he finally issues from the apartment deeply persuaded that he has been mortally stricken by some invisible power.

"Reasoning in this way, I tried to impress the Marchesa with my view of her brother's case. She was not, I think, really convinced by me, but she no doubt thought it her duty to adopt any theory that afforded the least hope, and she urged my views upon her brother. It was then that he opened his lips to her, and related his experiences within the chamber of the portrait.

"'When I went into that room.' he

told her, 'I thought exactly as you and the Professor do. I expected to find some such theatrical arrangement, and, therefore, if I had seen it, it would not have startled me in the least. But the room contained nothing of the kind. Instead, I saw at one end a confused heap of furniture and ornaments, while on the wall at the opposite end was the only picture in the room, an exquisitely painted portrait of a young and beautiful woman, richly dressed and adorned with gems, and in feature showing an unmistakable likeness to yourself. I sat down on a chair that happened to be standing in front of the picture, and fixed my eyes steadily upon it, waiting to see if anything would happen. Presently I detected a feeling of numbness creeping over me. At first I treated it as a mere delusion, but by degrees it was succeeded by a dreadful sickness, my eyes swam, the picture grew obscure, and I got up and came away as best I could. There was absolutely nothing to cause what has happened to me, beyond the mere act of my looking at the picture. That there is some occult power at work I am now convinced, and nothing shall ever make me believe otherwise.'

"Using expressions like these, he handed the key of the chamber to his sister, and earnestly implored her to let no mortal soul ever make use of it again.

"His orders were respected as long as he remained alive. He lingered on for nearly a week, refusing to see any physician, and at last expired in his sister's arms, consoled with all the rites of the Roman Church.

"I dare say you, in common with others, have remarked on the fatality of the beautiful Helena herself being seized with illness immediately after her brother's death. The fact is that her anxiety to fathom the secret of the terrible picture was too strong for her dread of its powers. Accordingly she one day informed me of her intention to penetrate into the

chamber, and requested me to accompany her as far as the corridor, and there wait for her reappearance.

"I earnestly entreated her to allow me to pass with her into the room, but to this she would by no means consent.

"'If this picture is indeed fraught with death to all who behold it,' she said, 'it is right that the curse should only fall upon the members of our house. Let me go in alone, and if I need your help, you can come to me when you hear my voice.'



"FILL INTO MY ARMS."

"I had to submit, and from my position in the corridor I watched her pass through the fatal door. No sound followed, but after an interval of time similar to that in the case of her brother, she emerged, stricken in the same dreadful way, and fell into my arms. Staying only to lock

the door, and withdraw the key, I called for help, and we bore her to her own room.

"Immediately afterwards I sent for the family physician, to whom I briefly related the circumstances. He at once took the view which I had come to in Vincente's case, namely, that it must be a case of nervous shock.

"However, at this juncture the Count of Assorli came on the scene. He is the affianced lover of the Marchesa, to whom he was passionately attached long before her brother's death left her one of the wealthiest heiresses in Tuscany. The Count is a perfectly fearless man, the very type of a cavalier, but strongly tinged with religious ideas, and therefore inclined to look at these tragic events in a superstitious light. To him, considering him as a member of the family, I explained my ideas.

"'Count Assorli,' I said, 'I no longer hold the view which has been adopted by the Marchesa's physician, that her illness is to be accounted for by any impression on the nervous system. In the first place, I can hardly believe that two different individuals, of widely differing temperaments, would be affected in precisely the same way by any subjective influence. second place, the arrangements of this secret chamber, as described to the Marchesa by her brother, are irreconcilable with any such idea. It is impossible to suppose that the mere act of gazing upon a beautiful portrait could produce the fearful effects I have seen. In other words, the conclusion I have been driven to is that these disasters are the work of some real outward agency.'

"The Count crossed himself.

"'Do you mean, Signor Professor, that you think there is really a supernatural agency at work?' he asked.

"At the risk of wounding his religious prejudices, I answered firmly—

"'It is not a question of thinking. As a perfectly sane man, having my nerves under proper control, and my constitution



in sound working order, I know that these results, like all others, must have been produced by some natural physical means, which can be discovered by a sufficiently close examination. What I propose to you to do is this. Let us try, by actual experiment, to ascertain what these means are, and how they operate, in order to place ourselves in a position to deal, with some slight hope of success, with the malady which is now baffling the physician of the Lady Helena.'

"Whatever the Count's private opinion may have been, he could not resist the hope held out by these words, and he at once agreed to fall in with my plan. We have no need to consult the Marchesa, I having retained the key of the chamber; and, it being a matter of life and death, we neither of us deem it improper to proceed without her knowledge. Our plan is simply this: It is evident to me that the mechanism which I expect to discover, and which undoubtedly points to the highest skill on the part of Chiatto, is of such a character that the ordinary action of a person entering the room, and looking at the picture is sufficient to set it in motion. Therefore, what is required is for some person of sufficient coolness and courage to go through this part, while competent observers station themselves inside the room and watch closely for the faintest indication of the secret. Assorli, with a chivalrous disregard of consequences, has volunteered to play this dangerous part; I propose to be one of the observers, and, with the Count's permission, I was coming to ask you to be the other."

Thus Professor Rönnfeldt.

I will not deny that my interest and curiosity had been roused to a high pitch by what, at this distance of time, appears a comparatively plain and unexciting narrative. The prospect of being present and assisting at the solution of so dark a mystery enticed me strongly. On the other hand, I felt bound to hint to the

Professor that he was not likely to find me of much use as a scientific detective.

But to this objection he would not listen, stating that all he sought was an honourable witness, who would come to the investigation with a mind unbiassed by any superstitious prejudice. It would have been affectation to resist further, and we parted with an agreement to meet on the threshold of the fatal chamber at three o'clock that day.

#### III.

It was a fine, hot afternoon in Sep-As I ascended the broad stone steps of the huge mansion, built in that large and stately style which Italian architects employ, there was an utter stillness in the air, an almost oppressive calm. A sultry mist enshrouded the landscape; the trees drooped their branches; the flowers were sunk upon their stalks; the very birds had ceased to sing. A richlyliveried servant preceded me with catlike footfall through noble halls and up majestic stairways, into a large, low salon, draped and frescoed in the taste of a former generation. But I had no time to mark the details of the couches and bronzes and confusion of ornaments, for there were already present, and only waiting my arrival, the tall, moustachioed Italian, and his strangelycontrasted companion. the thick-set. beetle-browed Professor.

I was suitably introduced to Count Assorli, and then, without further words, we made our way towards the apartment which contained *The Picture of the Curse*.

We had not a long distance to traverse. Passing down a few broad, shallow steps, which descended at right angles to the principal flight, we proceeded along a spacious, well-lit gallery, and halted at the third door. The glare of sunlight upon the yellow panels seemed to make the whole adventure more weird and unnatural. In perfect silence our guide produced the key, which he had retained

in his possession, and in another moment the door stood wide open.

Looking in, I perceived that the door opened into the centre of an oblong room of considerable size. At the end to our left, as we stood waiting to go in, I caught sight of the strange jumble of tables and chairs, of vases and decorations of all kinds, which Vincente Soffareno had described to his sister on his death-bed. Immediately in front of us the room was bare. What lay to the right was at present concealed by the open door, which intercepted our view in that direction.

There was a brief deliberation before we made our entrance. The Count Assorli desired to be the first to cross the threshold, considering that to do so was to occupy the post of honour. But the Professor, whose solemn manner showed how gravely he thought of the situation, urged the desirability of a different course.

"Your part," he said to the Count, "is to enter the room, as much in your ordinary manner as possible, and devote yourself to the one task of inspecting the portrait which you will find there. on the other hand, must restrict ourselves to watching, not the picture, but you. To do this with complete success we must take up our stations in advance, so as not to lose sight of you for a single instant from the time you come in. We will therefore enter first, and at a signal from me, you will follow, taking no notice whatever of our presence, and endeavouring to demean yourself in exactly the same way as you may imagine the former victims of this death-trap to have done."

Count Assorli having given his assent, Herr Rönnfeldt led the way into the room. As I followed I could not resist a hasty glance at the wall which had hitherto been concealed from us, and on which, as I had been led to expect, hung the work of Andrea Chiatto. The brief glimpse which I permitted myself showed

me that the portrait was of uncommon beauty, and executed with a high degree of art. Then, withdrawing my attention alike from the picture and from my companion, I bent my gaze in the direction from which the Count was to approach. I had stationed myself against the nearest wall, close to the door, while the Professor had crossed over and taken up a position on the other side of an old, high-backed chair, which stood in front of the picture, and within a few yards of it.

Immediately on the signal being given, the Count walked with a slow but firm tread into the chamber. His face was pale, but he betrayed no other sign of agitation. Taking a comprehensive glance around him, he at once caught sight of the object which was to absorb his attention, and stepped deliberately along the floor in its direction. Noticing the old chair as he approached, standing as if it had been left there by some former visitor to the room, he took his seat in it, and, leaning back against the faded velvet cushion, settled down to a steady contemplation of the portrait in front of him. For several minutes I remarked nothing more.

Then, all at once, I thought I noticed a change in the aspect of the man I was watching. His eyeballs, all the time turned steadily in the direction of the canvas, appeared to me to be getting unnaturally bright, and projecting forward from their sockets. Directly after I saw a grey tinge sweep across his face, and, catching his breath, he let his head sink slightly between his shoulders. He was now, I noticed, leaning forward in a different attitude to that which he had taken up at first.

Before I had time to draw any conclusions of my own from what I had observed, my companion intervened.

"Rise," he cried out in a quick, strained voice, "rise and come away. I have seen enough."

The Italian turned his head with a startled movement, and then, in the act of

springing to his feet, seemed suddenly to realise that he was ill. The ashen tinge I had remarked on his face had now deepened to a leaden pallor, and he put his hand feebly to his head, as if bewildered as to his movements. The Professor stepped swiftly to his side, and drawing the Count's arm within his own, assisted him out into the corridor. There we laid him down upon a couch—for I had lent my aid as well—and then Herr Rönnfeldt beckoned me back into the chamber.

"What did you see?" he whispered, with a troubled, fearful air.

"Nothing," I replied; "that is to say, nothing which in any way furnished me with a clue to the Count's extraordinary seizure."

"Ah! Did you observe him sit down in that chair?"

He pointed to the antique piece of furniture which stood in front of the portrait. Its frame was of dark oak, elaborately carved, and the high, upright back was padded with the red velvet cushion already described.

"Yes, I saw him sit there. What of it?"

"Did you notice him lean against that velvet cushion in the back?"

"I noticed it, but--"

"One moment! Did you see him start upright within a few seconds, and hastily pass his right hand down his back, as if something had scratched it?"

I shook my head. This action had escaped me. Even if I had noticed it, I should probably not have detected any significance in it. I told the Professor as much.

His next words opened my eyes.

"There lies the secret," he announced, advancing towards the chair. "In that unconscious movement of the Count's, and in that alone, is there the faintest clue to what has happened. Help me to carry this chair out of the room to some place where we can examine it with care."

As he spoke he took hold of the chair

with both hands on one side, while I did the same on the other. A simultaneous cry of nervous horror broke from us both.

The chair was firmly fastened to the floor.

I felt a cold shudder creeping through every vein at this dumb manifestation of a terrible unseen will. As for my companion, the blood had literally forsaken his face. It was as if we had been resisted by the clutch of a dead hand.

My friend did not take long to recover himself.

"I will not leave this room till I have fathomed this hellish mystery to the bot-



"I NOTICED A CHANGE IN THE ASPECT OF THE MAN."

tom," he exclaimed. "And here, if I am not mistaken, we shall find the secret."

He pointed to the velvet cushion in the back of the chair, and I shuddered afresh as I began to have some inkling of the diabolical contrivance to which two lives—possibly four lives—had been sacrificed.

Meanwhile, the Professor drew out a sharp penknife. Opening the blade, he inserted it deliberately at the edge of the crimson velvet and rapidly ripped it away.

To our horrified gaze there was revealed, instead of the ordinary lining of a cushion, a square steel case, imbedded in coarse wool, and having much the appearance of a clock without a face. Where the hands would have come in a clock, however, there projected a tiny needle, half an inch long, and of extreme sharpness.

"That is what stabbed him," muttered the Professor. "The point is just long enough to reach through the velvet covering. But how could that have produced the effects we saw? We must open this machine."

I must confess to a slight feeling of alarm at this point, not knowing what the steel case might contain. But I was ashamed to make any objection, and I assisted to hold the box firm, while my companion prized it open with the haft of his knife-blade. It was not so stronglymade but that it yielded to his efforts, and he succeeded in detaching the front, leaving the needle in its place. We then perceived that the needle was connected with a narrow glass jar, or tube, containing a liquid. The Professor pressed his thumb-nail against the point; it yielded slightly, as if working on a spring, and a little jet of the liquid in the tube instantly suffused the needle, and left a drop on Herr Röunfeldt's nail.

At this sight his expression grew grave in the extreme. He wrenched away the phial from its place, and cautiously sniffed at its contents. Clenching his teeth, he set down the phial, with the single word—

" Aconite!"

My flesh crept as I witnessed this laying bare, after the lapse of twenty years, of Chiatto's infernal scheme of vengeance. The contrivance was mechanically perfect, and it had done its work with a complete-

ness which might have gratified a fiend. Human being after human being had come and sat down in the seat so invitingly placed for them, had leant back against the treacherous velvet, had felt the faint prick which paved the way for the passage of the concentrated poison into their veins, and, failing to give it more than a passing notice, had attributed the subsequent paralysis of their functions to some agency beyond the reach of science. The old man, the careless youth, the beautiful maiden, and now the chivalrous soldier, had been immolated to glut the hatred of the wandering painter to the house of Soffareno. And but for the chance which had drawn the foreign savant, with his obstinate sagacity, into the circle of the portrait's victims, the veil of mystery might have remained undrawn, and perhaps yet other lives would have fallen in the same deadly snare.

One only explanation further I sought from the shrewd investigator whose efforts were to be so miserably robbed of their reward. I asked him to account for the difference in time between the operation of the poison in the case of Chiatto's first victim, and in that of the next.

"In the case of the old Marquis," he answered, "the aconite was freshly distilled, and did its work more rapidly. Probably nothing could have saved him. After twenty years it had lost some of its potency, and had remedies been promptly applied, death would, in my opinion, have been averted. But in each case the victim has believed in the supernatural character of the attack, and resigned himself without a struggle to his fate. In imbuing them with that notion, even more than in the construction of this murderous device, I am amazed at the infernal art with which this monster has elaborated his revenge."

You will ask me whether there was no possibility of saving the lovely Helena and her betrothed. In her case, alas! the discovery came too late, and she expired



within the next few hours. Her lover might perhaps have been preserved, but when he learned the fate of his mistress, he refused the proffered antidote, and voluntarily followed her to the tomb.

Now the palace of the Soffareni is falling into ruin; its treasures have been dispersed by the distant heirs, and only a few of the old friends of the race recognise, in the "Portrait of a Lady" which smiles from the walls of a Roman gallery, the blood-stained masterpiece of Andrea Chiatto.





"YOU HAD NO THOUGHT SAVE JUST TO GO YOUR WAYS."



# FOR A PICTURE.

CHARLES KENNETT BURROW.

YOU stood between an old time and a new;
One, from red riot risen to iron law,
The other born in travail of Waterloo,
When crashing nations held the world in awe.

You saw and wondered; then you turned aside To choose a lace or set a ribbon free; You had no desperate impulse to divide The living good from death's blind mystery;

You had no thought save just to go your ways, And buy men's eager worship with a kiss; Your only creed was your own beauty's praise, Your only virtue not to dress amiss.

And so you found all life a feast, no doubt,
And saw the candles shine, the soft wine glow;
You never saw the night and stars without,
You never heard the wind arise and blow

From north to south a piteous wail of prayer,
From south to north a passionate cry of dread:
You only woke to find yourself still fair,
You only slept to keep Fate's word unsaid.

Ah, well! you learnt some wholesome truth at last, And saw Death's finger point the bitter end. Although your sins were many, they are past, Though you had lovers, yet you had no friend.

# THE LOOTING OF LUCKNOW.

BY SIR W. H. RUSSELL.

In 1856 the British authorities in India annexed the kingdom of Oude to their sovereignty, deposed the king, and sent him as a state prisoner from his capital of Lucknow to Calcutta. That annexation no doubt gave rise to a sense of insecurity among the native princes of India, and probably determined some of them to take up arms against the British Government when the Bengal sepoys mutinied in 1857.

Lucknow had none of the great historical associations of Delhi, which had long been the capital of the Great Mogul Empire. Nevertheless, as the capital of Oude it was regarded with affection by the chiefs and people, though the reigning house of Oudewas Mohammedan and most of the population were Hindoos. Naturally the possession of, or adherence of Lucknow to their cause, was much desired by the Bengal mutineers.

Soon after the rising of the sepoys at Meerut and the massacre of British officers gave the first impetus to the rebellion, the Begum of Oude, mother of the young prince who claimed the throne, a woman of great energy and courage, placed herself at the head of the levies of the native chiefs or Talookdars in the hope of recovering the kingdom for her son.

Sir Hen Lawrence, then British Commissioner at Lucknow, made every possible preparation to meet the storm which burst so suddenly upon us. The cluster of houses and offices around the spacious building which was called the Residency was surrounded by a ditch and an earthen wall. Guns were mounted to command the approaches. Powder, arms, and provisions were stored in the cellars. When the sepoy regiments mutinied Sir Henry Lawrence had by his foresight forestalled the risk of any general massacre, such as

occurred at Delhi and elsewhere, of the Europeans in the city of Lucknow.

But in a bold attempt to avert a siege, by an attack on the rebels concentrated in masses outside the city his feeble force was repulsed, and was forced to take refuge within the Residency, which was crowded with the civilians of the station, their wives, children, and servants. its defence there were only the Thirty-Second Regiment (British regulars), seven hundred strong, one weak company of British artillery, and a few hundred Sikhs and loyal sepoys who had refused to march off with their mutinous comrades. The troops of the little garrison had but feeble resources for fighting the great levy arrayed for the attack of the place, and could give little guarantee for the safety of the Europeans whom they had to defend.

The besiegers consisted of nine regiments of native infantry, two regiments of cavalry, two batteries of regular artillery, about twenty-five hundred military police, and all the armed population of Lucknow—not less than fifty thousand men, speedily augmented by masses of the country people, a warlike, turbulent race.

The place was at once closely invested, and searched by incessant fire. Day and night officers, soldiers, and civilians—men, women, and children—were slain by the fusillade and cannonade. Sir Henry Lawrence was mortally wounded early in the siege.

Two expeditions were organised by the Government of Calcutta to relieve the Residency. The first, a small column under Havelock, crossed the Ganges in the blaze of the July monsoon, and fought its way half through Oude. But it was not till late in August that a column under Havelock and Outram reached the

Residency, which had then been invested for eighty-seven days. The force of twenty-five hundred men and seventeen guns was not strong enough to cover the retreat of the besieged women, children, and non-combatants, but it was a great re-enforcement to the suffering garrison.

It came not a moment too soon. Of nine hundred and twenty-seven Europeans in the Residency one hundred and forty had been killed or died of their wounds, and one hundred and ninety were wounded. Sixteen civilians had been killed, and fourteen wounded. Of the native garrison seventy-two had been killed, and one hundred and thirty-one wounded.

Havelock and Outram were now besieged in turn, but, meantime, help was coming, and the defence was sustained by the knowledge that it would be effective. Sir Colin Campbell, a veteran of service in India, China, and the Crimea, was assembling at Cawnpore all the troops that could be spared by the Government. Crossing the Ganges in the second week, he stormed, on the seventeenth of the month, the fortified enclosure of the Secunderabagh outside the city in front of the Residency, and, after hard fighting all day, opened communication with the garrison under Havelock.

Arrangements for the safe escort of the women and children, the wounded, the treasure, and the stores, were so skilfully designed that the enemy entertained no suspicion of the design, and made no attempt to molest them in their retreat to Cawnpore, which they reached under the cover of Sir Colin Campbell's army just in the nick of time to save the bridge across the Ganges and the station from the army of Gwalior.

But our work in Oude was not yet accomplished. Lucknow was one of the centres of the vast rebellion, and it was necessary to occupy the capitol for the due subjugation of Oude and the re-conquest of the provinces north of the Ganges.

On the 1st of March, 1858, Sir Colin Campbell once more crossed the river from Cawnpore at the head of a complete and well-organised column—infantry, cavalry, and artillery. He established himself without opposition outside Lucknow.

I accompanied his headquarters from Cawnpore, and I never can forget the wonder, and, I may add, the admiration, which the first sight of Lucknow, as I beheld it from the turret of the Dilkoosha or "Heart's Delight," caused me. The city was indeed a vision of gilded palaces, facades, colonnades, and terraces of long perspective minars, the slender pillars, whence the muezzin call the faithful to prayer; brightly-hued domes, cupolas, rising up in the midst of a calm ocean of verdure.

For miles and miles away spires of gold glittered in the sun, turrets covered with polished metal shone aloft like constellations. Nothing mean or squalid visible! A city larger than Paris, and, as it seemed, more brilliant, lay before us. Was this the capitol of a semi-barbarous race—the work of a corrupt, degraded, effete dynasty?

In the midst of this marvellous display of oriental magnificence palaces appeared which from a distance looked like the Tuilleries and the Louvre. I saw the house of the Begum or Queen, the Begum Kothi; the long front of the Kaiserbagh, and many another seemingly stately residence which I did not then know to be squalid stucco.

These were all fortified, filled with matchlock men, disciplined sepoys; defended by earthworks and walls garnished with artillery. It was estimated that there was a force of eighty thousand or ninety thousand men behind the earthworks.

By a series of admirably-planned and boldly-executed movements, Sir Colin Campbell succeeded in occupying both sides of the river Goomtee, which runs through the city, and in seizing palace after palace from the enemy. On the fourteenth of March, after a successful assault on the outworks of the Begum Kothi, an officer rushed in to the head-quarters with the news, "the Kaiserbagh is ours!" The royal palace—a walled enclosure of many acres, a vast series of courts surrounded by buildings inhabited by the members of the royal family of Oude, by the ministers and their dependants—had fallen!

I mounted my horse at once, although I had but just returned from the capture of the Begum Kothi, and rode to the city, passing the Forty-Second Highlanders, the Thirty-Eighth, and Ninetieth Regiments marching in clouds of dust in all haste towards the Kaiserbagh, whence came the sounds of a sustained fusillade.

I worked my way through enclosures, gardens, and walls, where breaches had been made by our sappers for the assaulting columns, and presently reached the battered mosque of the Begum Kothi which had just been occupied by the Ninety-Third Highlanders and Sikhs. Doolies, or litters, with wounded men were being borne to the rear, and other evidences of the struggle were all around us. Passing by the Imam Barra I came to the outer walls of the Kaiserbagh. Scrambling up second hand breaches is inglorious work, but I was in good company.

The marble pavement of the great hall of the Imam Barra was covered two or three inches deep with fragments of broken mirrors and the glass of chandeliers which once hung from the ceilings. The soldiers were still busy within smashing everything smashable. The courts were filled with wreck, sepoys' uniforms and accoutrements, firelocks, matchlocks, tulwars,\* shields, powder-flasks. The Twentieth, the Thirty-Eighth, the Forty-Second, the Ninetieth, and the Ninety-Seventh regiments blocked up the narrow way. Having scraped past them I looked

\* Curved sabres.

out upon another court, with a garden of orange-trees and parterres in front surrounded by statues, gilt lamp posts, and fountains. In this court, as one of my friends said, "Hell had broken loose."

Dead and dying sepoys lay under the orange trees, the white statues were blood-stained. All around us a raging mass of men were breaking in the doors, firing their rifles to burst the locks that they might "loot" inside, in spite of the musketry from the lattices of the windows which greeted them when they entered the court.

Down the steps from the stucco palaces streamed men laden with brocades, shawls, ornaments, arms, caskets of jewellery, literally "drunk with plunder." Some gouged out the precious stones from stems of pipes, saddle-cloths, the hilts of swords, and the butts of pistols. Others swathed their bodies in stuff crusted with gems. Others carried off vases of jade or china, or dashed them to the ground.

I entered a *cul de sac*, one side consisting of open sheds in which were broughams, carriages, *palkees*,† with richly gilt harness and velvet hangings.

The other side was lined by store-houses with rooms above them, each strongly barricaded, with the exception of one of which the door had been forced. I entered. The room was crammed with enormous vases of porcelain, of China and Japan, bowls, and goblets, and cups of the finest jade. There were long wooden cases filled with jade spoons, mouth-pieces, drinking vessels, and saucers, mostly broken in sheer wantonness, lining the walls.

As I was about to return to the court the shadow of a man fell across it, then appeared a bayonet raised evidently to the level of the eye, then came the rifle, and, finally, the head of a soldier.

"Come along, Bill," shouted he, "here's

† Palkees, covered litters, borne by men, like the sedan chairs of the last century.

a lot of places no one has been to!"

Then entered three or four bandits of one of Her Majesty's regiments, faces black with powder, tunics stuffed with "loot" or prize.

The lock of the first door which resisted was smashed by the discharge of a rifle. In rushed the men with a shout. Presently they came out with the pistols and tulwars crusted with gold and precious stones of a royal armoury. One soldier drew from a silver box which he forced open an armlet of emeralds, diamonds, and pearls, which I thought at first must be glass belonging to the chain of a large chandelier.

"What will your Honour give me for this?" said he. "I'll take a hundred rupees on chance."

I had not a penny in my pocket—in India no Englishman has—his body-servant carries his money. I told the fellow they were worth a great deal more than a hundred rupees if they were real stones.

"I won't grudge them to your Honour. You're welcome to them for a hundred rupees! There!"

It was liberal certainly if he owned them, or if there was one real stone in the lot, but I had not a penny nor had any of my friends, for by this time I had been joined by three of Sir Colin's staff. We stood out of fire under a gateway, where the parley was going on, for there was still fighting in the palace courts.

"Well," said I, "I will give you a hundred dollars for the chain—but you must wait till I get to headquarters."

"And how do I know where I'll be this blessed night? These are only times for ready-money transactions, your Honour. I'll take two gold mohurs\* and a bottle of rum for it! There!"

I had neither *mohurs* nor a bottle of rum, and so, as I learned later, I missed a great chance indeed. The armlet con-

A gold mohur is worth 32 shillings.

sisted of large rose diamonds and finerubies! The soldier sold it for a small sum to an officer of his regiment, and the officer sold it to a bunneah, or native merchant, for two thousand pounds. The bunneah sold it surely at a profit to another merchant who received seventyfive hundred pounds from the Queen's jewellers at Calcutta for the armlet.

Eventually the stones were mounted separately, and were bought by the Government for more than ten thousand pounds to be presented to the faithful chiefs by Lord Canning, the Governor-General, when he went up country after the mutiny, as "Khilluts" or presents of honour.

The soldier, however, ere he wound the chain round his arm, insisted on making presents of trinkets out of a small casket. A nose-ring of rubies and pearls with a single-stone diamond drop fell to my share. One of my friends was presented with a large enamelled brooch in the shape of a huge butterfly with diamond and opal wings. The musketry was dying away. We moved on through similar scenes in other courts.

The looters burned brocades and embroidered shawls in a fire in the great court for the sake of the gold and silver. They broke up fowling-pieces and pistols for the gold mounting and jewels in the stocks. They dashed china, glass, and jade to pieces in pure devilry; they ripped up pictures or tossed them on the flames. The courts of the palace were lumbered with broken cases filled with stuffs, brocades, and kinkob,† musical instruments, standards, shields, banners, drums, books, and saddlery.

Many of the marauders around us were laden with trash. One of them, waving the chain of a lustre of yellow, green, and blue glass prisms, entreated us to buy his "string of emeralds," and would not believe they were worthless. It must be remembered that the soldiers, by a usual

† Cloth of gold.



practice of war, had been encouraged to the assault by the liberty of "loot"; but there could be no natural excuse for the wanton descruction they committed while furious with fighting and plunder.

Dropping shots around showed there were still lurking sepoys to shoot, or be shot. As evening approached, the clouds of dust, the reeking odours of the court-yards, and the smell of blood, became sickening, and we were glad to strike out of the Kaiserbagh, through the winding passages and breaches, in and out of smouldering embrasures, and over ladders, till we got to the street where the syces were waiting with our horses.

I made the best of my way back to our camp, through the streets outside the palace, which presented a most extraordinary scene—the like of which I never beheld. They were filled with some eighteen or twenty thousand camp-followers staggering under loads of plunder, covered with clothing not their own, carrying looking-glasses, pictures, arms, rich shawls, scarves, embroidered stuffs, silks, the spoils of ransacked palaces. Lucknow was being carried away piecemeal.

Goorkhas and Sikhs, with glaring eyes and set teeth, sought to stem the current of men weighted with spoil. Grass-cutters, mahouts,\* all the riff raff of an Indian army camp-following, were waiting on the fringe of the crowd of soldiery till they could venture in to share in the plunder, and join in the saturnalia of the sack of the palaces.

I got back to my tent utterly exhausted. In the valet's tent outside, my Madrasee was busy with his scales weighing gold and silver for the fellows who came to ascertain the value of what they had plundered. The "chink, chink" lasted all night, the next day, and the day after. My man had a percentage for weighing, and he must have driven a thriving trade.

That was the first day of the "loot" of the Kaiserbagh! It was not till the second

\* Elephant drivers.

day that "prize" was declared and prize-agents were appointed. Plunder was then stopped. Guards were then set over the approaches and exits of the city, and all valuables became the property of the army to be divided in fixed proportions among the soldiery according to their rank.

It never was ascertained what the value of the "loot" of Lucknow was, but from some native bankers, pretty good judges, there came statements that more than a million and a quarter pounds' worth of valuables had passed into the hands of the looters.

One ornament made for the young king, Brijes Kuddur, which disappeared, cost five *lakhs*† of rupees, or fifty thousand pounds. It was sold in London, it is said, that very year, and no one knew how it got there.

There were stories that estates in England, encumbered with heavy mortgages, were set free in a wonderful manner soon after the great take of gold and jewels, which was the accumulated plunder of the family of the kings of Oude, whose subjects, however, bore the process most patiently.

In May 1858, the prize-agents had in their possession property estimated to be worth six hundred thousand pounds for sale. A week later and they had one million two hundred thousand pounds' worth.

As for myself, I only know that for the want of about sixteen dollars, two gold mohurs, and a bottle of rum, I lost what was worth at least ten thousand pounds, to which, too, I would have been perfectly entitled by the rules of war, for I was attached to an army which had taken Lucknow and "prize" had not been declared when the jewels were offered to me. With a small bag of coin, with or without bottles of rum, I could have acquired in a day a great fortune, of which I have never before nor since had the smallest chance of obtaining an infinitesimal fraction.

† A lakh is £10,000.



### A SLEEPING-CAR TRAGEDY.

BY W. L. ALDEN.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. JACK.

THE through express, consisting almost entirely of sleeping-cars, had just passed through Jericho Station. The station-master gazed after the rapidly receding train which, at a little distance, was nearly hidden by a following cloud of dust. Then turning to me, and dropping heavily into a chair, he remarked, "That's what people nowadays call 'comfort in travelling,' but gimme an old-fashion ordinary car every time."

"Then you don't like sleeping-cars?" said I.

"No, sir! I don't. When I'm travelling by night I want to be my own master. If I want to smoke, I want to be where I can smoke, and if I want to sit by the window and chew tobacco, I want a window ac-Now when you travel in a cordingly. sleeping-car at night what happens? Why you have to turn into a berth whether you want to or not, and you have to give up your boots and you can't get 'em again till morning; and you can't smoke, and you haven't got any air to breathe, and some fellow is sure to snore so loud that the seven sleepers mentioned in Ephesians couldn't get a wink if they were there.

"Why, speaking of snoring, I've known lots of what you would call tragedies to happen in sleeping-cars on account of snoring. You don't hear of 'em in the papers, for the men that do these tragedies don't care to talk about 'em, and the company naturally wants the thing kept quiet. You read in the papers every little while about the mysterious disappearance of some man who started on a railway journey and was never heard of again. pext time you read anything like that you can just make up your mind that the missing man was a snorer, and that he was rash enough to take a sleeping-car where there were a lot of other travellers. Oh! I'm not trying to hoax you. When you go back to Chicago you go to a public library, and you ask for a file of the *Chicago Tribune* for last year, and if you go through it carefully you will find that at least a dozen men who are missing were last seen entering a sleeping-car on such and such a road. You'll have to admit that if what I'm telling you isn't true, it is certainly a curious coincidence that the missing men were all travelling in sleeping-cars.

"The company put a sleeper on this line in the days when the Jericho mines were having their boom. It was the first sleeping-car ever seen in the North West, and for a time it was very popular; that is on the eastward bound trip. You see, miners that had made their pile at the mines always took the sleeper when they started for the east, and sometimes we'd have every berth in the car engaged. They were that anxious to spend their money that they would have taken any sort of a car that we might have put on the line and charged an extra price for. I was brake man of that sleeper, and I used to get a lot of amusement out of the miners, except when they happened to start a difficulty, and then I would bolt for the other end of the train till the shooting was over. was curious to see how those miners that didn't care for any sort of law would knock under to the nigger porter, and obey his rules. I suppose it was because they didn't want anybody to think that they didn't know the ways and manners of sleeping-cars. The porter would come at nine o'clock, and say, 'Time to make up the beds, gemmen,' and they would stand around till the beds were made up as meek as if they were children. when the beds were made they had to turn in, for there wasn't any place for them to sit down, and they'd take off their boots and hand them over to the porter, without ever dreaming of telling



" BRINGING HER CAKES AND APPLES."

[See p. 45.

him that they weren't in the habit of taking off their boots at night, and that if he wanted those boots he had better try and take them off himself. Take 'em by and large, those miners were generally better behaved on that sleeping-car than the average commercial traveller is nowadays, for all that he gives himself such airs, and lets on to be at the top of Chicago society.

"There was one thing that the miners wouldn't stand, and that was snoring.

They got the conductor to post up a notice in the sleeper, 'No Snoring Aloud,' and any man who wanted to snore after that was expected to do it so quiet that it wouldn't disturb anybody. If a man snored in a loud, tempestuous sort of way, he would be waked up and warned once. After that, if he began again, strong measures would be taken with him. I've seen a chap that persisted in snoring, dragged out of his berth and made to sit on the wood-box, with a man in front of .

him stirring him up with the poker everytime he began to nod. The miners would take turns at this duty, and relieve each other every two hours, and the snorer wouldn't get a wink of sleep the whole time he was on that train. I've known of a man being kept awake in this way on a Central Pacific train all the way from 'Frisco to Chicago, and that was five days and nights at the time I'm speaking of.

"But this was only mild treatment compared with some of the things that were done to passengers who would snore. I remember one chap who had a porous plaster put all over his mouth and nose. He didn't snore any more, and in the morning he was found to be suffocated, and the boys just dropped his body off a



"THEY'D TAKE OFF THEIR BOOTS."

bridge while the train was crossing the Missouri. There hadn't been any intention of suffocating him, you understand, but nobody was dissatisfied with the result, except perhaps the friends of the man who had so mysteriously disappeared. Lots of men were gagged for snoring, and when they showed fight, as they did for the most part, they were knocked on the head, and occasionally the knock was a trifle too hard, and then of course there was another mysterious disappearance.

"Did you ever notice the kind of men that snore? Perhaps you haven't had the opportunity for studying the subject that I

have had. Well, in the first place it's always a big man, put together kind of loose and careless, that snores. Your small, tight-built nervous chapnever snores. Now

"TELLING ANECDOTES WAS ALWAYS MY STRONG SUIT."

I'm a snorer myself, and I don't deny it. That's one of the reasons that I don't travel on a sleeping-car; but if I could reduce my weight by, say, eighty pounds, there wouldn't be any more snoring about me.

"Then a man's business, and his religion, and his politics have a good deal to do with the snoring question. I'll back a Methodist to out-snore any two men of any other denomination, while it's mighty seldom that a Presbyterian can be heard to snore. Ministers of the Gospel are hard snorers as a rule, and next to them come professional musicians. If you look at a

man's politics you'll find that a Democrat and a Republican are about equal when it comes to snoring, but that a Prohibitionist will out-snore anybody that ever

tried to compete with him. I don't understand why these things should be as they are, but there is no denying the facts."

"Do women ever snore?" I asked.

"Not often, that is to say in sleepingcars. What they may do elsewhere, I can't say, not being myself a married man. Speaking of women. a curious circumstance happened in a sleeping-caraboutthe time I was telling you of, when we used to carry the car full of miners that had made their pile. I suppose by this time you are getting middling tired of listening to my yarns, but it's something I can't help. Telling anecdotes

was always my strong suit, and I play it out whenever I get a chance. If anybody don't want to listen to me, it's always open to them to tell me so, and to get up and get out."

I assured the station-master that his anecdotes were the one thing that reconciled me to life in Jericho.

"That being the case," he replied, "I'll tell you about thishyer circumstance. It's t."c, for I was brakeman on the sleeping-car at that time, and I saw the whole proceedings.

"We left Athensville one afternoon about four o'clock with the car chock-full.

The whole lot were miners except a Jew pedlar-a chap who had come up from Chicago to assay silver--and a young woman. Naturally the young woman attracted a great deal of attention, women, old and young, being mighty scarce at the mines. It appeared that she had come to Athensville to prospect for a school, some of the leading residents having decided to start a school for the benefit of their children, and having applied to have a teacher sent down to take charge of When a handsome young woman turned up and said she had come to teach school, everybody felt that she wasn't fit to grapple with the Athensville boys, who required an able-bodied man who could handle three or four of them at once if the occasion should arise. At the same time nobody wanted to send the young woman away, and the upshot was that it was decided to start a Sunday school and to put her in charge of it, paying her the same that they would have paid her to run the regular school. Of course she didn't object, the berth being a mighty easy one, and when I met her on the sleeping-car she was on her way to Chicago to lay in a stock of Sunday-school books, and a magic lantern.

"The miners treated her as if she was a genuine first-class angel. Not a soul of them dared to speak to her, but they kept bringing her cakes and apples and candy and heaving them into her lap without speaking a word. When they wanted to smoke they went into the smoking-car instead of smoking in the sleeper, which had been their usual practice, though it was against the rules. When there was a nice bit of scenery to be seen, one of them would say something about it in a loud tone of voice, and then they would all get up and go to the end of the car, so that the girl could look out of any window that she might select. There wasn't a single swear word spoken in that car, and once, when two of the fellows showed an inclination to quarrel about something, the

other chaps put them out of the car so quick and so quiet that you would hardly have noticed that there was any argument in progress.

"When night came, and the darkey porter started to make up the beds, the boys all went into another car, so as to give the girl a chance to go to bed in an unostentatious way. When they came back, which was about ten o'clock, everything was quiet, and there was no girl to be seen. The boys then turned in themselves, making no more noise than they could help, and mentioning to the Jew pedlar, who had the air of a snorer, that if he cal'lated to do any snoring that night, he might as well prepare to meet Moses and the Prophets at once.

"About an hour later as I was sitting just inside the door where I could hear the whistle handy, and at the same time get a few winks myself, somebody began to snore. It was a very small and inoffensive snore at first, but it kept growing stronger and louder, and bimeby it settled into one of the loudest and the most strangulating snores that you ever heard. The boys stood it for a few minutes, and then two of them got up, and going to the berth where the Jew slept, which was a lower berth in about the middle of the car, they pulled the curtains open and gave him a good shaking, telling him that unless he stopped that snore, and slept more like a Christian and less like a pedlar, his days were numbered. man was considerable frightened, and he allowed that he was very sorry and But the boys wouldn't do it again. hadn't left him alone more than ten minutes before the snoring broke out worse than ever.

"Thishyer insulting of innocent young women has got to be stopped," says one of the miners. "Get that cuss out of his berth, somebody, and set him up on the wood-box. I'll attend to him for the first two hours, and after that one of you fellows will relieve me." So saying the

miner gets on his legs, and two other miners having roused up the Jew and set him on the wood-box, the chap that took the first watch sat down in front of him with his pistol in his hand and told the Jew that if he snored a single snore he would find himself where the climate was too warm for the ready-made clothing trade.

"There had been considerable noise made in the process of waking the pedlar

up and hauling him out of his berth, for it appears that he was dreaming at the time, and took a notion that the boys wereattemptingsome kind of violent action. He was quiet enough when he saw the miner with the revolver sitting in front of him, and for a little while the car was as quiet as you please. It wasn't long before the miner who was on guard began to nod, and presently he was sound asleep. The Jew seeing this, leaned back against the side of the car. and settled himself for another nap; and to tell the truth, I dropped asleep myself.

"I was waked up by a scream from the Jew. The miner had him by the throat and was choking him pretty considerable. Feeling that it was my duty to protect passengers from harm, I asked the miner what the Jew had been doing. 'Snoring,' says he, 'and he knows very well that we ought to drop him off the train without any more words. Don't you know that, you ruffianly insulter of

women?' he adds, letting go of the Jew's throat so that he could answer.

"Well! the Jew, he swore that he hadn't snored the least particle in the world;



that is, since he had been sitting on the wood-box. 'I was wide awake all the time,' says he, knowing that the miner had been asleep and couldn't contradict 'It's somebody else that's doing the snoring and I was listening to him when you woke up and grabbed me.' 'This is worse and worse,' said the miner. 'Not content with snoring like a low beast, and keeping an innocent and

beautiful young lady awake with your disgustin' uproar, you are trying to lay it on to gentlemen. You'll now point out the man you charge with snoring, and I'll tell you right here, that unless you prove your accusation that there man will take you out on the platform and hang you without any further nonsense.' tell you the precise man who was snoring,' said the Jew, 'but I can show you the berth where the snoring came from. the berth just above mine, and if you gentlemen want to show fair-play you'll wait a little while, and see if the snoring begins again. If it does you can catch the guilty man red-handed; and if it doesn't, all I can say is that I am ready to take an oath before any magistrate that I'm not the man who has been snoring in thishyer car.'

"The boys considered over the matter for awhile, most of them being for hanging the Jew at once, and paying no attention to his charges. But the leader of the gang remarked that a grave charge, affecting their honour as gentlemen, had been made, and that although nobody had any doubt that it was a lie, it must be judicially investigated. So it was agreed that everybody should wait for half an hour, and if at the end of that time no snoring was heard, the Jew should be disposed of in any way that the majority might select.

"They hadn't very long to wait, for in about ten minutes the snoring began again. It came from the identical berth pointed out by the Jew, and you never saw a more disgusted-looking set of men that the dozen or so miners that sat and stood and listened to the sound. They were ashamed of having made a mistake in accusing the Jew, and they were still more sorry that any one of their own number should have been guilty of disturbing the whole car-load of passengers, and especially the young woman.

"Whose berth is that?" said the leader.

"Nobody knew, though it was generally thought that it was Old Plunkett's. Just

at that minute, however, Old Plunkett turned out from a berth near the end of the car, so it was clear he wasn't the guilty man.

"It doesn't make any difference whose berth it is,' said one of the men. 'There is some heaven-forsaken vagabond who is snoring in that there berth in the presence of a young lady, and if he was my own brother I'd be the first one to convince him of the error of his ways. I propose that we go to that there berth and catch the miscreant red-nosed, as our Jewish friend here remarks. Just take him by the feet and drag him out. We can then hold a little Lynch court in this end of the car, and settle the thing in decent order.'

"This satisfied the views of the other miners, and the whole gang of them went softly to the berth. The snoring was worse than ever, for it had got to be of the choking variety. You'd have sworn that the snorer was choking to death to hear the gaspings, and the stranglings, and the sighings that came from that berth. However, that kind of snoring is never directly fatal, though it is followed by fatal consequences on sleeping-cars, as I've already given you to understand.

"One of the miners was just going to give the word for hauling the snorer out of the berth, when all of a sudden the curtains opened, and a young woman looked out with a sort of scared expression on her face. If you will believe what I say, that there snorer wasn't any miner whatsoever, nor yet any other sort of masculine miscreant, as you might say. The whole of that snoring had been done by that identical pretty young woman that the boys had been wanting to protect.

"She saw in a minute that something was up, but put on a stern sort of countenance, like a school-mistress addressing a lot of bad boys, and she said, "G'way! or I'll call the conductor." The boys didn't wait for any further orders, but they just bolted out of the car. The Jew

went to his berth chuckling to himself, and remarking that he meant to sue the company for damages. As for me, I kept out of sight round the corner of the washroom, for I didn't seem to care about being mixed up in the business. girl sat up a little while, as if she was waiting for another interview with the boys, but as they didn't seem to have any further desire to cultivate her acquaintance, she drew the curtains together again, and the concert recommenced. The Jew. and she, and I had the sleeping-car to ourselves for the rest of the night, and when we got to Chicago, the miners sneaked out of the smoking-car on to the platform as if they had been caught picking pockets, and were afraid of the police.

"This story that I have been telling you goes to show that women can snore even when they're young and good-looking. I wouldn't have believed it unless I had heard it with my own ears. In my opinion, however, it is a thing that young unmarried men ought to know. If I hadn't happened to have been aboard that there sleeping-car on that identical night, I might perhaps have been a married man myself before now. What I say to you is, never despise any sort of knowledge. It's always liable to work in handy at some time, and protect you from one sort of harm or another."



### ALL UP WITH HER. BY MAX COWPER.



Miss C.—"Do you really think Jack loves me?"

Miss D.—"I'm certain. His eyes followed your every movement last night."

Miss C.—"Gracious; it's all up then. Lord Booby and I thought we were alone in the garden after supper."

# A SUBURBAN "AT HOME."

BY W. PETT RIDGE.

ILLUSTRATED BY HAL HURST.

(The Limes, Saturday evening, nine o'clock p.m.: Crowded drawing-room, with screens and imitation palms, draped pianoforte, and uneasy easy chairs. White-streamered mail is handing round sandwiches and coffee. Guests talk in whispers as short-necked youth with music at pianoforte concludes lengthy song.)

SHORT-NECKED YOUTH (sings) -

"Then hey sing ho for a sailor's life
And the ship that sails so free,
In every port he has a wife,
But.\_\_\_\_"

(Slight pause. Female voice near window says audibly, "And he's never even lifted his hat to me from that day to this.")

"But he's happiest on the sea."

Hostess (stepping forward to flushed, short-necked youth). Oh! thank you so much. That song so exactly suits your voice. And you do give such expression to the words. Seems to bring it all home somehow. Whom did you study under?

SHORT - NECKED YOUTH (confused). Taught myself.

Hostess. How very clever of you. Do you mind going and talking to Miss Sherwood over there? The lady with her head against the tambourine on the wall I mean. She's dreadfully fond of politics, and I'm sure you'll get on well together.

SHORT-NECKED YOUTH. I'm not much of a dab at politics, but——

Hostess. Oh, you'll soon pick it up. Run on.

#### (He runs on.)

MATRON IN BROWN. But you have no idea, really, how immensely my little Ernie is improving. So bright, and so full of spirits, and so witty. Quite the life and soul of the house, I assure you. Of course, some people don't understand him; don't somehow take him in the right light. His Pa, for instance, has most unfortunately no sense of humour.

SECOND MATRON (with concern). Dear, dear!

MATRON IN BROWN. No sense of humour at all! The Larkins never had. All the sisters were dull girls—although I ought not to say it, perhaps, about my husband's family—but really, upon my word, as I've told him over and over again, his side of the family is terribly lacking in common intelligence.

SECOND MATRON (with much concern). Dear, dear, dear/

MATRON IN BROWN. I don't mean, mind you, to say that they're n ad or insane, or anything horrid, but just—well, just stupid. But my little Ernie is a Bagge all over. You should have seen him the other evening! (Throws up her hands delightedly.) Pa came home from the City by the five-twenty, his usual train. Very well, then! What does Master Ernie do but tie up the front gate with a piece of wire, so that Pa has to climb over in order to get into the front garden!

SECOND MATRON. Dear, dear, dear, dear,

Matron in Brown (gleefully). And we were all watching him, you know, from the drawing-rocm window behind the curtains, and when Pa came, hot and cross, into the hall, and Ernie asked him whether he had won the Grand National Steeplechase, I sat down on the sofa, and sim-plee roared! (Laughs, and takes another sandwich.) Unfortunately, poor Pa couldn't see the joke of it, which was rather a pity. In fact, all through dinner he was quite—well, quite grumpy.

SECOND MATRON. Dear, dear!

MATRON IN BROWN. Quite grumpy, I assure you. And we all tried to rally him, but (sighing) it was of no use. Men's tempers are so very difficult to manage sometimes. I'm sure if I were not full of tact we might lead a perfect cat-and-dog life, one with the other.



"THE ROMANCE OF 99 X."

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SECOND MATRON. Dear, dear, dear / MATRON IN BROWN. As it is (complacently) I manage everything remarkably well. Of course (severely) I will be mistress in my own house, as I frequently tell him, and I cannot and will not brook interference. I'm not the kind of woman to be trampled on with impunity or anything else, and (with choler) at the least sign of any such attempt I put my foot down on it, and (shivers with conscious pride) I nip it in the bud. Nip it in the bud. It's the only way. Never mind making yourself offensive if need be, but do, for goodness' sake, be mistress of your own house. As I said to my cook the other day—I've had such trouble with my cook, you can't think.

SECOND MATRON (with relish). Dear, dear /

MATRON IN BROWN. The beginning of it was this——

(Talks cook.)

JADED YOUTH TO FRIEND. Bit slow this sort of thing, isn't it? I like a smoker myself, where there are no fillies about. Somehow when they're in a room you have to be always on your best behaviour. What?

FRIEND. I don't object to it myself—in moderation. (Watches young person in pink at the other side of room, with some admiration.) I can generally find something to say to them. Ask them whether they've been doing much on the light fantastic lately, or something of that sort. One remark leads to another, and—

JADED (acutely). Yes, and if you're not pretty careful you find yourself saying more than you mean to, and then people begin to couple your names together, and it all goes on for a bit, and presently you look round and you find you're a married man! I know that game. I've watched it many a time, but I don't mean to play at it. Looking on's good enough for me. What's this girl going to do?

(The young lady in pink advances at hostess's urgent request to centre of room.)

FRIEND. Ah, this girl's good.

JADED YOUTH (misanthropically). That Il make a nice change.

(Young lady in pink pulls up her gloves and coughs. Looks hard at a chattering couple and forces them into silence. Then puts one hand to her waist, and prepares the other for action.)

Young Lady in Pink (loudly). The Romance of 99 11X, by Anon. (Recites with shrill assumption of hoarseness.)

"D'you see that cawpur, guv'nor, that one with the stripes on his arm,

The one that's a leading a biby in a manner that's kindly and cawm?

He's 99, that's his number in the division they calls the Hex,

I don't mind the police in a general way-"

(aside, confidently to mirror)

"-what I cannot stand is the tecs.

And this yer bobby I'm showin' you is the best one of all the lot,

And I'll tell you a tale that is startling-"

(stops and wipes lips with back of hand)

"-Yus, I will ev another drop.

There was a fire a rigin at Shoreditch-"

(goes on with recitation).

MATURE YOUNG LADY. Isn't it marvellous how she keeps all the words in her head? I wonder why in the world she doesn't go on the stage. I'm sure I've seen people at the London theatres who haven't had nearly so many words to learn as she has. (Confidentially.) Not engaged, is she, dear?

DEAR. I believe not.

Mature Young Lady (thoughtfully). I wonder why not. Any reason that you have heard of? (Dear says "No.") Perhaps it is because—(stops). But there, it doesn't do to be too inquisitive. I should like to know though, all the same. If you should happen to hear by chance, you might call on me and have a cup of tea, and talk it over. I'm the last person in the world to trouble about my neighbours, but still (excusingly) it's as well to know who they are, and what they are, and why——



ONE OF HIS FUNNY SKETCHES.

#### Young Person in Pink .--

"'Stand aside,' he cried, with a sudden shout, and place the ladder there!

We can't afford to wait for th' escape; we've got no time to spare.'

He tears his coat and his 'elmet off, and plices his foot to start,

And he looks at the gal a standing up there, the gal that had stole his 'eart.

And then with a fri'ful sorter shriek, he-"

HEATED HOUSEWIFE. Oh, please don't talk about nurse-maids, my dear Mrs. Belper. If you only knew what I've had to go through with that girl Alice, you'd never complain, I'm sure.

MRS. BELPER (hurt at the attempt to

excel). Well, of course I can't say anything about your maid; but this I do know, and that is, that Ellen—the girl I'm speaking of—went out to buy something at a shop, and it needn't have taken her more than a quarter of an hour at the outside, and she was gone, if you'll believe, exactly twenty-three minutes and a half. (Triumphantly.) I timed her. I timed her by the clock. By the clock in the dining-room. Twenty-three minutes and a half.

HEATED HOUSEWIFE. Oh, that's nothing. Why, my girl only last week——(Brags at length.) I often say I don't know who'd be pestered with servants, if

they could only make up their minds to do the work themselves.

MRS. BELPER (tentatively). I've half a mind to try an elderly woman. More sensible, I think they are.

HEATED HOUSEWIFE. My dear, don't! Rob you out of house and home. Won't let you breathe without their permission. Complain of the food. Take my advice, and get a country girl.

MRS. BELPER (disparagingly). I don't believe in country girls.

HEATED HOUSEWIFE. Well, I do. It's true I've never engaged one, but——

Young Person in Pink .--

"And then with a shriek of joy, they cried, 'He has saved the poor girl's life.'

And——"

(Stops, and relaxes sternness of expression. Adjusts an excited curl over her ear.)
"And 99 turned round, and he said, 'I want her to be my wife."

And they both was married, and I tell you strite. folks made an awful stir,

He's liked and respected by all of the force, (pause) but he's loved and he's worshipped by her."

(Young person in pink bows, and returns to her chair. Humane youth brings refreshments.)

Hostess. Such a delightful recitation! Thank you ever so much. You must give us another——

MISS PINK (putting down cup readily). With pleasure. Will you have a comic one this time?

Hostess (with wariness). I was going to say that you must give us another presently. (Genially.) We mustn't overwork you, you know. Clever people are scarce. (Miss Pink is soothed.) I'm going to ask Mr. Fuller to give us one of his funny sketches, if he will. Won't you have a look at the album for a bit?

(Mr. Fuller sits at pianoforte, and strikes a few chords. Turns on music-stool, and assumes vacuous expression. Much amusement.)

MR. FULLER (with compound provincial accent). Ma neam's Scroggins, yus, it is; and Ah coom from Loamsheer, Ah do.

And Ah said to the owd girl t'other day, Ah said, "Why shoudden Ah go oop to Loonon," Ah ses, "joost for wance in me life, and see what it's like." And Betsy, she says, "Doan't be a dom fule," she says. And Ah says, "Why not?" Ah says, "Ah was one when Ah married yew." And she ups and sings this song.

(Sings song.)

Assiduous Girl. Isn't that just like the country people talk, Mr. Bailey? I often wonder where they pick up such queer expressions. I suppose its want of education as much as anything, don't you think?

BAILEY (casually). There's a lot of ignorance about somehow or other. I think something ought to be done. Where did you go for your holiday last year?

Assiduous Girl. Oh, the usual place, Hastings. Ma won't hear a word said against Hastings. If we girls suggest St. Leonard's, or anything for a change, she's as cross about it as possible.

Bailey (pensively). I don't know that I shan't have a fling at Hastings next year. May run across you perhaps on the parade.

Assiduous Girl. Oh, that would be enjoyable. We could go to the Lovers' Walk, and—— (shocked). Oh, what am I saying? I do let my tongue run on so. Mother's always telling me about it.

BAILEY. Well, (bravely) why shouldn't we go to the Lovers' Walk? There's no law against it, is there?

Assiduous Girl (carefully). There's no special law, certainly; but——

(Looks at her fan with interest.)
BAILEY. But what?

Assiduous Girl. Oh, you know. It isn't as though we were engaged, or anything. (Despairingly.) There I go again, saying the wrong thing.

BAILEY (impetuously). Well, if we're not engaged now, that isn't to say but what we might be in a few months' time. You never know your luck.



"WE COULD GO TO THE LOVERS' WALK."

Assiduous Girl (judicially). That's true enough. Shall you be coming home my way presently? If so, perhaps we might—(coyly) we might leave early.

BAILEY That'll suit me to a T. How do you spell your Christian name?

Assiduous Girl. M-a-y. Isn't it a silly, short little name?

(Mr. Bailey politely contradicts. Man at piano concludes brief sketch.)

Ma. Fuller (sings).—

"And aye, it is a rare big place, but Loamshire's more onlew my taste,

So Ah'm never coomin' oop again to Loonon!"

### LETTERS TO CLORINDA.

Y DEAR CLORINDA,—I am writing this amid a world of suffering. A great scourge would seem to be upon the land. Down each seething street surge droves of overdriven men and women. Laden with heavy burdens, they pass, panting, by me. They fight fiercely with each other for room upon the cars that bear them from one place of labour to another, for their unseen Taskmaster permits no precious moments to be sacrificed upon the altars of dignity and courtesy. Men drag back women; strong, red-faced women crush aside their weaker sisters. In the market-places and by the counters of the merchants the clamouring crowds press closer still, and pale-faced male and female slaves, redeyed by want of sleep, grown swiftly old with toil, strain frenziedly at the evergrowing piles of work that morn brings no beginning to, and night no end. Through the lightness and the darkness the laden carts rumble everlastingly upon the roadways. The porters snatch a few instants' sleep upon the bales and packages, under which their quivering limbs will soon be staggering. The weary cattle stumble on their aching fetlocks. Where the rolling of the printing-presses shakes the grimy walls, men clutch the desks of dancing type, by which they have grown dizzy, d tired girls dream of sleep to the click and the rattle of the typewriter.

Turn where I will, go where I may, the whole world groans with the pain of overwork in a hopeless struggle to cram the labour of a month into a few weeks. The letter-carrier, bent double, struggles beneath his burden; the poet writes some sonnets against time. From cottage to mansion there is not one moment's rest vouchsafed to man or woman. There remains no time for joy, or for pleasant, social concourse. Hus-

band and wife sink to their beds too tired to kiss. The wondering children creep, neglected to their cots. The terror of work hovers like the shadow of an evil thing upon the land. The people, dumb, or with muttered curses, strain like yoked oxen at the unjust load.

You will ask me what has befallen. Has England, conquered by America, been condemned to universal slavery by President Cleveland? No, my friend, nothing more remarkable has come to pass than the yearly advent of Christ-I am writing this on the 23rd of December, although my letter will not reach you, in your Himalayan village, much before February. pleasant it must have been in the olden days, when there were no holidays fixed and enforced by a stern law for the driving of men mad with over-In the last three weeks I have been compelled to do three months' ordinary work. Bates—you remember Bates-told me on Sunday that between Thursday and Saturday he had written thirteen articles for his own paper alone, to say nothing of outside contracts; and he has to get in four genial leaders about the New Year before two o'clock to-night. It both amuses and saddens me to sit in the office with him. I hear him muttering to himself, as he writes, somewhat as follows:--"In these days of problem plays, 'New Women,' and 'Yellow Art,' Christmas is to be welcomed, if only that it brings our thoughts back for a moment to sanity and kindliness. Few of us are too old to forget the time when Christmas--. Of all the confounded, Godforsaken curses of a man's life, Christmas is about the most utter, bally rot that ever--. I say, what can you give an old fool of a father-in-law who doesn't drink and doesn't smoke, for a Christmas present? What a curse Christmas presents are! The wife's housekeeping has been three pounds extra for the last two months. I know what that means! The dear little thing is going to give me something handsome and expensive that I don't want, and I shall have ---. ' Few of us are too old to forget the time when Christmas came as a consolation to us for many months of absence from those we loved; still in our memories linger the visions of those gorgeous pantomimes that now, alas !---' I don't believe children really enjoy Christmas. We excite them for three weeks beforehand: overfeed them for two days: take them to something they don't want to see, and then bully them for a month to get them back into their normal condition. They always used to take me to the Crystal Palace and Madame Tussaud's, How I did hate the Crystal Palace! Aunt used to boss us. It was always a bitterly cold day, and we always got into the wrong train, and travelled about fifty miles before we got there. We used to have a bun and a glass of milk for dinner; and half Aunt's time was taken up in losing us, and the other half in slapping us when she had found us. The only thing we really enjoyed was hearing the cabman swear." Bates is a genial chap, but Christmas irritates him.

And yet, what would you? We all of us, cynic and sentimentalist alike, would be sorry at heart to get rid of Christmas. Civilised life is monotonous enough as it is. Christmas makes a break. In the early days of Christianity it must have been a very pleasant festival. Each small commune, village, or township was a little world unto itself. Its members, numbering, at the outside, some two or three thousand souls, agreed to make merry together. They were united by friendship, kinship, and faith. The dawn of Christmas awoke a loving memory in They could say to one their souls. another, "On this day our Master was Let us put behind us all evil born.

thought, all ill-feeling, that we may have cherished, anyone against another. kith and kin gather together under the one roof tree. Let brother's hand grasp brother's. Let us bring offerings of peace and goodwill one to another and be glad. Let the young men and maidens dance to the sound of the music. Let us feast as is the manner with us men and women. pledge our love in the wine-cup." my dear friend, Christianity was a living, growing force, and Christmas was its But now-well, are not Saint's Day. Darwin and Huxley our prophets? Do not our children sneer at fairy tales, and our wise men question Faith? And to many is not Christmas but the idle lumber of-But I am treading upon debatable ground. All I wished to emphasise was that the keeping of Christmas is a yearly growing difficulty as the world stands now.

It is as though one member of a large household, feeling the spirit of gladness move him, were to say "I am merry and light-hearted this morning. I shall go for a long walk over the downs, for I feel a desire to skip and sing." And his brother might say, "I will go with you. I feel merry also. We will walk arm-in-arm and we will run and skip together." "Come then," the first man might say, "that will be better still We will talk as we go." The two would make a happy couple, and even were a third brother or sister to join them, the party would still be a pleasant one. But suppose a fourth. came and joined them also, and with him a fifth, a sixth, and a seventh, and so on, until the whole family had expressed a determination to skip and sing upon the downs. And supposing the household servants and the farm labourers came following also, together with the tradespeople who served the house, and the neighbours and cottagers round about, to the number of some hundreds, all expressing their determination to be merry and to skip and dance upon the downs.

And supposing some of those who had insisted upon joining the frolic were dismal, gloomy fellows, who went skipping down the road muttering all the time to themselves that the thing was a tiresome folly; and supposing others ran, bearing heavy burdens on their shoulders, or carrying sick children in their arms; and supposing others there were who hated those who ran and skipped beside them, what a pack of idiots we should say the whole crowd were!

But this is just exactly what all Christendom does every twenty-fifth of December. Forty-two millions of British Islanders suddenly say, "This is Christmas time, let us be jolly. How do you do it?" And Custom, our great master says, "Why, you must all start at the same time, and rush about the country in trains, and omnibuses, and carriages. You must eat plum-pudding and turkey, and drink punch, and you must buy Christmas numbers, containing coloured supplements. That is the way to be jolly." "Oh, thank you," we all say, and immediately we set to work to follow these instructions.

But enough of Christmas. Now to talk about yourself, my friend. Tell me all you have been doing, and, better still, all you have been thinking. Have you found yourself at last? or do we never grasp our ego this side of the great darkness. I think you are on the right road towards yours, and yet it seems strange that you, of all women, should have chosen to leave a world where you were courted and admired, to bury yourself amid the solitudes. Tell me frankly, have you ever regretted the step? I can understand you finding the work interesting. You are a strong nature, and the social cindertrack round and round which we run so foolishly must have tired you; but are there not times when your present life among these strange people of another race presses wearily upon you? loneliness of your existence amid these silent hills, growing out of a civilisation

that was old before Christianity was born, does it not frighten you at times? Do you not long for the busy, crowded streets -for the social trivialities that keep life little and take from it its awfulness? There are days when I, too, dream of an ideal existence, unfettered by the thousand petty strings with which our souls lie bound to Lilliputia land. I fancy myself living in some Norwegian sater, high above the black waters of a rock-bound fiord. No other human creature disputes with me my kingdom. I am alone with the whispering fir forests and the stars. How I live I am not quite sure. Once a month I could journey down into the villages and return laden. I should not need much. For the rest, my gun and fishing-rod would supply me. I would have with me a couple of big dogs, who would talk to me with their eyes, so full of dumb thought, and together we would wander over the uplands, seeking our dinner, after the old primitive fashion of the men who dreamt not of ten-course dinners and Savoy suppers. I would cook the food myself, and sit down to the meal with a bottle of good wine, such as starts a man's thoughts (for I am inconsistent, as you always tell me, and that gift of civilisation I would bear with me into my hermitage). the evening, with pipe in mouth, beside my logwood fire, I fancy I could sit and think, until new knowledge came to me. Strengthened by the silent voices that are drowned in the roar of Streetland I might, perhaps, grow into something nearer to what it was intended that a man should be-might catch a glimpse, perhaps, of the meaning of life.

But we are the slaves of our moods. So it might be that upon my second night a longing for Piccadilly would catch hold of me, and I might find myself humming, "Her golden hair was hanging down her back," and wishing I could drop into the Prince of Wales Theatre for an hour with Arthur Roberts.

So far as this world is concerned, moods

are the curse of life. How easy existence would become if only we could be sure of ourselves. We fall in love with a girl during a summer holiday; she is fresh, delightful, altogether charming; the blood rushes to our head every time we think of her. Our ideal career is one of perpetual service at her feet. It seems impossible that fate could bestow upon us any greater happiness than the privilege of cleaning her boots and kissing the hem of her garment -if the hem be a little muddy that will please us better. We tell her our ambition, and at that moment every word we utter is sincere. But the summer holiday passes, and with it the holiday mood, and winter finds us wondering how we are going to get out of the difficulty into which we have landed ourselves. Or worse still, perhaps, the mood lasts longer than it should. We become formally engaged. We marry—I wonder how many marriages are the result of a passion that has burned out before the altar-rails are reached?-and three months afterwards the little lass is broken-hearted to find that we consider the lacing of her boots a bore. Her feet seem to have grown bigger. If she be wise she will leave us alone; the chances being that the mood will return again to us. Some breath of thought will send our mind back into the old forgotten channel, and we shall be at her feet once more—for a while.

An excellent touch was given in Pinero's late play, The Benefit of the Doubt. A man and wife had drifted apart. Her jealousy, which, no doubt, had at first attracted him by its fierce unreasonableness-for it is a woman's follies that first stir a man's passion-had come to tire him. He had sought consolation in the boudoir of a woman of the very opposite stamp-we always fly to extremes. The wife had applied to the Divorce Court, thus wrecking their married life, shaming them both 1.1 the eyes of their little world, and making it impossible—according to the views of the orthodox newspaper critic, who is

never so unutterably silly as when he is laying down laws and reasons for the understanding of human nature—for them ever to come together again. And on the very evening of the trial both man and woman feel their old love for one another returning.

It is perfectly natural, perfectly correct. I knew an American lady once who used to bore me by long accounts of the brutalities exercised upon her by her late She had instituted divorce husband. proceedings against him. The trial came on, and she won. We all congratulated her, and then for some months she dropped out of my life. But there came a day when we again found ourselves together. One of the problems of social life is to know what to say to one another when we meet; every man and woman's desire is to appear sympathetic and clever, and this makes conversation difficult because, taking us all round, we are neither sympathetic nor clever—but this by the way. Of course, I began to talk to her again about her former husband. I asked her how he was getting on. She replied that she thought he was very comfortable.

"Married again?" I suggested.

"Yes," she answered.

"Serve him right," I exclaimed, "and his wife too." She was a pretty, bright-eyed little woman, my American friend, and I wished to ingratiate myself. "A woman who would marry such a man, knowing what she must have known of him, is sure to make him wretched, and we may trust him to be a curse to her."

My friend seemed inclined to defend him.

"I think he is greatly improved," she argued.

"Nonsense!" I returned, "a man never improves. Once a blackguard, always a blackguard."

"Oh, hush!" she pleaded, "you mustn't call him that."

"Why not?" I answered. "I have heard you call him a blackguard yourself."

"It was wrong of me," she said, flushing. "I'm afraid he was not the only one to be blamed; we were both foolish in those days, but I think we have both learnt a lesson."

I remained silent, waiting for the necessary explanation.

"You had better come and see him for yourself," she added with a little laugh; "to tell the truth, I am the woman who has married him. Tuesday is my day, number 2, K—— Mansions," and she ran off, leaving me staring after her.

I believe an enterprising clergyman who would set up a little church in the Strand, just outside the Law Courts, might do quite a trade, remarrying couples who have just been divorced. A friend of mine, a respondent, told me he had never loved his wife more than on two occasions, the first when she refused him, the second when she came into the witness-box to give evidence against him. We are strange creatures, we men. It is customary to assume that woman is the changeable animal, and man the constant rock. own opinion is that the truth lies in exactly the opposite direction. When a man has only one mind, it is generally a very small mind; the bigger his brain, the more full it is of contradictory emotions and desires. All he can do is to act consistency.

Such opinions are heresy to your sex, I know; and you will, I expect, write me back an indignant page upon this subject. But it is useful at times to look the facts of existence in the face, and to try and understand them. I could give you good natural reasons why man is not needed to be faithful and why woman is, but the explanation is so simple that if you think for yourself, you are bound to see it. Nature cares nothing for the conventions. She made her laws before civilisation came forward to tamper with them. Her one idea is the propagation of species-ever that and nothing more. All our sentiments have their root in that one natural

Of course, civilisation is necessary; law. there is the mental side of man to be considered as well as the bodily; and Nature, left to herself, would do nothing but create human animals. About the brain and mind she has no knowledge and no care. Therefore, if we wish to attain any higher level than that of brute beasts, we have to be for ever battling against the instincts with which Nature has endowed us. is a distinctly dual creature—half beast, half god. All I argue is that in analysing our feelings and emotions, which belong to the animal side of us, and about the understanding of which we are so very eager just now, it is well to try and arrive at the truth. You would never understand a tiger's nature by simply calling him a nasty, rude, savage beast. If you really wish to learn anything concerning him. you must study his instincts, not be content with merely objecting to them. did not make himself. All he can do is to take the material that he finds, and handle it.

Speaking of The Benefit of the Doub!, I am not inclined to join in the universal shout of delight that is going up at its failure-let me say, at its comparative failure, for I must be careful. Years ago, I ventured in a speech to regret that Mr. Pinero's Profligate had not been a great financial success, and the indignation showered upon my head would have annihilated a less thick-skulled person. It immediately appeared that the Profligate had been the greatest financial success of the century. But I am sure my friends will forgive me this time for alluding to a play by Mr. Pinero that ran little more than a couple of months as a failure. Mr. Pinero's plays as a rule keep London excited for a year. Had half our theatres been playing similar pieces, its collapse would have been pleasing, but there surely should be room in London for one play dealing realistically, if painfully, with life. I have never been able to understand the contention that all art should be of one

pattern. Mr. William Archer, the critic of The World, would banish from this earth all plays but Ibsen's; Mr. Clement Scott would not allow Ibsen to be seen. For myself, I can enjoy A Second Mrs. Tanqueray, and I can derive great pleasure from an Adelphi melodrama. I love Wagner, and I also enjoyed "Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay," until The Star utilised it for a Radical electioneering cry. I should be delighted to purchase a picture by Mr. Whistler, if I could afford one, and I would also be pleased to give wall room to Mr. Frith's "Derby Day." But I am told I cannot really appreciate anything, unless its opposite disgusts me. So I must be content to remain inartistic, and thereby enjoy all art.

The Benefit of the Doubt failed, I am inclined to think, because it must have offended the women, who are the great supporters of the drama in England. Pinero might have drawn his men as sordid and vicious as he wished; the new woman would only have said "How true!" But his women were worse than his men. Not one of them possessed a single redeeming feature; now this is inartistic-I am bound to use the wretched overworked word---such men and women as Mr. Pinero drew in this play are not true Sordid, selfish, contemptible, shallow, they may one and all have been, but somewhere within them a germ of goodness must have existed. God Himself could not fashion a man or woman without a centre of virtue round which to work. The heart of a man may be overgrown and hidden under all the vices known to society; but it beats, and the dramatist who wishes to draw a character and not a caricature must be able to hear it.

But there seems to have been a slump in all serious plays this season. Hall Caine's *Manxman* went down in a fortnight. Young Mr. Esmond's *Bogey*, which I did not see, and his *Divided Way*, an exceedingly fine play, containing plenty

of faults-as does all good work-scored little over a month between them. thought of this consoles me for the collapse of my own Dick Halward. Alas! the troubles of one's friends are wonderfully comforting to a man. You were quite right about Haiward. The photographic business was too clever-"too clumsy," I think you called it, but then you were unkind. A still more serious obstacle to its success, however, was the character of the woman. I never got her over the footlights. She was plain to me—a woman who did not know herself. Most of us. I fear, are worse than we think ourselves. She thought herself worse than she was. But such a character only irritates an audience. They feel inclined to say to her, "My dear woman, do make up your mind. We don't care whether you are good or bad. Just find out, and then come back and let us know." On the whole the play was most kindly received, which shows the value of Press notices. The only opinion worth knowing on a first night is the opinion of that small section of the general public who are neither first-nighters nor critics, but simple playgoers. If one could only get at this opinion theatrical management would be simple; but these people never cheer and they never hiss, they do not even talk to one another as they come out. They go quietly away in their cabs and omnibuses and trains; and upon what they say when they get home to Kensington or Brixton depends the fate of your play.

I shall be curious as to the progress of Wilson Barrett's Shadow of the Cross, which will be produced at the Lyric the night after I post this letter off to you. I hope sincerely that it may succeed, because if not, it will prove that forthe next few years there is very little chance for serious plays in London. It is a blasé, bored public, this London public of ours; it lives an unhealthy life, and has unhealthy thoughts. In books and art and plays it cares only for the abnormal and the outré. But there are signs of a re-

action. The younger generation are knocking at the door, and they will bring with them the fresh, clean thoughts of youth.

Write soon and give me your thoughts;

I am always the better for them, because they are real thoughts, not echoes.

Your sincere friend,

JEROME. K. JEROME.



# THE HORRORS OF LONDON.

BY ALLEN UPWARD.

I.—WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ILLUSTRATED BY LEWIS BAUMER.



ESTMINSTER ABBEY is an overrated place of amusement. It lacks cheerfulness. There are too many tombs

in Westminster Abbey. Tombs are nice things; there is a good deal of moral entertainment to be derived from tombs, but in large quantities they are depressing. In Westminster Abbey you cannot turn round for tombs.

The attendants at the Abbey are fond of these tombs. It gratifies them to have strangers admire them. But they overdo it. They throw their tombs at you. They sicken you with tombs.

The Chapter of Westminster collect tombs. It is their hobby, and they have given way to it till it has become a mania. They crave for tombs. They will do anything to get them. The professional dealers in tombs know this. The moment they hear of a good tomb being in the market, they try to secure it for the Abbey authorities. These people are not satisfied with their fair share, with the natural crop of tombs, so to speak. They try to cut out other collectors, and to get hold of tombs to which they are not When this fails they forge entitled. tombs.

They do this unblushingly. Everyone knows that Longfellow is not buried in Westminster Abbey. His remains are four thousand miles away. But the Abbey people do not care for this. They wanted a Longfellow tomb to complete their collection, and they have got one. In a thousand years or so they will begin to pretend that their tomb is the genuine one, and that all others are imitations.

The result of these tomb-snatching tactics is that you cannot trust the tombs

in Westminster Abbey. You never know which of them is bogus. They show a tomb which they claim to be a genuine Edward the Confessor. It is the oldest tomb in their exhibition, and they are very proud of it. Now it is well known that real Edward the Confessor tombs are

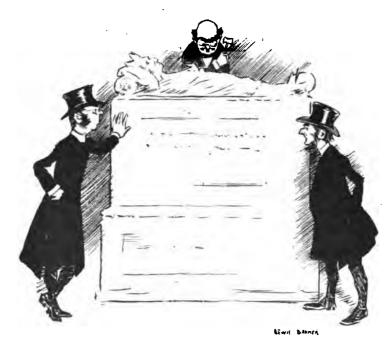


very scarce. Will it be believed that this tomb has been proved to be a thirteenth century fabrication, dating at least two hundred years after the death of Edward the Confessor? Honourable philatombists may well look askance at such methods of tomb-collecting. On the part of a

body of educated Christian clergymen they are especially unworthy.

The Chapter make a speciality of royal tombs. Their collection is rich in these,

what do the Chapter care? They heard a Shakespeare tomb was a swagger thing to have, and there it is. By such practices they bolster up their claim to have the finest



assortment of tombs in the world. By-and-bye, no doubt, they will start a Wellington tomb, though every child in London knows that Wellington is buried in St. Paul's Cathedral. But they are absolutely reckless.

The St. Paul's authorities commenced to go in for tombs quite recently, that is to say, within the last two centuries.

They confine themselves to modern tombs. But already they have snapped up some fine specimens. The two gems of their collection are the Wellington already referred to, and an undoubted Nelson. This has caused much heart-burning to their rivals at Westminster. These people dread competition, and have touts out in all directions to pick up likely tombs before the Cathedral can step in. They leave cards with all the undertakers. Everyone knows the frantic efforts they made to secure a Carlyle tomb not long ago. But they made a big scoop with their real Darwin. If they had only got a Bradlaugh tomb as well they would be happy.

Another collection on which they have long had an envious eye is the Winchester one. The Winchester people are strong in early kings, in which the Abbey is weak. They claim a Canute, and can point to

and would be richer if they had their way. There is a tomb of King John in Worcester Cathedral which they have long been anxious to possess, but up till now its owners have refused to part with it. In order to get hold of this tomb they have even been willing to break up their set of poets. They have offered to exchange a genuine Michael Drayton and a doubtful Milton for the Worcester curio, but the swap has been contemptuously declined.

It may be remarked here that their Shakespeare tomb is one of the most glaring impostures in the whole Abbey. It is well known that the only bona-fide Shakespeare in existence is kept at Stratford-on-Avon. It is one of the best advertised tombs in England. Not ten per cent. of the visitors to the Abbey can be deceived by this cheap fraud. But

some authenticated Saxon queens. At one time there was a rumour in the city that a



syndicate was to be formed, to amalgamate the two collections. But the scheme fell

No doubt through. Winchester asked too much, or the Westminster Chapter thought it would be cheaper to make the tombs. They have been restrained up to now by the fact that their Abbey was only built in the eleventh century, and therefore there can be no genuine tombs older than that. But a consideration of that kind will not stop them. They will pretend to dig up the foundations and discover Roman tombs.

A tomb of Julius Cæsar would be just what they want. A Cicero tomb would fit them like a glove. Up to the present the Abbey has been weak in foreign tombs. The Chapter have been wrangling over inferior English specimens such as Brownings and false Wesleys, and have let greater prizes slip through their fingers.

This is a mistake, it gives a tone of monocony to their collection. They ought to extend their operations. A good set of French kings would give just the variety that is needed. A few well-selected czars would be a decided gain. Sultans' tombs can be had for a ridiculously low figure in the Levant. Khans are a drug in the market. There is not the least reason why there should be spurious. All the Chapter want is a smart agent out there, to look out for suitable khans, and arrange to have them come to England and die. Or they might import preserved khans. advertisement in any respectable newspaper circulating in Central Asia would bring them in swarms of khans. It would pay them to supply khans to the retail trade.

The fact is they are too respectable to make their exhibition a real success. They



are behind the times. They have scarcely any murderers' tombs in the Abbey, and those they have are old ones. No one



cares about Plantagenet murderers. The public are tired of Bloody Mary. It may be that Bloody Mary is not buried in the Abbey, but they are certain to have a tomb of her, any way. It is useless to go on relying on Bloody Mary. Some new murderers would pay far better, and make a change. A Deeming tomb is a distinct need. A Jack the Ripper tomb would be a godsend. It would be a little premature perhaps, but the Chapter are not particu-

lar. It is not too late to secure these tombs. But other speculators are in the market, and there is no time to lose.

In these days it is idle to pick and choose your tombs, or to rest satisfied with the tombs you have got already. The fashion changes in tombs as in everything else, and if you tomb at all, you must tomb wisely and boldly, or you will be left behind.

### MISS NELLY FARREN AT HOME.

BY WHITWICK BROOK.

HEN, the other Sunday afternoon,
I went to call upon Miss Nelly
Farren I was reminded of a saying of a much older lady whom I know:
"Life would be always sweet," she told me
once, "so long as there was someone to
whom you could say—'Do you remember?'"

Mrs. "Neily Farren" Soutar-to give her her full name-with her two tall boys, and the numberless friends that she cannot help making everywhere, has no need ever to look forward apprehensively to her old age: but the reminiscence of which I have spoken was awakened by the conversation which took place. It was a dull, cold day, our hostess was "not quite so well," and two or three old friends had dropped in to see how she was. They had also dropped into a conversation about old days, and for a long time every other sentence began with "Do you remember?" Those that did not, began with "That reminds me --- " It was altogether a very cosy afternoon; the firelight was cosy; it is the cosiest of houses and the prettiest of drawing-rooms; the company were both pretty and cosily at their Their chatter was far enough away when I interrupted it.

"Do you remember, Nelly," said a dark young lady, "what a pretty place Honolulu was?"

"Why, yes; wasn't it," responded Neily. "And do you remember how it was the *fête* day of the island when we landed there, and how we went to see the dances? And when they began to sing their national anthem—it went something like this"—(Miss Farren hummed the tune)—"'La da di da dida, tum te tum,' and then they all ducked their heads like this"—(Miss Farren bowed deeply)—"'La da dida tum te tum tum te tum,' and

then they all ducked again: and I said to Sylvia, 'Why, wherever have I heard that tune before? I'm certain I know it.' So we listened again: and she said, 'Why, of course; I'm certain I've heard it in England; let's go and ask the bandmaster.' So we went to the bandmaster. The natives had got a band in honour of the occasion, and the band it was which was playing the tune for them. Well, we told the man that we'd heard the tune before, and asked him what it was; but for a long time he wouldn't tell us, until at last Sylvia cried, 'I know what it is! It's 'La di da!' 'Sh-sh-sh! Yes, miss, so it is,' said the German. 'It's "He wore a penny flower in his coat, la di da!"-but these poor heathens don't know it.' It was poor Nelly Power's song, wasn't it?" concluded Miss Farren.

Somebody replied, and presently the talk went back again to the South Seas. "I suppose you were coming away from Australia when you stopped at Honolulu?"

"Yes," said Miss Farren, "we went straight from one of the most beautiful harbours in the world to another—from Sydney to San Francisco. I shall never forget the beautiful sight as we went at early morning through the Golden Gates. Dear me, what a little time ago it seems! Yet I shall never be as young again as I was then."

"Why not?" asked an older lady.
"Why, I'm sure you're a good deal younger than you were four years ago."

"Yes," admitted the little woman, but that seems a longer time ago than the other."

"Is it four years since you were first laid up, Nelly?"

"Four years, my dear," replied Nelly, "and once or twice they used to think I wasn't going to get up again. But," she added, after a little pause, "I never turned my face to the wall."

There was a longer pause, of the kind



which is only possible among friends, and then somebody asked how long it really was since Miss Farren had been out in



Australia—was it at the time of the boom out there?

"Why, yes," said she, "just at that time. It was as prosperous as could be in Sydney and Melbourne then, and the theatres could hardly hold the audiences. I liked the dear old Sydney theatre; and that reminds me of an odd thing. You remember the story about poor Frederici?"

"Who was Frederici?" asked a stranger.

"Oh, didn't you ever hear of Fred-

erici?" said one of the men. "Well, he was an actor-manager out there, who for a long time had been hitting against hard luck. However, he took the Sydney theatre to produce Faust, and he himself had the part of Mephistophiles. From the moment the curtain rose the piece went with a roar, and



it looked as if Frederici had struck success at last. It went splendidly from the first scene to the last, where Mephistopheles descends with Faust through a trap-door in a blaze of red fire. As the two went down the trap, Frederici leaned heavily against Faust. 'Here, hold up!' said Faust, 'what's the matter, man?' But Frederici didn't answer, for he was dead. He died as they went down."

"I don't think that's quite it," said Nelly Farren. "He wasn't quite dead when they reached the staging below, and they sent for doctors to see if they could



MISS FARREN AS " JACK SHEPPARD."

bring him to with electric batteries. And there he lay with the light from the trapdoor streaming down upon him, and the audience cheering like mad to recall him. And by his side was Marguerite, who was his wife, and the angels standing looking on. Phil May told me. He saw it, and he said that the stage manager—I've forgotten what his name was, though I met him in America afterwards—stood there, with his cigar in his hand, staring blankly at the place where Frederici had lain, for an

hour after the body had been taken away, and saying nothing to anybody. Do you know, the rug upon which they laid him was in front of the fireplace in my dressing-room; and I used to fancy I could see stains of blood upon it."

"How awful!" said one of the ladies.
"How can you talk of such things? Did
you meet Phil May out in Sydney?"

"Why, yes! Don't you remember, Kate," said Miss Farren to another lady, "how he was witness to that bet between poor

Fred and Mr. Garner. You know, Mr. Leslie and Mr. Garner, one of them had



a hazel nut and sent it to me with his love. Wasn't it sweet of him? I wouldn't part with it for anything."

One of her listeners thought it was rather sweet of her to set such store by it. "What I liked so much about the Australians," she went on, " was the way in which they always speak of England as home. I remember one gentleman, born and bred in Australia, said that he should be sure to come and see me as soon as

a piece of gas-piping, with an enormous locket ("I call that," said Nelly

Farren, "my gold plate; the old Marquis of Anglesey gave it to me years and years ago."), bracelets, a belt and a dagger mounted in gold. Among all these relics, a hazel nut and a little piece of elaborate carving of the same size lay side by side. "There," said their owner. "See! He did that beautiful piece of carving out of

"It was very jolly out there, and in

ever he came home."

a very big head, and the other a very small one. Well, somebody bet them that they wouldn't ride round Sydney in an open carriage, wearing each other's hats. They took the bet; and Phil May was to be witness and ride round with them. They did ride round; and they won the bet."

"Didn't they attract a good deal of attention?"

"Not much. They each carried open umbrellas over their heads. It kept off the sun."

"It's a lovely climate out there, isn't it?"

"Lovely. And the people so hospitable
too. We went everywhere; and they
couldn't have been fonder of us. Did I
ever show you what a gallery boy in
Melbourne sent to me? Will you wheel
up the little glass table, Boy?"

One of Mrs. Farren Soutar's sons wheeled up a little table cabinet in which were all sorts of pretty things,—fans with carved and jewelled handles, miniatures, a heavy gold necklet, almost as thick as



America as well," added the dark young lady. "I liked it, didn't you, Nelly?"



MISS FARREN'S DINING ROOM.

(From a photograph by Messrs. Fradelle & Young.)

"There's no place like home," said Nelly, "it was very jolly and all that; but give me the Gaiety. Besides, it wasn't all lavender. Do you remember that awful train journey from 'Frisco to New York? Oh, my goodness!"

"Yes; and do you remember the first thing we did when we got out at New York."

"We all went and had a bath."

"The baths you got in the train were simply silly."

"But I liked America for some things; though the way they give you your dinner surprised me. I remember the first dinner that ever I ordered," said Miss Farren. "You know. I never did eat much, but I ordered a little soup, and a little fish, and a bird, and something else. Well, they took a tremendous time getting it, I thought; but when it did come, you'll hardly believe me, but the waiter carried a tray with seventeen little bowls on it. 'What's this?' says I. 'Dinner, marm,'

says the black waiter, showing all his teeth together. He'd brought it all at once. 'Well, upon my word,' I said, 'do you think I want to take ice-cream along with oyster soup? You can leave the fish,' I said."

"But it wasn't a bad time we had out there" said the little dark lady, "and we got on very well with the audiences, I'm sure."

"Oh, yes, certainly we did," agreed Miss Farren, "as soon as they got used to us. I don't think they understood our burlesques at first; but as soon as we settled down they were quite enthusiastic. And there's one thing I shall always like America for, and that's its dime museums."

"You always were fond of freaks, Nelly."

"So I was," she admitted; "do you know, one of my greatest friends for years was the Two-Headed Nightingale. She, or ought I to say 'they,' used to sit on that

very settee where you are now; and once I've seen one of her—I mean them—asleep, while the other was doing knitting."

One of the ladies on the settee moved off it nervously.

"I wish you wouldn't tall: of such things, Nelly," she urged.

"Why, they used often to come and see



THE STUDY.

(From a photograph by Messrs. Fradelle & Young.)

me act at the Gaiety," pursued Nelly, relentlessly. "I used to give them a box; and that reminds me of a monstrosity——"

"If you're going on in that way, I shan't listen," interrupted the dark little lady. "We never could find you when we lost you in America, except by hunting for you in dime museums or lunatic asylums. But it gives me the creeps."

"Well, I won't, if you don't like it," agreed Miss Farren; "but talking about the creeps reminds me of the time I went to Newgate Prison. It was when I was getting up little Jack Sheppard, and I was very much in earnest about it. So I got permission to go over Newgate; and among the other places I saw were, of

course, the dark cells. So I asked if they'd mind putting me in one just to see how it felt. 'Lock the door on me and leave me,' I said; and they did. My dears! you can't tell what it felt like when that lock clanged, and I heard the footsteps receding. And when I'd been there for five minutes-they said it was five minutes-I could almost have screamed to be let out."

At this point the old blue Dresden clock over the mantelpiece struck five.

"Good gracious!" said Miss Farren, "I forgot all about it There's somebody coming to see me at five."

"Why we've all come to see you," we said, in a reproachful chorus.

"Oh, yes,—you; but you are different. This is a comparative stranger,"

and while she was still speaking the maid came in to announce him.

He was a nervous young man who balanced his cup of afternoon tea with the anxious air of a juggler out of practice. For a little time it seemed as if his presence were going to break up the pleasant afternoon chat; but we trusted, not in vain, that, with our hostess to look after things, the talk would not become dull. Nor did

it; though in some unaccountable way the conversation appeared as if it were drifting into a dialogue between her and the Comparative Stranger.

"I should like to know," we heard him



say presently, "something about your early career, Miss Farren; something about when you began, for instance."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Miss Farren. "You'd want my dear mother here to tell you about that. She knew; but I've forgotten long ago. All I remember is that I appeared with her when I was a little girl of seven. At Exeter, I think it was."

There was rather an awkward pause. The Comparative Stranger seemed a little dashed.

"Your mother was a good little actress," said somebody, to break the silence. "I suppose you got your talent from her."

"Well, I didn't get her voice," said Miss Farren. "She had a very good voice, and my aunt, Georgiana Smithson, a lovely one. You know," she continued, to the Comparative Stranger, "some of us seem to find in the stage our own country. It runs in families, I suppose. I wanted my boys to go into the army; but, 'No, we want to go on the stage, mother,' they said; and so they must, I suppose. One of them is playing at the Opera Comique now."

"I suppose," said the young man, hesitatingly, "you had a much severer time than they are likely to have in learning your profession—touring in the provinces, and that kind of thing?"

"Why, no," replied she. "I've only been at two theatres in my life. First I was at the Olympic, where I played Nan in *Good for Nothing*. And then I went to the Gaiety, and there I stuck—bless the old place!—for goodness knows how long. Don't ask me!"

"It was a quarter of a century, Nell," said the old lady, severely.

"Well, what if it was?" put in the little dark lady who had been in Honolulu with the Gaiety Company. "She'll be playing at the old place a quarter of a century from now, I hope."

"And so say all of us," said I; "but,



Miss Farren, aren't you forgetting the old Victoria Theatre?"

"That I am," said she, "and I ought to be ashamed of myself for not remembering it, for that was where poor old Frampton tried to turn me into a great tragédienne. I was trained for tragedy, you know; and if anyone could have made me into one it was old Frampton, for he was a splendid master. Lydia Foote, the beautiful actress that was, learned from him there at the same time as me; and Elise Hall and a dozen others. But I'm sure I was never intended for burlesque."

"Perhaps," suggested the Comparative Stranger, "burlesque was intended for you."

This was unexpected on the part of the nervous young man, and had the effect of inducing confidence in him on the part of the rest of the party, who had hitherto been listening to his efforts to monopolise their hostess with some dissatisfaction; and since he seemed desirous of obtaining information they joined in helping out Nelly Farren's memory.

"She's played in hundreds of parts besides burlesque," said one of them, "and I think it almost a pity she didn't become a comedian."

"Oh, I don't know," said Nelly, "there have been lots of parts I've been fond of; and I could never have loved anything as I loved little Jack Sheppard. That was always my nearest and best."

"What was that part you used to play with Terry?—where he used to put you into a cannon to fire you off, and used to say, 'Are you in?' 'Are you far in?' 'Are you Nelly Far-in?'"

"Oh, that was the Forty Thieves, wasn't it? or was it Aladdin?"

"It couldn't have been Aladdin," said the old lady, "because you used to play in that with Johnny Toole."

"I hardly ever could remember anything when I wanted to," said Miss Farren, "it was just the same in learning my parts. I always knew everyone else's before my own. And I can scarcely remember who I have played things with;

but I was at the Gaiety, I know, during all Phelps' time, and all Charles Mathews' time; and during what you might call the long and short burlesque period."

"Tell him," interposed somebody, "about that famous company which played *Oliver Twist*, if you can remember."

"I don't think I can. I certainly can't remember them all; but I know that once when I played Oliver Twist there was Henry Irving for Sikes, and Johnny Toole was the Artful Dodger; and Mrs. Billington was Nancy Sikes. So that you see I've actually played with Irving, and I'm proud of it, for he is the dearest and kindest of men. The Queen made him 'Sir Henry,' and well he deserved it; but he'll be Henry Irving to us all his days."

"You've played with all the comedians of the last twenty-five years," said the old lady. "Thorne, and David James; and let's see? You've mentioned Terry—"

"What do you mean by the long and short burlesque period?" asked the Comparative Stranger.

"Well, you see," explained Miss Farren, "we used to have short burlesques at the Gaiety for a long time before John Hollingshead introduced the two- or three-act burlesques like Monte Cristo and Jack Sheppard—which was the best that ever was, even if I do say it again; it was written by Yardley and poor Pottinger Stephens. Did you ever hear what he wrote back to the correspondent who addressed him as Potiphar Stephens? Well, never mind—I was saying, before long burlesques like Ruy Blas, and the Forty Thieves, and Aladdin, we used to have short ones like the Bohemian Girl and Robert the Devil. Aladdin was not properly of the later period. I think we went back for a little time to short burlesques after that."

The conversation was getting a little dull; but we gave the young man a lot of information after that, since he seemed to

thirst for it, and finally Miss Farren showed him her birds, of which, together with her china, she is tremendously fond. I think she likes the birds best.

"You know," she told the young man, "I always did collect birds, and poor Mr. Leslie used to complain that the way I would cart my bird-cages about with me was a positive nuisance. Once some of the boys played a trick on me. A party of them went up to the Blue Mountains—

admired the birds, and seen all the photographs, of which there are numberless ones of Miss Farren's numberless friends, but not half-a-dozen of herself in the house,—" I never did like being photographed," she declared, "and I never want to keep them. For a long time after I went to the Gaiety I wouldn't be photographed at all, for you know I always had boys' parts, and I really would rather have been photographed as a



THE DRAWING-ROOM.

(From a photograph by Messrs. Fradelle & Young.)

it was while we were in Australia—and they sent word from up country that they were bringing me a dozen 'Rosellas.' And when the birds did reach me, what do you think?—they were all dead; for people eat the pretty little darlings out there. The boys thought it was a good joke, but it was a joke that nearly made me cry, for I call it cruel to eat them."

At last, when the young man had

girl "—And at last the young man took his leave.

"I didn't catch his name," said the dark young lady. "Who was he?"

"Why! didn't you know?" exclaimed Miss Farren. "He was an interviewer."

"An interviewer!" we cried. "Well, why didn't you tell us?"

"I didn't remember," said Nelly Farren.

"So that was why he asked you if ever you were going to return to the stage. What did you tell him, Nelly?"

"I told him yes, I hoped so," replied Nelly Farren; "and indeed I do."

"Do you want to go back to see the Gaiety boys again?" asked the cld lady.

"My dear," said Nelly Farren, "I'm wearying for it!"



"Look at me, now. After twenty years of married life and 'appiness with the wife of me 'art, 'eres me redooced to the straits of a private in the Salvation Army, bein' a widower with five children, a cause of the prematoor decease of my spouse, owing to her devotion to the wash-tub. It's 'ard!"

## THE CHRONICLES OF ELVIRA HOUSE.

BY HERBERT KEEN.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. DEWAR.

#### I.-THE DEAF CLERGYMAN.

RS. NIX honoured me for several years with her confidence in all questions of doubt or difficulty which arose in connection with the conduct of her well-known boarding establishment in Baker Street. That these were many and various will be obvious when I mention that the dinner-table at Elvira House accommodated from twenty to thirty guests, and was usually occupied to its fullest capacity. An experience of more than a quarter of a century as a permanent boarder at Elvira House has made me acquainted with some strange and even startling episodes, in many of which, as the confidential friend and adviser of the esteemed proprietress, I have been personally concerned. Apart from opportunities of knowledge of the inner life of a cosmopolitan residential abode in London afforded to me by Mrs. Nix's private revelations, I have a natural aptitude for philosophical observation, which my enemies might describe as vulgar curiosity about the affairs of my fellowcreatures. Whether this contemplative temperament is an amiable idiosyncrasy or the reverse depends, I suppose, upon the possession of the gift of human sympathy as to which, in my own case, I can express no opinion; but at least it has helped to qualify me for the task I have voluntarily undertaken, namely, to place upon record certain events which seem worthy to be rescued from oblivion.

Lest I should be accused of personal vanity in thus obtruding myself up on the public, let me hasten to explain that I have no intention of posing as the hero of the stories I am about to relate, nor of laying claim to any special insight into human character. Mrs. Nix's flattering predilec-

tion for me was merely due to mutual esteem engendered by long acquaintance-ship, and to the fact that my business training frequently rendered me of some assistance to her. I was formerly a clerk in the Monarchy Assurance Office, from which I retired upon inheriting a modest fortune at a comparatively early age, and, for the rest, I am quite a commonplace individual, a bachelor, elderly and uninteresting, but, I trust, inoffensive and harmless.

After this wearisome preface, I find myself confronted by the initial difficulty, which must be experienced by all writers who take up the pen with a well-stored memory, of knowing where to commence my reminiscences. Fortunately, a moment's reflection has caused me to realise how many of my stories have reference to a rather remarkable man whose singular introduction to Elvira House happened to synchronise with the origin of my friendly alliance with Mrs. Nix, and I cannot do better than make this my starting point.

It seems only yesterday, though it is more years ago than I care to recall, that I was greeted one evening by the footman on my return from the office—for I was still in business in those days—with a message from his mistress requesting that I would be good enough to step into her private sitting-room, as she wished to speak to me. I was a little flustered, I remember, at this unexpected invitation, for Mrs. Nix had hitherto treated me with distant condescension, and I was inclined to be somewhat overawed by her commanding personality.

However, I did not hesitate to obey the summons and was duly ushered into Mrs.

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Nix's sanctum, a small apartment at the back of the dining-room, which was used by her as a kind of office. Here she transacted the multifarious business details of the establishment, made out the bills, interviewed the servants, granted solemn audiences to complaining guests, or enjoyed such rare leisure as her distracting duties permitted. I found her seated at a desk engaged in writing out the menus for the evening's repast, and looking resplendent in her elegant satin dinner dress; for she was then a very handsome woman, with an elegant figure, and a certain stateliness of demeanour which accentuated her natural charms.

I will confess, at once, that I had long admired Mrs. Nix from a respectful distance, and had secretly deplored that circumstances—personified by a husband of a thriftless and too convivial turn of mind—forced her to occupy a position unworthy of her talents and her social antecedents. It is not surprising, therefore, that at this, our first friendly interview, I was completely overcome by the gracious smile she bestowed upon me, and experienced a thrill of pride when she permitted me to grasp her jewelled hand.

"Mr. Perkins," she murmured, in her soft, low voice, when we were alone, "you have now been an inmate of my establishment for some years, a proof, I hope, that you are not dissatisfied with my efforts to promote your comfort."

I hastened to assure Mrs. Nix that I fully appreciated her unvarying consideration; and I spoke with such earnestness that she was evidently convinced of my sincerity.

"I am the more gratified to hear this," replied Mrs. Nix, confidentially, "because I have a slight favour to ask of you."

"It is granted. Anything!" I exclaimed, fervently.

"I am sure I can trust you, Mr. Perkins," said Mrs. Nix, "but I have long hesitated whether I am justified in con-

fiding in anyone about a matter affecting my husband."

"The Major?" I murmured, wondering what was coming.

"Yes. It is no secret, I suppose, among the gentlemen of this establishment that Major Nix has, from time to time, caused me some uneasiness?"

I hardly knew what to say to this, for it was perfectly well known that the Major had a doubtful reputation, to say nothing of his chronic impecuniosity and other undesirable characteristics.

"You need not reply; and I appreciate your reticence, Mr. Perkins," said the excellent lady, noticing my embarrassment, "but you can at least tell me what you think of Colonel Tarleton?"

"Colonel Ephraim B. Tarleton, the American gentleman?" I exclaimed, startled by the abrupt enquiry.

"Yes, Mr. Perkins; I am afraid Colonel Tarleton is exercising an evil influence upon my husband. Are you aware of any monetary transactions between them?"

"No," I replied.

"I know that Colonel Tarleton has put his name to a bill for Major Nix," said the poor lady anxiously, "and as this gentleman is neither stupid nor particularly generous, I am afraid he has some motive. He wants, I am sure, to get Major Nix into his power—and the Major is so fatally good-natured. You can appreciate my uneasiness, Mr Perkins," added Mrs. Nix with emotion.

I did indeed, for I knew that the shifty Major would be an easy dupe of any designing person, especially as his sense of moral rectitude was of the vaguest. But, on the other hand, I had no reason to doubt the integrity of the boarder referred to, though I personally rather disliked him. Colonel Tarleton was an elderly gentleman, from New York, who had come to England on some business, to which he occasionally alluded in rather mysterious terms; but what it was I had

never inquired—indeed, I had not exchanged half-a-dozen words with him.

"I really know very little about Colonel Tarleton," I replied, as the result of my reflections, "nor have I noticed any particular intimacy between him and Major Nix. Of course, if I can do anything——"

"You can indeed, Mr. Perkins," interrupted Mrs. Nix, earnestly. "I want you to observe Colonel Tarleton and my husband, and to report to me if you see anything suspicious."

"I will if you wish," I replied, a little reluctantly; "but why not give Colonel Tarleton notice to go?"

"What excuse could I make? Besides, isn't it safer to let him remain here—under my own eye, as it were?" said Mrs. Nix, with that sagacity which always distinguished her.

"No doubt, and I hope I may be able to set your mind at rest," I answered, as I rose at the sound of the first dinner gong.

"Thank you so much, dear Mr. Perkins," said Mrs. Nix graciously, giving meher hand again. "By-the-bye," she added as I turned to leave the room, "I have yet another small favour to ask of you. An unexpected guest has arrived, and we are quite full, as you know. And yet I didn't like to turn away a clergyman of the Church of England," she added, impressively.

"Indeed?"

"You know, Mr. Perkins, my own dear father was a clergyman, and my respect for the cloth amounts to veneration. I thought I might venture to rely upon your good nature," said Mrs. Nix in her most irresistible tone.

"In what way?" I enquired.

"There is a small room on the top floor adjoining that occupied by this dreadful Colonel Tarleton. You will not, I am sure, mind sleeping there for a few nights and giving up yours to the clergyman—Mr. Brown?"

"Oh, of course not," I replied, rather faintly.

"I was sure of it, and therefore I ventured to have your things moved up. I felt certain that you would not mind obliging a clergyman of the Church of England. Thank you so much!"

Though I felt a little lukewarm about the comfort of this reverend gentleman, I was qui e ready to render a service to our hostess, especially after her flattering confidences; and I therefore made my way to my new quarters without resentment. But I might very reasonably have com plained of the change, for my temporary apartment was a veritable garret, which had hitherto been used only as a box-The accommodation it afforded was of the most meagre description, and I quite realised that a clergyman of the Church of England-or in fact, any sane individual who was not under the influence of Mrs. Nix's fascinations-would have flatly refused to occupy it.

No sense of grievance, however, occurred to my mind; indeed, I had no time to think of anything but my hurried toilet, which I had barely completed before the dinner gong sounded. As I emerged from my room, I encountered Colonel Tarleton on the narrow landing, in the act of carefully locking the door of his apartment.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed sharply on seeing me, "what are you doing up here, Mr. Perkins?"

"I've moved up for a day or two to oblige Mrs. Nix, as my own room is temporarily occupied by a new boarder," I replied, purposely ignoring his abrupt tone.

"Wal, I'd advise you to keep your door locked, as I do mine," he remarked, putting the key in his pocket in rather a defiant way.

"Indeed! Have you lost anything?" I enquired.

"No, and I guess I don't mean to," he answered, with a short laugh.

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I felt inclined to resent this implied imputation upon the honesty of the establishment, but, mindful of the mission I had undertaken, I restrained my indignation, and endeavoured to ingratiate myself with him by some show of civility as we descended the stairs together. When we reached the dining-room, we found the other suests already assembled, and as I went to my place the Major rose from his seat at the end of the table, and rapped with the handle of his knife to command attention. Major Nix looked quite an imposing figure while performing his functions of host. Everyone knew that these were strictly limited to presiding at our meals, and that, for the rest, the Major was a complete nonentity. But he had a consequential, not to say pompous, demeanour on these occasions which inspired vague respect, and, for a little man, his appearance was impressive. He was short and stout, with a protuberant chest, which made a dazzling display of his immaculate shirt-front; his features had probably once been handsome, though now puffy and purple; he wore an enormous dyed moustache, and comported himself in public like a martinet colonel at the head of his regiment.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said in apoplectic gasps, "it is our invariable custom, when we are honoured by the presence of a clergyman, to request him to say grace. With your permission we will not commence till the reverend gentleman appears."

This suggestion elicited a flutter of approval from the ladies, and we sat waiting for a few moments in embarrassed silence, while the servants stood by to remove the covers. But the Major's impatience proved stronger than his piety, and after a very short interval he hastily mumbled the usual perfunctory form of words, and the meal commenced. It was as well, indeed, that we had not delayed, for the Rev. Mr. Brown did not make his appearance until we were half-way through

the second course, when he entered so unobtrusively that few of us were at first aware of his presence.

He turned out to be a little elderly gentleman, with a very palpable chestnut wig and large goggle spectacles. whiskers were grey, and his face looked old and wrinkled. He wore an oldfashioned white bow, and though his clothes were shabby, his aspect was eminently respectable and benevolent. He was apparently an old country parson on a visit to town, and I am afraid that he created a general impression of disappointment, after having been so pointedly alluded to. When he responded to a gracious remark from the lady next to him by producing an enormous ear-trumpet and explaining in a high, quavering voice that he was as deaf as a post, a titter went round the table, and public interest in him evaporated on the spot.

For my part, I hardly noticed him, for I was occupied in observing, with awakened interest, the American Colonel who sat nearly opposite to me. He was a tall, ungainly man of sixty or upwards, attired in shining broadcloth with a high shirt-collar and a narrow black tie. He was whitehaired and clean-shaven, and his plain features were slightly marked with the scars of small-pox. He had the most enormous, coarse hands I ever saw in my life, and possessed, apparently, the physical strength of a giant. The chief peculiarity about him, however, was a most unprepossessing cast in one of his eyes, which rendered it almost impossible to fix with certainty the direction of his gaze. He ate his dinner almost in silence, but I could not help fancying that, in spite of his apparent preoccupation, nothing the Major did or said escaped him.

When dinner was ended, the ladies departed, and the men, shortly afterwards, followed their example. A few went upstairs to the drawing-room, one or two had engagements out of doors; but the majority, headed by the Colonel, ad-



" WOULD YOU BE SO GOOD, SIR. AS TO TELL ME THE NAMES OF SOME OF OUR FELLOW-GUESTS?"

journed to the smoking-room. I was just meditating doing the same, when suddenly I found the yawning end of a speaking-trumpet thrust before my face, and the thin voice of the clergyman startled me by saying—

"Would you be so good, sir, as to tell me the names of some of our fellowguests?"

I looked round, and discovered that the Reverend Mr. Brown had silently moved down to the vacant chair beside me, and was awaiting my reply with a bland smile, his elbow on the table, and the other end of the speaking-tube fixed in his ear. I naturally complied with his request; but my politeness was put to a severe test, owing to his unfortunate affliction. I was obliged to repeat my answers two or three times over; and, to make matters worse, the old gentleman was not content with short replies, but persisted in having detailed information about everyone who had been at the I became so irritated at last that table. I left him abruptly, and went to the smoking-room, with a fixed determination to avoid him as much as possible in future.

I have nothing more to record about that evening, except that I sat up to what

was, for me, an unprecedentedly late hour, having made up my mind to prevent, as far as I could, any private confabulations between Colonel Tarleton and the Major. Nothing occurred, however, to confirm Mrs. Nix's suspicions; and the only reward of my devotion was the doubtful one of listening to a great number of extraordinary lies from the Major, in the shape of wonderful experiences of a martial kind, which were generally supplemented by still more marvellous legends from the equally inexhaustible reminiscences of the American Colonel.

The next day, when I returned from business, I found that I had been reinstated in my own room. It appeared that Mr. Brown, having by some means ascertained that I had turned out for his convenience, had insisted that I should not be disturbed on his account, and had been moved up to the floor above. This act of good-nature naturally made a favourable impression upon me, and, consequently, when he again failed to appear at the dinner-table, after everyone else had assembled, I willingly adopted the suggestion conveyed by a glance from our hostess, and went upstairs to fetch him.

When I reached the top landing, Mr.

Brown's door was open and the room vacant. I was on the point of descending to the drawing-room, expecting to find him there oblivious of the dinner-gong, when I heard a footstep behind me, and came face to face with him emerging from the Colonel's room. The old gentleman was visibly startled and confused at seeing me; evidently his deafness—or the fact that I was wearing thin shoes—had prevented him from having warning of my approach, and I was annoyed with myself for having innocently caused him embarrassment.

"Dinner, Mr. Brown," I said, briskly.

"Eh?" he said, for he was not carrying his ear-trumpet.

"Dinner," I roared.

But it was no good; he vanished quickly into his own room, and reappeared with the dreaded instrument. When I had explained, he said:

"Thank you! Thank you! I'm a little deaf, you know. Didn't hear the gong. I was just taking a peep into my neighbour's room," he added, slyly.

"Oh!" I exclaimed.

"Eh?" he said, presenting the ear-trumpet.

"I only said 'Oh!'" I shouted into the chasm.

"Yes, yes. Mere curiosity—idle curiosity. A nice airy apartment. Larger than mine, and overlooking the street," he responded.

"I wonder you could get in," I remarked, as he seemed to expect me to say something.

"Why?" he asked, with a rather quick glance at me.

"Because the Colonel always keeps his door locked," I replied.

"He didn't to-night," said Mr. Brown, watching my face as deaf people do, though I fancied there was a shade of anxiety in his scrutiny.

"Evidently," I answered, shortly.

"But don't tell him; don't tell him. He might be vexed. I-I didn't, of

course, know that he was so particular, said Mr. Brown.

"Of course not," I responded.

"Eh?"

"I say, of course not," I shouted, irritably.

"Thank you! Thank you! I will be down in one minute," he answered, disappearing into his room.

Dinner had, of course, commenced by the time I reached the dining-room, and consequently Mr. Brown was again too late to officiate in his clerical capacity. I thought nothing, at the moment, of the old parson's inquisitiveness about his neighbour's apartment; but I ungratefully decided to postpone thanking him for his courteous consideration for me till the next day. His appalling deafness made conversation with him quite a painful ordeal; and I could judge, from the waried expression on the faces of the ladies who sat near to him at table, that others were of the same opinion.

I therefore got up immediately dinner was over, and hurried to the smokingroom, which happily seemed to have no attractions for the old gentleman. Here I again devoted myself to the uncongenial task of outstaying the Major, and I think Colonel Tarleton suspected my design. for he scowled at me fiercely when we three were at length left alone, and assumed a bullying demeanour. But I kept my temper under control, and finally the Colonel, finding the Major was beginning to yield to the somnolent influence of his fifth tumbler, consoled himself by punishing the whiskey-bottle, with the result that I had to conduct him to his room in the small hours of the morning. cidentally I observed that the Colonel seemed surprised and annoyed at finding that he had left his door unlocked, and was disposed to quarrel with me about it.

I was thoroughly tired out after this unaccustomed vigil, and had fallen into a heavy slumber, when I was awoke by an uproar in the Colonel's room overhead.



"WE FOUND THE LANDING THICK WITH SMOKE AND THE COLONEL'S DOOR OFFN,"

The cry of "Fire" resounded through the house, and, remembering his condition at our parting, I was not unprepared for what had happened. Rushing upstairs with other startled boarders, we found the landing thick with smoke and the Colonel's door open. The gas had been lit, and inside the room, through the dense and stifling atmosphere, we could dimly discern the Rev. Mr. Brown, with a damp towel tied round the lower part of his face, tearing down the blazing bed-curtains and throwing them into the fireplace, while the Colonel, choking and swearing, sat on the other side of the bed in a dazed and stupefied condition. The ceiling was obscured by dense black wreaths of smoke, and the flames were consuming the valences around the top of the canopy.

We all immediately rushed to the assistance of the parson, whose extraordinary activity was remarkable. In his frenzied zeal he had contrived to drag the sheets off the bed as well as the curtains, so that a serious conflagration was also taking place in the grate. However, by our united efforts we speedily put out the flames, and after throwing open the windows, took refuge on the landing, dragging the Colonel with us.

"It was a mercy, gentlemen," quavered the parson, removing the towel from his face and panting after his exertions, "that I am in the habit of reading late in my room."

I then observed that Mr. Brown was fully dressed with the exception of his coat, a somewhat singular circumstance considering the lateness of the hour.

"I noticed a smell of burning, and saw smoke issuing from our friend's door," continued Mr. Brown.

"How on earth did you get in?" enquired the Colonel, with a strong expletive. "I locked the door."

The parson, not having his speakingtrumpet, did not appear to notice the question, for he proceeded: "I found the bed-curtains ablaze; the gentleman had evidently left his candle alight."

"I had no candle; it's all a darned lie!" cried the Colonel, who, though he now seemed completely sober, was evidently beside himself with sudden excitement.

"Anyhow the bed was on fire, and but for this gentleman you would have been burnt to death," I said, sharply.

But instead of taking the hint, and offering his preserver the expressions of gratitude he was entitled to, the Colonel, with another oath, dashed into his room again and commenced to make a frenzied search among the charred and burnt fragments of drapery in the fireplace. His room being by this time pretty clear of smoke, the rest of us followed him in and stood watching him in amazement. His wild excitement and the oaths and execrations which issued from his lips alarmed us all, and when he suddenly turned upon us and fiercely ordered us out, we fled before him like a flock of sheep.

"See here!" he cried, suddenly opening the door after slamming it in our faces, "somebody has been tampering with the lock! The key won't turn."

He rattled the key furiously, and then, his face distorted by passion, banged the door to again. Though the lock obviously refused to work, we had so little desire to intrude upon the Colonel's privacy that we hastily descended the stairs with one accord and left him to himself.

The other inmates of the house, having by this time realised that there was no further danger from the fire, had retired to their apartments, and we men who had witnessed the scene just recorded, congregated in the dining-room, for sleep at the moment was out of the question. We were all a little startled and uneasy at the Colonel's extraordinary outburst, and there was a vague suspicion that something was wrong. We fortified ourselves with whiskey, and stared at one another

with rather white faces as we discussed the affair.

- "I believe the Colonel is mad. I don't think it's safe to have him in the house, remarked a nervous young gentleman.
- "Perhaps you had better tackle him?" said Major Nix; and though he laughed, I noticed that his hand trembled rather as he raised his tumbler to his lips.
- "Did you see how he glared at the poor old parson?" exclaimed another boarder.
- "Where is the parson?" I enquired, perceiving for the first time that he was not amongst us.
- "Please, sir," interposed the footman who, in picturesque deshabille was ministering to our needs, "the old gentleman went out just before you came down."
  - "Left the house!" we all exclaimed.
- "Yes, sir; and he had a bag with him."
  - "The luggage he brought?"
- "Yes, sir; I caught him unfastening the front door; and he give me half-acrown to hold my tongue for five minutes."

This startling news threw us all into renewed consternation; the prevailing impression was that the old gentleman had fled in a sudden panic at the Colonel's terrible aspect. I noticed, however, that the Major appeared to attach some special significance to the information, for he said with a start—

- "I think Colonel Tarleton ought to know."
  - "Why?" I enquired.
- "I believe the parson has played him a trick," said the Major, moving abruptly towards the door. "Who will come and tell him?"

Nobody volunteered except myself, and I was more influenced by the desire to investigate this apparent clue to an understanding between Major Nix and the Colonel than by valorous instincts. I accompanied the Major upstairs, and on the top landing we paused to peep into

the parson's room. I held a candle over my head, and glanced round, but there was no one there, and his luggage had disappeared. We paused a moment outside the Colonel's door, and then Major Nix knocked.

"Come in," said the Colonel's voice, now perfectly calm and composed.

We entered nervously, and found him lying quietly on the bed, in the midst of the chaos, wrapped in blankets and surrounded by the charred and tattered shreds of the curtains. His recent rage and agitation seemed to have completely vanished, and he cocked his evil eye at us with what was evidently intended to be an amiable expression.

- "Hello!" he exclaimed. "What's up?"
- "The parson has bolted," said Major Nix, breathlessly.
- "Poor devil! I guess I skeered him some," said the Colonel, with a sardonic laugh. "I thought I'd lost something."
  - "Oh!" said Major Nix, meaningly.
- "Yes! but it was all right," said the Colonel.
- "What was all right?" I enquired, half involuntarily.
- "The gold repeater presented to me by the officers of my old regiment," said the Colonel, raising himself on his elbow rather fiercely.

I retired, discomfited, and both he and the Major laughed; but when we were alone, outside the door, the latter turned uncomfortably red, and hastened to say—

"I imagined the Colonel thought he had lost something. His watch is all right, it seems."

"It is evidently a very valuable watch," I said, drily.

The Major made no verbal reply, but I noticed that he turned the subject abruptly, and it was obvious to me that Colonel Tarleton had referred to something more precious to him than his chronometer. Our report of the Colonel's tranquillity caused our fellow-guests to

disperse to their rooms, and I sought my own couch with a complete conviction that these two military gentlemen shared some equivocal secret between them.

It seemed useless to speculate what this secret might be, though I spent a wakeful hour in doing so without arriving at any conclusion. It was impossible to disassociate the Rev. Mr. Brown from the mystery, for his abrupt disappearance was, to say the least, peculiar. I began to have uncomfortable suspicions concerning the reverend gentleman, whose flight might have been premeditated, since he had taken his luggage with him; but on the other hand, as the Colonel had apparently not missed anything, and Mr. Brown had done nothing worse than save a fellow-creature's life, the motive for his departure could hardly have been evil. I could only suppose that excitement had turned the old gentleman's brain, or that he had yielded, as my fellow-boarders evidently believed, to a sudden panic caused by the Colonel's extraordinary violence.

I awoke the next morning without any fresh inspiration, except that when I recalled to mind what Colonel Tarleton had said in his first excitement. I realised that he had practically accused Mr. Brown of having fired the curtains and caused the whole episode. Fantastic as this suggestion appeared, it certainly seemed odd that the parson should have been up and fully dressed at that hour of the night, and, having myself conducted the Colonel to his room, I could vouch for the fact that he had tumbled into bed by the light of the gas. Mr. Brown had stated that the bed-curtains had caught fire from the flame of a candle, but unless I was very much mistaken, the Colonel had spoken the truth when he denied that there was a This, at least, was a candle in the room. simple question of fact which could be easily cleared up, and I felt quite excited by certain vague theories which floated in my mind regarding the true character of the deaf clergyman.

But these theories, indefinite and shadowy as they were, turned into pangs of disquieting remorse when I listened to the apologetic statement which the Colonel voluntarily made at the breakfast-table. The establishment was in a ferment of excitement over the events of the preceding night, and Colonel Tarleton anticipated complaints and enquiries by a sort of public confession. He evidently prided himself, like so many of his countrymen, upon being a bit of an orator, for in answer to a question from our hostess he rose to his feet and made us a little speech. He first desired, he said, to ask pardon for the alarm he had caused and especially to beg forgiveness of the reverend gentleman whom he had treated, in his excitement, with gross rudeness and with base ingratitude. only excuse he could offer for his conduct was, he frankly admitted, confusion of mind produced by the shock of the fire acting upon a condition of inebriety. Proceeding to detail the cause of the disaster, he said that, being seized with a desire to read, he had lighted a candle which he carried in his trunk and had fallen asleep over his paper without having taken proper precautions to guard against accident. He expressed himself deeply grieved that the Rev. Mr. Brown had fled from the house in alarm at his violence, and wound up by announcing his immediate departure from Elvira House.

I exchanged glances with our hostess at the conclusion of the Colonel's eloquent and contrite remarks, and not only Mrs, Nix, but every one of us, was manifestly relieved at the prospect of being spared any future manifestations of the American gentleman's exuberance. Our satisfaction was only tempered by regret at the disappearance of the ill-used Mr. Brown, of whom nothing more had been heard; and I may here record that a mysterious envelope, addressed to Mrs. Nix and containing a money-order for a sovereign, which came by an early post, was the only

communication ever received from the reverend gentleman, whose singular reticence was attributed to natural embarrassment.

When, upon my return from the office at the end of the day, I found that Colonel Tarleton had been as good as his word, and had disappeared from our midst, I naturally hoped that we had heard the last of him, and especially that his unhallowed intimacy with Major Nix had come to a termination. On this subject, however, I soon began to entertain secret misgivings, because I fancied the Major avoided me. For some reason, which I could not fathom, he evidently disliked talking about his late associate, and though usually ready enough to discuss his friends behind their backs with engaging frankness, Major Nix displayed a commendable reticence when any allusion was made to the Colonel's shortcomings He was careful to assure me that he had no idea what had become of him, from which circumstance, knowing the Major's little peculiarities, I suspected that he was perfectly acquainted with the Colonel's present address.

As Mrs. Nix was evidently quite easy in her mind again, I did not venture to suggest any doubts upon the point, but about a week later my suspicions were verified in rather a remarkable way.

I was walking home one evening between five and six o'clock when, as I entered Piccadilly, I caught sight of Colonel Tarleton in earnest conversation with the Major at the entrance to a byeway which runs down by the side of St. James's Church. They separated before I could reach them, the Colonel slouching down the alley with a furtively expectant air, and the Major strolling westward in front of me. Neither of them saw me, and, my apprehensions thoroughly awakened by this ominous encounter, I slackened pace and followed Major Nix, feeling sure that he was engaged upon some doubtful errand. I noticed that he looked up at the numbers of the houses as

he walked, and presently he paused at what appeared to be the private entrance of a shop. At this moment I caught him up and laid my hand on his shoulder.

There are some men who can never stand the ordeal of being suddenly accosted, and the Major was one of them. He turned round with a guilty start and seemed covered with confusion.

"Hullo!" I exclaimed, smiling at the Major's purple and quivering face, "what are you up to?"

"I was merely about to call on a friend," he said uneasily.

I glanced with considerable curiosity at the small brass-plate upon the door at which the Major had halted. It was a very unobtrusive little plate, hardly larger than a lady's visiting-card, and in microscopical type it bore the simple inscription, "Booth."

"Oh! Is Mr. Booth a friend of yours?
—or of Colonel Tarleton's?"

"What is that to you, Mr. Perkins?" he replied, looking apoplectic.

"Nothing; but, with your permission, I should like to be introduced," I replied, putting my arm in his.

Poor Major Nix was not a man of strong character, and I knew from long experience that he was readily overcome by a display of firmness. I have fancied, since, that, as the nature of his errand was peculiar, he was not altogether unwilling to have the support of my presence. At all events, he yielded sulkily to my importunate request, and permitted me to accompany him.

The bell, which the Major pulled nervously, opened the door by means of some mechanism, and we found ourselves in the passage-way of a house leading to the first floor. We ascended the staircase to a back office, at the entrance to which a clerk awaited us, who demanded our business.

"To see Mr. Booth. From Colonel Tarleton," said the Major, with a guilty glance at me.

The clerk left us standing in the office, while he stepped through a green baize door into the front room. The Major whistled an air from a comic opera, ostentatiously avoiding conversation, while I silently wondered what was going to happen. After a brief interval the clerk reappeared, and requested us politely to walk inside.

The Major, with his shoulders thrown back and his face crimson, went in first, while I meekly followed. We were ushered into a room of considerable dimensions with three windows overlooking the street; it was handsomely furnished in a semi-official way; and at a round table by the fireplace sat a prim-looking little gentleman with a bald head, who bowed when we appeared, and politely invited us, by a gesture, to be seated. I had made up my mind that Mr Booth was a money-lender, and so, of course, he might be; but I was not unfavourably impressed by his appearance. He surveyed us calmly through a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles; his clean-shaven features were shrewd and not unkindly; his dress was a rather closely-fitting dark grey suit, vaguely suggestive of sporting proclivities. He wore a smart flower in his button-hole, and his scanty iron-grey hair was carefully arranged to conceal, as far as possible, the baldness of his polished cranium.

A moment's silence ensued while the clerk was in the room, and it seemed to me that Mr. Booth glanced in my direction with a slightly puzzled expression.

"I thought I was to have the pleasure of seeing Colonel Tarleton," said Mr. Booth, as soon as we were alone, looking rather pointedly at me.

"Iam the Colonel's representative," said Major Nix, pompously. "This gentleman is merely a friend—Mr. Perkins. He—ahem!—knows nothing. Colonel Tarleton regrets—ahem!—important engagement."

"He is waiting for you round the

corner, of course," said Mr. Booth, quietly.

"Our business," continued the Major, manifestly disconcerted by Mr. Booth's remark, "is secret and confidential. I have to hand to you a packet in exchange for a sum of money—in cash."

"Do you know what is in the packet?" enquired Mr. Booth, looking keenly at the Major.

"Ahem! I suppose I had better say no—in the presence of a third party," said the Major with importance, as he produced a small packet in a covering of wash-leather.

"I will answer for Mr. Perkins' discretion," said Mr. Booth, rather to my surprise.

"This packet," said the Major, with considerable reluctance, "contains the plan and details of a new Torpedo adopted by the United States Navy."

"I see. And I, on behalf of the English Government, have been negotiating to obtain this secret? That is Colonel Tarleton's story to you?"

I was conscious of a note of banter in Mr. Booth's tone, though his face was perfectly grave. I think the Major also had some uncomfortable misgiving, for he commenced to fidget in his chair.

"By his own showing this precious Colonel is a miserable spy," said Mr. Booth, severely. "As a matter of fact, he is a sham Colonel; a convicted forger; and a cowardly blackmailer. He has been making a fool of you, Major Nix. That packet contains letters supposed to have been written, under sad circumstances, by a lady. Never mind their history. Tarleton—or Bassett—or Jessop, is using you as a catspaw. A nice occupation for a gentleman holding Her Majesty's commission to be the emissary of a scoundrel like that!"

The quiet incisiveness of Mr. Booth's manner carried conviction with it; his scornful tone produced a glow of shame on Major Nix's hardened cheeks. To do

the Major justice, I am quite sure he had no notion of the depth of the iniquity on which he was engaged, and Mr. Booth seemed satisfied that my companion was genuinely shocked by the revelation. I started at this; and the Major sprang to his feet with a muttered oath.

"Your friend no doubt always intended to use you as a catspaw, but when the real letters disappeared, you became more



"THE MAJOR SPRANG TO HIS FEET WITH A MUTTERED OATH."

"It's easily proved," gasped the Major as soon as he could speak.

He produced a penknife as he spoke, and with a shaking hand, ripped open the stitchings of the wash-leather cover. A dozen or more of letters, written in a woman's hand on foreign paper, dropped out upon the Major's knees and thence slid on to the floor.

"They are spurious—every one of them, forged by your friend since the originals disappeared at the time of the fire at Elvira House," said Mr. Booth. in an unmoved voice. necessary to him than ever," continued Mr. Booth quietly. "You see he wasn't quite certain what had become of them. I did not let him know they had come into my possession. He therefore thought he might pass off those forgeries on me—but he wasn't hopeful enough to come himself."

"I now understand why he pretended he had not lost anything," I interposed.

"Exactly," said Mr. Booth, glancing at me. "I continued negotiations because I foresaw what would happen. With those forged letters in my possession, I can hand Tarleton to the police at any moment. Will you kindly go and tell him so, Major Nix, and, if possible, bring him back with you?"

The poor Major was so overwhelmed with shame and confusion that he seemed only too glad of any excuse for rushing from the room. He hurried round, as he told me afterwards, to the trysting-place with the idea of chastising his rascally confederate, but at the sight of his furious aspect the "Colonel" turned tail and disappeared. This was the Major's version, but what actually transpired I do not know. At all events the rascal quickly vanished from the scene, while Major Nix, crestfallen, made the best of his way home.

Meanwhile Mr. Booth calmly finished a letter he had apparently been engaged upon when we arrived, and then rang for his clerk, who, by his directions, gathered up the packet and its scattered contents. These Mr. Booth carefully locked up in a drawer without as much as glancing at them; and then he turned to me with a friendly smile and said—

"I don't suppose the Major will come back."

"How is the Rev. Mr. Brown?" I enquired, looking him straight in the face.

"I thought it best to disappear," he replied, smiling, without the least embarrassment. "I had got the letters, and I wasn't sure that he might not attack me."

"Was the fire accidental?" I asked,

seeing that Mr. Booth did not resent my enquiries.

"I examined his trunks and every hole and corner of his room. He carried the packet about with him, and slept with it under his pillow. I wanted to make him believe it had been destroyed in the fire. O 1, yes, of course the fire was accidental," added Mr. Booth, returning my gaze quite gravely.

"Your disguise was excellent. Are you a detective?" I ventured to ask.

"I was engaged to recover certain compromising letters by hook or by crook, but I am very nearly a gentleman at large now," said Mr. Booth, ignoring my question. "I merely keep on this office at present for the purpose of clearing up a few outstanding matters. I have practically retired. By the way, Elvira House seems a pleasant place to live in."

"Very," I replied.

"The landla ly—the Major's wife—charming, eh?"

"She is universally esteemed," I answered, conscious of reddening.

"H'm! I think I shall take up my quarters there. You and I, Mr. Perkins, I am sure would get on well together. The Major will hold his tongue. Probably no one will recognise Mr. Brown?" he said, shaking hands.

"Only myself; and I am, as you were good enough to say just now, discreet," I replied, as we walked amicably to the door together.

## THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

BY J. F. NISBET.

#### THE UNPOPULARITY OF MARRIAGE.

F marriage is not the entirely obnoxious thing that advanced writers would have us believe, the time has arrived when some effort ought to be made to popularise it with the masses, for really the statistics collected on this subject become a little disquieting. All over the civilised world the matrimonial market is on the decline, and the more civilised a community the less it appears to be addicted to marrying France, for instance, well forward as she is on what is called the march of progress -- almost in the van -- has a marriage rate of only seven and a fraction per thousand, which, with a restricted birth-rate, barely suffices to keep the population from going back. Britain and Germany still maintain a balance on the right side, but it is a declining one, and in order to find marriage running as a really popular institution, one must go to such countries as Hungary and Servia, where people solve the sex-problem it would seem without pausing as we do to discuss it. Another circumstance to be noted is that in France, where discontented couples have an easy remedy, divorces increase even more rapidly than marriages diminish. We are following on the same track, slowly but, I think, surely.; there are reports and percentages to prove it at the disposal of those who care for them.

Look at the number of marring cable men walking about, men of from twenty-five to thirty-five, well-to-do, perfectly able to keep a wife in comfort, and still bachelors. Twenty or thirty years ago such men would every one of them have been married and the fathers of families. Now they "can't afford it," which means that they don't care to incur the responsibilities of housekeeping. They want to

see a little more of the show, confident that by-and-bye if they happen to require a wife to give them their gruel o' nights and manage the servants, they will still get a sweet young thing for the asking.

This suggests the inquiry, whether there is not merely a temporary lull in the matrimonial market-whether the young men of our day who ought to have married their female contemporaries are not passing over the present generation of women and waiting out of their turn to marry the next, that is to say, to make wives of women young enough to be their daughters. Because if so a Woman's Marriage League formed on the model of the Trade Union might be trusted to bring the recalcitrants to book. The idea is worth a moment's consideration. Suppose all marriageable girls and young women bound themselves by a solemn oath never to accept any man over the age of thirty, I fancy there would be a general disposition on the part of the easy-going bachelors, approaching the critical age, to hurry up with their offers. It is very well for selfish reasons to postpone marrying; it would be quite another matter to feel that, past a certain age, there would be no chance of marrying anybody except a widow or possibly a "black leg," faithless to the Trade Union principle.

I only say, "Suppose"; and the question is not to be easily carried beyond the hypothetical stage. Of all the philosophers, Schopenhauer alone has credited women with the fortitude, and, as he ventured to think, the selfishness required for the exploitation of the male animal in the interests of the female. The severity shown by women towards a fallen sister, he regarded as a selfish protest by the secret Anti-Man League against a weak conces-

s on made to the enemy of the sex. But the world is agreed to put Schopenhauer in the wrong. He never married, and he did not understand women. The supposed selfish protest by the sex against the "fall" of one of their number may be taken as a delicate compliment to men who profess so much admiration for virtue in the abstract.

If women were only able to combine, and by picketing, or other forms of inumidation, to enforce the rules of their Union, they could make their own terms with regard to marriage, and everything else. I doubt whether the enemy could hold out for a month, or even a week. But an all-wise Providence, which has been so indulgent to the sex in other matters, has apparently denied them the trade-union instinct, so much so, that if one of their number is basely abandoned, it is never against her betrayer, but his female accomplice, if any (and there is usually one), that they vent their indignation.

For these reasons, the lift of which marriage stands so much in need can hardly be expected to come from the women. To do them justice, I believe they are as fond of marrying as ever, and that, with the smallest encouragement, they would gladly marry us all. growing reluctance of men to place their necks in the yoke is the real evil we have to grapple with, and the first fruits of which are the enormous mass of young women typists, telegraphists, book-keepers, clerks, waitresses, and shop-assistants, unheard of in any previous age, and still unknown in the marrying countries. Possibly, these potential wives and mothers, flowers destined to wither upon the stalk, instead of brightening a home, or adorning a buttonhole, are themselves in part to blame for their position. tion may have rendered them more exacting, and less submissive than their grand-But an obvious remedy for the plesent state of things is to rationalise

marriage a little from the male point of view.

In vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird, and marriage, under the existing law of England is, in too many cases, a net, a snare, a trap, from which escape (if the victim should happen to desire his freedom) is practically hope-Is it not absurd when you come to think of it, that a boy in his teens should be deemed capable of choosing a wife, when he is not competent in the eye of the law to choose a Member of Parliament, to sign a lease, or to be answerable for a debt of five pounds? Any boy and girl can get married in this country without having a shilling in their pockets to start housekeeping upon, or the remotest prospect of earning an income sufficient for their wants. Often they are hurried into matrimony by well-meaning persons -the clergy are great offenders in this respect-who regard the nuptial union as a panacea for immorality, and who never give a thought to the probable consequences of their action. The flagrantly evil results of such ill-considered unions naturally scare the prudent young man whose thoughts would otherwise lightly turn to love in unfurnished apartments, or a house at £, 25 a year in the suburbs. It seems to be thought in many quarters, that, if youths cannot be hustled into matrimony before they arrive at years of discretion, they are not likely to marry at all, and, as matters are, I do not say that the apprehension is groundless.

Assuming the youth to pass safely through his minority, escaping marriage as he might measles, or any other juvenile complaint, what awaits him? The terrors of the law of breach of promise, which judges and juries show no disposition to mitigate. Sweethearting, one of the most potent influences that make for marriage, can only be safely indulged in by a lawyer's clerk, who knows something of Whitaker on the Law of Contract, or other learned authorities; and even he

with all his knowledge of the text-books is liable to be caught tripping. For the healthy-minded young fellow of three- or four-and-twenty who can be safely trusted to court a girl for a month without laying himself open to an action for breach is a rara avis that I am not aware of having met with. Happily, the terrors of the law are not invoked as often as they might be; but every young man whoreads the papers (thanks to the Elementary Education Act) feels them hanging over him, and the knowledge makes him coy. He cuts all the poetry out of his love-letters, keeps a check on his tongue, and if the young person should be tempted, in the last resort, to try the plan of Arabella in Jude, the Obscure, she runs the risk nowadays of finding herself short of evidence to make good her claim. It would be instructive to learn how far the law as to breach of promise in these days of universal newspaper reading checks the "coming on disposition" of the young man, whose instinct it used to be to settle down early. Certainly he has good reason to fear the ordeal of an "action for breach," and there need be small wonder that he should give up sweethearting of the oldfashioned sort, and take it out in athletics, devoting to cricket, football, and bicycling the time that he used to spend in "walking out."

It would be difficult to invent a tribunal better calculated to be unfair to the male defendant in a breach of promise case than a judge of mature years and a jury consisting, to a man, of fathers of marriageable daughters. Sex-prejudice is strong within them, and being themselves out of the hunt, they visit their envy upon the hapless young man who has exercised the privilege of his years in trifling with the affections of the interesting young woman in the witness-box. There is probably not a man among them who has not himself done all that is charged against the unfortunate defendant, or who would not have done it in similar circumstances; but, having finished their feast they insist that there shall be no more cakes and ale, and their unavowed jealousy translates itself into heavy damages, if it is not the attractiveness of the plaintiff that weighs with them.

If this seems a harsh opinion, let us turn the case round and look at it in another light. The law as to breach of promise, which is only, vulgarly speaking, breach of contract, is at the disposition of both sexes, but of what avail is it to the young men who are misguided enough to bring an action for damages against the faithless fair? They are laughed out of court. The male animal has no sympathy with the amorous pursuits of its kind, and no desire to promote them. To a female judge on the bench, and to a jury of women, on the other hand, the male plaintiff might safely be advised to submit his grievances. prejudice would then operate in his favour; and the more attractive the female defendant—the more stylish her dress, and the more killing her bonnetthe heavier assuredly would be the damages awarded, apart from any Adonis-like qualities that the rejected swain might possess. Keep sex out of the question, and men will be tolerably fair in their dealings with each other, especially on a question of contract. Let sex intervene, and their minds are warped from the strict principles of justice as inevitably as the magnetic needle is deflected by a bar of steel passing in its neighbourhood. The most respectable family solicitor never receives a young and fascinating lady client with exactly the same air as he would her brother. For the trial of breach of promise actions I would suggest mixed juries. Only the deliberations of the male and female jurors and the possibility of their having to be locked up all night would I fear introduce a new element of disquietude int ) the administration of the law.

In checking the friendly intercourse of

the sexes, as it unquestionably does, the law as to breach of promise must tell against marriage. It may not be an influence of much importance, except among the lower middle class, but to employ the current jargon it is a factor in the case we are considering. Another is that the social habits of the day tend to keep young people, who would be all the better for knowing each other, farther and farther Dancing is going out. reckoned too much of a bore. the young people met at church, and a good many marriages used to be made there, at least, if not in heaven. But the young men have left off going to church. prefer the Sunday paper to the sermon. The church, we know, has taken on Darwinism, and Darwin himself has been buried in Westminster Abbey in the sure and certain hope, presumably, of another grand re-shuffling of the cards in the game of evolution. But since the promulgation of the new doctrine the decay of religious belief has been-well, another factor in the alienation of the sexes.

As to the practical working of marriage itself, as a legal institution, it offers, perhaps, too close an analogy with the fable of "the spider and the fly." The nuptial bond is one into which the law invites you freely to enter—there is practically no charge for admission and no restriction as to age or means. But when it comes to unmarrying yourself, the law, so conciliatory and indulgent otherwise, suddenly becomes impracticable. Any contract but marriage can be rescinded by mutual consent of the parties. To the Divorce Court, however, there is no sin absolutely so heinous as collusion. Upon adultery, pure and simple, the judge thinks it needless to comment; but collusion when established, is invariably the subject of strong remarks from the bench. And what is collusion, except an agreement between the parties that they have made a mistake in marrying each other and that the untying of the knot will be a relief to both?

Guilt on both sides, again, which ought surely to be a double reason for the dissolution of the bond, is held in English law to invalidate the claim for divorce on both sides, than which it is impossible to imagine anything more illogical. Consistency would require either that the law should untie the nuptial knot as readily as it now ties it or that the registrar or the parson, taking his cue from the judges of the Divorce Court, should solemnly inform all marrying couples that no mere verbal assurance of their desire to marry could be accepted, but that they must furnish the strongest possible evidence of their affection for each other. The natural result would be that on what appeared to be satisfactory evidence of such affection the ceremony should take place, but that in the event of its being subsequently discovered that the affection was not as real as it had been represented, the Queen's Proctor would intervene to have the faulty union dissolved. Of the origin of the inconsistences of our treatment of marriage as a civil contract—for that it is. and no more, in the Divorce Court-I am well aware. They spring from the ecclesiastical idea that marriage is not a contract. but a sacrament, by which two human bodies are, in reality, made one, and indivisible, and concessions on this point were made to the Church when the Divorce Court Act was drafted. Nevertheless. taking the law as it stands it seems to me eminently calculated to promote precisely those social evils which a legal system of marriage ought to obviate.

From France we can learn something on this question in a double sense. We can learn, for instance, toleration from the facilities which French law offers for divorce; and we can learn, also, how essentially immoral it is to tighten up excessively the conditions under which marriage may be entered into. The French law is unduly stringent with regard to the performance of the nuptial ceremony, and, perhaps, unduly lax in the

matter of the undoing of it. We reverse these conditions.

Now, between the French system and the English there seems to me to be a middle course, which it would be eminently conducive in the interests of morality, or, if that word be objectionable, let me say, good citizenship, to adopt. Has not the time come when marriage may safely be placed upon the same basis as any other civil contract, that is to say, to be entered into only by persons of responsible age, and to be dis-

soluble by mutual consent? Without doing any violence whatever to the existing theory of the law we should thereby suppress juvenile unions, and their atten dant evils, do away with the breach of promise nonsense (with the result that the young person would have to wait till the contract was signed before ordering her trousseau), and popularise marriage by making it less of a risk than it undoubtedly is. Every institution requires from time to time to be brought up to date. Why not marriage?





THE DOCTOR'S REMORSE. DRAWN BY SIDNEY H. SIME.

## PHROSO: A ROMANCE.\*

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. MILLAR.

CHAPTER I.

A LONG THING ENDING IN POULOS.

Ouot homines tot sententiæ; so many men, so many fancies. My fancy was for an island. Perhaps boyhood's glamour hung still round sea-girt rocks, and "faery lands forlorn" still beckoned me; perhaps I felt that London was too full, the Highlands rather fuller, the Swiss mountains most insufferably crowded of them all. Money can buy company, and it can buy retirement. The latter service I asked now of the moderate wealth with which my poor cousin Tom's death had endowed me. Everybody was good enough to suppose that I rejoiced at Tom's death, whereas I was particularly sorry for it, and was not consoled even by the prospects of the island. My friends understood this wish for an island as little as they appreciated my feelings about poor Tom. Beatrice was most emphatic in declaring that 'a horrid little island" had no charms for her, and that she would never set foot in it. This declaration was rather annoying, because I had imagined myself spending my honeymoon with Beatrice on the island; but life is not all honeymoon, and I decided to have the island none the less. In the first place, I was not to be married for a year. Kennett Hipgrave had insisted on this delay in order that we might be sure that we knew our own hearts. And as I may say, without unfairness, that Mrs. Hipgrave was, to a considerable degree, responsible for the engagement-she asserted the fact herself with much pride-I thought that she had a right to some voice in the date of the marriage. Moreover, the postponement gave me exactly time to go over and settle affairs in the island.

For I had bought it. It cost me seven thousand five hundred and fifty pounds, rather a fancy price, but I could not haggle with the old lord—half to be paid to the lord's bankers in London, and the second half to him in Neopalia, when he delivered possession to me. The Turkish Government had sanctioned the sale, and I had agreed to pay a hundred pounds yearly as tribute. This sum, I was entitled, in my turn, to levy on the inhabitants.

"In fact, my dear lord," said old Mason to me when I called on him in Lincoln's Inn Fields, "the whole affair is settled. I congratulate you on having got just what was your whim. You are over a hundred miles from the nearest land—Rhodes, you see." (He laid a map before me.) "You are off the steamship tracks; the Austrian Lloyds to Alexandria leave you far to the north-east. You are equally "remote from any submarine cable; here on the south-west, from Alexandria to Candia, is the nearest. You will have to fetch your letters."

"I shouldn't think of doing such a thing," said I indignantly.

"Then you'll only get them once in three months. Neopalia is extremely rugged and picturesque. It is nine miles long and five broad; it grows cotton, wine, oil, and a little corn. The people are quite unsophisticated, but very goodhearted."

"And," said I, "there are only three hundred and seventy of them all told. I really think I shall do very well there."

"I have no doubt you will. By the way, treat the old gentleman kindly. He is terribly cut up at having to sell. 'My dear island,' he writes, 'is second to my dead son's honour, and to nothing else.'

<sup>\*</sup> Copyright, 1896, by A. H. Hawkin in United States of America.

His son, you know, Lord Wheatley, was a bad lot, a very bad lot indeed."

"He left a lot of unpaid debts, didn't he?"

"Yes, gambling debts. He spent his time knocking about Paris and London with his cousin Constantine—by no means an improving companion, if report speaks truly. And your money is to pay the debts, you know."

"Poor old chap," said I. I sympathised with him in the loss of his island.

"Here's the house, you see," said Mason, turning to the map, and dismissing the sorrows of the old Lord of Neopalia. "About the middle of the island, nearly a thousand feet above the sea. I'm afraid it's a tumbledown old place, and will swallow a lot of money without looking much better for the dose. To put it into repair for the reception of the future Lady Wheatley would cost—"

"The future Lady Wheatley says she won't go there on any account," I interrupted.

"But, my very dear lord," cried he, aghast, "if she won't---"

"She won't, and there's an end of it, Mr. Mason. Well, good-day. I'm to have possession in a month?"

"In a month to the very day—on the 7th of May."

"All right; I shall be there to take it," and, escaping from the legal quarter, I made my way to my sister's house in Cavendish Square. She had a party, and I was bound to go by brotherly duty. As luck would have it, however, I was rewarded for my virtue (and if that's not luck in this huddle-muddle world I don't know what is): the Turkish Ambassador dropped in, and presently James came and took me up to him. My brother-inlaw, James Cardew, is always anxious that I should know the right people. The Pasha received me with great kindness.

"You are the purchaser of Neopalia, aren't you?" he asked, after a little con-

versation. "The matter came before me officially."

"I'm much obliged," said I, "for your ready consent to the transfer."

"Oh, it's nothing to us. In fact, our tribute, such as it is, will be safer. Well, I'm sure I hope you'll settle in comfortably."

"Oh, I shall be all right. I know the Greeks very well, you know—been there a lot, and, of course, I talk the tongue, because I spent two years hunting antiquities in the Morea and some of the islands."

The Pasha stroked his beard, as he observed in a calm tone:

"The last time a Stefanopoulos tried to sell Neopalia, the people killed him, and turned the purchaser—he was a Frenchman, a Baron d'Ezonville—adrift in an open boat, with nothing on but his shirt."

"Good heavens! Was that recently?"

"No; two hundred years ago. But it's a conservative part of the world, you know." And his Excellency smiled.

"They were described to me as good-hearted folk," said I, "unsophisticated, of course, but good-hearted."

"They think that the island is theirs, you see," he explained, "and that the lord has no business to sell it. They may be good-hearted, Lord Wheatley, but they are tenacious of their rights."

"But they can't have any rights," I expostulated.

"None at all," he assented. "But a man is never so tenacious of his rights as when he hasn't any. However, autres temps autres mœurs; I don't suppose you'll have any trouble of that kind. Certainly I hope not, my dear lord."

"Surely your government will see to that?" I suggested.

His Excellency looked at me; then, although by nature a grave man, he gave a low humorous chuckle, and regarded me with visible amusement.

"Oh, of course, you can rely on that, Lord Wheatley," said he. "That is a diplomatic assurance, your Excellency?" I ventured to suggest, with a smile.

"It is unofficial," said he, "but as binding as if it were official. Our Governor in that part of the world is a very active man—yes, a decidedly active man."

The only result of this conversation was that, when I was buying my sporting guns in St. James's Street the next day, I purchased a couple of pairs of revolvers at the same time. It is well to be on the safe side, and although I attached little importance to the by-gone outrage of which the Ambassador spoke, I did not suppose that the police service would be very efficient. In fact, I thought it prudent to be ready for any trouble that the old-world notions of the Neopalians might occasion. But in my heart I meant to be very popular with them. cherished the generous design of paying the whole tribute out of my own pocket, and of disestablishing in Neopalia what seems to be the only institution in no danger of such treatment here—the taxgatherer. If they understood that intention of nine, they would hardly be so short-sighted as to set me adrift in my shirt like a second Baron d'Ezonville, or so unjust as to kill poor old Stefanopoulos as they had killed his ancestor. Besides, as I comforted myself by repeating, they were a good-hearted race; unsophisticated, of course, but thoroughly goodhearted.

My cousin, young Denny Swinton, was to dine with me that evening at the Optimum. Denny (which is short for Dennis) was the only member of the family who thoroughly sympathised with me about Neopalia. He was wild with interest in the island, and I looked forward to telling him all I had heard about it. I knew he would listen, for he was to go with me and help me to take possession. The boy had almost wept on my neck when I asked him to come; he had just left Woolwich, and was not to join his

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regiment for six months; he was thus, as he put it, "at a loose end," and succeeded in persuading his parents that he ought to learn modern Greek. General Swinton was rather cold about the project; he said that Denny had spent ten years on ancient Greek, and knew nothing about it, and would not probably learn much of the newer sort in three months; but his wife thought it would be a nice trip for Denny. Well, it turned out to be a very nice trip for Denny; but if Mrs. Swinton had known—however, if it comes to that, I might just as well exclaim, "If I had known myself!"

Denny had taken a table next but one to the west end of the room, and was drumming his fingers impatiently on the cloth when I entered. He wanted both his dinner and the latest news about Neopalia; so I sat down and made haste to satisfy him in both respects. Travelling with equal steps through the two matters, we had reached the first entrée and the fate of the murdered Stefanopoulos (which Denny, for some reason, declared was "a lark"), when two people came in and sat down at the table beyond ours and next to the wall, where two chairs had been tilted up in token of pre-engagement. The man—for the pair were man and woman—was tall and powerfully built; his complexion was dark, and he had good regular features; he looked also as if he had a bit of a temper somewhere about him. I was conscious of having seen him before, and suddenly recollected that by a curious chance I had run up against him twice in St. James's Street that very day. The lady was handsome: she had an Italian cast of face, and moved with much grace; her manner was rather elaborate, and, when she spoke to the waiter, I detected a pronounced foreign accent. Taken together, they were a remarkable couple, and presented a distinguished appearance. I believe I am not a conceited man, but I could not help wondering whether their thoughts paid me

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\* CASTING MORE THAN ONE CURIOUS GLANCE TOWARDS OUR TABLE."

a similar compliment. For I certainly detected both of them casting more than one curious glance towards our table; and when the man whispered once to a waiter, I was sure that I formed the subject of his question; perhaps he also remembered our two encounters.

"I wonder if there's any chance of a row?" said Denny, in a tone that sounded wistful. "Going to take anybody with you, Charley?"

"Only Watkins—I must have him; he always knows where everything is; and I've told Hogvardt, my old dragoman, to meet us in Rhodes. He'll talk their ewn language to the beggars, you know."

"But he's a German, isn't he?"

"He thinks so," I answered, "He's not certain, you know. Anyhow, he chatters Greek like a parrot. He's a cretty good man in a row, too But there won't be a row, you know."

"I suppose there won't," admitted Denny, ruefully.

"For my own part," said I, meekly, "as I'm going there to be quiet, I hope there won't."

In the interest of conversation I had forgotten our neighbours; but now, a lull occurring in Denny's questions and surmises, I heard the lady's voice. She began a sentence—and began it in Greek!

That was a little unexpected; but it was more strange that her companion cut her short, saying, very peremptorily, "Don't talk Greek; talk Italian." This he said in Italian, and I, though no great hand at that language, understood so much. Now why shouldn't the lady talk Greek, if Greek were the language that came naturally to her tongue? It would be as good a shield against idle listeners as most languages—unless, indeed, I, who was known to be an amateur of Greece and Greek things, were looked upon as a possible listener. Recollecting the glances which I had detected, recollecting again those chance meetings, I ventured on a covert gaze at the lady. Her handsome face expressed a mixture of anger, alarm, and entreaty. The man was speaking to her now in low, urgent tones; he raised his hand once, and brought it down on the table as though to emphasise some declaration—perhaps some promise— She regarded which he was making. him with half-angry, distrustful eyes. He seemed to repeat his words; and she flung at him in a tone that suddenly grew louder, and in words that I could translate:

"Enough! I'll see to that. I shall come too!"

Her heat stirred no answering fire in him. He dropped his emphatic manner, shrugged a tolerant "As you will," with eloquent shoulders, smiled at her, and, reaching across the table, patted her hand. She held it up before his eyes, and with the other hand pointed at a ring on her finger.

"Yes, yes, my dearest," said he, and he was about to say more when, glancing round, he caught my gaze retreating in hasty confusion to my plate. I dared not look up again, but I felt his scowl on me. I supposed that I deserved punishment for my eavesdropping.

"And when can we get off, Charley?" asked Denny, in his clear young voice. My thoughts had wandered from him, and

I paused for a moment as a man does when a question takes him unawares. There was silence at the next table also. The fancy seemed absurd, but it occurred to me that there also my answer was being waited for. Well, they could know if they liked; it was no secret.

"In a fortnight," said I. "We'll travel easily, and get there on the 7th of next month—that's the day on which I'm entitled to take over my kingdom. We shall go to Rhodes. Hogvardt will have bought me a little yacht, and then—goodbye to all this!" And a great longing for solitute and a natural life came over me as I looked round on the gilded cornices, the gilded mirrors, the gilded flower-vases, and the highly-gilded company of the Optimum.

I was roused from my pleasant dreams. by a high, vivacious voice, which I knew very well. Looking up, I saw Miss Hipgrave, her mother, and young Bennett Hamlyn standing before me. I disliked young Hamlyn, but he was always very civil to me.

"Why, how early you two have dined!" cried Beatrice. "You're at the savoury, aren't you We've only just come."

"Are you going to dine?" I asked, rising. "Take this table, we're just off."
"Well, we may as well, mayn't we?" said my fiancée. "Sorry you're going, though. Oh, yes, we're going to dine with Mr. Bennett Hamlyn. That's what you're for, isn't it, Mr. Hamlyn? Why, he's not listening!"

He was not, strange to say, listening, although as a rule he list ened to Beatrice with infinite attention and the most deferential of smiles. But just now he was engaged in returning a bow which our neighbour at the next table had bestowed on him. The lady there had risen already and was making for the door. The man lingered and looked at Hamlyn, seeming inclined to back up his bow with a few words of greeting. Hamlyn's air was

not, however, encouraging, and the stranger contented himself with a nod and a careless "How are you?" and, with that, followed his companion. Hamlyn turned round, conscious that he had neglected Beatrice's remark, and full of penitence for his momentary neglect.

"I beg your pardon," said he, with an apologetic smile.

"Oh," answered she, "I was only saying that men like you were invented to give dinners; you're a sort of automatic feeding-machine. You ought to stand open all day. Really, I often miss you at lunch tine."

"My dear Beatrice!" said Mrs. Kennett Hipgrave, with that peculiar lift of her brows that meant, "How naughty the dear child is—oh, but how clever!"

"It's all right," said Hamlyn, meekly. "I'm awfully happy to give you a dinner anyhow, Miss Beatrice."

Now I had nothing to say on this subject, but I thought I would just make this remark:

"Miss Hipgrave," said I, "is very fond of a dinner."

Beatrice laughed. She understood my little correction.

"He doesn't know any better, do you?" said she, pleasantly, to Hamlyn. "We shall civilise him in time, though, then I believe he'll be nicer than you, Charley, I really do. You're——"

"I shall be uncivilised by then," said I.

"Oh, that wretched island," cried
Beatrice. "You're really going?"

"Most undoubtedly. By the way, Hamlyn, who's your friend?"

Surely this was an innocent enough question, but little Hamlyn went red from the edge of his clipped whisker on the right to the edge of his mathematically equal whisker on the left.

"Friend!" said he, in an angry tone; "he's not a friend of mine. I only met him on the Riviera."

"That," I admitted, "does not happily constitute in itself a friendship."

"And he won a hundred fours of me in the train between Cannes and Monte Carlo."

"Not bad going that," observed Denny, in an approving tone.

"Is he then un grec?" asked Mrs. Hipgrave, who loves a scrap of French.

"In both senses, I believe," answered Hamlyn, viciously.

"And what's his name?" said I.

"Really, I don't recollect," said Hamlyn rather petulantly.

"It doesn't matter," observed Beatrice, attacking her oysters, which had now made their appearance.

"My dear Beatrice," I remonstrated, "you are the most charming creature in the world, but not the only one. You mean that it doesn't matter to you?"

"Oh, don't be tiresome. It doesn't matter to you either, you know. Do go away and leave me to dine in peace."

"Half a minute," said Hamlyn. "I thought I'd got it just now, but it's gone again. Look here, though, I believe it's one of those long things that end in poulos."

"Oh, it ends in *poulos*, does it?" said I, in a meditative tone.

"My. dear .Charley," said Beatrice, i" I shall end in Bedlam if you're so very tedious. What in the world I shall do when I'm married, I don't know."

"My dearest!" said Mrs. Hipgrave, and a stage direction might add, Business with brows as before.

" Poulos," I repeated.

"Could it be Constantinopoulos?" asked Hamlyn, with a nervous deference to my Hellenic learning.

"It might conceivably," I hazarded, "be Constantine Stefanopoulos."

"Then," said Hamlyn, "I shouldn't wonder if it was. Anyhow, the less you see of him, Wheatley, the better. Take my word for that."

"But," I objected—and I must admit that I have a habit of thinking that everybody follows my train of thought— "it's such a small place, that, if he goes, I shall be almost bound to meet him."

"What's such a small place?" cried Beatrice, with emphasised despair.

"Why, Neopalia, of course," said I.

"Why should anybody, except you, be so insane as to go there?" she asked.

"If he's the man I think, he comes from there," I explained, as I rose for the last time, for I had been getting up to go, and sitting down again, several times.

"Then he'll think twice before he goes back," pronounced Beatrice decisively; she was irreconcilable about my poor island.

Denny and I walked off together; as we went he observed:

"I suppose that chap's got no end of money?"

"Stefan-?" I began.

"No, no. Hang it, you're as bad as Miss Hipgrave says. I mean Bennett Hamlyn."

"Oh, yes, absolutely no end to it, I believe."

Denny looked sagacious.

"He's very free with his dinners," he observed.

"Don't let's worry about it," I suggested, taking his arm. I was not worried about it myself. Indeed, for the moment my island monopolised my mind, and my attachment to Beatrice was not of such a romantic character as to make me ready to be jealous on slight grounds. Mrs. Hipgrave said the engagement was based on "general suitability." Now it is difficult to be very passionate over that.

"If you don't mind, I don't," said Denny reasonably.

"That's right. It's only a little way, Beatrice—" I stopped abruptly. We were now on the steps outside the restaurant, and I had just perceived a scrap of paper lying on the mosaic pavement. I stooped down and picked it up. It proved to be a fragment torn from the menu card. I turned it over.

"Hullo, what's this?" said I, searching for my eye-glass, which was (as usual) somewhere in the small of my back.

Denny gave me the glass, and I read what was written on the back. It was written in Greek, and it ran thus:

"By way of Rhodes—small yacht there—arrive seventh."

I turned the piece of paper over in my hand. I drew a conclusion or two; one was that my tall neighbour was named Stefanopoulos; another, that he had made good use of his ears-better than I had made of mine; for a third, I guessed that he would go to Neopalia; for a fourth, I fancied that Neopalia was the place to which the lady had declared she would accompany him. Then I fell to wondering why all these things should be so, why he wished to remember the route of my journey, the date of my arrival, and the fact that I meant to hire a yacht. Finally, those two chance encounters, taken with the rest, assumed a more interesting complexion.

"When you've done with that bit of paper," observed Denny, in a tone expressive of exaggerated patience, "we might as well go on, old fellow."

"All right. I've done with it—for the present," said I. And I took the liberty of slipping Mr. Constantine Stefanopoulos' memorandum into my pocket.

The general result of the evening was to increase most distinctly my interest in Neopalia. I went to bed still thinking of my purchase, and I recollect that the last thing which came into my head before I went to sleep was, "What did she mean by pointing to the ring?"

Well, I found an answer to that later on.

#### CHAPTER II.

### A CONSERVATIVE COUNTRY.

Until the moment of our parting came, I had no idea that Beatrice Hipgrave felt my going at all. She was not in the habit of displaying emotion, and I was much surprised at the reluctance with which she separated from me. So far, however, was she from reproaching me that she took all the blame upon herself, saying that if she had been kinder and nicer to me. I should never have thought about my island. In this she was quite wrong; but when I told her so, and assured her that I had no fault to find with her behaviour, I was met with an almost passionate assertion of her unworthiness, and an entreaty that I should not spend on her a love that she did not deserve. Her abasement and penitence compelled me to show, and indeed to feel, a good deal of tenderness for her. She was pathetic and pretty in her unusual earnestness and unexplained distress. went the length of offering to put off my expedition until after our wedding; and although she besought me to do nothing of the kind, I believe that we might, in the end, have arranged matters on this footing had we been left to ourselves. But Mrs. Hipgrave saw fit to intrude on our interview at this point, and she at once pooh-poohed the notion, declaring that I should be better out of the way for a few months. Beatrice did not resist her mother's conclusions; but when we were alone again, she became very agitated, begging me always to think well of her, and asking if I were really attached to her. I did not understand this mood, which was very unlike her usual manner; but I responded with a hearty and warm avowal of confidence in her; and I met her questions as to my own feelings by pledging my word very solemnly that absence should, so far as I was concerned, make no difference, and that she might rely implicitly on my faithful affection. This assurance seemed to give her very little comfort, although I repeated it more than once; and when I lest her, I was in a state of some perplexity, for I could not follow the bent of her thoughts, nor appreciate the feelings that moved her. I was, however, considerably touched, and upbraided myself for not having hitherto done justice to the depth and sincerity of nature which underlay her external frivolity. I expressed this self-condemnation to Denny Swinton, but he met it very coldly, and would not be drawn into any discussion of the subject. Denny was not wont to conceal his opinions, and had never pretended to be enthusiastic about my engagement. This attitude of his had not troubled me before, but I was annoyed at it now, and I retaliated by asseverating my affection for Beatrice in terms of even exaggerated emphasis, and hers for me with no less vehemence.

These troubles and perplexities vanished before the zest and interest which our preparations and start excited. Denny and I were like a pair of schoolboys off for a holiday, and spent hours in forecasting what we should do and how we should fare in the island. These speculations were extremely amusing, but in the long run they were proved to be, one and all, wide of the mark. Had I known Neopalia then as well as I came to know it afterwards. I should have recognised the futility of attempting to prophesy what would or would not happen there. As it was, we span our cobwebs merrily all the way to Rhodes, where we arrived without event and without accident. There we picked up Hogvardt, and embarked in the smart little steam yacht which he had bought for A day or two was spent in arranging our stores and buying what more we wanted, for we could not expect to be able to procure anything in Neopalia. was rather surprised to find no letter for me from the old lord, but I had no thought of waiting for a formal invitation, and pressed on the hour of departure as much as I could. Here, also, I saw the first of my new subjects, Hogvardt having engaged a couple of men who had come to him saying they were from Neopalia and were anxious to work their passage back. I was delighted to have them, and fell

at once to studying them with immense attention. They were fine, tall, capablelooking fellows, and they two, with ourselves, made a crew more than large enough for our little boat, for both Denny and I could make ourselves useful on board, and Hogvardt could do something of everything on land or water, whilst Watkins acted as cook and steward. The Neopalians were, as they stated in answer to my questions, brothers; their names were Spiro and Demetri, and they informed us that their family had served the Lords of Neopalia for many generations. Hearing this, I was less inclined to resent the undeniable reserve and even surliness with which they met my advances. I made allowance for their hereditary attachment to the outgoing family, and their natural want of cordiality towards the intruder did not prevent me from plying them with many questions concerning my predecessors on the throne of the island. My perseverance was ill-rewarded, but I succeeded in learning that the only member of the family on the island, besides the old lord, was a girl whom they called "The Lady Euphrosyne," the daughter of the lord's brother who was Next I asked after my friend of the Optimum Restaurant, Constantine. He was this lady's cousin once or twice removed-I did not make out the exact degree of kinship-but Demetri hastened to inform me that he came very seldom to the island, and had not been there for two years.

"And he is not expected there now?"
I asked.

"He was not when we left, my lord," answered Demetri, and it seemed to me that he threw an enquiring glance at his brother, who added hastily:

"But what should we poor men know of the Lord Constantine's doings?"

"Do you know where he is now?" I asked.

"No, my lord," they answered together, and with great emphasis.

I cannot deny that something struck me as peculiar in their manner, but when I mentioned my impression to Denny he scoffed at me.

"You've been reading old Byron again," he said, scornfully. "Do you think they're corsairs?"

Well, a man is not a fool simply because he reads Byron, and I maintained my opinion that the brothers were embarrassed at my questions. Moreover, I caught Spiro, the more truculent-looking of the pair, scowling at me more than once when he did not know I had my eye on him.

These little mysteries, however, did nothing but add sauce to my delight as we sprang over the blue waters; and my joy was complete when, on the morning of the day I had appointed, the seventh of May, Denny cried "Land!" and, looking over the starboard bow, I saw the cloud on the sea that was Neopalia. Day came bright and glorious, and, as we drew nearer to our enchanted isle, we distinguished its features and conformation. The coast was rocky, save where a small harbour opened to the sea, and the rocks ran up from the coast, rising higher and higher, till they culminated in a quiet respectable peak in the centre. The telescope showed cultivated ground and vineyards, mingled with woods, on the slopes of the mountain; and about half-way up, sheltered on three sides, backed by thick woods, and commanding a splendid sea view, stood an old grey battlemented house.

"There's my house," I cried, in natural exultation, pointing with my finger. It was a moment in my life, a moment to mark.

"Hurrah!" cried Denny, throwing up his hat in sympathy.

Demetri was standing near, and met this ebullition with a grim smile.

"I hope my lord will find the house comfortable," said he.

"We shall soon make it comfortable," said Hogvardt; "I daresay it's half a ruin now."

"It is good enough now for a Stefanopoulos," said the fellow with a surly frown. The inference we were meant to draw was plain even to incivility.

At five o'clock in the evening we entered the harbour of Neopalia, and brought up alongside a rather crazy wooden jetty that ran some fifty feet out from the shore. Our arrival appeared to create great excitement. Men, women, and children came running down the narrow steep street which climbed up the hill from the We heard shrill cries, and a hundred fingers were pointed at us: We landed; nobody came forward to greet us. I looked round, but saw no one who could be the old lord; but I perceived a stout man who wore an air of importance, and walking up to him, I asked him very politely if he would be so good as to direct me to the inn; for I had discovered from Demetri that there was a modest house where we could lodge that night, and I was too much in love with my island to think of sleeping on board the yacht. The stout man looked at Denny and me, then he looked at Demetri and Spiro, who stood near us, smiling their usual grim smile. And he answered my ques'ion by another, a rather abrupt one:

"What do you want, sir?" And he slightly lifted his tasselled cap and replaced it on his head.

"I want to know the 'way to the inn," I answered.

"You have come to visit Neopalia?" he asked.

A number of people had gathered round us now, and all fixed their eyes on my face.

"Oh," said I, carelessly, "I am the purchaser of the island, you know. I have come to take possession."

Nobody spoke. Perfect silence reigned for half a minute

"I hope we shall get on well together," I said, with my pleasantest smile.

Still no answer came The people round still stared. At last the stout man;

altogether ignoring my friendly advances, said curtly:

"I keep the inn. Come. I will take you to it."

He turned and led the way up the street. We followed, the people making a lane for us, and still regarding us with stony stares. Denny gave expression to my feelings as well as his own.

"It can hardly be described as an ovation," he observed.

"Surly brutes!" muttered Hogvardt.

"It is not the way to receive his lordship," agreed Watkins, more in sorrow than in anger. Watkins had very high ideas of the deference due to his lordship.

The fat inn-keeper walked ahead; I quickened my pace and overtook him.

"The people do not seem very pleased to see me," I remarked.

He shook his head, but made no answer. Then 'he stopped before a substantial house. We followed him in, and he led us upstairs to a large room. It overlooked the street, but, somewhat to my surprise, the windows were heavily barred. The door also was massive and had large bolts inside and outside.

"You take good care of your houses, my friend," said Denny, with a laugh.

"We like to keep what we have, in Neopalia," said he.

I asked him if he would provide us with a meal, and, assenting gruffly, he left us alone. The food was some time in coming, and we stood at the window, peering through our prison bars. Our high spirits were dashed by the unfriendly reception; my island should have been more gracious; it was so beautiful.

"However, it's a better welcome than we should have got two hundred years ago," I said, with a laugh, trying to make the best of the matter.

Dinner, which the landlord brought in himself, cheered us again, and we lingered over it till dusk began to fall, discussing whether I ought to visit the lord, or

whether, seeing that he had not come to receive me, my dignity did not demand that I should await his visit, and it was on this latter course that we finally decided.

"But he'll hardly come to-night," said Denny, jumping up. "I wonder if there are any decent beds here!"

Hogvardt and Watkins had, by my directions, sat down with us; and the former was now smoking his pipe at the window, while Watkins was busy overhauling our luggage. We had brought light bags, the rods, guns, and other smaller articles. The rest was in the yacht. Hearing beds mentioned, Watkins shook his head in dismal presage, saying,

"We had better sleep on board, my lord."

"Not I! What, leave the island now we've got here? No, Watkins!"

"Very good, my lord," said Watkins, impassively.

A sudden call came from Hogvardt, and I joined him at the window.

The scene outside was indeed remarkable. In the narrow paved street, gloomy now in the falling light, there must have been fifty or sixty men standing in a circle, surrounded by an outer fringe of women and children; and in the centre stood our landlord, his burly figure swaying to and fro as he poured out a low-voiced but vehement harangue. Sometimes pointed towards us, oftener along the ascending road that led to the interior. I could not hear a word he said, but presently all his auditors raised their hands towards heaven. I saw that the hands held some guns, some clubs, some knives; and all the men cried with furious energy, " Nai, Nai. Yes, Yes." And then the whole body—and the greater part of the grown men on the island must have been present—started off in compact array up the road, the innkeeper at their head. By his side walked another man whom I had not noticed before, and who wore an ordinary suit of tweed, but carried himself with an assumption of much dignity; his face I did not see.

"Well, what's the meaning of that?" I exclaimed, looking down on the street, empty now save for groups of white-clothed women, who talked eagerly to one another, gesticulating and pointing now towards our inn, now towards where the men had gone.

"Perhaps it's their Parliament," suggested Denny; "or perhaps they've repented of their rudeness, and are going to erect a triumphal arch."

These conjectures, being obviously ironical, did not assist the matter, although they amused their author.

"Anyhow," said I, "I should like to investigate the thing. Suppose we go for a stroll?"

The proposal was accepted at once. We put on our hats, took sticks, and prepared to go. Then I glanced at the luggage.

"Since I was so foolish as to waste my money on revolvers——?" said I, with an inquiring glance at Hogyardt.

"The evening air will not hurt them," said he; and we each stowed a revolver in our pockets. We felt, I think, rather ashamed of our timidity, but the Neopalians certainly looked rough customers. Then I turned the handle of the door; the door did not open. I pulled hard at it. Then I looked at my companions.

"Queer," said Denny, and he began to whistle.

Hogvardt got the little lantern, which he always had handy, and carefully inspected the door.

"Locked," he announced, "and bolted top and bottom. A solid door too!" and he struck it with his hands. Then he crossed to the window and looked at the bolts; and finally he said to me: "I don't think we can have our walk, my lord."

Well, I burst out laughing. The thing was too absurd Under cover of our animated talk the landlord must have bolted us in. The bars made the window

no use. A skilled burglar might have beaten those bolts, and a battering ram would, no doubt, have smashed the door; we had neither burglar nor ram.

"We are caught, my boy," said Denny, "nicely caught! But what's the game?"

I had asked myself that question already, but had found no answer. To tell the truth, I was wondering whether Neopalia was going to turn out as conservative a country as the Turkish Ambassador had hinted. It was Watkins who suggested an answer.

"I imagine, my lord," said he, "that the natives" (Watkins always called the Neopalians "natives") "have gone to speak to the gentleman who sold the island to your lordship."

"Gad!" said Denny, "I hope it'll be a pleasant interview."

Hogvardt's broad, good-humoured face had assumed an anxious look. He knew something about the people of these islands; so did I.

"Trouble, is it?" I asked him.

"I'm afraid so," he answered, and then we turned to the window again, except Denny, who wasted some energy and made a useless din by battering at the door, till we beseeched him to let it alone.

There we sat for nearly two hours. Darkness fell, the women had ceased their gossiping, but still stood about the street, and in the doorways of the houses. It was nine o'clock before matters showed Then came shouts from any progress. the road above us, the flash of torches, the tread of men's feet in a quick tri-Then the stalwart umphant march. figures of the picturesque fellows, with their white kilts gleaming through the darkness, came again into sight, seeming wilder and more imposing in the alternating glare and gloom of the torches and the deepening night. The man in tweeds was no longer visible. Our inn-keeper was alone in front. And all, as they marched, sang loudly a rude, barbarous

sort of chant, repeating it again and again and the women and children crowded out to meet the men, catching up the refrain in shrill voices, till the whole air seemed full of it; and so martial and inspiring was the rude tune that our feet began to beat in time with it, and I felt the blood quicken in my veins. I have tried to put the words of it into English, in a shape as rough, I fear, as the rough original. Here it is:—

"Ours is the land!
Death to the hand
That filches the land!
Dead is that hand,
Ours is the land!

"For ever we hold it, Dead's he that sold it! Ours is the land, Dead is the hand!"

Again and again they hurled forth the defiant words, until they stopped at last opposite the inn with one final long-drawn shout of savage triumph.

"Well, this is a go," said Denny, drawing a long breath. "What are the beggars up to?"

"What have they been up to?" I asked, for I doubted not that the song we had heard had been chanted over a dead Stefanopoulos two hundred years before. At this age of the world the idea seemed absurd, preposterous, horrible. But there was no law nearer than Rhodes, and there only Turk's law. The only law here was the law of the Stefanopouloi, and if that law lost its force by the crime of the hand that should wield it, why, strange things may happen even to-day in Neopalia. And we were caught like rats in a trap in the inn.

"I do not see," remarked old Hogvardt, laying a hand on my shoulders, "any harm in loading our revolvers, my lord."

I did not see any harm in it either, and we all followed Hogvardt's advice, and also filled our pockets with cartridges. I was determined—I think we were all determined—not to be bullied by these islanders and their skull and crossbones ditty.

A quarter of an hour passed, and there



"THE LADY EUPHROSYNE BIDS YOU GO."

came a knock at the door, while the bolts shot back.

"I shall go out," said I, springing to my feet.

The door opened, and the face of a lad appeared.

"Vlacho, the inn-keeper, bids you descend," said he; and then catching sight perhaps of our revolvers, he turned

and ran downstairs again at his best speed. Following him we came to the door of the inn. It was ringed round with men, and directly opposite to us stood Vlacho. When he saw me he commanded silence with his hand, and addressed me in the following surprising style:

"The Lady Euphrosyne, of her grace, bids you depart in peace. Go, then, to your boat and depart, thanking God for His mercy."

"Wait a bit, my man," said I; "where is the Lord of the Island?"

"Did you not know that he died a week ago?" asked Vlacho, with apparent surprise.

"Died!" we exclaimed, one and all.

"Yes, sir. The Lady Euphrosyne, Lady of Neopalia, bids you go."

"What did he die of?"

"Of a fever," said Vlacho gravely; and several of the men round him nodded their heads and murmured in no less grave assent, "Yes, of a fever."

"I am very sorry for it," said I. "But as he sold the island to me before he died, I don't see what the lady, with all respect to her, has got to do with it. Nor do I know what this rabble is doing about the door. Send them away."

This attempt at hauteur was most decidedly thrown away. Vlacho seemed not to hear what I said. He pointed with his finger towards the harbour.

"There lies your boat. Demetri and Spiro cannot go with you, but you will be able to manage her yourselves. Listen now! Till six in the morning you are free to go. If you are found in Neopalia one minute after, you will never go. Think and be wise." And he and all the rest of them, as though one spring moved them, wheeled round and marched off up the hill again, breaking out into the old chant when they had gone about a hundred yards. And we were left alone in the doorway of the inn, looking, I must admit, rather blank.

Upstairs again we went, and I sat down by the window and looked out on the night. It was very dark, and seemed darker now that the gleaming torches were gone. Not a soul was to be seen. The islanders, having put matters on a clear footing, were gone to bed. I sat thinking. Presently Denny came to me, and put his hand on my shoulder.

"Going to cave in, Charley?" he asked.

"My dear Denny," said I, "I wish you were at home with your mother."

He smiled, and repeated, "Going to cave in, old chap?"

"No, by Jove, I'm not!" cried I, leaping up. "They've had my money, and I'm going to have the island."

"Take the yacht, my lord," counselled Hogvardt, "and come back with enough force from Rhodes."

Well, that was sense; my impulse was nonsense. We four could not conquer the island. I swallowed my pride.

"So be it," said I. "But look here, it's only just twelve. We might have a look round before we go. I want to see this place, you know." For I was very sorely vexed at being turned out of my island.

Hogvardt grumbled a little at this, but here I overruled him. We took our revolvers again, left the inn, and struck straight up the road. For nearly a mile we mounted, the way becoming steeper with every step. Then there was a sudden turn off the main road. "That will lead to the house," said Hogvardt, who had studied the map of Neopalia very carefully.

"Then we'll have a look at the house. Show us a light, Hogvardt. It's precious dark."

Hogvardt opened his lantern and cast its light in the way. But suddenly he extinguished it again, and drew us close in to the rocks that edged the road. We saw coming towards us, in the darkness, two figures. They rode small horses. Their faces could not be seen; but as they passed our silent, motionless forms, one said in a clear, sweet, girlish voice:

"Surely they will go?"

"Aye, they'll go or pay the penalty," said the other voice, and at the sound of it I started. For it was the voice of my neighbour in the restaurant, Constantine Stefanopoulos.

"I shall be near at hand, sleeping in the town," said the girl's voice, " and the people will listen to me."

"The people will kill them if they do not go," we heard Constantine answer, in tones that witnessed no great horror at the idea. Then the couple disappeared in the darkness.

"On to the house!" I cried in sudden excitement. For I was angry now, angry at the utter humbling scorn with which they treated me.

Another ten minutes' groping brought us in front of the old grey house which we had seen from the sea. We walked boldly up to it. The door stood open. We went in and found ourselves in a large The wooden floor was carpeted here and there with mats and skins. long table ran down the middle; the walls were decorated with mediæval armour and weapons. The windows were but narrow slits, the walls massive and deep. door was a ponderous, iron-bound affair. that shamed even the stout doors of our inn. I called loudly, "Is anyone here?" Nobody answered. The servants must have been drawn off to the town by the

excitement of the procession and the singing; or, perhaps, there were no servants. I could not tell. I sat down in a large arm-chair by the table. I enjoyed the sense of proprietorship. Denny sat on

BY HIS SIDE SAT AN OLD SERVING WOMAN.

the table by me, dangling his legs. For a long while none of us spoke. Then I exclaimed, suddenly:

"By heaven, why shouldn't we see it through?" And I rose, and put my hands against the massive door, and closed and bolted it, saying, "Let them open that at six o'clock in the morning."

"Hurrah!" cried Denny, leaping down from his table, on fire with excitement in a moment.

I faced Hogvardt. He shook his head, but he smiled. Watkins stood by with his usual imperturbability. He wanted to know what his lordship decided — that was all; and when I said nothing more, he asked:

"Then your lordship will sleep here to-night?"

"I'll stay here to-night, anyhow, Watkins," said I. "I'm not going to be driven out of my own island by anybody."

And I brought my fist down with a crash on the table. And then to our amazement we heard. from somewhere in the dark recesses of the hall, where the faint light of Hogvardt's lantern did not reach-a low but distinct groan, as of someone in pain. Watkins shuddered, Hegvardt looked rather uncomfortable; Denny and I listened eagerly. Again the groan came. I seized the lantern from Hogvardt's hand, and rushed in the direction of the sound. There, in the corner of the hall, on a couch covered with a rug, lay an old man in an uneasy attitude, groaning now and then, and

turning restlessly. And by his side sat an old serving woman in weary heavy slumber. In a moment I guessed the truth—part of the truth.

"He's not dead of that fever yet," said I.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## WANDERINGS IN BOOKLAND.

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

T is a bad habit of magazines published in February to go to press in December, and to be able to say at Christmas-time what will be good reading for St. Valentine's Day one would need to be something of an astrologer as well as reviewer. In the present prolific era of English literature, when a new novelist is discovered every other day and a new poet at least once a fortnight, one can never be sure what a day, not to speak of a month, may bring forth. By the time the words I am about to write come to be read, the books I am about to praise may have given place to Heaven knows what literary excitements. However, January is never a brilliant publishing month, so one may reasonably run the risk of recommending for February what seems best in the book-crop of December. that crop has been so exceptionally good and abundant that it will last even an industrious reader far into February, and, besides, there are no few of the books which will, I fancy, be found in season, if not in fashion, for many months and years to come. But of this, of course, one can never be sure. Mr. W. Roberts, in his entertaining Book - Hunter in London (Stock), makes this interesting statement of what one might call the survival average in books: "Of the 1,300 books printed before the beginning of the sixteenth century," he says, "not more than 300 are of any importance to the bookcollector. Of the 50,000 published in the seventeenth century, not more than, perhaps, fifty are now held in estimation; and of the 80,000 published in the eighteenth century, not more than 300 are considered worth re-printing, and not more than 500 are sought afar." "How many suns it takes," exclaims a modern poet, "to make one speedwell blue." For one classic, how many hundreds and

thousands of books of the hour, the day, and the week, are brought forth and forgotten. Of the dozen or so books that seem so vital and attractive this December, how many, if any, will still seem vital and attractive in December a hundred years hence? It is an idle question, and, after all, a test that does not concern us. Five years upset most literary prophecies, and perhaps it is peculiarly difficult to prophesy concerning novels. And novels, of course, supply immeasurably the lion's share of the world's This they have come to do reading. simply by absorbing all other literary forms, except poetry, and that, even, they run close, when they are written by such masters of writing as Mr. Meredith or Mr. Hardy. A novelist, nowadays, is a sort of literary Whiteley. He combines with his original rôle of story-teller, the functions of prophet, priest, philosopher, scientist, theologian, sociologist, dramatist, essayist, and landscape-artist; not to speak of his work as topographer and anthropologist. The old poet, Donne (of whom one is reminded by Mr. E. K. Chambers' new edition in Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen's dainty Muses' Library), referring to his expression in verse of certain grave matters more "fit for chronicle," says :---

"Vouchsafe to call to mind that God did make A last and lasting'st piece, a song. He spake To Moses to deliver unto all That song, because He knew they would let fall The law, the prophets, and the history, But keep the song still in their memory."

On the same principle, nowadays, if you have anything to say, it is safest to put it into a novel. If you want to save the world, you do it with a novel. If your aim is merely to delight it, your method is still the same.

In his new novel, The British Bar-

barians (Lane), Mr. Grant Allen frankly avows his conception of the novel as a kind of "gilded pill." "The business



DRAWN BY C. ROBINSON, FROM "A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES." PUBLISHED BY JOHN LANE.

of the preacher," he says, "is, above all things, to preach; but, in order to preach, he must first reach his audience. The audience in this case consists in large part of women and girls, who are most simply and easily reached by fiction. Therefore, fiction is to-day the best medium for the preacher of righteousness who addresses humanity." What a curious revolution is here! The serious temper of the British

ACHILDS GARDEN of Verses

mind has invaded what was but lately regarded as the most unprofitable of literary forms, and that national taste for sermons, which Mr. Augustine Birrell will not have despised, finds

gratification even in a frivolous "yellow-back." The other day I saw the position of a certain successful novelist referred to as being nothing short of parallel with that of "a Hebrew prophet or a Roman vates"! No wonder, then, that our novelists affix grave prefaces to their stories, and generally write as men burdened with a mission. But the preacher turned novelist is a different thing from the novelist turned preacher. Not all Mr. Hardy's strenuous "purpose" in Jude, the Obscure (Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.) can rob him of a novelist's first great gift, the power of creating living human beings. It is true that Jude and Sue have their lapses into unreality, and there are situations in the book which it takes all Mr. Hardy's dramatic power to make credible, but allowing to the full all such criticisms Jude remains perhaps the most powerful and moving picture of human life which Mr. Hardy has given us. No doubt the picture is dark, darker, perhaps, even than reality. Such pessimism is only half true of life as a whole. Jude, indeed, is a masterly piece of special pleading, much as was Les Miserables. But just as in optimistic novels of the old pattern, the hero is blessed with impossible good fortune from start to finish, Val Jean and Jude are cursed with almost equally bad In one case everything prospers; in the other everything goes wrong. A

malignant fate seems to dog their foot-

steps, at every turn of the way they make tragic mistakes, and their very wisdom is always for the worst. Undoubtedly there are actual lives of such unrelieved misfortune, and a novelist is quite within his right in taking such for his theme, yet he must not present them to us as typical human lives-for such, even amid the hardest conditions, they are not. Too many reviewers have treated Jude as a polemic against marriage. Nothing could be more It is true that the tragedy of Jude and Sue was partly brought about by the matriage laws, but their own weakness of character was mainly responsible for it; and Mr. Hardy's novel, in so far as it is an indictment, is an indictment of much older and crueller laws than those relating to marriage, the laws of the universe. It is a Promethean indictment of that power, which, in Omar's words,

> "with pitfall and with gin, Beset the path we were to wander in,"

and to conceive it merely as a criticism of marriage is to miss its far more universal tragic significance. And here in passing I must refer to a grossly unjust and exceedingly pointless and clumsy attack recently made upon Mr. Hardy by no other than Mrs. Oliphant in Blackwood's Magazine. No doubt Mrs. Oliphant means well, but she does exceeding ill in thus, either wilfully or involuntarily, distorting the purpose of Mr. Hardy's book. Her insinuation—to put it mildly—that Mr. Hardy has deliberately catered for unclean appetites, and that he published an expurgated edition of his story first in Harper's, just to whet such appetites for the complete book, (when, as everyone knows, that first truncated publication was a condition of the magazine editors which caused Mr. Hardy no little pain and worry), is either very malignant or very mistaken, and should certainly be libellous. There is no need further to allude to the pitiful spleen of "M. O. W. O." except to warn the reader against it, and all such outbursts of grandmotherly prejudice. No doubt *Jude* 

" is not meat For little people or for fools,"

it is as Mr. Kipling said of Mowgli's marriage, "a story for grown-ups," and it will only be the childish or second-childish among these whom it can possibly offend. It handles delicate problems and situations with infinite delicacy and tenderness, and if in depicting certain aspects of country life, Mr. Hardy's realism is a little "coarse," well, country life is coarse, so what would you have?

Talking of Mowgli, a Second Jungle Book (Macmillan & Co.) opens a welcome door of escape from the heated atmosphere of sex-fiction controversy into the "old wood" of Indian fable and fantasy, whither already we have wandered fascinated at Mr. Kipling's heels. I see that some critics describe the new book as a disappointment. That, of course, is the thing to say about a sequel. Well, I confess that it is quite good enough for me, and I can only hope that Mr. Kipling will go on disappointing us in this way. Who but he could have given us that wonderful fight with the bees, the Little People of the Rocks, in "Red Dog," or written that fascinating description of the great Bee-city in the gorge of the Waingunga, which, "on both sides was hung as it were with black shimmery velvet curtains," -- "the clotted millions of the sleeping Among the other "disappointments" there is a lovely little "Ripple song," of which these are the two first verses:

"Once a ripple came to land
In the golden sunset burning—
Lapped against a maiden's hand,
By the ford returning.

"Dainty foot and gentle breast—
Safe across be glad and rest.

'Maiden, wait,' the ripple saith;

'Wait awhile, for I am death!"

These two Jungle Books will certainly take their place among the children's

classics, side by side with Æsop, Uncle Remus, and Alice.

And talking of children's classics, one is glad to welcome a charming illustrated edition of Stevenson's A Child's Garden of Verses (Lane). Mr. Charles Robinson was just the artist for the very delicate task which he has carried out with such quaint humour and dainty fancy. His young pirate is irresistible, and his "moun-



DRAWN BY R. ANNING BELL, FROM "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

PUBLISHED BY MESSRS. J. M. DENT AND SON.

tain-sides of dreams" is a most magical glimpse of the fairyland of sleep. One wishes that Stevenson could have lived to see his verses so sympathetically interpreted.

One could do no harm in wishing the same for Shakespeare as we stray among the flower-like fancies with which Mr. Anning Bell has decorated Mr. Gollancz's edition of A Midsummer Night's Dream (Dent). I see that an influential paper has declared it the most beautiful decorated book ever produced in England. Remembering how many beautiful books are to be found in the bookshops every publisher's season, this seems a great deal to say, but that this Midsummer Night's Dream is one of the prettiest books ever produced in England is certain. I am not an artcritic, and artists have a way of somewhat

savagely resenting the criticism of literary men; yet in so far as an artist's designs are illustrations of a literary masterpiece, the literary critic is surely within his right in saying what to his thinking is the measure of successful interpretation the artist has achieved. Therefore I make bold to say that Mr. Anning Bell is "best" at fairies, flowers, and flower-like girls. Unlike Antæus, his power leaves

him as he touches earth, and his one or two illustrations of the clownish humours of the play are the only blemishes on an otherwise perfectly charming book-unless one excepts the cover, which is rather cheaply pretty. Mr. Gollancz's long dedicatory letter "To a Willing Captive at the Court of King Oberon and Queen Titania," turns no little learning "to favour and to prettiness," and is admirably in keeping with the edition.

Another classic receives vigorous illustration in Messrs. Strang & Clark's

edition of Sindbad and Ali Baba (Lawrence & Bullen). The stories seem to have been illustrated on the somewhat novel principle that Mr. Strang should design so many of the drawings, and Mr. J. B. Clark should design as many more as much in Mr. Strang's manner as possible. Mr. Clark is far from unsuccessful, but one does not need to be an expert to notice at once the difference in the vigour of line and the treatment of black-and-white masses in the work of the two artists. Associating as one does a certain grotesque realism and unadorned strength with Mr. Strang's work, one is rather surprised to find him the possessor of such a vivid sense of decorative beauty as finds expression in many of his designs. Among other illustrated books which are not only of current, but likely to be of

permanent interest, one may mention A London Garland (Macmillan & Co.), a handsome miscellany of London verse and London pictures, by various poets and artists; and a volume of charmingly cynical sketches of American Society by Charles Dana Gibson (Lane)—lovely American girls, the unlovely English aristocrats who marry the same, and everywhere charming little cupids taking part in whimsical little allegories of love's iov and sorrow. What could be sweeter in its way than Mr. Gibson's fable of "Love can Die," in which an estranged man and woman sit wringing their hands in tears and despair, with a little dead love laid out upon a table between them?

The Pageant (Henry & Co.), a miscellany of literature and art somewhat after the manner of The Yellow Book, is equally excellent in both departments. In addition to one or two designs by those most exquisite of all young artists, Messrs. Ricketts and Shannon, the volume is valuable as containing some excellent reproductions of Rossetti and Mr. G. F. Watts; while if there was nothing among the letterpress but M. Maeterlinck's weird little play "The Death of Tintagiles," the reader would have sufficient cause for rejoicing. To anyone interested in the fen country or in beautiful photography, I would recommend Mr. P. H. Emerson's Marsh Leaves (Nutt), clever sketches of Lincolnshire peasant life, with sixteen "photo-etchings" of extreme delicacy by the author. Mr. Emerson's beautiful experiments with the camera are, of course, well known.

To hark back to Stevenson for a moment I must not forget to mention his Vailima Letters (Methuen), which, though it will be an old book by February, will be good reading, I think, as long as we continue interested in the ways as well as the works of literary men. A friend of mine, whose pessimism never fails him in his happiest moments, is chiefly delighted

with these letters because "they hint that all is vanity-even at Vailima." would have thought that if ever the literary man's lot was an exception to Carlyle's generalisation, that literary biography is more sickening than the Newgate Calendar, it would have been Robert Louis Stevensons'. Perhaps Tennyson and he were the luckiest literary Eng-To Stevenson's lishmen that ever lived. fame there seems to have been opposed no dissentient voice. From the publication of An Inland Voyage the critics seem to have entered into a conspiracy of praise. No man's hand was against him, and he had thus not only the goodwill of his fellow-craftsmen, but he won the heartsand, what is more important, the purses of the public. And yet, we learn from these letters-it was all vanity. Ampler resources seem to have bred more ambitious needs. As Scott built his Abbotsford, and Tennyson his Farringford, so Stevenson builds his Vailima—and his pen must keep it up. The strain of this necessity his health was too fragile long to bear. In the end it tired his brain, and he died, practically, one can but think, from overwork. Towards the end his letters grow pathetically anxious in this direction. Will the public always keep true to him? O, for a settled income, for two years' rest! In the last of these letters (all of which are addressed to Mr. Colvin), dated October, 1894, he says: "There are all kinds of trifles buzzing in my ears, unfriendly trifles, from the least to the—well, to the pretty big. All these that touch me are Fretty Big; and yet none touch me in the least, if rightly looked at, except the one eternal burthen to go on making an income. If I could find a place where I could lie down and give up for (say) two years, and allow the sainted public to support me, if it were a lunatic asylum, wouldn't I go, just! . . . But you men with salaries don't know how a family weighs on a fellow's mind."

And again: "It was a very little dose



DRAWN BY R. ANNING BELL, PROM "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

PUBLISHED BY MESSRS, J. M. DENT AND SON.

of inspiration, and a pretty little trick of style, improved by the most heroic industry. So far I have managed to please the journalists. But I am a fictitious article, and have long known it. I am read by journalists, by my fellow-novelists, and by boys; with these, incipit et explicit my vogue."

It is sad to think that the work which contributed most to reduce Stevenson to this state of mind was that book on Samoan politics, A Footnote to History, which not even all his generous enthusiasm for his adopted people, and his rare literary gifts, could make interesting for "Too much Samoa" English readers. will indeed be the reader's one complaint against these letters. There is page after page of minute description of his home, of the natural features of Samoa, and the manners of the Samoans, long accounts of Samoan feats, and painstaking discussions of the wrongs and rights of rival chiefs, whom it will be sufficent for our purpose to call Tweedledum and Tweedledee—though Stevenson's heart was too good to take that view, and it must not be forgotten that he was on the spot, which makes a considerable difference. Still, many of the earlier pages descriptive of his settling down in his new home, -the days spent wood-cutting in the bush, exciting chases of escaped pigs and horses, dramatic interviews with servants,—are full of the Stevensonian charm of racy humour and vivid phrase. The letters are often a curious medley of farming and literature, and we seem to see Stevenson,

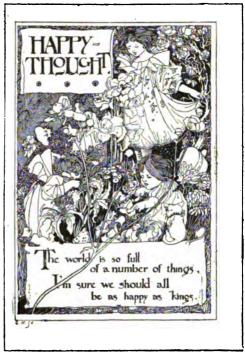
after a few hours in his rôle of planter, having a thorough rub-down, and then turning once more to his desk and the stubborn unfinished page. For the labour of composition seems to have been very painful to him during these last few years. Again and again we see him throwing down his pen in despair, recasting and recasting again. Yet he has his bright days, and very charming is his boyish delight in his work, when, as seldom, it at last satisfies him, when at last, to use his phrase, he gets "the tale" to "Golly, it's good," he says "travel." of The Beach of Falesa-one of his favourites among his later stories—"I am not sinning by modesty; but I do just love the colour and movement of that piece so far as it goes."

Very different in style, and no little disappointing, are the letters of Matthew Arnold (Macmillan & Co.), to which one had looked forward with considerable expectation. Though, for the most part, written to his mother, and his wife and daughters, they are all of one formal pattern, occupied with the impersonal affairs of the day, padded with dull itineraries of his journeys as school-inspector, or colourless accounts of his holidays abroad. and then, as when his little boy dies, his heart speaks out, and, "but this is rare," a reference to literary matters, to his own poetical hopes and fears, gladdens like a flower the jaded eye of the reader. were all such passages gathered together they would hardly fill a dozen pages, which is rather a small percentage of the

readable in two portly and closely printed volumes.

Rossetti bears the "ripping-up" process better-to employ Tennyson's graceful image for biography. Mr. Theodore Watts has long promised us a life of him -and there is no man who could have written it so well-but it seems hopeless to expect anything but promises from Mr. Watts—unless Mr. Lane is really going to publish his poems—and, as everybody has grown tired of waiting, Mr. W. M. Rossetti has taken the matter in hand, and produced a biography of his brother which merits every praise one can give it, save the praise of that inspired sympathy which it needed a temperament a little more than kin to Rossetti's to bring. For Rossetti's was undoubtedly the most subtle and fascinating artistic temperament we have had since Keats. quality that cannot fail to strike the reader in Mr. W. M. Rossetti's biography is its almost unnatural impartiality—but this will be no surprise to anyone who knows the same critic's discriminating estimate of the genius of his sister Christina. Certainly the Rossetti family had their full share of genius, whatever be the capricious law that rules the distribution of that divine endowment.

But, after all this solid reading it is time to unbend our minds over a novel. Will Mr. Meredith's Amazing Marriage (Constable & Co.) suit you? I won't say that you couldn't find lighter reading for an idle hour, yet I do think Mr. Meredith's obscurity is exaggerated, much as Browning's used to be. At any rate, he is at his simplest and yet his very best in this new novel-which, all the same, Mr. Lang tells us he cannot read. I confess this puzzles me, for Mr. Lang we know is able to read with pleasure no few novels, which others find painfully unread-Perhaps this is a judgment upon him for the bad novels he has made famous. For if new books matter at all, it certainly seems a misfortune to be deaf and blind to the power and beauty of one of the very finest of Mr. Meredith's novels, finer even —don't you think?—than Diana of the Crossways, with which it is not unnatural



DRAWN BY C. ROBINSON, FROM "A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES." PUBLISHED BY JOHN LANE.

to compare it, written as it is by the same allusive anecdotic method-" Dame Gossip" supplying the place of the supposed memoir-writers who served up the history of Diana. Carinthia is certainly as vital a creation as Diana, and if she lacks Diana's charm of frailty, she is as tiresomely bent on marrying the dull man. Lord Fleetwood is an even more remarkable portrait, for he is one of those sitters who never sit still for a moment, and are not the same beings two minutes together. No wonder that Mr. Meredith brings to bear upon him all his well-known methods of making a character live before the reader, beyond the possibility of mistake. He paints him at full length, he snap-shots him in epigram, he brings the scattered sketches of

He has got to live for certain gossip. and he lives, making in the process, a most entertaining mess of his life. But then everybody lives in Mr. Meredith's novels-in spite of everybody being witty as well. As all his readers know, Mr. Meredith has always more wit to let off than he feels it decent to attribute to himself. Hence he invents various characters and other devices, basins, so to say, to catch the overflow. The charming young vagabond, philosopher, and phrasemaker, Woodseer, whom we first meet tramping through Switzerland with a notebook and pipe for his companions—a sketch, say some, of the young Stevenson -appropriates no little of the wit of the book. Then there is the professional wit, Rose Mackerell, and "The Pilgrim's Scrip" once more reappears as old Admiral Kirby's Maxims for Men. I won't begin quoting phrases, for there is no end to that, but here is a description of morning amid the mountains which will give a taste of Mr. Meredith's style at its best for those who perchance have been frightened away from his books by exaggerated reports of their obscurity:

"Dawn in the mountain-land is the meeting of many friends. The pinnacle, the forest-head, the lichen-tufted mound, rock, bastion, and defiant cliff, and giant of the triple peak, were in view, clearly lined for a common recognition; but all were figures of solid gloom, unfeatured and bloomless. Another minute, and they had flung off their mail, and changed to various, indented, intricate, succinct in ridge, scar, and channel; and they had all a look of watchfulness that made them one company. The smell of rock-waters and roots of herbs and moss grew keen; air became a wine that raised the breast high to breathe it; an uplifting coolness pervaded the heights. The plumes of cloud now slowly entered into the lofty arch of dawn, and melted from brown to purple-black. The upper sky swam with violet; and in a moment each stray cloudfeather was edged with rose, and then suffused. It seemed that the heights fronted East to eye the interflooding of colours, and it was imaginable that all turned to the giant whose forehead first kindled to the sun: a greeting of God and King."

In another vein take this inimitable picture of the postillion, Charles Dump, as studied from a supposed old print "in the possession of Dr. Cawthorne":

"A small man, looking diminished from a very much longer one by shrinkage in thickish wrinkles from the shoulders to the shanks. His hat is enormous and very gay. He is rather of sad countenance. An elevation of his collar behind the ears, and pointed at the neck, gives you notions of his having dropped from some hook. He stands with his forefinger extended, like a disused semaphorepost that seems trembling and desponding on the hill by the highroad, in his attitude while telling the tale; if standing it may be called where the whole figure appears imploring for a seat. That was his natural position, as one would suppose any artist must have thought, and a horse beneath him.

"But it has been suggested that the artist in question was no painter of animals."

And if you have any relish for a prizefight told with gusto and in the lingo of the fancy, you won't ask anything better than the chapter entitled "A taste of Old England," which sets forth the notable meeting between Kit Ines and Ben Todds—of which this is an extract:

"They rounded the ring, giving and taking. Ben rushed, and had an emollient; spurted again and was corked; again, and received a neat red-waxen stopper. He would not be denied at Kit's door, found him at home, and hugged him. Kit got himself to grass, after a spell of heavy fibbing, Ben's game. It did him no harm, it might be taken for an enlivener; he was dead on his favourite



DRAWN BY R. ANNING BELL. FROM "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

PUBLISHED BY MESSRS. J. M. DENT AND SON.

spot the ensuing round, played postman on it. So cleverly, easily, dancingly, did he perform the double knock and the retreat, that Chumley Potts was moved to forget his wagers and exclaim 'Racketball, by Jove!'"

Indeed, The Amazing Marriage is the most English of all Mr. Meredith's novels, full of the spirit of "those old quiet, yet exciting days," when the coach dashed with its wild horses and wild tootlings of the horn along the narrow country lanes, and the masked highwaymen waited for it at the cross-roads.

But the man for highwaymen is Mr. Marriott Watson, who in Galloping Dick (Lane) has unmistakably marked them Mr. Watson's union of for his own. literary style with incident and characterisation is unhappily rare, though Mr. Weyman writes better than is quite natural in a popular novelist. His Red Cockade (Longmans) is the best historical novel that has come in my way for ever so long. It fulfils all the exciting conditions of romance pure and simple,-if your heart doesn't beat over that scene on the roof of St. Alais it must have stopped beating,-and yet it is something more than a story, is, indeed, a very fine historical study of an important side movement of the French Revolution.

Three volumes remain for notice—a cookery-book, and two books of new poetry. The cookery-book is by the late Mr. Sala, the poetry by Mr. William Watson and Mr. John Davidson. Poetry is, perhaps, the last thing people think of reading, so we will appropriately leave the poetry to the last. Probably the distaste for poetry is as general as the interest in cookery. Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, says somewhere that there lives no man who, were he to tell the truth, would not admit that he preferred eating and drinking to any other earthly pleasure. Yet cookery-books are not, as a rule, such fascinating reading as this undoubted truth would lead one to suppose. Mr. Sala's Thorough Good Cook (Cassell & Co.), however, is an exception. Its authorship alone gives it an interest. It is, so to say, Mr. Sala's true autobiography, for of all the subjects on which Mr. Sala was an authority, this subject of what we shall eat was unmistakably his own. Legend has long been busy with Mr. Sala as a viveur, and if it does not credit him with the dinner-table luxury of Browning's Valladolid poet, who, it will be remembered, employed "twenty naked girls to change his plate," it declares that at one time his kitchen was ruled by the best and most expensive French chef in London, at a salary something like

eight times that of the laureate's. Yet, as a matter of fact, Mr. Sala was very simple and abstemious in his tastes; his favourite dishes, he tells us, were "boiled chicken and rice, Irish stew, macaroni, and haricot beans," for the last few years he was almost a vegetarian-and his interest in cookery was mainly artistic. His object in making a new cookery-book was to give the reader the benefit of his wide experience of the menus of many lands, and to present, in as simple a form as possible, a body of culinary recipes such as are not contained in the usual cookery-books, or are usually written in terms far from simple. Thus, as far as possible, Mr. Sala avoids French names for his dishes. and a lady, whose more-instructed opinion I have sought on the matter, declares The Thorough Good Cook the most practical cookery-book she has ever seen.

I referred just now to the laureateship, and I think everybody will be glad that it is settled at last, even those who have missed it. Mr. Alfred Austin must expect to run the usual gauntlet of criticism, and, of course, the honour does not signify that he is the greatest living poet. But, in whatever degree, he is a poet, as any fair-minded reader of his charming naturepoetry will admit-and the laureateship seemed within an ace of going to one or two gentlemen who are not poets at all. And so long as the post is a political rather than a literary reward, one cannot blame a Government for putting in the man who sings their tunes rather than the tunes of the Opposition. After Mr. Swinburne, Mr. William Watson seemed to me the likeliest man, but if he will sing the wrongs of Armenia—what can he expect?

Of all his sonnets on "The Purple East," I think that on "The Turk in Armenia," reprinted in his new volume, The Father of the Forest, etc. (Lane), is the best. The closing image of "the gathering blackness of the frown of God!" is very impressive. As a whole, the new volume more than confirms one's high regard for Mr. Watson's special gift. It is full of noble phrase and stately imagery, and over all is the grand air of an inspiration, fed, as Mr. Watson proudly claims in a concluding "Apologia," on constant worship and study of the great old masters. Mr. John Davidson, though he is a more careless artist than Mr. Watson, could claim no less the same high descent for his verse. It is in the direct line of what is finest in English poetry. And those who complain that poetry is so often divorced from the everyday interests of men and women, should read his Second Series of Fleet Street Eclogues (Lane), and see with what a mastery he is able to handle modern problems and generally transmute modern life into poetry. With one poet capable of writing "Lammas," and another capable of writing "A Hymn to the Sea,"-not to speak of Mr. Francis Thompson,-English poetry is surely in no bad way-especially now that there is no vacant laureateship to distract the minds of our poets from poetry to politics

# T. WALTER WILSON, R.I., AND HIS WORK.

BY WALLACE LAWLER.

A nartist may conceal himself behind the personality of his work: he may interest the public, relate to it in

convincing impressions the events of the hour, and to the end remain unknown. It might have been so with Mr. T. Walter Wilson; there is every reason to imagine that it probably would have been so, if we had not stepped in to supply that link which connects interest with interest, by recording, albeit slightly, the history of an artist's achievements, for a public which has known his work for years, which has, no doubt, been impressed by it, and yet, with that British indifference to art, has scarcely glanced at the artist's name.

If you chance upon a person of ordinary information and education reading a book, and you ask who wrote it—a perfectly natural thing to do—he will tell you off-hand the author's name, and will most likely not be content until he has named two or three other books by the same writer. If you see a print of an interesting group of politicians hung up in your friend's library, and you remark upon

its interest, he will tell you that it appeared in one of the illustrated papers, but beyond that and a perfect agreement with yourself in considering the portraits very good, he never dreams of going. It might have been drawn by Correggio Jones, or Raphael Smith, but as it happens, it is by T. Walter Wilson, R.I.

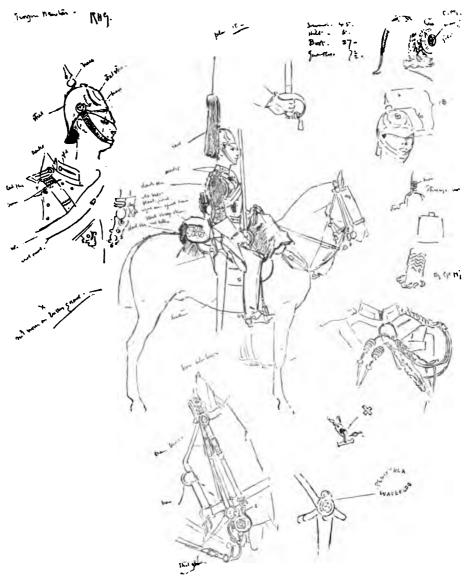
As a child, Mr. Wilson seems to have

fulfilled the traditional condition of being always in the mood for spoiling paper, much to the delight of fond relatives.



MR. T. WALTER WILSON, R.I.

At the age of sixteen this fondness for drawing took a more decided turn, and, with the consent of his father,—also an artist, and one of the first staff of *The Illustrated London News*; he even now has an occasional drawing in that publication,—he went to South Kensington with the intention of studying art seriously. From the beginning, young Wilson was



ROUGH SKETCHES BY MR. WALTER WILSON.

successful, and at the end of the first year he took a local prize and free studentship for drawing flowers in outline from nature. One day while the youth was busy in the Horticultural Gardens working at this very drawing, a kind-hearted lady stopped to pass a word of encouragment and criticism to the student, and after pleasantly thanking him for his courtesy in exhibiting the drawing, she proceeded on her stroll in the Gardens, leaving the future member

of the Institute pleased with his first meeting with her Majesty, the Queen, who has, a hundred times since, been the subject of his art.

While at Kensington, Mr. Wilson was the fellow-student of quite a number of men hereafter destined to make their names in the world of art. Among these were George Clausen, J. C. Dollman, Luke Fildes, Robert Macbeth, and Herbert Herkomer.



From the very first Mr. Wilson was not content with merely studying, but began to do some designing, mostly of



seals and jewellery, and some black and white work.

It was during the period of this scholarship that we find young Wilson up at six o'clock in the morning, making drawings before breakfast of the presents which the Prince of Wales brought back from India. These were the very first drawings which Mr. Wilson had reproduced in *The Illustrated London News*.

It was about this time that a famous case was unravelled by aid of a seal, which Mr. Wilson had designed for a lady's note-paper.

The experience which Mr. Wilson gained while working for Wyon, Seal Engraver and Queen's Medalist, and afterwards for Benson, stood him in good stead when he car. e to compete in various casket competitions.

When the Czar of Russia, Alexander II., grandfather of the present Czar, visited

London, the City decided to make him a present of a very handsome casket. commission was given to the Messrs. Benson, who asked Mr. Wilson to compete for the work. Mr. Wilson had a very busy week. The instructions about the design were given on a Saturday morning, and the drawing had to be delivered at the Guildhall on the following Wednesday. When Wednesday arrived Messrs. Benson told Mr. Wilson that his design had been accepted, and as it was impossible then to complete the casket by the following Monday, which was the day of presentation, Mr. Wilson was requested to make a very complete finished drawing of the casket. This was to be presented to the Czar, and the real casket was to follow later. In order to get the drawing done quickly and well, for there was an enormous amount of work and detail in the design, all of which had to be finely drawn, he called in his friend, Mr. George As it happens, Mr. Clausen Clausen.



works with his left hand; Mr. Wilson, of course, with his right; so, shoulder to shoulder, they tackled the drawing, and, working on an average eighteen hours a





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AT THE PARNELL COMMISSION.

day, they finished the design in time for the presentation.

With one exception this casket is the most costly one ever made. The exception was the casket presented by the Shahzada to Her Majesty the Queen; in that piece of workmanship the chief value lies in the mass of jewels, while in Mr. Wilson's casket the value is in the chasing and enamelling. This casket cost nearly £3,000. The City paid Messrs. Benson £1,000, and it is said that the Messrs. Benson spent another £2,000 on it out of their own pockets, for the sake of producing a beautiful gift.

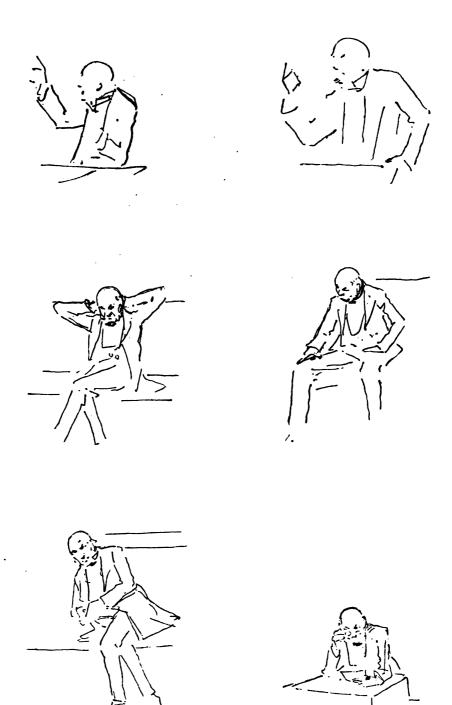
From a very early date, Clausen and Wilson were bosom friends. Whilst working together into the night, they mapped out their first tour to Holland and that same year they started out for Antwerp, en route for the land of windmills. Mr. Wilson made many very charming studies during this visit. Some of his charcoal drawings of Dutch children are among the very finest drawings which he has produced. They have a freshness and vigour, and a certain tenderness of treatment, which his later

and more technical work has given him no opportunity of exhibiting.

Whilst in Holland Mr. Wilson had a nasty accident which delayed his work for a time. On returning one day from the usual painting expedition, he climbed the wooden ladder of the old Dutch house to get through the trap-door into the upper room, carrying all his painting traps in his arms. This mode of entry, not the safest or easiest at any time, was rendered rather more difficult by the burden in his arms; and in endeavouring to raise the door he slipped and came down with a crash, all his paints tumbling about his ears. The result was a broken ankle.

A rather more pleasant outcome of this trip was the election of both these. young artists to the Institute of Painters in Water Colours. Clausen was elected on invitation; Mr. Wilson competed at the same election and lost by one vote. At the next election he was elected unanimously. True to their friendship, they both exhibited as members for the first time together.

It was after his election to the Institute—which, by the way, was not the "Royal



A PAGE OF SKETCHES OF MR. GLADSTONE TAKEN IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS BY MR. WALTER WILSON.

Institute " until 1884—that he began to work steadily in black and white. Almost the first things which Mr. Wilson did in this line of illustrated journalism were the theatrical sketches in a paper called



Dramatic Notes, edited by Y. E. Pascoe. To glance over these drawings, and compare them with the later work in The Illustrated London News and The Graphic, show one the great advance in style and treatment which the artist has made during his long journalistic career.

It is natural, of course, that Mr. Wilson's Parliamentary work, if not artistically the most satisfying, has yet been, from a social point of view, exceedingly interesting, as it has brought him into contact with nearly all the great personages of the Courts of Europe, and not a few from other continents. In the English Court Mr. Wilson knows everybody, and everybody knows Mr. Wilson.

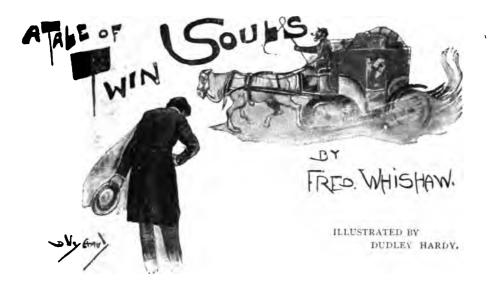
His first big black and white drawing of Parliamentary affairs was a large double page of the whole House, under the Government of Lord Beaconsfield. This

was during the famous Candahar debate. the last discussion in which Lord Beaconsfield took part. Present also on that occasion were the Earl of Derby, Lord Lytton, Sir Stafford Northcote, and the Duke of Argyll, all of whom were included in Mr. Wilson's representation. Since that time Mr. Wilson has been upon the Lobby list of the House, and has done very many important drawings for The Illustrated London News and The Graphic, which form a pictorial history of some turbulent Parliamentary times. Among the many striking scenes he represented was included the famous discussion in Room No. 15. During the whole of the Parnell Commission Mr. Wilson, by permission, sat at the corner of the Bench, close to Sir James Hannen. The whole Commission was horribly



monotonous, and I fancy that Mr. Wilson was as happy as anyone else when the dreary and unpleasant work came to an end.





E lounged, some half-dozen of us, weaving smoke-rings and telling one another-for want of a better subject -of the girls who had proposed to us, and it was Lubbock's turn. Lubbock is a man with a past; he has been everything and everywhere, has Lubbock, from a stoker on board one of the P. and O. steamers to private secretary to the Queen of Madagascar, from whom he claims to have received marked attentions. bock sprawled lazily over his arm-chair, as he usually does, with one leg on the arm and his head well back, dreamily smoking and reflecting; doubtless his soul was far away, tossing gently upon the ocean of bygone love, for our reminiscences had, naturally, been of the most sweetly sentimental character, the subject being a highly poetical one; at any rate it was not until the third box of matches had reverberated against his shirt-front that the claims of the present triumphed at length over the delights of memory. Lubbock pulled himself together and cleared his threat. He gave a short laugh and heaved a short sigh, as men do who recall something that was once very sweet, but which belongs to the far-off past, and the recollection of which provokes rather the smile than the tear. Then he began:—

"I'll tell you about my very first," he said; "I remember it clearly, because, as I say, it was the first time any girl made the running with me, though of course I have been obliged to refuse a great number of the poor things since that day. I was at Sandown, in the Isle of Wight. at the time, doing a turn on the esplanade as the mysterious singer; a slouch hat and an ostentatiously false beard hooked over my ears did the mystery part of the business, the mystery being far more important and profitable, of course, than the singing, though I sang well enough in those days, and vamped out a capital accompaniment upon a hired piano which was carted round for me by a boy and a donkey.

"I can only suppose that there is an unmistakable air of breeding and aristocracy about me which even a slouch hat and false beard can only partially eclipse but not conceal; for before I had been at Sandown more than a couple of days the report went about that I was the son of a peer, and that my noble father had treated me very shabbily, stopping my allowance



"RUTH IS MY NAME."

and driving me forth from the splendid ancestral home which should be my own one day, on some pretext—I forget what, though I remember my good friends made up a capital story of it, and respected me as much for my undeserved misfortunes as for my noble lineage. I think I had refused, according to these historians, to marry some heiress whose property marched with our own, but I am not quite sure at this distance of time.

"Anyhow, the report gained strength every day, and in a short while the thing was accepted by all as an established fact, and I was an immense favourite upon the beach, where visitors and residents alike crowded to see and hear me, and vied with one another in the generosity of their contributions, and in the most affectionate admiration which they lavished, one and all, upon me for my rank's sake. This was all right, of course, and quite as it should be; and I passed a

most agreeable time, and banked, withal, a considerable sum of money. I was the darling of the beach, the spoilt child of the esplanade, the minion, in a word, of Fortune. Then, as though these lavish gifts were not enough, Dame Fortune added a touch of romance, in order, doubtless, to complete and crown the delightful edifice she had built up for my delectation. was like this. It was the afternoon, and I was 'off' singing. I did not give myself away by performing too frequently. It was best, I thought, to devote the morning to song and the afternoon to retirement and contemplation. Besides, my donkey, which was a charming donkey but for this one fault, unfortunately, possessed no real ear for music, and used to grow restive after about the sixth song; and once, when the seventh was encored, and I started upon an eighth, it brayed. Now even the son of a peer cannot sing a song with the dignity which befits his rank if a

brute of a donkey joins in. I could not risk a recurrence of such a catastrophe. I respected the wishes of the donkey, therefore, and drew the line, henceforward, at six songs. Well, I was sitting one afternoon upon the third bench of the Esplanade, a seat which was reserved for me by the respectful kindness of the visitors, who usually left me to enjoy it by myself, but who would pass me a hundred times during the afternoon in order to peer at me 'out of the tail of their eye' unobserved, as they fondly imagined, by myself. I was busy reading on this particular afternoon, when, to my annoyance, someone came along and sat down upon my bench, and, worse still, rather close to me. I was annoved, because this was contrary to the usual etiquette of the place, which was to respect my retirement and my natural tendency, as an aristocrat, to exclusiveness. I therefore drew my soft hat over my eyes in order to show this intruder that I appreciated her intention in transgressing, as she had, the rules of propriety, namely, to stare at my features at close range, and that I should do my best to frustrate that intention.

"She pretended to read, and so did I, and soon I forgot her and became absorbed in my book. But suddenly I was recalled with a start to the present by hearing her address me. As she spoke she moved from her place and came still closer to mine.

"'O'r, Mr.—er—I don't know what your na ne is,' she began, 'and I daresay it's qu'te improper to speak to you, but I must just tell you how very much your singing has done for me.' I stared at her. I wished to gather from her appearance whether she was already a dangerous lunatic, or only as yet tending that way; but she looked perfectly sane; she was, moreover, extremely nice-looking. She was blushing rather prettily; I knew the girl by sight, I had noticed her in the crowd, every day, as I sang. I said, weakly, that I was very happy to hear it.

For the life of me I could not think of anything wiser than this to say. The only other appropriate remark that occurred to me was 'don't mention it'; and of the two I chose the former.

"'I have been longing to tell you this,' she continued; 'I don't know why, but I felt that I must. I have been rather unhappy of late, and your singing of Schubert's "Adieu" the other morning—
Oh, dear Mr.—er—I—I can't tell you what it did for me!' Now this was very delightful to one's feelings; I should have been more than human if I had not found it so.

"'My dear young lady,' I said, 'I assure you I am very proud to have been of service to you; such testimony as yours is very dear to the heart of the singer—far more cherished than mere pecuniary recompense.'

"I added these last words with a strong feeling that their truth depended largely upon the sum encashed.

"'Oh, is it really?' she murmured; her voice was a very sweet one; 'I am so very glad. One feels, somehow, that in taking from the soul of another so much as I have received from yours, and making no acknowledgment of the gift, soul does an injustice to soul!' This remark rather staggered me; my word, I thought, we are getting on! Here were we talking of our souls after only two minutes' conversation. But I only said something insurpassably feeble, I can't remember what. It didn't matter a bit; it was her day out, not mine.

"'What a wonderful, wonderful gift is a beautiful voice,' she continued, 'like yours, Mr.—Mr.—Oh, may I not know your name?' She added the last words with marvellous tenderness and softness.

"'I fear I cannot tell you my real name,' I said, 'for there are circumstances which render it imperative that I should keep it secret; but——'

"'I know, I know,' she interrupted, 'at least I have heard so; but tell me a



"A SIGNER HAT AND A PAISE BRADD CAN ONLY PARTIALLY BELIEF."

name by which I may think of you, my—my benefactor.' I really feared she was going to cry; she just touched my arm with her hand, and then drew it back again.

"'Oh,' I said, bracingly, 'any name will do: Smith, or——'

"'No, no, no!' she pleaded. 'Grosvenor Cecil, or Montague—some name that sounds sweet to the ear' I chose Grosvenor; she was charmed: 'Thank you, thank you, Mr. Grosvenor. I shall always think of you and—and bless you under that name. May I tell you mine, and will you think of me by it?'

"'Certainly,' I replied, faintly. I felt that the pace was getting too hot for me, and that I could never last at this rate.

"Ruth, is my name,' she said, almost as faintly. I felt that this was scarcely playing the game; I had not bargained for Christian names. There was silence after this for a moment or two. My new friend gazed out to sea. I glanced at her; she could not have been more than twenty at most; her eyes had tears in them, and wore a sweet, far-away expression. She turned suddenly and caught me looking at her. A wave of gentle feeling seemed to pass over her face, and she laid her hand upon mire with a gesture which was more than half caressing.

"'I was thinking,' she said, 'how like are our own lives to the lives of ships at sea; those two, for instance, now crossing one another, over yonder; probably those two, like you and me, have never met before this day, and may never meet again, just as—' her voice sank and trembled a little as she concluded her sentence—'just as you and I too may never meet again until we both reach the haven where we would be!'

"I began to look about for assistance. Here had this extraordinary young woman wafted me, in less than ten minutes, within hail of the Hereafter! I was not accustomed to these lightning methods; I gasped for breath; I felt that she was

overdoing the thing. The pace was being forced.

"'It is strange,' she continued, 'that two young souls like our own, both scarred, perhaps, and both forlorn' (what on earth did she know about my soul?) should suddenly light upon one another, as now, and draw comfort, for a few sweet moments, each from each, as we have; for oh, Mr. Grosvenor, you carry your frank soul in your eyes, and I can see that you are receiving from mine as well as abundantly giving!' In that case, I felt, my eyes must be abundantly lying, for beyond an uncomfortable sensation of uncertainty as to what might be coming next, I was conscious of nothing but a growing desire to get up and run clean away, or else to burst into tears.

"'You will be leaving soon, of course,' she went on. 'Will you promise me, dear Mr. Grosvenor' (her lips lingered lovingly over the name), 'that when you move once more in that circle which is yours by right, and from which you cannot, of course, be long absent, will you promise me that you will sometimes think of me kindly as of a dear kindred soul which wanders and wanders, like yonder ship, over the blank ocean of this life, and waits and longs for the day when it shall once more signal that twin-bark which it spoke one sweet, sweet summer afternoon?'

"'Oh, certainly, certainly,' I muttered. Then I pulled myself together and rose to go; I could not possibly live up to this young lady. I said I must get ready for dinner; it was scarcely five yet, but I reflected that wandering souls might be supposed to take their meals when they pleased. I raised my hat and was for departing; but she took my hand and held it tightly in her own; I glanced around in horror, I thought she was going to kiss it. 'Say Good-night, Ruth, just once,' she said, speaking very softly; there were tears in her voice, oceans of tears.

"'Good-night, Ruth,' I said. 'Dear

Ruth,' she added. I made the desired correction. 'Good-night, dear, dear Mr. Grosvenor, she said. Then she dropped my hand and allowed me to depart.

"'Now, then, Jack, my boy,' I thought, as I made wonderful pace homewards, is it yourself or the peer's son who has done this thing?' Naturally I concluded that it was I, and not my noble ancestors; my own attractions had proved too much for her; my family had nothing to do with the matter.

"I noticed my friend among the audience next morning; she gazed most intensely at me as I sang, and placed something in my collecting-bag, which I felt could scarcely be money. It proved to be a note. I put it in my pocket. That afternoon, as I sat and read upon my own reserved bench, a man came close up to me, peered under my hat, and said:

"' Excuse me, sir, but can I have a word or two with you?'

"I bade him speak on. He looked about to make sure that none listened, then he said: 'What have you been saying to my daughter, sir?'

"'Good heavens, man,' I exclaimed, 'how am I to know who your daughter is?' I guessed, nevertheless, that this was the father of Ruth; the thing was developing pleasantly indeed!

"'John Daniels, sir, is my name, and my daughter's is Ruth—Ruth Daniels,' he explained. 'I am a grocer and live at Peckham, and I do, thank God, a fair trade; at all events I pay my way without requiring to pass the hat round for money. You are the son of a lord, I understand, and have had the sack from your father; but I wouldn't have a street-singer for a son-in-law, let me tell you, not if his father was Duke of all England!'

"These Daniels, I perceived, were a family who scorned to beat about the bush; both father and daughter had an admirable way of going straight to business; Ruth had taken me to heaven within ten minutes of our first acquaintance,

and here was this estimable tradesman talking glibly of sons-in-law in even a shorter space of time. I begged Mr.



MR. DANIELS.

Daniels to be so amiable as to explain himself.

"'Why,' said he, 'my daughter talks of nothing but yourself and twin-souls and some haven you've promised to meet her at, and the like; and what I want to know is just this—what have you been saying to the girl?'

"I assured him that the talk had been mostly upon her part—souls and heaven and such topics being subjects of conversation upon which I was diffident to

speak by reason of my ignorance. I had thanked her, I said, for admiring my singing, and that was about all.

"'But do you mean to tell me,' he said, 'that there's no understanding between you?' I enquired what kind of understanding he referred to?

"'Why, love, and souls, and meeting at havens, and all that sort of foolery,' said this painfully unromantic grocer. I assured him that no rendezvous had been even mentioned between us nearer than heaven, and that I had not been a party to any appointment even there.

"' What, don't you mean to try to marry her, or any foolery of that kind?' he said, quite cordially; he seemed surprised and delighted at my unexpected attitude. felt that the moment had arrived to speak up and speak plainly: 'My dear sir,' I said, 'if your daughter were the only woman on this continent, I'd cross over to another on the top of a bathing-machine rather than marry her. There; does that satisfy you?' This was rather hard on poor Ruth, but it was best to be quite straightforward with this grocer; he did not fail in that respect with me. The man danced for joy-figuratively, I mean; he did not, of course, execute a hornpipe on the sands.

"'Is it I or my blue blood that has proved so irresistibly attractive to your charming daughter?' I asked. I don't know why I thus courted the unpleasant jar which this question deserved and brought upon me; I am always taking the odds.

"'Oh, it's the aristocracy that does the trick with Ruth,' said my father-in-law-that-might-have-been, brutally; 'she was always that way; she's more than a bit gone on chivalry and Norman blood and souls and the like, you know; a trifle wrong in the head on the matter of love and so on; you ain't the first she's cottoned up with, by many.' The vulgar brute! I began to be sorry for poor Ruth; what a parent to drag through the world

with one! I determined to do the girl a good turn; I would do the honest thing by her and save her heart alive.

"'Look here, my friend,' I said, 'I'll just tell you a little secret. I'm no more a lord than you are; and you can tell Miss Ruth so, if you please!'

"The grateful grocer beamed all over with delight.

"'Upon my word, young man,' he said, 'you're a better sort than I took you for. Tell her yourself, if you will; she'll not believe it from me; she'd think I was saying it to put her off,'

"It was not altogether a pleasant undertaking; but I ended by promising to do as this grocer-man desired, and we parted with much cordiality on his part. It was, of course, in a way, painful to my feelings to observe how very pleased this person was to learn that I did not aspire to be his son-in-law. It made no difference that I had no ambition that way. His attitude in the matter was offensive; some people don't know a good son-in-law when they see one!

"Ruth's note had informed me that she would be at 'the same dear spot' at five o'clock, and I took care to be there betimes, in order to administer the coup de grâce when she arrived. She came punctually. She seized my hand, and gazed hungrily into my eyes.

"'I thought you would not fail me,' she said. 'I seem to understand you as though I had known and—and loved you all my life. Is it not wonderful—and beautiful?' she added the last two words in a softer tone as she took her seat.

"I said it certainly was wonderful; but I did not commit myself to the beauty. Then I pulled myself together, as one about to perform an unpleasant duty, and proceeded to inform her that I had been thinking things over, and had decided that it would not be right to allow her to remain under a misconception: I was not the son of a peer, as she and others supposed, but quite an ordinary commoner

like everyone else, and a very poor one at that.

"I now looked to see my fair one arise in her majesty, and crush me, and depart. To my astonishment the coup de grâce did not inflict so much as a skinwound! She looked in my eyes, and held my arm, and said:

"'Why do you tell me this, Mr. Grosvenor? What is your parentage to me? Were you duke or crossing-sweeper it were the same to me—to us; our souls have met, and greeted one another.' (Confound these souls! I thought.) 'I have recognised you, and you me,' she continued. 'We are kindred souls; I understood your soul's message to mine in your song this morning, and have treasured it.'

"Now this was impossible; for if I know my soul, it does not go in for the kind of telepathy she claimed to have caught it indulging in. I explained to her, rather clumsily, I fear, that I thought she must be mistaken, because it would hardly be right for a man 'in my position' to practise soul-communications with good-looking young ladies.

"This blow took effect. She caught her breath, and seized my arm frenziedly. "'You are not married?' she gasped. 'Oh, never tell me you are married?'

"Well, I was not married, naturally. I never am. But I had a little affair on the tapis just then—a pretty little thing down in Exeter, whom I meant to marry some day, perhaps, if she would have me; so that I felt justified in replying that I was 'next door to it.'

"Ruth seized my hand wildly in both of her own, kissed it frantically, and threw it aside. 'Good-bye, good-bye,' she wailed, 'I see it all, I understand. It is ever thus, twin-souls that may not come together; twin barks that may never speak to one another until they cast anchor for ever, side by side, in the haven where they would be; it is ever thus with those who truly love, oh, it is ever thus. Goodbye, good-bye, be brave.' sobbing wildly when she ended her speech; it was really rather touching; however, I promised to be brave, and so she left me and I never saw the poor girl again, save for one moment next morning when I caught sight of her just in the act of passing me in a cab. She was flitting, it appeared, for the vehicle was piled with luggage, and I observed that her prosaic parent sat beside her. I thought she gazed at me rather reproachfully, but no doubt there was a tremendous amount of soul in that last look into my eyes she was ever to take, until, that is, the haven; as for me, I raised my hat, but, as a last concession to the poor little thing, raised it with all the soul I could put into the She dangled one hand out of the window for a moment, and then the cab turned a corner, and my twin-soul and I were parted for ever.

"Poor little things!" concluded Lubbock, clearing his throat and smoothing his moustache as he laid his hand caressingly upon the tumbler at his elbow, "one has to be cruel to them sometimes in order to be kind; she was a good-looking girl, too."

### THE PLAY OF THE MONTH.

I .- "CINDERELLA" AT DRURY LANE.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOS BY ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, AND DRAWINGS BY PENRYN STANLEY.

THE preparations for a Drury Lane pantomime commence, as a rule, about thirteen months before its production. The initial step is the selection of the story, and out of the seventeen available for a presentation as a panto-

mime, it has been found there are four first favourites. But the favourite of all is undoubtedly Cinderella. Theresponsibility of choosing the story lies, of course, with Sir Augustus Harris, who was good enough to allow me to cross-examine him as to his plan of operations.

"Having chosen the story," he said "(you've no idea of the importance of that task), I then set to work to invent a novel opening scene. Last year it was the 'Cat Camp'; this year it's 'Toyland'; next yearit will be—well, if I tell you now it will be stale before

next Christmas, won't it? Then, after the opening scene, I decide upon the following ones, always keeping the story in my mind, of course, but always on the look out for fresh ideas, new effects, striking novelties—anything, in fact, which will make the pantomime seem better than its predecessor. As you may know, this is

no easy task, and it takes some little time.

"After the progression of scenery is all arranged, I call in the aid of the costumiers, the wig-maker, the ballet-master, and heaps of other people. They all

have their work given them quite independently of each other, and they leave me for a time and bring back the results of their labours."

"I suppose the costumiers are kept busy all the year round?"

"Yes, pretty well. Perhaps you don't know that every dress designed for the pantomime is first sketched in the exact colours in which it will be produced. At the bottom of the sketch is a list of all the materials employed in the making of the costume, so that I know exactly what every dress will look like before it



MISS ISA BOWMAN AS "CINDERELLA."

(Fro:n a Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street.)

is made. Here is an instance of what I mean."

Sir Augustus Harris, who had received me in his breakfast-room, turned to a mass of correspondence, which was being opened for his inspection by two secretaries, and unfolded a large coloured design for a sunshade.

"Now," said Sir Augustus, "you can understand what I mean. This will be



DRESS DESIGNED FOR DRURY LANE

By Comelli, and executed by Madame Dewding, Charing Cross Road.

silk, that is satin, this band round here will be worked in diamonds—and so on."

"But a good many of the dresses are your own inventions, are they not?"

"Yes, to a certain extent. For instance, I will decide upon the particular period in the style of which I will have the costumes for a certain scene executed. And I frequently have a word to say as to the combination of colourings—a thing you can't be too careful about. Sometimes the wigs chosen for a certain scene won't go with the dresses, and vice

versâ; then they've to be altered, and something else thought of—which all takes time, you know."

"Then I understand that the first thing you do in arranging the pantomime is to show everyone connected with it just what work they have to do?"

"Exactly. Everyone has his own particular work to do, and at the beginning one man is utterly in the dark as to what another of his colleagues is doing. But when they have finished I come in again and arrange. A procession may be too long, or a dance too short, or we may suddenly find that we've three dances in one scene and none in the next. All these little things want dovetailing in, and arranged so that the whole thing runs smoothly."

"But suppose, Sir Augustus, in your desire to eclipse your former triumphs, you give out work that it is impossible to perform—even the Drury Lane stage has its limits—what then?"

"That," said Sir Augustus, "is just my business. I don't ask people to do impossibilities. I know beforehand just what they can do, and that is all I ask them to do."

"And about the book; do you collaborate with the other authors?"

"No," said Sir Augustus, with a smile, "I leave that to them. One reason is that I haven't time, and another—well, I'm not a poet, you know."

On leaving Sir Augustus I went in search of Mr. Cecil Raleigh whom I found on the Drury Lane stage. Mr. Raleigh was just beginning to discover that he was being interviewed, when a stage carpenter came up and suggested that we should move a little further away, as a "piece of timber" might fall! The "piece of timber" representing in this case a beam about eighteen feet in length, we profited by the suggestion, and retired out of danger.

Mr. Raleigh likes writing books for pantomimes, and he holds strong, sensible

opinions upon his work and pantomimes as a form of amusement.

"The fact is," said Mr. Raleigh, "I'm a Socialist—a real Socialist. That is to say, I believe in the greatest happiness of the greatest number. This being so I would rather write a pantomime that will give pleasure to thousands of people for three months in the year than be the author of a psychological play calculated to run for one consecutive matinee."

" Do you find the task an easy one?"

"Oh, yes. Why, in a very little time you find yourself almost thinking in rhyme. Once you get fairly into the swing of the work and it becomes as simple as possible. I must confess that I like a good ear rhyme. Last year I was working with Hamilton, who writes beautifully. I remember on several occasions he took exception to some of my rhymes—didn't like 'pork' to rhyme with 'talk,' and so on. Well, personally, I can't see why 'pork' shouldn't be allowed to rhyme with 'talk,' though even I draw the line at 'wrong' and 'tableau vivant!'"

Mr. Raleigh begins thinking about the pantomime book soon after the production of the Drury Lane autumn drama. His plan of working is pretty much as follows. Sir Augustus, having mapped out the progression of scenery, hands the list of all the scenes in the pantomime to Mr. Raleigh, who writes the book to fit the scenes. Sir Augustus's list is a very elaborate affair, for of course no opportunity of having a fine spectacular display is allowed to slip.

"As a matter of fact," said Mr. Raleigh, "the book is not finished until almost the last minute, as it must be thoroughly up-to-date to be successful. When I come to the comic scenes I frequently work on the plan of letting the comedians do the scene 'on their own' with the stipulations, of course, that they shall not take more than a stated time over it, and that they shall finish with my lines, which are necessary to the

movement of the story. The 'business' is constantly being changed. Perhaps you remember the little scene in last year's pantomime, in which Mr. Dan Leno, Mr. Herbert Campbell, and a potato-can figured more or less prominently. That potato-can was a real one, brought straight out of the street. It had never been emptied of the cinders of its last fire; and one evening those cinders fell out and completely smothered poor Mr. Dan Leno, who was nearly choked. The audience roared—thought it was a properly rehearsed piece of business.



Need I say that at every performance after that those cinders fell out of that

potato-can and smothered Mr. Leno? That's how the comic scenes are built up."

Mr. Raleigh naturally has a very high opinion of Sir Augustus's managerial abilities. As an instance of the Napoleonic way in which Sir Augustus conducts the rehearsals of the pantomime, Mr. Raleigh told me the following story:

"A few years ago there was in one of

the pantomimes a certain procession, the total cost of which was about £3,000. At the dress rehearsal of the pantomime Sir Augustus stood, watch in hand, timing this procession. After it was over he stopped the rehearsal. 'On Boxing-Night,' he said, closing his watch, 'we shall not have this procession. You will go straight on from the preceding scene. You all understand? Now you can take off your dresses, and put them away upstairs; they'll come in useful some day.' And that £3,000 procession was never seen in that pantomime."

Mr. J. M. Glover, the musical director at Drury Lane, knows all there is to know about pantomime music. His system of working apparently consists in a long series of modern miracles. To start with, he manages to prepare the whole of the music for a Drury Lane pantomime in six weeks. The result, when finished, is contained in a large bulky volume, full music size, and about four inches thick.

When I first saw Mr. Glover he was conducting a chorus under adverse circum-

stances. He was seated at a piano at the right of the stage; in the centre the chorus mistress was ably assisting in the conductorship, and on the left-hand side a carpenter was sawing through a beam. The chorus were seated in the stalls.

"Now," said Mr. Glover, "take your time from me—one, two, three—no, no—

the time from me, please, not from the man with the saw."

Mr. Glover had much to say about pantomime music.

"The composer doesn't get much of a chance in pantomime," was his opinion, "except in the ballet music. He can spread himself there to his heart's content, subject to certain time limits. Sir Augustus knows just how long a certain ballet is to last. The music has to fit in to that time."

I saw a pleasing instance of this at one of the rehearsals. The big illuminated wheel was set in motion, and the elec-

trician was displaying all the various combinations of colours that he was able to produce. In the front of the stage about eighteen young ladies were executing a very graceful dance.

"Capital, capital," said Sir Augustus.
"But," turning to Mr. Glover, "we shall want that to be just about twice as long at night. The audience won't have seen nearly enough of the big wheel!"

Mr. Glover likes writing pantomime music, and one of his chief delights is the



HERBERT CAMPBELL AS "THE BARON."
From a Photo by Ellis; Upper Baker Street.



DAN LENO PRACTISING HIS DANCE.



MDLLE. MARGUERITE CORNILLE AS THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR.

From a Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street.

re-harmonising of popular comic songs. If a phrase has to be repeated in the panto mime Mr. Glover will give it two entirely different orchestrations.

"You may remember," he said, "that in the overture of Dick Whittington I scored 'Down the Road' three times differently. The audience didn't seem to understand it at all until we got to the third, when they were good enough to cheer. Of course it would be quite easy to use the tune twice over with the same orchestration, but I like to get as much variety into the work as possible. There is a vast difference between the amount of music required now for a pantomime than that used only a few years ago. I can remember when you could carry all the music —that is, all the band parts—about with you easily. Last year when we finished and the band parts were taken over to Covent Garden to be placed in the library there, a handcart was necessary to take them across the road."

Coming away from Mr. Glover I came across several children who had been rehearsing during the afternoon.

"And how do you like pantomimes?" I asked.

"Oh, I love 'em," answered a pretty little fair-haired girl, about twelve years old. "I've just had three teas!"

And then these children confided in me and told me all about their ambitions and their opinions of the present-day drama. They were all devoted to their work, and deeply regretted that pantomimes couldn't go on all the year round.

"Last year," said my informant, "Sir Augustus gave me a gold brooch after the show was over?"



From a Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street

- "Why was that?" I asked.
- "For being a good girl."
- "And what line are you going to take when you grow up?"

"I'm going to be like Miss ----'

(mentioning a well-known actress), "and play big parts!"

Sir Augustus himself will find it extremely difficult another year to select a better all-round caste than that playing in this year's pantomime

Miss Isa Bowman makes an ideal "Cinderella"; but perhaps the most wonderful feature of her performance is that she took up the part at a week's notice.

"Yes, it was rather a rush," she said; "but you never know what you can do till you try. Of course I had looked at the part before, but I did not know until a week previous to Boxing - Night that I was to be 'Cinderella.'"

my songs, and that took place about six o'clock on Boxing-Night. I sang it in the pantomime soon after ten. Yes, I was very nervous about it."

"And about your past experiences?"



MISS ISA BOWMAN AND MISS ADA BLANCHE AS "CINDERELLA" AND "THE PRINCE,"

From a Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street.

"I suppose that you can gain very little idea of the part from just reading it?"

"You are right. The mere reading apart from a rehearsal isn't very much use. Why, I only had one rehearsal for one of

"I've been on the stage ever since I can remember almost. I was playing 'leading lady' at the age of fourteen. That was in America. I am passionately fond of Shakespeare; it was in one of his plays that I made my first appearance."

"You have some lovely dresses to wear in the pantomime."

"Yes, they are gorgeous, aren't they? The two best cost at least three hundred guineas; the trimming alone on one of them came to a hundred pounds, and it took nearly a year to make; in fact it was only finished just in time for Boxing Night."

I afterwards met the "Baron and Baroness" (Mr. Herbert Campbell and

Mr. Dan Leno). They took me to their dressing-room, and chatted while they put a few finishing touches to their make-up.

"You like pantomimes, Mr. Campbell?" I asked.

"Oh, yes — nice change after the halls, especially as we all know each other well here."

"Yes," said Mr. Dan Leno. "we're quite a happy family. We all pull one way. Each of us knows what the rest can do, and it's a case of give and take at almost every performance."

"You change your 'business' pretty constantly?"

"Yes, we make it a rule," said Mr. Campbell, "always to wait for each other on the stage. Of course we have to work round to our cues in the end, but if I see that Mr. Leno here has something fresh, I let him have his own way till he's finished. He does the same to me, and that's how we get on."

"Don't you find the two shows a day somewhat monotonous?"

"No; but we couldn't do it-at least

I'll answer for myself—if we had to play to the same audience every time. Having an entirely fresh audience at each performance makes all the difference—brightens you up and sets you going."

I complimented Mr. Leno upon his remarkable get-up.

"I didn't design the dresses, but the rest is more or less my idea. The wig is good, isn't it? A few years ago almost anything would pass as a lady's wig, but

nowadays they want everything true to nature."

"Isn't it true that on first nights of pantomimes you have occasionally been asked to go on and be funny for ten minutes—just to make things run smoothly?"

"I have done it," replied Mr. Leno, modestly; "but my friend here has done it for half-an-hour!"

"How did you like it? and how on earth do you manage to do it?" I asked, turning to Mr. Campbell.

"Oh," he said cheerily, "it -er—it comes to you."

"But at such

times haven't you any idea of what you are going to say before you go on?"

"No," replied Mr. Campbell; "but you know what has preceded you on the stage, and what is coming on afterwards, and you play up to that more or less. It isn't very hard when you have a good 'warm' audience to take you up. You can't do it without that."

"And what do you think of the drama



AT REHEARSAL.



of the present day?" I asked, turning to Mr. Leno.

"I think it's all right. I like serious plays—problem plays—call them what

you like, and I can cry with the best of 'em. I always go to one whenever I get an evening offwhich isn't often. I went to one the other night -a lovely play. There was a most affecting situation, and I had to sob quietly over itcouldn't helpmyself. I couldn't hear a word of the dialoguesuppose if I had I should have cried out loud."

One of the "hits" in the pantomime is made by Miss Marguerite Cornille, who plays the part of a French ambassador. Miss Cornille has the advantage of being half Scotch and half French.

"How do you like an English audience?"

"They are better than the French in one way—they don't hiss you. In France,



MR. DAN LENO AS "THE BARONESS."
From a Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street.

"I haven't very much to tell you," she said, "because this is my first pantomime, and practically my first engagement—you see I'm only fourteen."

"But you had some experience?"

"Well, I originally intended to take up singing as a profession, and was trained with that end in view. Yes, I have sung at many concerts, and a good deal at 'At Homes.'" you know, if a vocalist is the least little bit out of tune, she is hissed most mercilessly. I have seen a very celebrated singer—I mustn't mention names—who was treated dreadfully in this way. She fainted, but came on afterwards and sang beautifully, when she had a splendid reception."

Miss Ada Blanche is suited exactly when playing "The Prince." I asked her

if she did not find the constant work a severe strain on her voice.

"Oh no," she answered, cheerily, "I'm a trifle hoarse to-night—you don't notice it?—I do though—but that's due to a little cold—I shall be all right to-morrow. No, I don't find the work much of a strain—you get quite used to it. This year I've several big changes in dress to make, and they take a lot of time to do well, but the work on the stage isn't at all wearying."

No pantomime would be complete without a demon, and this year the part is appropriately taken by Miss Lilie Comyns. Miss Comyns told me that it was the first time she had ever played a boy's part, from which it may be inferred that a stage demon is always masculine.

"How do you like coming up through a trap?" I asked.

"I was nervous at first," she answered, "but I got used to it very soon. "I told Sir Augustus at the rehearsals that I was very nervous about it, and he asked me to come up the trap three times. I did so at once, and my nervousness disappeared. Of course I'm not shot up—I'm sent quite slowly and comfortably."

"Don't you find some little difficulty in getting your cue?"

"It's passed from the prompter to the men under the stage. I get two cues—one as a sort of warning."

Miss Lily Harold, who plays the Queen of the Fairies, had a word to say on pantomimes from the artiste's point of view.

"Atamusic hall you have the entire stage to yourself. The impression you produce in the audience is due to you and you alone. In a pantomime the case is altered. You are a unit—more or less—and to a certain extent you have to sink yourself. It doesn't do to forget that spectacle is largely responsible for the success of a pantomime; of course at Drury Lane we are magnificently provided for in that respect. I don't believe there is another

theatre in the world which is managed better than this is, and I am sure that the change of work from the halls to pantomime is good for one."

When a character in a pantomime is labelled simply "Dandini," an explanation of the author's meaning is hardly necessary. "Dandini" is played by Miss Alexandra Dagmar, to whom Nature has been kind in many ways. She has a magnificent stage presence, although her voice alone would be quite enough to ensure for her a big success.

"It was my original intention," said Miss Dagmar, "to go in for light opera. I'm passionately fond of singing; in fact I'm studying hard now and am always taking lessons."

"In addition to playing two performances a day?"

"Yes, I find that the more I practise the easier my work here becomes. I think singing must be very healthy work. I've only had about a fortnight's holiday in three years."

One of the principal sights in this year's pantomime is Cinderella's car. This was especially constructed by Messrs. Windover, the celebrated carriage builders, and ornamented by Messrs. Jackson, of Rathbone Place, the work being carried out in carton pierre, papier maché, and gold leaf. The electrical motor-power is stored in the floor of the car.

The Grigolati Aerial Troupe are unique in their way. Their appearance as they fly about in mid-air has probably caused many arguments as to "how it is done." It would be unfair to disclose their whole secret. Of course everyone knows that we poor humans cannot wander about twenty feet from the earth without support of some sort, but it may interest those who have seen the pantomime to know that when watching the Grigolati Troupe—and nothing and nobody but the Troupe—from the wings, the illusion is just as complete as it is from the "front."

### THE ACTING MANAGER.

BY GEORGE P. HAWTREY.

THE theatre was taken, and the company each day
Were steadily rehearsing my extremely clever play:
And I found an Acting Manager, a treasure, so to speak,
And engaged him at a salary of five pounds a week.

At five pounds a week! At five pounds a week! His services were very cheap At five pounds a week!

The piece was bright and witty, and it proved a great success; And my Manager was there each night in faultless evening dress. His energy was wonderful; his tact was quite unique, And all the while his salary was five pounds a week.

At five pounds a week!
At five pounds a week!
I wonder that he cared to stay
At five pounds a week!

His wife was young and pretty; she was his wife, no doubt; And she drove a pair of ponies in a very smart turn-out. Her diamonds were beautiful; her dress distinctly chic; And his salary was never more than five pounds a week.

On five pounds a week; On five pounds a week; He managed very cleverly On five pounds a week.

The piece did fairly well, and yet my capital ran short, And I was somehow forced to go a bankrupt through the court; They called my Acting Manager, he looked extremely meek, And he told them that his salary was five pounds a week.

Only five pounds a week!
Only five pounds a week!
They said I should have paid him more
Than five pounds a week,

I'm ruined, but my Manager's a wealthy man, I know, For the theatre he's taken, and is going to run the show. But I think my turn is coming, and it isn't far to seek, He's engaged me as his Manager at five pounds a week.

On five pounds a week;
On five pounds a week;
I'm going to see what I can do
On five pounds a week,

# THE REAL AND THE IDEAL. SKATING. BY DUDLEY HARDY.



THE IDEAL

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# THE REAL AND THE IDEAL. SKATING. BY DUDLEY HARDY.



THE REAL.

#### ALL IN THE FAMILY. DRAWN BY CHAS. PEARS.



Sis. (to brother).—Oh, Will, you are an idiot.

### Well, when a fellow's born so, what can you expect!



BENJING

THE CALL TO ARMS. DRAWN BY B. E. MINNS



## THE MAN IN LOVE.

IS HE RIDICULOUS OR SUBLIME IN THE EYES OF THE LOVED ONE?

BY MISS EVELYN SHARP, MRS. LEIGHTON, MISS NORA VYNNE, MISS HELEN MATHERS, MISS BULAU, A. N. STAINER, MRS. ROY DEVERIUX, AND MRS. LYNN LINTON.

Miss Evelyn Sharp says it depends upon the woman's sense of humour. It depends on the woman's sense of humour. In fact, no woman with a sense of hun;our should ex-

pect a man to make love to her at all; it puts him at a disadvantage to begin with. On the other hand, it is doubtful whether any man would continue to make love to any woman if he once caught a glimpse of himself in the looking glass. For there is a point in the love-making of man when his



egoism threatens to swamp his emotions, and it takes a very clever man to get out of the predicament without making himself look absurd. But then it takes a very clever man to make love at all, for making love is only a game of superficialities, and very few men know how to be superficial in a convincing manner. Again, a stupid man never knows how to frivol, he can only be flippant; and to be able to frivol seriously is as necessary to love-making as to be serious superficially. The ancients were very smart when they made their Cupid a child, something that is to be toyed with, and capriciously indulged, and sent back to the nursery when anything important has to be done. Yet there are some women who complain of this artistic finish in their lovers; for, they say, it argues a wide range of former experience. What then? If love-making is to be an art at all, we can hardly grudge the artist his apprenticeship. Besides, if he has the least claim to be called an expert, he can always make us believe that we are going to be the last, the very last, of a very long line.

"But then, I have never met a woman like you," he always says. (Beginning of conversation—as usual.)

"No?" we say, with a flutter of sympathy. Poor fellow! Of course, he has never been understood.

"If I had met you years ago, it might have been very different. I have a great many women friends—I owe everything to my women friends—of course, I should not say this to everyone, but I felt I could tell you directly I saw you. Isn't that strange?"

At this our vanity is aroused as well as our sympathy.

"So glad you did," we murmur.

"That is so sweet of you. I knew I was not mistaken. And, do you know—but perhaps I ought not to tell you."

"Oh, please, do!" we say, and our cariosity goes to help him as well."

"I was only thinking how odd it is that the feeling I have for you is quite unlike any feeling I have ever," etc., etc. (End of conversation—as usual.)

There are still some of us, however, who do not appreciate the subtle weapons of the expert, but prefer the untutored lover, the boy who is still in his Sturm und Drang period and wants to persuade us that we are both the first and the last woman of his choice, which is too much to expect of any one woman, if he did but know it.

"Of course, you only jeer at me; it is so easy to jeer," he says, in a dignified manner. The youthful lover always thinks he has got to be dignified, but he finds it difficult to keep it up for long owing to the limited nature of his vocabulary.

"It may sound all tommy, but it just isn't," he generally goes on.

"It's so cheap to pretend you don't care. You know you do, all the same. Oh, hang it, you know I didn't mean that. I know I'm a bally idiot to suppose for a moment that you could care for me. But what

you can see in a played-out poet-chap like young Wilson is what beats me hollow. Yes, you did; I saw you! Did me out of my dance, the little bounder! A man who can sport a tie like his, too!"

After a few more personal allusions, he grows dignified again.

"Of course, you know that it is all over between us. I don't expect you to be sorry or to care a twopenny hang. Oh, no, I don't.



Some day, perhaps, you'll be sorry for a chap when I've shot myself or something. Oh, yes, I shall—what? Don't care if you do, I've heard that before. Some day, you'll wish you hadn't chucked away—I say, rats! don't be so forward. Can't you hear somebody coming, and my collar—what? you didn't? And he didn't?—Chuck it, tell you I shall, so if you don't like it, you'll have to do the other thing—I don't care if there are fifty brothers coming—of course, you know I never have and never shall like

another," etc., etc.

It might be said that all this is begging the question. But the truth is that no man would risk being sublime under any circumstances, least of all when there is a woman present who is liable to make him forget his part at any moment. And he is only ridiculous when he takes himself seriously over his love-making, which is a fatal thing to do, for it makes the woman look ridiculous, and that of course is a far greater blunder than merely making himself look ridiculous. And it should be added that all this, and much more, may be said of a woman's lovers—when the woman is not in love. But when she is—well, she doesn't know anything about him.

Mrs. Leighton thinks it depends upon the individual man. It depends mainly upon the individual man; and

partly also upon the individual woman. Some general rules may be laid down, however, which will

lead to conclusions of fairly general application.

Love, being essentially sublime, has nothing of the ridiculous in itself. It can, therefore, only be made ridiculous by the unworthiness of the medium through which it speaks. The average man, considered spiritually, is degenerate in these later days; he displays a plentiful lack of imagination, of poetry, of grandeur of soul—of all those qualities, in fact, which are necessary to fit the human creature to be a vessel for the reception of love. He may be



over-practical, over-commercial, wholly weak, conventional, selfish,

and vain; and then, when he is called upon to receive and to transmit some few sparks of that marvellous fire whose full glow only heroes can fitly feel, is it any wonder that his aspect becomes grotesque under the trying ordeal?

Love is a search-light. It penetrates the inmost recesses of a man's nature, and shows up his weaknesses as relentlessly as the uncompromising light of a dressmaker's showroom reveals the defects in a woman's gown. Like certain physical ailments, it finds out uneringly all the imperfect parts in the human organisation. It taxes a man to the utmost, bringing out alike the best and the worst qualities that are in him, so that his heights and his depths, his capacities and his incompetencies, can be measured. So much is this the case that the most that education can do for a man is to make him a perfect lover. The majority of men can be moulded into fairly good lawyers, doctors, engineers, politicians, authors; but the man who excels as a lover needs more than these. He must have a touch of native greatness in him.

There is always a tendency on the part of the foolish to laugh at what they cannot comprehend. As a natural result of this tendency, love—the pure, strong, knightly love of other days—has fallen into some disrepute of late. Peop'e will not strive after abstract things. They weigh love in the scale against gold, and they find love wanting. So, when they see a poor fellow coming along who is well-nigh overwhelmed by the inrush of a passion that is too strong for his imperfect development to cope with, they make him a butt for their ridicule. He neglects his business; he has become a watcher of windows, indifferent to cold or wet, to poverty or hunger; he sees visions which they cannot see, hears in the air songs which they cannot hear, is possessed by a spirit which is divine—and yet is so bewildered by his joy that he stutters when he speaks to his loved one, and behaves himself before her with an awkwardness which only the effects of a sunstroke or an over-indulgence in strong liquors could otherwise explain. The contempt felt by small souls for these outward manifestations of love becomes fashionable, so that even the loved woman, if she be of a commonplace type, may see the ludicrous side of her lover's condition rather than the poetic side. But, unworthy though the lover may be to become the vehicle of love, sincerity can still save him. Let him but be sincere, and mingle fervour with his timidity, and no woman who is at all worthy of the name of woman will see in his most stumbling words and his most awkward posturings anything but sublime eloquence and earnest grace.

And if this be so with the imperfect lover, how can it be otherwise

with the perfect lover? Love is, when all is summed up, the greatest thing in the world. I am not alluding here to love in general, but to love between man and woman in particular. It is the flower of life, the "blood within the veins of Time." And so, when love strikes into the spirit of the most perfect man and he becomes the perfect lover, how can there be anything other than sublimity about himself, his speech, or his manners? A man is only properly a man when he becomes a lover; loverhood is, according to the simple natural law, the end he was born for, the crown of his development. It is a crown within the reach of the humblest, and yet at the same time to be coveted by the highest. And, even in these practical times, there lives not the woman, however hard of heart she may be, however advanced and antagonistic in feeling towards her "natural oppressors," who will not admire and honour the perfect lover when he is in love with herself.

Miss Nora Vynne wants to talk about something else.

When *The Idler* Editor asks me a question he always chooses a question which just misses being the one I would like to answer. Why did he not ask whether the man in love is sublime or ridiculous in

the eyes of the woman he doesn't love? We could all talk fluently about that. But as to the question he has asked—how in the name of reason is an unmarried person to answer that? Of course one can ask one's friends—I have been asking all my married and engaged



friends diligently for the last fortnight—"Please tell me—I want to write paragraphs about it—was Tom, or Eustace—or Dick, or Theodore sublime—or ridiculous in your eyes when he was it love with you?" But all I discovered was that given fine weather—and immunity from blocks on the 'bus routes—I could make about cleven enemies a day.

Of course one can draw on one's imagination. and that possibly is all that can be expected from a story writer. I like men, I have never pretended otherwise. I like ever so many of them—all perhaps—who have not theories or quarrel-

some beards—or fur overcoats, or initating characteristics of that kind, but I don't think one ever seemed exactly "sublime" to me in any circumstances, unless it was the policeman at a crossing—and he only in virtue of his office; besides, it is difficult to imagine him in love at all.

On the other hand, ridiculous is much too hard a word, amusing if you like. Men are often rather amusing, and we like them none the less for it. A man in love might be adorably amusing; one would respect him immensely for it.

Most people to whom I have put The Idler's question by way of experiment, have answered promptly, "It entirely depends on the man." I should say, rather, that it depends entirely on the woman. Obviously, if she is in love, too, she is too busy being ridiculous herself to notice whether the man is so or not. But even if she is not in love, I should fancy that the average woman would find something so sane and natural in a man's being in love with her that ridiculous would be the very last criticism likely to occur to her in connection with his condition. She would respect him though she might be sorry for him-I should think she would be sorry. It is pathetic when people want a good thing and can't have it. I can imagine girls -nice, kind, serious girls-being very much sorrier for a refused man than he was for himself. When one comes to think of it, a nice woman is always a little in love with every man who loves her. If a woman finds a man in love with her ridiculous, she is probably not a nice woman, but a "Cat"; which is not, as certain of the less attractive a nong men are so touchingly eager to believe, an expression meaning someone more attractive than the user of it, but the true feminine of Cad.

Of course, a woman who did not love a man, and did not intend to, but for her own amusement, for the pleasure of distressing another woman—that is to say, a "Cat,"—tricked and cajoled a man into loving her, would, when she succeeded, find him supremely ridiculous. Contemptible people are so very ready with their ridicule. It is a curious thing when you come to think of it, no one ever yet feared the ridicule of a loveworthy person—(don't let anyone change that adjective, please; it's good English—Sir Philip Sidney's)—whereas we all go about more or less in terror of the ridicule of fools. But this is a digression.

To go back to the only woman in whose eyes the man who loved her would be likely to appear rid culous—the "Cat," who for mean reasons, and by mean ways, has made a man love her. She has rarely brains enough to see that she could only succeed in making the man believe in her, because he is too well-bred to believe readily that a lady is lying to him. This is, of course, supposing that he really does believe in her, and has not only appeared to believe because she seemed to expect it, and the matter did not seem worth enquiry. But in either case she probably thinks herself very clever, and the man an idiot. The more be loves her, the more he will appear ridiculous. And after all there will be a curious unconscious luck in her judgment.

It is rather ridiculous that anyone who finds love ridiculous should be loved, so we arrive at the answer that a man is only ridiculous in the eyes of the woman he loves when he deserves to be so.

. . . . .

Miss Helen Mathers attributes the woman's view to the man's motive for loving.

•

The quality of the woman with whom the man is in love has a great deal to say to this. If she be remarkable for physical beauty, and yet possessed of a brain which speedily informs her that she is chosen by the law of natural selection, and by no means for

the best that is in her, she will feel a contempt for the man, his motive in loving her being utterly selfish, and no honour done to herself. But if he has seen beyond her mere good looks, finding the indestructible something that is lovely to him for all its faults, then that man is sublime in the eyes of that woman, for she knows that he will bear with her, and be gentle with her, long after the sparkle and bloom of youth is gone.

A man is sublime in the eyes of the woman he loves when he is loyal, unselfish, tender to her virtues, but firm to check her faults, and so save her from the derision of the world. It is ridiculous when, for mere peace sake, he allows her to go her own misguided way, when he is weak as water under the influence of her temper, or her charms, and can be persuaded by her wild acts what his common-sense condemns and his manliness emphatically forbids.

The greedy, passionate, jealous lover is a spectacle not to be matched for degradation among the lowest of those clean brutes who so constantly assert their superiority over reason-illumined man; but the tried, steadfast, love-esteem of the strong man who has fought and conquered himself, is a crown of glory to the woman who has been the torch to set light to all the reserves of devotion and self-sacrifice hidden in his breast. The mere attraction of like to like, of similarity of tastes, of pursuits, of temperaments, cannot be called love, though they deliberately bring about three-fourths of the unhappy marriages into which the attracted ones heedlessly rush. No love, or so-called love, can be accounted worthy the name that does not elevate and make happier (in the true sense of happiness) what it loves, or leave the richer, not the poorer, the heart of life upon which its flood-tide has And it is just by its lasting effects upon our own characters, our own fulness of joy or misery in this life, that we are able to determine whether the man whose love we choose for our staff is ridiculous or sublime in our eyes, oftener than not he is a little of both (so inextricably is the comedy and tragedy of life co-mingled); but if the sublime predominate, though never so little, then he has not disappointed us, and we may rest in the assurance (more important still) that we have not disappointed him.

From my own experience, I should say it depends partly on whether the character of the lover is strong Miss Bulau conor weak, and partly on whether the love is or is not should be dignified. reciprocated. If it is, sentimental extravagances on

siders that men

the man's part are often grateful to the loved one, as evidence of the depth of his passion, for women judge ever by trifles; if not, he, unless a naturally dignified nature, usually makes himself ridiculous.

However, it depends more, I fancy, on the man himself. One man I know of an eminently practical nature, is yet so wrapped up in his fiancée, when she is in town, that he has no time to consider others dependent upon him, and so eager for her letters in her absence that if one day more than the allotted time passes, the whole household knows



it by the consequent ill-temper and bad language, and becomes as anxious as himself for the rat tat of the postman. Another instance of the ridiculous type was B--, who used to make me horribly uncomfortable by staring at me with a mute appeal in his big eyes. With a certain contempt I waited for him to apologise when I had been in the wrong, and amused myself by making him jealous-a temptation

few women can resist.

But, on the other side, there was W---; W---, who could never be otherwise than dignified when in love-proud, but not cold, disdaining to sue abjectly for what was not freely given, and always putting his duty first, which, though it piqued me, made me admire him all the more. He certainly belonged to the "sublime" division.

Men should remember that we expect of them—the stern, selfcontrolled, unemotional sex - a certain pride and dignity which must prevent them from making themselves ridiculous: manly, honest love, not ashamed to face the world if necessary, but usually unobtrusive, and free from all mawkish sentimentality, is a woman's ideal.

Unfortunately, too many men, forgetting, or failing to realise, that capability for deep and true love is the crowning virtue of a strong and nobie nature, and haunted by a morbid fear of being thought mollycoddles, force themselves to be indifferent and undemonstrative to a degree which often leads to misunderstanding. We women attach an undue importance to the veriest trifles; if he forgets to wear the flowers we gave, or is late for the rendezvous, or a little pre-occupied with his own worries, we begin at once to doubt and to fret, whereas any apparent neglect on the man's part is in reality quite unintentional. From his standpoint these little things are not worth considering.

On the whole, there is no denying that the man in love, and especially the Englishman in love, presents many vulnerable points to



a woman's keen sense of the ridiculous! How boyishly he will attempt to make us jealous, and how easily (since it flatters his vanity) he believes that he has succeeded, and generously reassures us of his undying affection; how he talks of his little troubles and triumphs, satisfied if we look eloquently sympathetic, though we are probably thinking of what dress to wear to-morrow; what an indifferent manner he will some-

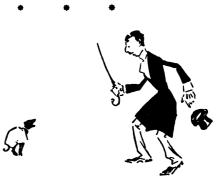
times assume, and when we, remembering that "two can play at that game," act accordingly, how soon he warms! Above all, what influence he thinks he has over us; how certain he is that he knows every phase of our easily read, womanish character, and—how terribly unobservant he really is!

Apropos of this question, my friend Désirée wrote me the other day:—"The married life of most of the women I know seems to be a deliberate management of their husbands, and I really believe that nearly all married women have, buried deep down somewhere, a tiny morsel of contempt for the unwieldy male creature, who is yet indispensable to them. After all, bless them, the darlings, what in the world should we do without them?"

A. N. Stainer declares the whole question belongs to the realm of illusion. Surely it depends very little on the lover,

but almost entirely on the loved one, being a matter not of fact but of opinion.

If the object of the man's love returns that love in a sufficient degree he may



be as ridiculous as he pleases (or rather as it has pleased the Fates) but

she will never think him other than sublime. He may trip over the mat on entering the room, he may sit down where no chair is, he may suffer visibly and audibly from a cold in the head, he may go about with a cake-crumb on his moustache, he may ride nervously, he may be attacked by a lap-dog, and not like it, he may wear a limp collar at their first dance, he may come down backwards on a slide, his hat may blow off, and to her he will always be sublime. But if, on the other hand, she does not return his ardent feelings, the ridiculous will meet him at every turn. In his looks, in his efforts to be near her, in his sighs, in every symptom of his condition she will see only humour, and no pathos. At the zenith of his declaration, even, she will have trouble in pitying him!

Since the whole question belongs to the realm of illusion, and stands right outside the radius of argument, of reason, of classification, who shall speak wisdom thereon? True, it is an illusion, which constitutes seven-eighths of life and eight-eighths of fiction, but still an illusion.

Wherefore I hand it over to the 'ologists with my best wishes.

This problem, like all those which are propounded with the object of gauging the alloys of love, admits only of a tentative solution. "Il y a des degrés," as Alexandre Dumas said to the judge, when he accused

Mrs. Roy Devereux will only admit of a tentative solution.

him of being a dramatist. The man in love doubtless reaches



divers degrees both of the sublime and the ludicrous, but the impression which his personality and pretensions make upon the mind of the woman he loves depends more upon her than upon himself. If she loves him, nothing can make him ridiculous in her eyes, were he of all men the most contemptible. The mere fact of her devotion transfigures him in her enchanted sight, even though she realises that his nature is in no way changed thereby—that its vices, its faults, its frailties remain. Love—that is, modern

love—is not blind, but very short-sighted. It detects the outlines of character, the vivid colouring of heart and mind, the nobilities, and the infamies. But the woman is yet to be born, who, loving with fervour and sincerity, sees her lover entirely as he is, of fine shades, trivial vanities, and petty prejudices all compact. For these are the things that quench love utterly so that it is never quite so dead as when it is slain by ridicule.

Many illusions are abroad concerning love, cherished by amateurs

in the art. There are women who must always be justified of love to their own souls, who regard it rather as a logical conclusion following



on heroic premises than as a spontaneous impulse. Let they who have loved much and forgiven much, know that it is begotten on a day of small things. Tolstoi says somewhere that more love has been slain by a badly-fitting dress than by the basest treachery, and in principle he is right. A great passion is a feast of divine unreason that has neither cause nor justification. Then women, like children, have a

rooted antipathy to that which is good for them. They love as they list, not as they ought, with a bias in favour of Lancelot rather than Arthur. Thus as their affection is born of trifles, not of virtues—of a tone or an expression, of a superficial charm or amiability—so also does it die. One might adore a murderer or a fanatic, other things being equal, but scarcely a man who lost control of his aspirates or who wore ready-made ties. A criminal may after all be sublime, but a vulgarian can never fail to be ridiculous, and from the woman's point of view the man who incurs ridicule is lost.

Time was when a lack of humour was attributed to the feminine sex at large. It may have been true of our grandmothers—which is doubtful-but only a brave man would urge the soft impeachment against the present generation. The tragedy of a modern woman's life lies in her inordinate sense of the ridiculous. The fruit of the tree of knowledge has taught her all the lanes and by-ways of human frailty, while her larger experience has endowed her with a critical faculty which neither slumbers nor sleeps. In childhood's day we cut open our dolls to see what makes them say "Mamma," so in maiden meditation we dissect the souls of the men who entreat us to see what makes them say "I love you." And if what we are pleased to call our heart does not plead their cause, the image of each which projects itself on to the lens of our sensibility is apt to fall somewhat short of sublimity. In the absence of anything like a sympathetic attraction it is quite often acutely ridiculous. A man is not dispassionately speaking at his best when he is under the influence of intense affection. He is like an actor who feels his part too keenly to play it well. The greater the emotion the more difficult is the expression of it, for only sentiment is distinguished by a fine choice of adjectives. But in the duel of sex the game is always to the

combatant who has staked nothing, and if that one is the woman, a long laugh and a short shrift may await him. And his epitaph: "He was weighed in the balance and found—ridiculous."

At the end of ends, however, we pay the price. Is thy servant a dog that she should do this thing and not regret it? Dr. Syntax himself was never so ardent in the pursuit of the picturesque as we are in our search after the sublime. Men may come and men may go, but we go on for ever looking for the ideal lover who will have the wit to say what the others leave unsaid, and the courage to do what the rest don't dare, and so save our love alive. As it is they are the same, yesterday, to-day, and for ever-ridiculously the same with all the sublimity still to seek. Yet there was once a fabled princess who vowed her hand and heart to whichever of her suitors should bring her the North Star. And behold many adventured forth, but returned empty. Whereupon the little princess laughed greatly. At length there came a knight who brought to her feet her heart's desire. But as she looked upon the North Star she saw that her beauty paled and waned within the circle of its brilliance. Whereafter she laughed no more, nor rewarded the knight. Which things are an allegory.

Not to every man is it given to make love with grace, dignity, and tenderness combined; nor is intensity of feeling a warranty for nobility of expression. Where can you find nobility of expression in the clumsy puerilities of a solid citizen, irresistibly

Mrs. Lynn Linton warns man that in any case he will not do ill to look to his ways.



recalling the fable of the lapdog and the jackass?—those clumsy puerilities which received their immortal impersonation in Dr. Johnson's methods of love-making to his Tetty? How can you give ecstatic response to a man whose moist, pale eyes are matched by his moist, pale lips, and both together make his declaration physically ridiculous and morally unlovely? When a man goes into theatrical excesses and "carries on" while

kneeling at your feet—weil! the getting up again is a prosaic kind of action which knocks the bottom out of the romance of the feeling. When he cries he has to use his handkerchief all the same as if he had a cold. When he lets himself "go," and hugs you close, he forgets the strength of his grip, and bruises your ribs, perhaps stifles you till you cannot breathe. When he is nervous he stammers, and looks like a fool, poor dear!—and when he is over-confident he is "cocky"

and has to be taken down in his own esteem, sure as he is to rub the wrong way all that the woman has of delicacy, pride, and the pleasure to be found in yielding to entreaty, with the corresponding displeasure of being treated as one who will fall at a touch, like an over-ripe plum in the orchard. No! just as the suitors could not bend the bow of Ulysses, so are there very few men who can make love nobly, poetically, gracefully; and the less experienced, and therefore the more sincere the wooer, the less likely is he to do the thing well, and the more chance there is that he becomes the subject of ridicule, if not of revulsion to the woman he would perhaps give half his fortune to win.

Things are different when she loves of her own accord. Orson shows as Valentine, and the jackass is as engaging as the lapdog. She brushes aside, as mere cobwebs over the rose-bush, all the little physical disabilities we have mentioned; and, like two drops of quicksilver running together, she meets his advances half-way and saves him the remainder. She sees through the envelope into his heart beneath and within, and she cares for the love rather than for the manner of its expression-for the feeling which animates rather than for the word which details. But, to be sure, love on the women's side is rather at a discount in these later days, when sundry of their sour-hearted sisters teach them that love is vile bondage to the men who all are essentially bullies and tyrants—while little children are the sign of a woman's lowest depth of degradation, and to be regarded with horror rather than delight. Still, the faithful remnant always exists, however far lost from the paths of truth and righteousness may be the majority; and some of our younger women do still love as their mothers and grandmothers before them, and hold their place in an honest man's heart as the most beautiful throne they can possess. To them, then, the manner of a man's wooing is either all-important, or not of the smallest account—according as they do not love already and have to be sought and entreated—or as they do love already, and want only the word of confession to make that love sweet and holy and honourable. But in any case a man would not do ill to have regard to his ways; for just as a jeweller can spoil a golden casket by bad workmanship, so can he ruin his chances and spoil his cause by clumsiness, precipitancy, over-nervousness, or over-confidence.



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### WOMEN OF THE BIBLE.

II.-RUTH.

BY A. J. GOODMAN.

And Ruth said, "Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."—RUTH, Chapter I., 16.

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## VENDETTA MARINA.

BY CLARK RUSSELL.

ILLUSTRATED BY T. WALTER WILSON, R.I.



MAGES of the past grow pale in the memory of the old, but the aged skipper gave me at least one recollection

of colours distinguishably bright enough to detain the attention. He sat beside me on a Thames hillside far below bridges. The river was a wide and spreading breast of water hereabouts, streaming in a long blue reach under the pure summer sky. All that passed was within easy view, to the trembling silver of the reflected sails, to the gleam of a gilt dogvane over the rippling folds of a house flag, to the figure of a seaman jockeying a flying jibboom end, to the burning sun-spark in the bright brass binnacle hood.

Whilst we sat talking—'tis years since a tall hulk came towing into sight. thought it was the hull of a frigate. aged companion stared eagerly through his glasses. When broadside on, the hull showed as a noble old relic; the sparkling bravery of her day still lingered, but dimly, in the gilded mouldings and carvings round about her quarter-galleries and stern. Her figure-head was a milkwhite angel with lifted arm in a posture of triumphant bugling; but the trumpet was gone! Time had robbed the old sheer hulk of that power and poetry of silent music. Her hawse-holes had a look of human nostrils, large with disdain. It was clear she was being towed down river for some ignoble purpose - to be made a coal hulk of, perhaps, or her destination might have been the echoing yard of the marine knacker, and she clearly knew it and felt it. For ships are intelligences though they may not be launched with immortal souls. and it is true of them, as the Finns do swear, that they converse as they lay side by side in dock when the darkness falls and the ship-keeper snores with drink, but in language you must be a Finn to understand.

"There goes an old frigate," said I.

"Not she!" cried my venerable companion, in the raised and broken tones of time, and breathing short with a sudden agitation of memory. "That's the old Ramillies. Don't I know her?" Here he seemed to breathe shorter yet, and to stare with more devouring spectacles. "She's fifteen hundred ton. I commanded her in 1856. To think of it, ha! That she should be passing yonder under my very nose."

He favoured me with many reflections upon the passage of years and the changes which happen in a man's life: I have no room for them in these pages: meanwhile I watched the hull as she towed slowly by, and now quite clearly saw that she was a merchantman of the old East Indiaman type; she might have been a sistership to the Blenheim or the Alfred; she had large open ports, like gun-ports, and a row of big cabin windows along the line of her poop deck. Her faint gilt-work glanced as her square handsome stern floated round the bend of the shore and disappeared. And still the old man by my side moralised on life, occasionally pulling out a great silver watch and looking upon it, as though the power of realising time had suddenly left him.

Somewhat later, whilst we still sat together, he told me the story—a queer, tragical memory of an emigrant ship. He shall relate it himself, and I'll help him as he goes along.

"It was in September, 1856, that I sailed from the Thames in the Ramillies, the poor sorrowful old hull that's just gone past: bu in those days what was she? Nothing more queenly ever lifted a truck



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"THAT'S THE OLD RAMILLIES."

to the stars. Ay, and she was an old ship even then. In that year I'm telling you of, she was owned by a small firm in Billiter Street. When she came out of dry dock she looked a brand new vessel, gilded afresh, repainted, her sheathing new. We hauled out on a Monday, and every mother's son of the people I was in charge of was aboard; one hundred 'tween-deck passengers, a number in the steerage, forty in the cuddy, and a large

ship's company, making in all two hundred and ten souls. We were bound to Adelaide, South Australia. We were mostly Britons. I guessed by the accents I caught that every county was represented in the 'tween-decks; there was plenty of Scotland going too, both in the steerage and in the saloon; nor was Ireland a-missing, nor Wales. But we had some real foreigners likewise; I twigged several bilious skins when I leaned over the rail

and took a look at the people in the waist and on the main deck.

"I don't know how passengers are divided in these days on board ship. In those times we made three divisions of them according to their money. First the saloon folks: they bedded and boarded under the poop; then the steerage people: they slept and lived in quarters under the cuddy, bulk-headed off from the 'tweendecks, and they passed out through a hatch in the cuddy, but were not permitted to use the poop. Then the 'tweendecks' lot; all under the main-hatch, far aft as the steerage bulkhead, far forward as the forecastle bulkhead, was their living room. Rough cabins had been knocked up for the married couples; the single women slept abaft partitioned off. The men lay in shelves, side by side in fours, convict fashion, with a batten between each sleeper to stop them from growing mixed in their dreams.

"The first class passengers were well enough, and the steerage people for the most part respectable, but never had I been shipmate before with a wilder, hairier, grimier lot than the people who lodged in the 'tween-decks. They had a kitchen to themselves: it was built just before the ship's galley; there you'd see them crowding about the doors at mealtimes, flourishing their hook-pots, yelling to be served, wrestling and fighting like a drunken mob up an alley. I can't say that I particularly noticed the people, at the first going off. An Irishman took my sight by his ugliness. His squint twisted his pupils into his nose, and his scowl was like a curse, flung at everything he turned his scoundrel face upon.

"A couple of foreigners I recollect looking at on one or two occasions during this early time. They were Italians, I fancied, a man and a woman: steerage passengers; and when they got over their sea-sickness they'd come on deck and lodge themselves in one place close together just under the break of the poop.

The man was a rather good-looking fellow of the pastry-cook or Italian organ-grinder type, yellow as leather, with a pair of dead black but flaming eyes, and a huge moustache which he had so pulled out without spiking that it stood athwart like a capstan bar under his nose. His companion was a pale young woman of four or five and twenty, not ill-looking, though I never met a woman's face that pleased me south of 50°. I supposed them husband and wife.

"We met with some dirty weather in the Channel which cleared our decks of the people. There was much heaving and yah-hoing below, and small comfort, and nothing to eat if it was not fetched, and scarcely dog's food at that; but in those days, the emigrant, whether bound to America or to Australia, was the most ill-used, cheated, starved, and betrayed poor devil that ever stood or tried to stand up on two legs. The convict was handsomely used in comparison. The honest labourer, fragrant with hay-seed, the red cheeked young woman, still sweet with the scent of the udder, the respectable, gray-haired but broken father, call him an unfortunate solicitor, with a wife and four tall children: these people-the like of them-in scores were tumbled into a floating pit lighted by a lamp which filled the place with a stench of burning fat; they were fed on beef the boys could have chiselled into tops, on pork whose smell when boiled has served in the tropics to keep a ship clear of sharks, battened down in foul weather till one after another would swoon with the atmosphere of their own creation, with nothing to remember but rags and famine at home, and with nothing to look forward to but four or five stormy months of squallor and breadworms.

"We struggled down Channel against a hard head wind, and all went well till we changed the weather into a high hot sun, and the green ridges of the Bay into a long heave of summer swell wrinkled by a light breeze out of north-east. Everything fore and aft had shaken down into its place by this time. It was a morning in October. I went on deck after breakfast and though this was not my first command by several I was brought to a stand with a sudden sense of the weight of my trust when, after stepping out of the companion-way, I sent a look forward and around.

"The poop was full: every cuddy passenger was on deck. The awning was spread; ladies reclined in easy chairs in the shadow. I went forward as far as the rail at the break of the poop and found the decks from the cabin front under me to the forecastle-head littered with groups of the steerage and 'tween-deck people. That old ship you just now saw towing by made a noble show as she sat upright on the blue brine, clothed to her royal mastheads. The water alongside was white with the light of the overhanging studding sails. The canvas breathed like the breasts of a woman as they sank in and filled with the light breeze, and from under the bows on either hand, lines of light like wires of gold stole aft, meeting in a furrow under the counter for the full splendour of the sun to dazzle in till the beautiful ship looked as she slowly rolled forwards as though she towed a sheet of flame astern of her. There was nothing in sight; our three spires rose solitary into the splendour amid the silence of that wide space of flashing sea.

"I stood at the head of the starboard poop ladder, where I could command a view of the emigrants. The mate, a fine seaman, named Lever, paced the deck near me, on the look-out. I called to him, and asked some questions about the people—matters of difficulty in connection with the food and the allowance of water. He told me that the squinting Irishman was a dangerous ruffin, and had threatened on the preceding evening, whilst arguing with a man on religion, to put his knife into him. I said, 'Tell the bo'sun to keephis eye upon

the dog. If he repeats that threat aboard this ship I'll have him in irons away down in the fore-peak for the rest of the voyage.' I then asked about other of the people, and said, 'Who's that young girl standing beside the after scuttle-butt there looking this way?'

"'I don't know her name, sir; I'll enquire.'

"'She's always alone, I observe. She has queer eyes and a strange, stealthy way of looking. Whenever I've seen her she's been as she now is, in a sort of half-hiding, half-skulking posture, always looking aft, as though she wished to test her sight by reading the time on the cuddy front. She's a foreigner.'

"'Ah, by the looks of her,' answered the mate.

"'Something aft holds her eye.'

"I leaned over the rail, and looking down on the quarter-deck, saw seated right under me on camp-stools in their accustomed place the two Italians whom I had guessed were man and wife. The Italian was reading aloud to the woman. A number of people were coming and going in this part of the deck. When I again glanced forward, the girl of the odd and stealthy stare had disappeared, and where she had been stood the Irishman of the diabolical squint.

"At noon that same day, just before our sextants made it eight bells, Mr. Lever said to me:

"'The name of that staring girl you were talking about this morning is Carlotta Goldoni.'

"The thing had clean gone out of my head, and I hardly understood him. Then recollecting, I smiled, and said, 'Oh, yes, a sort of opera bill name,' and with that careless dismissal of the matter I went on ogling the sun.

"The weather remained quiet throughout the day. The sea at sundown went spreading away into blue mist with the mirage of a ship upside down in the southeast that filled the line of our bulwarks with gazers. I had seen plenty of land mirages in my time, amazing upheavals of airy coast within swimming distance, though God knowshow far off the real thing was, but never a ship upside down, high up in the air before. She was clothed to her trucks as we were, and rocked like a delicate exquisitely wrought toy or model in the red ether of the sunset. the third mate on to the main royal yard to see if the substance of that lovely phantasm was in sight from that elevation. He reported that nothing was to be seen. The wonder and beauty of the picture lay in the colours and motions of it. The sky was as a looking-glass, and every heave and roll of the hidden ship was counterfeited by the shining shadow hanging star-like; then again you saw the hurrying of the colours as the shadows swept finger-like with the swinging of the sails and as the lights and gleams in the atmosphere changed with the sinking of the sun, making the painted image blaze out like burning gold, changing them into a rich rose, fading afterwards into a dull and rusty red, and so expiring as a whole orb of moon sickens and disappears to a slow gathering of filmy thickness.

"At this time it was a sheet-calm. A floating soup-plate would not have filled. There was a small terrace of cloud northwest, with an occasional glance of lightning there, otherwise the sky was of a tropic soft dark blue, the liquid dusk of it filled with stars, under one or another of the largest of which floated a flake of silver feathering and lengthening with the light run of swell. A moonless night, and, spite of the star-shine, dark. The awning was furled, and the ship's tall canvas whitened the gloom.

"Just before eight o'clock a little crowd on the forecastle sang a hymn. I had not looked for any piety in the 'tweendecks. Eight bells made a knell for the psalm-singing; the star-bowlines wanted to turn in. After that, a silence gradually stole over the ship. The emigrants lay about the decks in dusky bundles; some went below. The lift of the swell kept the wind-sails wriggling, but there was not so much breeze in the heels of them as comes from the whisk of a butterfly's wing. Most of the cuddy passengers were on the poop. I was talking to a lady about the mirage and trying to make her understand how such are made, when the second officer, a gentleman named Marshall, approached, and asked leave in a low mysterious voice to speak to me apart. I excused myself to the lady, and went a little distance with the mate.

- "'What is it?' said I.
- "' A man's been murdered, sir.'
- "'In what part of the ship?'
- "'In the steerage.'
- "' Who is it?'
- "' An Italian named Ravogli.'
- "'Do you mean the fellow who used to sit with the girl under the break of the poop?'
  - "'That's the man, sir.'
  - " 'Where's the doctor?'
  - "'With the body.'

"I said no more, and went below. The cabin lamps blazed brightly. A few people were reading or talking in the cuddy; all was quiet out on the quarterdeck. I passed through the great square of the steerage hatch, and arrived at a passage or corridor, on either hand of which went a number of berths. was the steerage people's quarters. The steward's pantry was down here; an understrapper was washing some glasses, he whistled softly, and evidently did not know what had happened. He told me that Ravogli's cabin was the last but one to starboard, and I went straight to it and walked in, scarce doubting till I had opened the door but that the second mate had talked to me in a dream, so quiet it all was down here.

"But on entering I was arrested as though paralysed. A bracket-lamp was burning bravely. On the deck, her head pillowed, lay the body of a woman. I

imagined it was she and not the other who had been murdered till, on looking at the the upper bunk whereat stood the ship's doctor, the steward, and the stewardess, I saw the corpse of the Italian with his throat most horribly gashed and cut. The doctor was holding a knife.

- "'What's this?' I asked.
- "'As foul a murder as was ever done ashore or at sea,' answered the doctor.
- "No imagination could figure a ghastlier corpse. It lay in check shirt and white trousers, with a kind of white sash round its waist. There was a shocking look as of *sudden* terror on the face. The flat of the cabin port was covered with blood, still liquid and draining down the ship's side.
- "'Is that woman murdered too?' said I, looking at the figure on the deck.
- "'No,' answered the doctor, 'she's in a dead faint.'
- "The stewardess said: 'She rushed into my cabin about ten minutes ago and told me that she had found that man lying dead with his throat cut, his head and shoulders in the port, as though he had been talking to somebody outside. She was trembling, and seemed sick and mad. I sent the steward for the doctor. The woman came with me here, and when she saw the body she screamed and fell down dead as I believed.'
- "'She's in a faint,' said the doctor. 'See this, captain.'
- "He handed me the knife. I saw at a glance it was one of the cuddy carving-knives. A label was attached to the handle, on which was written in a hand like print:
- "'Non si scampa dalla vendetta d'un Dio ottraggiato.'
  - "" What's the meaning of it?' said I.
- "'It's Italian,' answered the doctor, 'and so far as I understand it, signifies "There's no escape from the vengeance of an outraged God."'
- "'This is the work of an Italian then,' said I.

- "'There's no making sure of that, sir, by this legend only,' answered the doctor, taking the knife from me and looking at the writing: 'but one thing's certain; this man was stabbed and gashed as you see whilst he held his head in the open port.'
- "'Was the body so posed when you entered?'
- "'Yes. He lay with his shoulders and head in the port. The first thrust killed him.'
- "'Who's his murderer?' said I, looking at the stirless figure on the deck.
- "'Not she—no,' exclaimed the doctor, shaking his head. 'It was done from without—that's quite certain.'
- "'Where was she,' said I, 'when the man was killed? Not in this berth, anyhow.'
- "'No, captain, she never did it,' exclaimed the doctor, looking again at the woman. 'Her hands are clean; observe by those splashes how the blood spouted. Then, what woman encumbered with petticoats is going to get over the side of the ship and crawl to that porthole holding on—by what?'
  - "'Is he dead?' said I.
  - "'As this knife,' he answered.
- "'See to that woman, stewardess,' said I. 'Doctor, keep her alive; I must have her story.'
- "I ordered the stewardess to carry her into a spare berth, and then went on deck, ill, and with a face wet with sweat, and with a heart on fire with amazement, and horror, and wrath.
- "It was a secret impossible to keep. The second and third mates and the boatswain, along with a number of picked seamen, several of them grasping brightly burning lanterns, entered the 'tween-decks, and started on a search amongst the male emigrants, married and single; the females were left unvisited, for the mate and I, whilst overhanging the side under which the blocd-stained port was situated, had satisfied ourselves that no female hand

had done the deed. The squares of the ports were wide enough to easily admit of the passage of a body. The port of this tragedy was a little way abaft the mizzen channels. It would have been possible for a man, by standing with one foot on the nut of a chain-plate bolt, and holding by the plate, to swing off close enough to the port to stab the throat of one who should put his head into the square of it. No woman had done it.

"Whilst they ransacked the 'tween-decks I conversed with the mate and the doctor. What number of Italians did we carry amongst the emigrants? I forget the doctor's answer. The number was small. How came a 'tween-deck passenger in possession of a cuddy carving-knife? Well, it might have been sneaked out of some basket of cutlery standing in the galley. By what artful manœuvring had the murderer contrived to get over the side unobserved, more than a hundred souls being on deck at the time? We decided that he had entered the cabin adjacent to the murdered man's, and gained the mizzen chains by passing through the port. Thus we reasoned, thickening the mystery and blackening the tragedy by our conjectures.

"They arrived out of the 'tween-decks. No discovery had been made. Some of the men had given trouble. The squinting Irishman had pulled off his coat, and threatened to stab the first man who laid a finger upon him. He was now in irons, the boatswain said, in obedience to my orders. Most of the people had asked to be searched, and helped the sailors. The few Italians were peculiarly zealous, and very frightened.

"Not until next day was the woman able to see me. She was then, late in the morning, brought to my cabin by the doctor. I stared, and scarce knew what to do with my face when I saw her. She had been of a light yellow, not uncomely, the nose of the Greek sort, the eyes black,

and bland, and eloquent; and now there stood before me a young woman as green as a leaf of the ivy. She had turned, not a bright, but a deep green, in the night, and with her black hair and black eyes and dismal, hanging face, fixed by some convulsion of horror into a sort of twisted gape, was one of the unpleasantest objects I had seen for a long while. I bade her sit, and found to my satisfaction that she spoke English very well.

"She said her name was Guilia Ravogli; the dead man had been her husband. They had kept an ice and chocolate shop in Salmon Lane, near the Commercial Road, and were going to Adelaide with their savings at the invitation of a relative who had done well in their line of business at that city. She talked as though more meaning than was in her words lurked at the back of her tongue, yet while she spoke she looked me full in the face-very uncomfortably full. I was glad to turn my eyes upon the doctor after a few moments of her countenance. I wanted to know if her husband had committed any offence. She shrugged and turned up her eyes, and swore by the Virgin, no.

"'What is the meaning of those words about the vengeance of God?' asked the doctor.

"She shook her head with a shudder, and replied, 'I do not understand what was meant.'

- "'It is Italian,' said the doctor.
- "'Oh! yes, it is Italian,' she answered.
- "'Do you believe that an Italian has committed this murder?' I asked.
- "'It was done by somebody in the ship,' she answered, shuddering again.
- "Do you know any of the Italians in this vessel?"
  - "' None, sir.'
- "'Do you know anybody at all in the ship?' enquired the doctor.
- "'All are strange; that is, before I came on board."
- "'Are you sure of that?' said I. 'There's a big crowd of you, and your

eye might easily miss one, and that one shall prove the murderer.'

"'There is no face in this ship that I know,' said the woman.

"I made her repeat the story of the discovery of the murder: she confirmed the stewardess's account, and her accuracy was further illustrated by the doctor's testimony of the posture of the corpse when he entered the berth. She said Ravogli had left her on deck to fetch his pipe; as he did not return she went below, and when she saw him dead in the open port she fled to the stewardess. while she spoke she looked as though she saw something behind me. Never were horror and grief more genuine passions than in that unhappy woman.

of her relation and examination. begged that her berth might be changed; I at once consented, and ordered the stewardess to clear out a berth that was used as a sort of store-room, and get the stuff stowed afresh in the murdered man's cabin when it should have been cleaned. This berth was immediately abreast of the cabin that had been occupied by Ravogli.

"The gloom and horror of this murder lay upon the ship for some days, in which time we obtained no clue nor any shadow of hint as to the assassin. Many wished to believe it was the squinting Irishman, but I was told that he was hotly engaged in an argument, thunder-charged with threats, on Irish politics on the forecastlehead,—one of the silent amongst his audience being the boatswain,-at the time that Ravogli was killed. By repeated observations of the square port and adjacent chain plate, I convinced myself that none but a male hand had driven the steel into the man's throat. For days in the 'tween-decks nothing was talked of but the murder, whilst suspicion was so lightning-keen amongst the male emigrants that we who lived aft, making sure that the malefactor was either of the steerage or the 'tween-decks, had little doubt but that

in any hour of some day, and before long, he would be flashed upon and revealed.

"We drove south of the line, and all meantime had gone quietly. Stay: two natural deaths happened, making three burial services in as many weeks. I saw little or nothing of Guilia Ravogli as she called herself. She stuck to her cabin, and ate there alone; in fact, she had got it into her head that a number in the 'tween. decks suspected her of the murder, and she said she was afraid to show herself.

"One quiet night I came on deck at eleven o'clock. All but one cabin lamp was extinguished, and all the saloon passengers were turned in saving, as I guessed by the rumble of voices, two or three who lingered over their cigars in the "There was no satisfaction to be got out" recess under the poop. Mr. Marshall, the second officer, was in charge of the watch. We had caught the first of the south-east trade; but it blew lightly off the bow: the yards were braced sharp up, and the squares of canvas rose pale to the stars with a piece of red moon hanging over the topsail yardarm.

> "I was standing at the binnacle watching the card with an end of cheroot betwixt my lips, when I was startled by a sharp cry from alongside. I sprang to the rail and looked over, and saw the body of a man glimmering white as he floated off into the wake apparently on his back. My first imagination was a passengel, had crept through a port in his sleep, and I roared, "Man overboard!" and bawled to the steersman to put his helm down, whilst I slipped a buoy off a becket and sent it spinning boomerang-fashion in the direction of the man.

> "We brought the ship to a stand, and lowered a boat. The second officer went in charge. The moon made a little light, and the wind was so small, there was scarce any feathering of ripples. I could not see the buoy, but I believed I saw the man, as something faint and fixed within a few strokes of an oar. I stood upon the rail, holding by one of the empty



"WE BROUGHT THE SHIP TO A STAND AND LOWERED A LOAL."

davits at which the lowered boat had swung. The mate, Mr. Lever, roused by the disturbance, had come running on deck. Looking down into the port mizzen-chains, he exclaimed, 'Is that a woman lying there, sir?'

"I peered, and saw a dusky heap as of clothes. The mate, without another

word, dropped into the chains, and in a moment or two clambered over the rail again with a woman's skirt and bodice in his hand. He held them up, and I said:

"'Whose port is near the chains where these things were lying?'

"He reflected, but could not remember, and I bade him go below and tell the

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steward to see if all was right with the people in the steerage. Whilst he was absent they hailed us from the boat to say that they had got the man, and shortly afterwards the boat came alongside, and the figure of a mere stripling, a youth, dressed in drawers, long stockings, and shirt, or chemise, was handed up. He was alive.

"I went to the quarter-deck, near the gangway, where they had left him to lie till the doctor came, and thought him a girl; but on peering close I saw, by the light of a lantern held by a seaman, that it was a young man, very delicately framed, about eighteen or twenty years of age—clearly a foreigner; but I did not recollect ever having seen the face before aboard the ship. Whilst I bent over the young fellow, the mate rushed out of the cuddy, followed by the stewardess. Mr Lever cried:

"'Oh, my God, Captain, there's been another murder done! This time it's the woman Guilia Ravogli. She lies in the port, dead of a stab in the throat, just as the man was killed. A cabin carving knife lies in the port, close beside her head, with a label made fast to the handle of it.'

"A number of people had assembled on deck by this time, alarmed by the backing of the yard and the lowering of the boat. They were gathered about me as I stood in the gangway; and when Mr. Lever had spoken, a strange groan of horror went up into the silence of the sails. I said, 'See to this young man. He'll prove the murderer in both cases.' And thus speaking, I ran into the steerage.

"I found the doctor and the steward in the murdered woman's cabin. By the bright flame of a freshly-lighted lamp I saw the figure of the girl in her bunk as laid there by the doctor, barbarously stabbed in the throat, and stone-dead. In silence the doctor handed me just such another knife as Ravogli had been slain with, and upon a labelaffixed to the handle ran the same old grim and bloody legend: 'Non si scampa dalla vendetta d'un Dio ottraggiato.'

"The mystery of this diabolical business was cleared up when we discovered that the woman's dress which the mate had found in the mizzen channels belonged to the young fellow, that, in short, he had been masquerading as a woman throughout the voyage, having shipped under the name of Clara Monti. He had sailed with his scheme of murder in his brain, and one didn't need a confession from him to understand how he had contrived the assassinations now it was understood that the strange, dark, staring, fiery-eyed girl I had on several occasions taken notice of was a nervous, sinewy youth, who, on removing his woman's clothes in the mizzen channels could go about his murderous work as lightly attired as a tight-rope dancer.

"He was far from being drowned when rescued, and when brought to was locked up in a cabin. I visited him several times, but never could get him to answer, or even to lift his eyes. He sat blackfaced, sullen, mute, all day long, never refusing food, but dumb as a figure head: until one day it occurred to me to ask a cuddy-passenger, a Roman Catholic, a serious quiet person, one who had travelled much in Italy and who spoke several Continental languages, to look in upon the scoundrel and see what he could make of him. How he managed I don't know: the first visit was good for nothing. prisoner, however, sent next day for the gentleman, and in the course of a few visits he confessed, the ship then being within a fortnight of her destination.

"His name was Dominico Orlandini. The woman he had murdered was his sister. Her name was Monti and she had deserted her husband and child to elope with Guiseppe Ravogli. Dominico swore by his God that he would wipe out the dishonour his sister had done his family by slaughtering both fugitives; and

ascertaining the name of their ship and their destination, he clothed himself as a woman, and for weeks masqueraded to perfection in a full interior. He had prepared his murderous labels ashore ready for the handles of the knives, which he confessed he had stolen out of the galley. He said he did not intend to commit suicide, but had fallen overboard whilst in the act of wriggling from the open port where his murdered sister lay to the mizzen channels, where he meant to reclothe himself.

"I handed the villain over to the police on the ship's arrival at Adelaide, and they sent him to England, where he was tried and hanged on the return of our own ship,

with her freight of evidence against him. The fellow's vengeance, it was proved, was not of so heroic and romantic a quality and texture as his confession to the Roman Catholic passenger suggested; for it was shown that Ravogli and Guilia had robbed Dominico of eighty pounds, the fruits of a very attentive parsimony in the ice and sweetmeat business. It is true," said the old skipper, standing up, "that there is many a hulk still afloat charged with tragic and stirring memories. This is but one of a score which the old Ramillies will murmur to any man who shall lay an ear for such a voice as she speaks with against her heart."



# SIR EDWARD CLARKE, Q.C., M.P.

BY ADDISON BRIGHT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MISSRS. FRADELLE AND YOUNG.

"Nature," asserts Emerson, the dogmatist, "must have far the greatest share in every success." In the case of the famous advocate and orator whose name looms large upon this page, Nature played a very simple part. In the

mind of a boy, little more than a child, Nature sowed the seed of ambian tion, a resolve to succeed at the Bar; and, having sown it, went her way, leaving nothing to nourish it but a resolute will and a spirit of divine discontent. Between this boy andhisgoal stretched inter ลท minable uphill path. At every step

SIR EDWARD CLARKE, Q.C., M.P.

his progress was delayed by modest birth and humble fortune. As he himself declared, thirty-five years later, at a banquet given in his honour, upon his appointment as Solicitor-General, he had been "in a difficult profession, neither propped by ancestry nor assisted by connection." But he enjoyed a heritage of industry, perception, tenacity, and pluck; and to-day, owing honours and wealth to no hand but his own, Sir Edward Clarke's claim is incontestable to the highest distinction that Parliament or the Bench has to offer.

His father was a native of Axbridge, in Somerset, and an apprentice to one Payne, a silversmith in Union Street. Bath. Removing to London. he first managed a shop in St. Paul's Churchyard, and event ually set up in busi ness for himself at 15, King William Street, City, where, in 1841, the future "Sir

Edward "was born. Until he was ten years old, the boy had no teacher but his mother, a woman described by her son as "of great capacity and strength of character," and, it is interesting to remember, in view of the attitude he was presently to adopt in defence of the Established Church, "a

rigid Calvinist." In 1851, he was "entered" for the Merchant Taylors' School; but his health broke down, symtoms of brain exhaustion appeared, and his doctors advised his removal to a school which stood next to "The Bell," at Edmonton. Here he spent two years, getting little benefit in one way, but much in another. For, whereas the combination of a small class and a large playground, few hours for study and many for play, was not conducive to the acquirement of great learning, it was invaluable for the transformation of a tenderly-nurtured, weakly child into a wiry, strong one. Here, too, the boy's dramatic bent received, for the first time, direction and encouragement. One of the masters, a Mr. Place, had in earlier days fretted his little hour upon the stage, and, under his guidance, Edward Clarke —an Othello in miniature—declaiged his first great speech for the defence in a Supreme Court-of visionary dukes and By this time, moreover, the senators. Bar was weaving an enchantment over him; and the shadowy "potent, grave, and reverend signiors" whom he harangued, were mingled in his day-dreams with doughtier opponents in longed-for forensic frays. This elocutionary appetite was almost immediately to feel a sharper stimulant. In 1853, the village sacred to John Gilpin was deserted for less historic ground, and another school was found in the City Commercial, in George Yard, Lombard Street; a house hard by the "George and Vulture," the favourite hostelry of Mr. Pickwick.

The headmaster here was a Dr. Pinches, another believer in teaching the young idea how to "spout," and once a year his pupils were allowed to disport themselves in a kind of dramatic display in Sussex Hall, Leadenhall Street. On these occasions, as in the elocution class, the honours fell to Edward Clarke. But still he was not happy. "Elocute" as he might, his reputation was always overshadowed by that of a "past" boy—one "not dead,

but 'gone' (twelve months) before." And after his very finest efforts, the verdict of the kindly, be-spectacled old Doctor was invariably the same: "Ah! Very good; v-e-r-y good!-but you should have heard Brodribb deliver that." "Brodribb," "Brodribb,"until Clarke grew to loathe this unknown paragon, whom he was, in after years, to meet at Hain Friswell's house, under the yet more familiar name of Henry Irving. These declamatory triumphs, however, served only to reveal the gulf that yawned between Edward Clarke and his ambitions. The Bar and he remained as widely sundered; and when, in 1854, he left school to take his place in his father's shop, to most boys, if so situated, it would surely have seemed that their hopes had been cherished utterly in vain. But he was the "one in a million." He never lost heart; he never slackened in his purpose. For four years his days were spent from eight in the morning till eight at night in a jeweller's shop, and when the day's duties were done, the "grit" in the lad would seek further means to assert itself.

Every night would be turned to some account. He would read at the London Institution. He would study at the "Evening Classes for Young Men," at the Crosby Hall, where a fellow-student was John Millard—the father of Miss Evelyn Millard, the beautiful young actress who recently replaced Mrs. Campbell in the St. James's Theatre company. One traces nothing in all this of that "faculty for idleness" which Louis Stevenson consolingly associated with "a strong sense of personal identity." the personal identity, nevertheless, was The midnight oil was nightly burned, and burned to such good purpose that in each of the three years, '56, '57, '58, Edward Clarke won laurels on the field of competitive examination. First, it was the Society of Arts prize of ten guineas, for English Literature; then, their English History prize; and, finally,



SIR EDWARD CLARKE'S HOUSE AT STAINES.

upon the University of Oxford instituting "Local Examinations," in 1858, Edward Clarke gained the distinction of passing first in order of merit in the first class, and, therefore, of becoming the first "Associate in Arts."

But still the Bar remained as distant as before. And it was not until 1859 that what Sir Edward considers his "first real opportunity" arrived. At that time the craze for "competition" was infecting Lord Stanley was Secretary everyone. for India, and it occurred to him to hold an open examination for eight "writerships." The nominal salary was only £80 a year; but "what with one thing and another," it was possible to swell it to from  $f_{,200}$  to  $f_{,300}$ . No less than seven hundred names were entered for the eight vacancies, and more than four hundred were actually examined in

Willis's Rooms, at a cost, it is worth while recalling, considering what was at stake, of nearly a thousand pounds! Edward Clarke's name appeared fifth on the "list," and, as he had passed second in mathematics, he was offered a choice of departments. He chose the Accountant-General's in the India House, and presently found himself sitting at a desk within four feet of that of Charles Lamb. The fame of "Elia" had created quite a property, in which the porters held a vested interest. Out of a chair-reputed to be his; and two, just two, quill pensalleged to have been used by him, and many times replaced in the course of a successful season—they had fashioned, so to speak, a golden fleece. And many Jasons (chiefly American) came in quest of it.

At the India House, the young

"writer" remained less than two years, working overtime every day, and seizing every chance to add to the humble store of savings, upon which he relied to effect a revolution in his life. With the autumn of 1860 came an opportunity to leave with money in his purse. The Crown was then taking over the territories and the power of the old East India Company; offices were being amalgamated, posts created, and posts abolished. Among the last were several in Edward Clarke's department; and, as he was anxious to go, while others marked down for compulsory retirement were appalled at the bare thought of abolition, he was eventually permitted to resign—upon the official terms, a solatium of his last year's income. This, thanks to his untiring industry, had exceeded £250. So, with one hundred and fifty already put by, Edward Clarke at nineteen walked out of the India House a free man, with £400 in his pocket.

Now, at last, the goal of his ambition was well in sight, and "King Chance" immediately offered a clearer vision still. Walking one day up Holborn Hill, he who had been a student all his life was attracted to an old book shop, and in it to a work on Law Studentships. From that moment the way seemed clear. A part of the £400 was instantly invested in a "coach," and the next six months were spent in studying for the "Tancred" Studentship. In 1861, this prize, too, was added to the rest-Sir Edward seems now inclined to think, perhaps as much by favour as by merit; for the President of the Society of Arts had sent in a warm letter of recommendation on his behalf, and the level reached by the unsuccessful



THE DRIVE.

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SIR EDWARD CLARKE'S NOTES.

candidates, among whom was the novelist Mr. Francillon, was high. This, however, is generous conjecture. The solid fact remains that Edward Clarke was pronounced Tancred Law Student, and became, in consequence, entitled to a yearly income of £107, for six years. But the day had gone for anyone to feel, like Goldsmith, "passing rich on forty (or treble forty) pounds a year."

The Tancred prize was not enough, and its indefatigable holder sought, without delay, some means to supplement this meagre income. He found the Press to his hand. It was not a first introduction which he now required. Already, in 1859, when only in his eighteenth year, he had assumed with becoming majesty the editorial "we." As joint editor of "the members' portion" of the Journal of the

Evening Classes for Young Men, at Crosby Hall, he had, in all the dignity of print, addressed the world at large, and his fellow-members in particular, in impressive manifestoes. Moreover, as chief contributor, he had, under an embarrassing variety of pseudonyms, diligently filled its scanty pages with criticisms, essays, obituary notices, chatty descriptions of long rambles "betwixt the heather and the sea" and, with bated breath be it confessed, even a little occasional poetry.

A slender volume encompasses the quaint records of these youthful efforts, remarkable in almost every instance for the strength of the opinion pronounced, and the plainness and force with which it was uttered. Thus, a place in the front

rank of poets is point-blank "denied" to either Byron or Moore because of "the absence from their writing of any high and noble thought." Indeed the young critic believes "the poems of these two men to have been of real injury to England." He denounces their philosophy as "false and unmanly"; and declares that "the evil they produced by their specious apologies for vice assisted in spreading that looseness of manner which made the time of George IV. the most disgraceful period of English social history since the reign of Charles II." Upon Tennyson, however, he passes judgment in correspondingly warm terms of commendation; permitting, moreover, a side-light to fall upon his own extra-poetical tastes, in

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A PAGE FROM SIR EDWARD CLARKE'S NOTE-BOOK.

numbering among "the more thoughtful and polished writers," some of whose passages "one would almost instinctively term poetry," Carlyle and Kingsley, Bulwer Lytton and Charles Dickens. Under the harrow of his pen, Burke, Hallam, and Prescott are passed without the infliction of irreparable injuries; he contributes a highly appreciative and really eloquent and graphic "life" of Charlotte Brontë; and reviews, in a most impartial spirit, the Adam Bede of the then unidentified "George Elliot." Thus, Mrs. Poyser gives him great delight "with her keen and original sayings"; but "the story is, in its essentials, similar to that of the Heart of Midlothian"; "poetic justice hardly fulfils its proper mission, and the concluding chapter is so far inferior to the rest as almost to seem the outcome of another hand."

These journalistic exercises had given the juvenile editor plenty of confidence, and his only difficulty was that of Japhet. Like him, Edward Clarke was "in search of a father," to "father" him on to the Press; and, unlike Mr. Micawber, he had not long to wait for something to turn At classes which he had been up. recently attending at the Working Men's College in Queen's Square, he had come into contact with a number of more or less influential men, such as Maurice, Brewer, "Tom Brown," F. J. Furnivall, and Vernon and Godfrey Lushington. Among them was a Mr. Thomas Randall Bennett, who lectured on Constitutional History. This gentleman, a very able barrister, but deformed, and who, therefore, never appeared in court, took a warm interest in him, and with the stone of influence quickly brought down two birds, which, but for his kindly intervention, might long have eluded his protégé's grasp.

In the first place, he admitted Mr. Clarke to the ranks of his pupils, among whom were Chandos Leigh, Evelyn Ashley, and Montagu Corry (now Lord Rowton); and, furthermore, admitted him

without the payment of a fee—a generous precedent which Sir Edward in his turn has followed, upon conditions that his pupil shall in his turn also do the same. And, in the second place, Mr. Randall Bennett, being acquainted with Mr. James Johnstone, of the Morning Herald and the Standard, then (upon the morrow of the abolition of the Paper Duties) a journal rising into great political importance, gave his pupil a note of introduction to his friend. Armed with this and a specimen article, a "leader," Mr. Clarke appeared one morning in Shoe Lane, saw Mr. Johnstone and Captain Hamber, had half-an-hour's talk, and emerged from the office a full-blown member of the staff, engaged at a weekly salary of two guineas, to review books to the extent of four columns a week. four years this engagement continued; and, during that time, more than half of all the reviews which were published in those papers came from his pen.

His life was now a busier one than ever. Legal studies occupied him from early morn till long past dewy eveuntil, indeed, to be exact, full nine o'clock at night; and this Press work, never, or hardly ever, touched then, would often keep him toiling until two or three in the morning. But his cup of occupation was not yet full. Parliament had begun to exercise a powerful fascination over him, and he was anxious to hear the debates. This desire was gratified through the good offices of Professor Henry Morley, who then wrote for the Examiner, contributing every Friday a summary of the Parliamentary proceedings, and who managed to secure for his young friend a seat in the Press Gallery for two nights in the week. Thenceforward, for nearly five years, every Thursday and Friday night was spent in the House, practising shorthand, frequently taking a stenographic "turn," and closely studying the best models of House of Commons' oratory. He thus



THE DINING-ROOM.

heard Gladstone's three great Budget orations, in '61, '62, and '63; Bulwer Lytton's last speech; and John Stuart Mill's first. And, although the day was far distant when he should acknowledge Disraeli as his official chief, the instinctive admiration he felt for that brilliant leader was vastly deepened and intensified. His contributions to the Press during this period reveal an unusual power of concentration, great dexterity in marshalling his arguments and facts, and a ready command of knowledge, ranging over a wide and varied field.

He conducts a solemn enquiry into the Theories of History, with Special Reference to the Principles of the Positive Philosophy, calculated to sober a Falstaff. With an obvious taste for solid fiction, for the introspective and dramatic, he lightly turns to thoughts of Thackeray's Roundabout Papers, or Mayne Reid's The Maroon,

or Wilkie Collins' No Name. He places a judical finger upon weak spots in Froude's History of England. All embracing appear alike his sympathies and interests. And always the reasoning is sound, the judgment generous, the style lucid, and often the language is full of colour and life.

Among the most important duties which, in this capacity, he was called upon to fulfil, was a review of the Letters of the Prince Consort, a delicate task, in the execution of which the reviewer, although but twenty-one, discloses what, in the light of later history, appears a statesman's perception and sagacity. Another was a very extensive notice, which had to be first in the field, of Victor Hugo's Les Misérables. In a review, which filled no less than seven columns, and which had cost its writer thirty-six hours' consecutive work, a place was claimed for this novel "in the

very highest rank of literature"; and the critic thus proceeded to justify his claim. "M. Hugo has but slightly touched upon the passion which alone is universal, and he has abstained from trying to heighten the effect of his incidents by the ordinary and obvious expedients of arrangement. He has relied less upon the plot than on the characters of those who work it out; and he has not described those characters, but has exhibited them in action. Proudly relying upon art, he has disdained the artifices which most resembled it. And, with all this, he has produced a book which, in real interest, is unsurpassed." It is instructive, also, to note that the violent attacks levelled against Hugo for the alleged revolutionary tendencies of his work find no sympathiser in the future embodiment of "law and order," and distinguished occupant of the Tory Front Indeed, his peroration avers Bench. that: "There are thousands to whom law and religion, Parliament, Church, and Sovereign are but shadowy existences, which only become real when they avenge some crimes which hunger and passion prompted, and a deadened conscience only faintly forbade. These—these are the miserable ones of whom M. Hugo thinks, and we believe he chose his examples with care, that he might not seem to impeach human law for evils which they can only, in slow and small measure, alleviate. M. Hugo himself proclaims the true remedy. All evil is caused by darkness; therefore, in God's name, give light."

During these years immediately preceeding his call to the Bar, Sir Edward also found time for the practical study of oratory. Proficiency in this he considers "one of the most valuable qualifications for success in the advocate's profession; indeed, for success in any public career." Not that any one heeds! "They blunder along without it, in the Church, at the Bar, and the very last thing a man seems to consider, when he has something to

say, is how he is going to say it!" At the Bar, in fact, Sir Edward exclaims, "Oratory has never been studied since the days of Sergeant Parry!" Yet it is an art "to be studied and mastered, like any other art;" and "of all arts, excepting only that of singing, the art of public speaking is the most richly rewarded accomplishment that one can possess." Sir Edward, it is perhaps superfluous to say, did not emulate the actor whose now proverbial reply was, "It'll be all right on the night." On the contrary, he applied himself, with assiduity, to a severe course of oratorical study; a course which included Aristotle, Quintillian, Cicero, Campbell, and Whateley; although he found that by the time he had mastered the "Rhetoric" of Aristotle, he was quite sufficiently equipped for speaking. Rarely, moreover, has Sir Edward made a speech without deliberate, if not elaborate, preparation. And what he demands of himself in this relation, he is inclined to demand of others. forcibly puts it, "Extempore gabble is repulsive to me!" This, however, is anticipating events. The brilliant advocate had, as yet, hardly crossed the threshold of his great career.

It was in 1864 that Sir Edward Clarke was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn; and from that year until 1877 his experience was one of steady, satisfactory, unexciting, almost uneventful, progression. His parliamentary ambitions remained for a time in abeyance; and his energies were concentrated upon establishing a position at the Bar. To do this was no easy task for a man without friends or relations connected with the profession; but from the start he began to make way. The result of the first year's work was exactly  $\mathcal{L}_{100}$ ; the second year saw this sum doubled; with the third, his income rose to £300; and in the fourth it jumped to £600. Year by year increasing, it had by 1877 reached £3,000; and Mr. Edward Clarke was looked upon as a "coming man."

Before the end of that year, however, the coming man had "arrived"; for a very remarkable case—remarkable chiefly by reason of his advocacy—brought him with a rush to the front.

In September, 1877, four people, two men and two women, were put upon their trial at the Central Criminal Court, before Mr. Justice Hawkins, charged with the wilful murder of the wife of one of the accused. The trial was commonly called "The Penge Case." Defending the prisoners were Mr. Montagu Williams, Mr. (now Sir) Douglas Straight—one of the editors of the Pall Mall Magazine, Mr. Percy Guy, and Mr. Edward Clarke. It was sought to bring home to their clients that, from a sordid, pecuniary motive, they had murdered the woman by slow starvation. The motive and many damning facts in support of the

theory of the prosecution were easily proved; but the starvation was a more difficult matter, and it was in dealing with this aspect of the case that Mr. Clarke revealed the master-hand. had at once seen that the medical evidence would furnish a powerful weapon of defence; and had offered to devote himself to that branch of the case, provided that his fellow-counsel would undertake to leave it absolutely and entirely, and whether for good or for ill, in his hands. This they had consented to do, and his efforts were therefore centred upon weakening, if not destroying, the expert evidence for the prosecution. Against the medical witnesses summoned by the Crown, he ranged several of the most eminent specialists of the day. They stoutly maintained that all the symptoms relied upon by the Crown for its proof of



THE STUDY.

starvation were not only consistent with, but inseparable from, a disease of the brain called "tubercular meningitis." His own cross-examination, apparently based upon a familiarity with physiology, astounding in one not skilled in medicine, strengthened their position. And it soon became evident that this violent conflict of opinion, so dexterously waged and resolutely sustained, was to bear unusual The doubt which the advocate sought to establish in the minds of the jury was further impressed upon them in an eloquent speech, which concluded with this passage: "How should human justice lift the sword to strike, and you, gentlemen, guide her hand to-day, while at the moment that the accusing voice is in her ear denouncing the crime, the echo of that very voice is heard proclaiming that the prisoners are innocent, and when passionless science steps to her side to warn her that there may have been in truth no crime committed."

Whatever doubt may have been implanted, was, however, killed, uprooted, and swept away by the judge's merciless summing-up, which left the jury no option but to bring in a verdict of guilty; upon which the condemned four were sentenced to death. But, outside the court, the doubt had taken root and flourished; and within a day bore fruit. On the morrow, the flood-gates of a national protest were flung wide by the impetuous hand of Mr. Charles Reade. Not content with this, he poured his own red-hot shot and shell into the victorious ranks, and demanded, with imperious eloquence, the respite, if not the freedom, of the condemned. Thousands followed his example. The daily papers yielded columns every morning to the protests and the pleadings, weighty and frivolous, serious and absurd, which flowed in from every corner of the land. Space was found even for the piteous cry of a pathetic old maid, who, with all the logic at her command, declared that her cats were very

dear to her, and that therefore innocent folk must not be hanged for crimes they had not committed! Most important all, a memorial, signed by four hundred members of the medical profession, was presented to the Home Secretary expressing dissatisfaction with the verdict; and the upshot was a free pardon for one of the prisoners, and for the other three a commutation to penal servitude for life. Naturally, this directed an enormous amount of attention to the counsel who evolved this line of defence; and when, within a month, came the trial of detectives in connection with the notorious "Long Firm Frauds," and, after some brilliant advocacy, Mr. Clarke secured an acquittal for his client, his practice immediately felt the effect. The £3,000 a year at once became £5,000, and it is Sir Edward's belief that he has really been paid for those two trials £2,000 a year ever since.

From 1878 his career has been one long uninterrupted triumph, associated with almost every cause célèbre of the time. The "Pimlico Poisoning Case," notable for perhaps the most romantic defence ever adopted in a court of law; the "Great Pearl Case"; the "Baccarat Case"; the case of Allcard v. Skinner; and that of Mrs. Besant v. Rev. E. Hoskyns; these are but a tithe of the trials in which his extraordinary skill and oratorical power have been manifest, not only to his "learned brothers" at the Bar, but also to the laity at large. Sir Charles Russell, before his elevation to the Bench as Lord Chief Justice, was for years his only rival; and rumour, in attributing to these joint leaders incomes exceeding £,20,000, was, in one instance at any rate, not excessive in her estimate.

With such a career before him as the events of 1877 appeared to foretell, Mr. Clarke at last felt justified in giving rein to his political ambitions, and in 1880 he took the field as Conservative candidate for Southwark. The contest,

for many reasons, attracted attention. For some time the Liberal Opposition, led by Mr. Gladstone, had been growing stronger and stronger, and Lord Beaconsfield's Government weaker and weaker. The Parliament had entered upon its sixth Session. The Liberal cry for a dissolution had swelled to a shout, and the persistency with which this challenge was ignored led to a belief that the Government were afraid to meet it. At this juncture came the election at Southwark, which was in consequence regarded as a kind of political vane, to show which way the wind blew. The result was a remarkable victory for the Conservative side, and an immediate renewal of confidence on the Government benches, with a corresponding depression among the Opposition. Certainly influenced in some measure by Mr. Clarke's victory, Lord Beaconsfield, within a month, suddenly "dissolved"; the General election of 1880 began: and, with the very first day, it was evident that the Tory majority had, like the baker in The Hunting of the Snark,

softly and suddenly vanished away. With it Mr. Clarke vanished from Southwark, to find a seat in Plymouth, which he has represented ever since.

In the same year, he was created Q.C.; in 1882, elected a bencher of his Inn; and, in 1886, appointed Solicitor-General in Lord Salisbury's Administration, with the further honour of knighthood.

Sir Edward made his mark in the House upon the occasion of his maiden speech, when, through the unexpected intervention in the debate of Mr. John Bright, he was called upon to follow the famous "Tribune of the People." The speech left an abiding impression of promise and power, despite the fact that it was nearly wrecked, and its speaker thrown into utter confusion by the "silly interruption of a foolish Tory," whose name Sir Edward prefers to bury in oblivion. lightened Conservative, when the new member began with an apology for his apparent presumption in following "one of the greatest ornaments of debate," broke in with jeering "Oh! oh!'s," a challenge



SIR EDWARD CLARKE'S FAVOURITE DOG-

which naturally excited vehement retorts from the insulted Opposition. Edward's eloquence in the House has never been employed to greater advantage than in defence of the Established Church, in debates upon the Welsh Disestablishment Bills; and the following passage from a speech delivered in March last, was received with what reporters call "sensation": "I am aware that, according to the wise wisdom of Lord Bacon, 'Adversity doth best discover virtue,' but I never realised until this debate that one could claim credit for reducing another man to poverty because it would enable him to display virtue. We have heard that the blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church, but I am not aware that in any Christian country a memorial has yet been set up to Diocletian in commemoration of the services he rendered to the Christian religion. But I will take another and still mere apt example. There is a narrative in the Gospel of St. Luke which describes the doings of some men who haunted the road between Jerusalem and Jericho, and there robbed a traveller. Until I heard this debate, I had no idea how admirably those men could have justified themselves for engaging in such Judging from what has fallen work. from the Home Secretary and the Secretary for Scotland, and the right hon. gentleman who has just spoken, I can imagine one of these men saying, 'This man has been much too wealthy for his soul's health. I am sure that poverty is the provocation of many virtues, and if I take away his property he will be able to show a virtue, a resignation, a patience, for which he has unhappily never had an opportunity before.' That would be in the Home Secretary's manner. c in fancy his companion taking the other branch of the argument—as the Secretary for Scotland does-and saying, 'I shall put this money to very useful purposes, and no one can possibly contend that it is wrong in me to take it because I happen

to know that the good Samaritan is coming along the road."

Sir Edward's political memories cluster chiefly round the figure of Lord Beaconsfield. His admiration for John Bright and Gladstone is generous and warm. Of Gladstone, he can exclaim with Lord Lytton:—

"With what solemnity of purpose flow Denunciations from that fluent tongue! Like royal horses in a coach of show, The stately gestures bear the speech along."

But, obviously, Lord Beaconsfield is the political god of his idolatry. His scathing invective, his biting wit, are still fresh in Sir Edward's memory. A Louis Seize clock, bought at the Hughenden sale, is a treasured possession. A portrait, by Mr. Biscombe Gardner, occupies a place of honour in Sir Edward's town house, in Russell Square. And in chatting of Parliamentary experiences, he will insensibly drift into recollections of "Disraeli." In Sir Edward's opinion, "he was the embodiment of patience." "He was never in a hurry." "Gladstone would be up at once; but Disraeli would sit, with bare head, always with bared head, and arms lightly folded, waiting, waiting for the moment psychologique. And though "he never took a note, he never forgot." "The House," in Sir Edward's judgment, "is curiously conducive to great efforts of speech." It offers an immediate indication of the effect created. And "its sympathy and generosity are extraordinary."

In a court of law, all these happy conditions are reversed, and the mental atmosphere is "often one almost para lysing to nerves and power of thought.' When he has a difficult case in hand, Sir Edward allows nothing else to enter his mind. During the Bartlett trial, the "Pimlico Case," in 1886, for example, from the Monday morning till the Saturday afternoon, when the acquittal was pronounced, he went nowhere, and did nothing—but weigh the questions involved

in the case. At this trial it was sought by the Crown to prove that a wife had, from motives of guilty passion, murdered her husband by administering chloroform in his sleep. As in the "Penge Case," Sir Edward devoted himself to wrestling with the medical experts for the prosecu-And such was his mastery of the subject that he asserts that, not only had he read and studied, but he could have passed any examination in every important work published upon "Anæsthetics." The turning point in the trial arrived on the fourth day, when Sir Edward, in cross-examination, got Dr. Stephenson, Professor of Medical Jurisprudence, called by the Crown, to admit that to get chloroform down the throat of a sleeping man was "a difficult and delicate operation," and that "probably" some of it would go down his windpipe and "cause spasmodic action of the muscles." From the moment of that admission, Sir Edward felt sure of getting a verdict for his client, and his mind was at ease. Not that the excitement and strain in fighting these great cases seriously disturbed him. case ever cost him a sleepless night. Perhaps, however, that is due to his invariable practice of never attempting to sleep before the next day's work is practically done.

He tells a good story of Sir James Paget, in connection with this "Bartlett Case." Sir James, it is said, upon hearing of the verdict, exclaimed: "Ah! very satisfactory! Most remarkable case! Most properly acquitted! But—now, in the interests of science, it would be as well if she would tell us all how it was done!"

Sir Edward considers that the power of an advocate "lies chiefly in his capacity for projecting himself into different conditions"; and, in a sense, therefore, in a power of imagination, which he takes to be "the capacity for realising a position not at the moment one's own." But his own success he attributes, and he finds the others do the same, to his gift of sympathy—sympathy with his own client, sympathy with the other side, sympathy with the judge, sympathy with the jury.

A prominent figure in Parliament, the prominent figure at the Bar, of this man at least it might be thought that "in his lexicon there's no such word as " leisure. But Sir Edward contrives to make time, somehow, somewhere, for recreation. Upon the tennis lawns at "Thorncote," his country house at Staines, he contests in play with the determination and resource which distinguish his combats in earnest elsewhere; and as in the Courts, so here, he fights to the very end. the river he plies an industrious oar. And on the Thames, as at Westminster and in the Strand, the sight has often been witnessed of Sir Richard Webster and Sir Edward Clarke, "Mr. Attorney" and "Mr. Solicitor," as they then were, "pulling in the same boat." Books, too, supply a favourite form of recreation-and playgoing yet another. Sir Edward would refuse point-blank to plead the cause of the New Woman-either on the boards or between them. With equal emphasis would he decline to defend her. But he reads everything, and sees nearly as much. His Dickenses and Thackerays, which he knows by heart, lie cheek-byjowl with the moderns of the modern. Hall Caine and J. M. Barrie, Ian Maclaren and John Oliver Hobbes, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Du Maurier and Robert Louis Stevenson—all find a place around his hospitable hearth. And if Ibsen and the "Apostles of Despair" are looked upon askance at "Thorncote" and in Russell Square, there is the warmest admiration for some who dally with their doctrines, for of Tess of the D'Urbervilles Sir Edward exclaims, "It is the finest novel of the century!"

Three years ago another form of recreation presented itself—to be immediately pursued with characteristic whole-hearted vigour and success. This took

the shape of a benevolent resolve to present Staines with a church. And a year later the beautiful St. Peter's, built at a cost of nearly £10,000, upon a portion of Sir Edward's estate fronting the river, was consecrated by the Bishop of Marlborough, and duly made over as a gift to the parish.

It is work, however, and not recreation, which to Sir Edward Clarke is "the one thing needful"; and though he cannot, like Sir Richard Webster, rise at four, and in the cold grey of the dawn begin work beside a self-lighted fire, and on a self-brewed cup of cocoa, into his sixteen-hour day he compresses an enormous amount of labour. The work, moreover, is attacked in a very methodical way. The morning being devoted to the acquisition of facts, the evening to the theories evolved from them. "I could construct a speech," says Sir Edward, "only at night."

And, talking of speeches, it appears that, in Sir Edward's opinion, his supreme success at the bar was won in a case long since forgotten, although it was "the most absorbing and dramatic mystery" he ever handled. It was a murder case, tried at Lewes a dozen years ago, and in it he successfully defended a woman, named Esther Pay, accused of doing to death a young girl, the daughter of a man whose mistress she had been. Its dramatic quality brought Dion Boucicault down into Sussex to hear the trial; and Sir Edward's practice of making a gesture first and following it with words, the reverse of the ordinary speaker's custom. led him to enquire if the advocate had ever been an actor, or trained for the The speech which won Esther stage. Pay her liberty has been irretrievably lost. But the record of the "case"interesting beyond all others--remains; and Sir Edward draws upon Browning in recommending it to "you writers of novels and plays," when he exclaims

"Here's a subject to your hand."



# A MODEL CRIME.

BY W. PETT RIDGE.

ILLUSTRATED BY HAL HURST.

THE two swollen-eyed men from Bethnal Green rubbed their stubbly chins thoughtfully with the palms of their hands. They glanced at the yellow young man in the armchair, and then out of the window at Jermyn Street. The yellow young man was Mr. P. Rawlings, from San Domingo, and these were his chambers.

"Wot d'ye mike of it, Jimes?"

"It's thick," whispered James, hoarsely.
"Vurry thick, Awlbert."

"T'ent as though this gent wanted the

other gent abslootly mide off with," urged Albert.

"I should strongly object," interposed young Mr. Rawlings from the armchair, in his thin high voice, "if anything of the kind were done. Understand that, once for all. There must be no great harm done to Mr. Burleigh. He is simply to be kept out of the way for a month. He proposes to start shortly for a quiet trip on the Continent, and——"

"Before his merridge," remarked James.



"CHLORRYFOM MIGHT DO IT," SAID JAMES, THOUGHTFULLY.

Mr. P. Rawlings threw his black cigar into the fire with an impetuous exclamation.

"Be-fore his merridge," echoed Albert.

"He must be abducted and kept quietly for a space until I give the word," said young Mr. Rawlings.

The two men glanced at each other again.

"He's a biggish chep," remarked Albert.

"Chlorrysom might do it," said James, thoughtfully. "But it's a precious risky job. Do you 'appen to know the lidy he's going to merry, sir?"

It was a most unfortunate question.

"What the devil has that to do with you, man! There is your business. Mind it."

Mr. P. Rawlings was in a great rage. He had started up from his chair, and stood glaring with his small black eyes at the two men.

"No 'arm done, sir," said James, in a conciliatory way, "I on'y asted the question. I wish to Gaud he wasn't a M.P., that's all. They're such a fussy lot, and you see he's a important chep. Why, I see his portraits are in the shop-windows, and he's in Madame Tussaud's, and—"

"I know, I know. It makes me hate him all the more."

"Got to be done to-night, has it, sir?"

"This very night. He walks round St. James's Park between nine and ten. What you ought to do is——"

A long detailed explanation. The two Bethnal Green gentlemen listened with great attention, nodding now and again as sign of their acceptance of the suggestions.

"If I were abroad," said Mr. P. Rawlings at the conclusion, "this could be done as easily as the striking of a match."

"Ah!" said James, bitterly, "that's just where it is. You're in 'appy England now, the 'ome of the free, where for the leastest little thing a man finds hisself locked up. Still, we'll do wot we can, won't we, Awlbert?"

He closed his left eye for a moment as he looked at his colleague.

"We will that," responded Albert.

"The best of men can do no more."

"You understand," said Mr. P. Rawlings, decidedly, "that I give you nothing now. Come back here this evening and take me to the place where he is, and the money is yours."

"I could 'ave done with a bit on account," said James.

"Not a penny," said Mr. Rawlings, definitely.

The two Bethnal Green gentlemen sighed a protest against the dogmatism of Capital.

"Well, if you won't, mawster," said Albert, philosophically, "I suppose you won't."

The House that evening was unusually full. There was some excitement in the air, and earlier in the afternoon the Inspector had shaken up nearly a helmet full of tickets for the Strangers' Gallery. The space dividing Ministers was littered with the strips of paper which members tear up when they are in an emotional mood, and no one was perfectly asleep. The youthful-looking member who was addressing the House came to his peroration. He glanced at a small red bonnet in the Ladies' Gallery.

"For my part, Mr. Speaker, I can only say, that so long as life remains with me—and that period may be short, and it may be long—I shall not cease to present with all the vigour in my power the arguments to which the House has so generously listened this evening."

Enthusiastic cheering, as Mr. Gerald Burleigh resumed his seat. Congratulators nodded from the front bench of his own side. A pleasant little note of felicitation tossed across from the opposite side. Young Mr. Burleigh, M.P., hurried round to meet the small red bonnet.

"You are going for your usual walk round St. James's Park, I know," said the Red Bonnet, pleasantly.



MR. RAWLINGS TOOK THE YOUNG MEMBER ASIDF-

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"No, I am not, dear. I'm going to stroll with you on the terrace."

"Well," the Red Bonnet gave a sigh as affectation of regret, "it is useless to argue with a Member of Parliament. I only hope that my cousin—Bother!"

Mr. P. Rawlings, blinking his small black eyes, said he was pretty middling. How was Mr. Burleigh? Burleigh, without answering, said that Mr. Rawlings's cousin and he were just about to stroll on the Terrace, so that they would have to say good-bye to Mr. Rawlings.

"Burleigh," Mr. Rawlings took the young member aside. "I want to speak to her as a member of the family about money matters. I want to do something rather handsome for her when this affair of yours comes off."

"You're very good," said Mr. Burleigh. He said this unwillingly, for he usually told the truth. "But, really, I don't know——"

"No, you don't. I'm not so bad as you think, Burleigh. I've got a heart after all, although my manner is a little odd at times. Now, you go for your usual run and I'll talk to her."

Mr. P. Rawlings insisted on walking out of St. Stephen's and across the yard with Gerald Burleigh. He seemed to talk rather quickly, and with a dread of anything like a pause in the conversation. Outside the gates he stopped.

"I must hurry back to my cousin," he said. He looked across the road and took his scarlet silk nandkerchief from his pocket. The two Bethnal Green gentlemen standing on the opposite side of the road saw this, and then, shading their eyes, looked up at the clock. "You won't be more than half-an-hour?"

"Less," said Gerald Burleigh.

And striding across the road, St. James's Park way, he disappeared from sight.

"Nah, for this desprit deed," said James, with much good-humour. "Is Ginger in Birdkige Walk with his keb?"

Albert nodded, and smiled the con-

fident smile of a general who sees success.

"It's the biggest old beano I was ever in," he said. "I will sy this for you, Jimes. You're a perfect mausterpiece."

Mr. P. Rawlings did not return to his cousin. Instead he took a swift cab to his rooms in Jermyn Street, and, arriving there, walked up and down outside. He was in a great state of nervousness, and he managed, in peering anxiously towards the end of the street, to drop his pince nes and smash the glasses.

"Well, I'm hanged!" said Mr. P. Rawlings. Which remark was, of course, premature.

A cab drove up. On the top was a long orange case, corded up. Out of the door stepped James; James, in a state of much disorder, red stains on his hand, a look of extreme fright on his swollen countenance. Albert behind him trembling obviously with horror.

"Well," said Mr. Rawlings, with an attempt at cheeriness, "you're soon back. You've managed it, I hope?"

"Yus," said James, hoarsely. His voice sounded like the voice of a blanket. "Yus, we've managed it. For Gaud's sike, sir, go upstairs."

Mr. P. Rawlings did so. He left the door open for the two men to follow, and switched on the light in his rooms. He picked out a particularly strong cigar, as though to honour the occasion, and stood the liqueur stand on the table. Then, with his back to the fire, he awaited their coming.

"Mind the corners, Jimes," said Albert.
"Lift your end, cawn't ye?"

"Aint I a-liften my end?" said James, in a hoarse whisper. "It's bloomin' 'eavy. Nah then, al-together! That's it."

They brought in the long case and placed it carefully on two chairs. Mr. P. Rawlings started forward.

"Stand back, sir," whispered James.
"Don't touch the 'orrid thing until you've 'eard the tile. Awlbert, shet the doar."

"What on earth have you got there?" cried Mr. Rawlings, excitedly.

"He's not on earth," said James, reverently. "He's in 'Eaven, poor chap, or 'Ell as the kise may be. Can't you turn the lights dahn a bit, sir?"

There was a break in the voice of the Bethnal Green gentleman. He untied the cord as the yellow Mr. Rawlings and the trembling Albert stood by. Albert poured out some port in a tumbler; James turned over the top lid of the case, and lifted a handkerchief from the end.

"Great God," cried Mr. Rawlings. "You've killed him!"

The two men took their caps off reverently as they looked with every sign of remorse at the placid face. Mr. Rawlings gazed at the smoothly parted hair, the neat moustache, the strong chin, the——

"Tell me what it means," he cried, feeling for the broken pince nez. "Why have you done this? Why have you brought him here?" The two men did not answer. "Do you know who you are? You are"—he gave the word in a muffled scream—"murderers."

The two men started as Mr. Rawlings, half white now and half yellow, hissed the word at them.

"It was an oversight, I admit," explained James, slowly. "I s'pose we used too much chlorryfom. But if you're going to call us nimes, mister, perhaps we can find a title or two for you."

"What is it to do with me?"

"A prutty tidy bit," said James, with much decision. "For one thing we're a goin' to leave Mr. Burleigh here, and we're a goin', Awlbert and me, to give ourselves up at Vine Street. There's nothing like being perfectly strite forward in these matters. And your nime will be mentioned as 'aving egged us on to the deed."

Mr. Rawlings screamed. He rushed to the door and turned the key.

"You have done this purposely," he exclaimed. "You blackguards."

"We didn't do it purposely," remarked Albert, setting down the tumbler; "but we cert'ny are blaiguards. All free of us are."

"Come on, Awlbert," said James. "It's no use arguing the question. Let's get down to Vine Street and see the Inspector. How might you spell your nime, mister?"

"Look here," young Mr. Rawlings breathed quickly. "Look here. I'm going away. I am going to leave London at once."

"No daht," said James, ironically. "O no daht. And leave us two gentlemen to bear the brunt of it all."

"You have only to—to dispose of the body," said Mr. Rawlings, appealingly. "You can easily do that."

"Ho, yus," said Albert. "Nothing easier I'm sure." He laughed a short sharp laugh of derision. "It's quite a everyday job this is."

"Look here," cried Mr. Rawlings. He laid a hand on James's sleeve in an imploring manner. "If I give you"—he whispered a large sum—"will you get rid of it? I shall catch the morning mail at Charing Cross, and go right away—for good."

James hesitated. He drew his colleague aside, and conferred with him.

"Look 'ere, sir. We're lettin' you 'ave it all your own way, I know, but if you'll double that figure, we'll—well, we'll do wot we can."

"And you will take this—this away?"

He looked with loathing at the ghastly upturned face in the long wooden box.

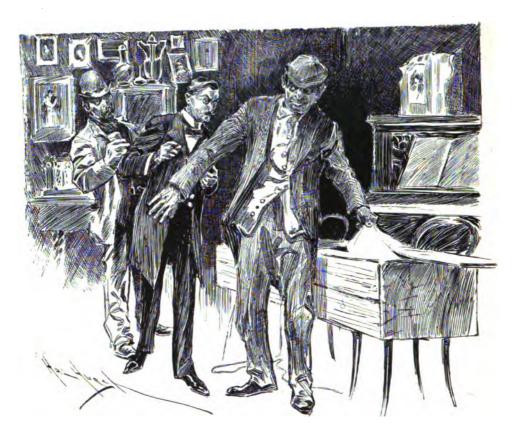
"No cheques mind you," said James, with sudden suspicion.

"Notes and gold, my good man, notes and gold."

The transaction took but a few minutes. Then the two men lifted the long box and carried it slowly downstairs.

"Give us a 'and, Ginger," said James to the red-haired cabman. "The gent don't want it awfter all."

A yellow frightened face watched them



JAMES TURNED OVER THE TOP LID OF THE CASE, AND LIFTED A HANDKERCHIEF FROM THE END.

between the curtains of the first floor window. The cab drove off slowly and solemnly St. James's Street way. At the corner it stopped.

"There's on'y one thing now," remarked James. "How are you going to get rid of the body of this onfortunate young Member of Parliament."

He laughed with the satisfied air of a man who has done a good night's work.

Albert considered.

"Tell ye wot," said Albert. "I'll tell

ye wot. Tike it back to the Marylebone Road where we pinched it from; stick it outside the blooming Exhibition and let old Tussaud, or wotever hisnime is, find his property there in the morning. Is that good enough?"

James slapped his colleague on the knee.

"My boy," answered James, with much good-humour, "it's great. I never 'ave give back anything before as I borrowed, but just for once, I'll do it."

## REVELATIONS OF AN ALBUM.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE.

BY JOSEPH HATTON.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. MARGETSON.

I.

#### A WORD AT STARTING.

ABINETS, bookshelves, every box and trunk you possess, have a tendency to become choked with things you imagine you ought to keep; letters that you strive to docket and put away—and don't; memoranda for articles and stories for plays and novels; odds and ends of literary and artistic controversies; portraits of celebrities, photographs of strange places which you have visited, and stranger faces that you have met with; and so on.

At last a day comes when you half wish your rooms had taken fire and saved you the trouble of sorting all this epistolary debris of a chequered life, with its amenities, its rubs, its successes, and its disasters. That day came to me some years ago, and was the pioneer of certain periodical "clearings-up" and burnings (there are letters in every desk which the owner had better destroy than leave to be overhauled by his executors), and I started an Album for the preservation of notable journalistic and literary data—texts for reminiscences. So this Album grew to vast proportions, swallowing up relics of old friendships, tokens of fête and festival, incidents of travel, sketches of unwritten romances, glimpses of biography, together with personal observations of passing events that go to make the truest and best kind of history. I turn the leaves at random, and am encouraged by THE IDLER in the belief that they constitute valuable material for publication. The only condition I make for myself is permission to display it with no more attempt at form and order than the book itself presents, an unsorted collection of facts and fancies and a gallery

of leading figures in life's great play, annotated "up-to-date," with the same happy inspiration of inconsequential versatility that makes an ill-regulated Album a pleasant and instructive companion.

II.

UNDER THE PIAZZAS WITH SHIRLEY BROOKS.

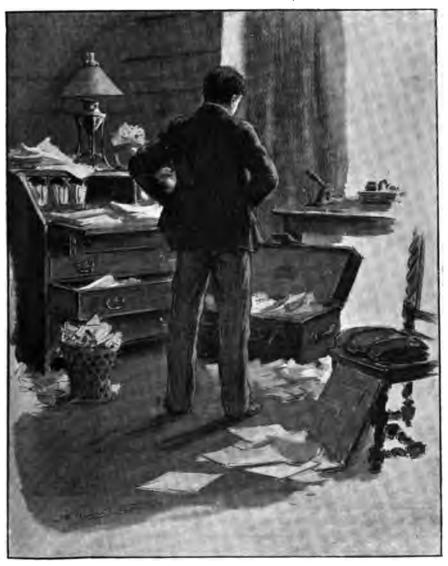
Inasmuch as Shirley Brooks, Editor of Punch, novelist, dramatist, essayist, and a man of the world, makes the first brave show in my private picture-gallery, he shall have first place in these Reminiscences. It was at the Bedford, in Covent Garden, where I first met Shirley Brooks. In those days, some five and twenty years ago, the hotels under the piazzas of Covent Garden still retained much of the atmosphere that belongs to the romances of Dickens, and were not without suggestions of the old time before him. There were the Bedford, Evans's, the Tavistock, and the Old Hummums. Inside these well-known hostelries brooded an atmosphere that suggested good feeding, with wine and walnuts for dessert at autumn dinners. The French waiter was not then, nor the table d'hôte with its mysterious fakes and its pretentious dishes, chiefly remarkable for their unpronounceable culinary French. Outside these taverns that our forefathers loved, you had the not always pleasant odours of the great market, but the ensemble was characteristic of the romantic London of books and novels. On fine days the central flower market was a delightful If you were staying at one of the hotels you strolled out before breakfast and bought a button-hole, then sat

down to a meal that had been specially cooked for you and was no part of one that had been prepared for a hundred others.

There were four of us, and we met at supper after the theatre. Benjamin Webster I already knew. Mark Lemon had a key to the Adelphi Theatre's private door, and we often went there together during my frequent visits to London. think I had only met Brooks once in a casual way, though we had written letter's to each other. Mark Lemon was our host, burly, genial, and with a rich, deep Shirley Brooks had just been reading the first reviews of his new novel, Sooner or Later. Some of the critics, so far as I remember, took exception to the introduction of certain characters outside the pale of virtuous society, while others accused the author of unfriendliness to the religious world. Similar animadversions had been passed upon the story during its serial publication in the pages of Once a Week. To these strictures Brooks had replied in a preface to the completed work. Compared with what are called realistic studies of life in the fiction of to-day, Sooner or Later might be a Sunday-school gift-book so far have we advanced-or degenerated-in the course of five and twenty years. Webster was taking the town by his marvellous performance of Robert Landry in the "Dead Heart," and my friend John Oxenford, in The Times, had started the phrase "a psychological study" (applied to Webster's acting of the disinterred prisoner of the Bastille), which ever since has become a favourite phrase with a certain class of theatrical critics, who have discovered for themselves the value of "artistic reticence," "suppressed force," "artistic proportion," "mental introspection," and other mysteries of "histrionic intellectuality" and "personal magnetism." But criticism is an onerous business, and it is difficult to find new words for the varied identification of old things. There are only a certain number of tunes in the critic's hurdy-gurdy, and no public performer is more industrious, worse paid, or less acquainted with the reward of grateful appreciation.

But this was only a passing topic of conversation after supper. Just as Dr. Johnson, some hundred odd years previously. had come to London from the Midlands to improve The Gentleman's Magazine, so had I, on a similar mission, journeyed to the metropolis; without, however, burning my country boats, as Johnson burnt his. I had arrived with brighter hopes than the illustrious lexicographer, though much less "crowded," as an American would say, with years and erudition. under thirty, the proprietor and editor of one of the oldest county journals extant, a novelist by virtue of two successful stories, and I had the honour of holding Her Majesty's commission as first lieutenant of Volunteer Artillery; so you see I had made my way into the ranks of the men who enter upon the battle of life at an early age. I began my career at seventeen. At one and twenty I was a married man and the editor of a great and powerful newspaper in the West of England. It had been my fate and privilege to be favoured as a youngster with the friendship of men much older than myself, and men of distinction. When one writes anything in the way of reminiscences, it is necessary to speak of oneself. The difficulty is not to seem arrogant, but if one does not really feel egotistical, I suppose the same will be shown in the method and character of one's revelations; so I rest content, trusting in the generous estimation of the reader.

We four, Mark Lemon, Shirley Brooks, Benjamin Webster, and I, were talking about the beginnings of careers and their endings, of youthful hopes and the perversities of fortune. They had, I fancy, been drawing me out, touched, probably, by my frank disclosures, not to say my youthful and not altogether unromantic



44 A DAY COMES WHEN YOU HALF WOOD YOUR ROOMS HAD TAKEN FIRE."

SHIRLEY BROOKS.

experiences. They compared autobiographical notes with each other, "swopped stories" for their own and my edification. Their modest estimates of what they had achieved have often occurred to me when I have heard the boastings of much inferior men

"I began life as a lawyer," said Brooks;

"passed my examinations before the Incorporated Law Society, with hopes of becoming Lord Chief Justice, of course. I drifted into literature, and am ending, it seems, by immoral writing novels."

He would continually get back to the criticisms of Sooner or Later. It did him good to keep his grievance in evidence before his two sympathetic old friends, and I unfortunately remember this cir-

cumstance to the exclusion of the epigrams with which he embellished it; for he had a singularly spontaneous humour, through which a sparkling mot flashed every now and then like a glint of fleeting sunshine. And what a handsome fellow he was! Tall, straight, with a bright grey eye tending to blue, rich brown hair and a welldressed beard, a generous mouth and an unaffected air of unconscious distinction.

"My dear Shirley, no criticism has gone that length; you are too sensitive, take it too seriously," said Mark Lemon.

"A bit of adverse criticism's a good tonic once in a way," said Webster, with the same remarkable intonation that characterised his fascinating impersonations on the stage.

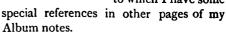
Living up to the dignity of letters, Shirley Brooks, a man of culture and refinement, might well feel aggrieved at being charged with a breach of the unwritten canons of morality which at that time were supposed to govern writers of fiction.

"I began life in a corn-mill," said Mark Lemon, "and drifted, not into literature, Shirley, but into a brewery,

dabbled in 'prose and worse,' as Jerrold would say, and here I am; how I ever came to be Editor of Punch is a mystery to me."

mystery Mark.

I forget Shirley's reply, but it meant that Punch would long ago have become an exploded without This led to passing reminiscences of the early struggles of that famous periodical, and of Shirley's first connection with the paper, in regard to which I have some



"Well," said Webster, " you fellows began life in one direction and drifted into another; just as our young friend did in his town clerk's office. Now, I always meant to be an actor; that is, from my earliest years. It was the part of Rolla that fired my youthful ambition.

" I left the theatre that night determined to go upon the stage. I bought a sword for the part, and ran away to become an actor. I was only a lad. For weeks I was half-starved, sold everything I had to buy bread—everything except the sword. It nearly cost me my life to save that useless weapon. At Kidderminster with a travelling company I was general utility, gave a hand in the orchestra, danced between the acts; and if it had not been





for the kind-hearted daughter of a Kidderminster grocer, who surreptitiously supplied me with food, I should certainly have died of hunger. The management was not successful. Its goods were seized by the sheriff, and I remember being up all night, with other members of the very small company, hiding away from his myrmidons our bits of scenery and properties among the gravestones in the churchyard."

"Poor old Ben!" said Mark, passing the bottle to Shirley, who shrugged his shoulders sympathetically and watched Webster over the top of his glass.

"I have been my own master and had my own theatre for many years," continued Webster, smiling, "and I have played many parts, but never Rolla that's odd, is itnot?"

We confessed that it was very odd, and I think we all sat quietly for a few minutes with the image of Ben, as the romantic, stagestruck youth, hiding the distrained scenery among the tombstones at Kidderminster, in our minds, and our eyes on the actor who had—with that small exception of Rolla—so entirely justified his youthful ambition.

"Do you remember, Ben," said Mark Lemon, "the result of your story of the dish you enjoyed so much in those impecunious days?"

"Indeed I do," said Webster, with his catching laugh. "Mellet, it was called, belonged to the ox; they stewed it with gravy and an accompaniment of sage and onions. Shirley is an epicure; the very receipt for the mess would be enough for him!"

"Well, we cooked the dish for Webster at Crawley," said Mark. "Like myself, my wife had heard so much of this ragout, or whatever the actor who didn't play Rolla called it, that she prepared it herself; took every possible precaution, omitted no culinary detail supplied by Webster, and——"

Here Webster leaned back in his chair

and laughed, and Brooks quietly awaited the dénouement.

"The result was beastly!" finished Mark.

"It was indeed!" said Webster. "We enjoy in our youth what we cannot abide in our age—I should rather say in our poverty."

### III.

A MEMORABLE THEATRE PARTY AT THE GARRICK.

By the side of Shirley Brooks' portrait in my gallery of illustrations are pictures of Mrs. Rousby and her husband, which recall another evening with Shirley Brooks. It was a little dinner at the Garrick, and I am inclined to think it preceded the supper I have just mentioned. I remember with what awe I entered the classic precincts of the Club to which I had the honour of election soon afterwards; memorable to me, not alone as a recognition of my editorship of The Gentleman's Magazine but of my novel, entitled Christopher Kenrick, which had been very cordially received by the Press of both England and America. It was printed anonymously in The Gentleman's Magazine, but Bradbury and Evans afterwards issued it in volume form with my name. Meanwhile it had been republished in New York, and reviewed, too flatteringly, no doubt, in Putnam's Magazine, as one of three more or less autobiographical novels, the other two with which it was honourably classed being Thackeray's Philip and Dickens's David Copperfield.

How rich many of us might have been, as well as famous, if we had never tried to be rich. Struggling authors, I fancy, often burn their wings at the financial candle in sudden crazes to be independent of their work. The underpaid journalist is apt to catch at speculative straws that, being freed from drudgery, he may do the work he loves. Or, looking ahead, with many monumental examples



MRS. ROUSBY.

of failure, do they drop their savings into the monetary lucky-bag in the hope of making provision for rainy days? Mark Lemon received a large salary from Punch, but he had many responsibilities. Shrewd and practical an editor though he was, he indulged in extraneous dreams of wealth, looking for the stream of Pactolus to gush from rocks that "premoters" called golden, and which were assuredly so in prospectuses, but only common stone in fact, without so much as a handful of paying dirt at their base. This led to enterprises of great pith and moment to more persons than the genial director of the London Charivari.

But we were at the Garrick Club. The host was Shirley Brooks; the guests were

Tom Taylor, Mark Lemon, and myself. The occasion was the first appearance of Mrs. Rousby, and the first night of "Twixt Axe and Crown," at the Queen's. Theatre. We were, in fact, a "theatre party," Tom Taylor the most conspicuous person of the company, for it was to seehis play that we were gathered together. Later in the evening we were joined by Mr. Frith, R.A., and went behind the scenes after the play was over to see the new beauty. To no actress of modern days did there open up so delightful and distinguished a career.

Tom Taylor had discovered her at Jersey—also the scene of Mrs. Langtry's child-hood. Mrs. Rousby was playing at the Jersey Theatre. Tom Taylor saw her there,

was struck with her beauty, and believed that he had discovered in her local work promise of future greatness. As a matter of fact, Mr. Rousby was by far the greater artist of the two; but he was only an actor, and she was a lovely woman. The author of "'Twixt Axe and Crown" brought her to London, and the town went mad over her. Society was at her feet.

Mark Lemon, with Tom Taylor and Shirley Brooks—two of the Punch editor's chief contributors-sat out "'Twixt Axe and Crown" on that first night; Mark unimpressed by the lady's acting, Brooks grateful, as he said, for so much beauty, Tom Taylor (for so apparently reticent a man) enthusiastic over what he conceived to be a happy combination of beauty and talent. Since then my three companions, after succeeding each other as editors of Punch, have followed each other to the unknown land. Mrs. Rousby, too, has joined the majority, and the theatre, which for a time she filled with the attractions of her Madonna-like beauty of face and feature, is now a mercantile warehouse.

I don't think Mr. Frith has mentioned this remarkable occasion in his delightful and admirably-written reminiscences. It was worthy of a special chapter, if only as a record of Tom Taylor's first-night worship of Mrs. Rousby. I was new to the theatre behind the footlights. Never since have I seen an author so entirely at the feet of the heroine of his play.

If you want a biography of Shirley Brooks you will turn to your dictionary, or to Mr. Spielmann's *History of Punch* in which you will find a prefatory reference to the present writer, that

may be accepted by way of justification, if that were necessary, of these brief reminiscences of *Punch* men and manners that supplement the more dignified chapters of the serious historian. It was through a set of satirical verses in *The Man in the Moon* that Shirley Brooks was invited to join *Punch*. Certain young writers of that day made it a point of comradeship to attack Jerrold, and all the rising wits ran a tilt at the new periodical. The verses that attracted Jerrold's notice began—

"Up, up, thou dreary hunchback, ere his diamond pin the sun, Sticks in Aurora's habit-shirt, there's business to

be done."

Disregarding the shaft that was pointed at himself—it might well glance against such armour as his without making a scratch—Jerrold recommended the writer as a new recruit, and the anonymous bard turned out to be Brooks.

In his own circle Shirley Brooks will always be remembered, apart altogether from the grace and charm of his published works, as a conversationalist and letter-writer. I turn over a bundle of his pleasant scholarly epistles, with the melancholy interest that the letters of departed friends have for all of us, and find that my admiration for him is not mere youthful impulse, but a mature judgment. Written in a firm, plain, strong hand, as easy to read as copper-plate, and sharp as his wit, there is an idea in every sentence, and a heart-felt sympathy in every epistle, brief examples of which I reserve for next month's Idler.



MORE BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

1st Ghost:—"Hullo, old man, I'm deligh— grieved to see you in this place. Why, you built that tin chapel down our street!"

2nd Ghost:—"Oh, hang it, you needn't remind me of that. You preached in it!"

## PHROSO: A ROMANCE.\*

BY ANTHONY HOPE,

### ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. MILLAR.

CHAPTER III.

THE FEVER OF NEOPALIA.



LOOKED for a moment on the old man's pale, clean - cut, aristocratic face; then I shook his attendant by the arm vigorously. She awoke

with a start.

"What does this mean?" I demanded. "Who is he?"

"Heaven help us! Who are you?" she cried, leaping up in alarm. Indeed we four, with our eager, fierce faces, may have looked disquieting enough.

"I am Lord Wheatley; these are my friends," I answered, in brisk, sharp tones.

"What, it is you, then?" A wondering gaze ended her question.

"Yes, yes, it is I. I have bought the island. We came out for a walk and——"

"But he will kill you if he finds you here."

"He? Who?"

"Ah, pardon, my lord, they will kill you, they—the people—the men of the island."

I gazed at her sternly. She shrank, back in confusion. And I spoke at a venture, yet in a well-grounded hazard:

"You mean that Constantine Stefanopoulos will kill me?"

"Ah, hush," she cried. "He may be here, he may be anywhere."

"He may thank his stars he's not here," said I, grimly, for my blood was up. "Attend, woman. Who is this?"

"It is the lord of the island, my lord," she answered. "Alas, and he is wounded, I fear, to death. And yet I fell asleep. But I was so weary."

"Wounded-by whom?"

Her face suddenly became vacant and expressionless.

"I do not know, my lord. It happened in the crowd. It was a mistake. My dear lord had yielded what they asked. Yet someone—no, by heaven, my lord, I do not know who—stabbed him. And he cannot live."

"Tell me the whole thing," I commanded.

"They came up here, my lord, all of them, Vlacho and all, and with them my Lord Constantine. The Lady Euphròsyne was away; she is often away, down on the rocks by the sea, watching the waves. They came and said that a man had landed who claimed our island as his—a man of your name, my lord. And when my dear lord said he had sold the island to save the honour of his house and race they were furious; and Vlacho raised the death chant that One-eved Alexander the Bard wrote on the death of Stefan Stefanopoulos long ago. they came 'near with knives, demanding that my dear lord should send away the stranger, for the men of Neopalia were not to be bought and sold like bullocks or like pigs. At first my lord would not yield, and they swore they would kill the stranger and my lord also. Then they pressed closer; Vlacho was hard on him with drawn knife, and the Lord Constantine stood by him, praying him to yield; and Constantine drew his own knife, saying to Vlacho that he must fight him also before he killed the old lord. But at that Vlacho smiled. And then-and thenah, my dear lord."

For a moment her voice broke, and sobs supplanted words. But she drew herself up, and, after a glance at the old man whom her vehement speech had not availed to waken, she went on.

"And then those behind cried out that there was enough talk. Would he yield

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"I WAS LEFT ALONE IN THE HALL WITH THE PRISONER."

[See p. 224.

or would he die? And they rushed forward, pressing the nearest against him. And he, an old man, frail and feeble (yet once he was as brave a man as any), cried in his weak tones, 'Enough, friends, I yield, I--' And they fell back. But my lord stood for an instant, then he set his hand to his side, and swayed and tottered and fell, and the blood ran from his side. And the Lord Constantine fell on his knees beside him, crying, 'Who stabbed him?' And Vlacho smiled grimly, and the others looked at one another. But I, who had run out from the doorway whence I had seen it all, knelt by my lord and stanched the blood. Vlacho said, fixing his eyes straight and keen on the Lord Constantine, 'It was not I, my lord.' 'Nor I, by heaven,' cried the Lord Constantine, and he rose to his feet, demanding, 'Who struck the blow?' But none answered; and he went on, 'Nay, if it were in error, if it were because he would not yield, speak. There shall be pardon.' But Vlacho, hearing this, turned himself round and faced them all, saying, 'Did he not sell us like oxen and like pigs?' and he broke into the death chant, and they all raised the chant, none caring any more who had struck the blow. And Lord Constantine-" The impetuous flow of the old woman's story was frozen to sudden silence.

"Well, and Lord Constantine?" said I, in low stern tones that quivered with excitement; and I felt Denny's hand, that was on my arm, jump up and down. "And Constantine, woman?"

"Nay, he did nothing," said she. "He talked with Vlacho awhile, and then they went away, and he bade me tend my lord, and went himself to seek the Lady Euphrosyne. Presently he came back with her; her eyes were red, and she wept afresh when she saw my poor lord; for she loved him. And she sat by him till Constantine came and told her that you would not go, and that you and your friends would be killed if you did

not go. And then, weeping to leave my lord, she went, praying heaven she might find him alive when she returned. 'I must go,' she said to me, 'for though it is a shameful thing that the island should have been sold, yet these men must be persuaded to go away and not meet death. Kiss him for me if he awakes.' Thus she went and left me with my lord, and I fear he will die." And she ended in a burst of sobbing.

For a moment there was silence. Then I said again:

"Who struck the blow, woman? Who struck the blow?"

She shrank from me as though I had struck her.

"I do not know; I do not know," she moaned.

Then a thing happened that seemed strange and awful in the gloomy dark hall. For the stricken man opened his eyes, his lips moved, and he groaned: "Constantine! You, Constantine!" And the old woman's eyes met mine for a moment and fell to the ground again.

"Why—why, Constantine?" moaned the wounded man. "I had yielded—I had yielded, Constantine. I would have sent them——"

His words ceased, his eyes closed, his lips met again, but met only to part. A moment later his jaw dropped. The old Lord of Neopalia was dead.

Then I, carried away by anger and by hatred for the man who, for a reason I did not yet understand, had struck so foul a blow against his kinsman and an old man, did a thing so rash that it seems to me now, when I consider it in the cold light of the past, a mad deed. Yet then I could do nothing else; and Denny's face, aye, and the eyes of the others, too, told me that they were with me.

"Compose this old man's body," I said, "and we will watch it. And do you go and tell this Constantine Stefanopoulos that I know his crime, that I know who struck that blow, that what I know all

men shall know, and that I will not rest day or night until he has paid the penalty of this murder. And tell him now," said I. "Such courage as is needed to tell a scoundrel what I think of him I believe I can claim."



"CAME NEAR WITH KNIVES."

I swore this on the honour of an English gentleman."

"And say I swore it too!" cried Denny; and Hogvardt and Watkins, not making bold to speak, ranged up close to me; and I knew that they also meant what I meant.

The old woman looked at me with searching eyes.

"You are a bold man, my lord," said she.
"I see nothing to be afraid of up to

"But he will never let you go now. You would go to Rhodes, and tell his—tell what you say of him."

"Yes, and further than Rhodes, if need be. He shall die for it as sure as I live."

A thousand men might have tried in vain to persuade me; the treachery of Constantine had fired my heart and driven out all opposing motives.

"Do as I bid you," said I sternly,

"and waste no time on it. We will watch here by the old man till you return."

"My lord," she replied, "you run on your own death. And you are young; and the young man by you is yet younger."

"We are not dead yet," said Denny; and I had never seen him look as he did then; for the gaiety was out of his face, and he spoke from between stern set lips.

She raised her hands toward Heaven—whether in prayer or in lamentation I do not know. We turned away and left her to her sad work, and, going back to our places, waited there till dawn began to break, and from the narrow windows we saw the grey crests of the waves dancing and frolicking in the early dawn. As I watched them, the old woman was by my elbow.

"It is done, my lord," said she. "Are you still of the same mind?"

"Still of the same," said I.

"It is death, death for you all," she said, and without more she went to the great door. Hogvardt opened it for her, and she walked away down the road, between the high rocks that bounded the path on either side. Then we went and carried the old man to a room that opened off the hall, and, returning, stood in the doorway, cooling our brows in the fresh early air. And while we stood, Hogvardt said suddenly,

"It is five o'clock."

"Then we have only an hour to live," said I, smiling, "if we do not make for the yacht."

"You're not going back to the yacht, my lord?"

"I'm puzzled," I admitted. "If we go this ruffian will escape. And if we don't

"Why, we," Hogvardt ended for me, "may not escape."

I saw that Hogvardt's sense of responsibility was heavy; he always regarded himself as the shepherd, his employers as the sheep. I believe this attitude of his confirmed my obstinacy, for I said, without hesitation:

"Oh, we'll chance that. When they know what a villain the fellow is, they'll turn against him. Besides, we said we'd wait here."

Denny seized on my last words with alacrity. When you are determined to do a rash thing, there is great comfort in feeling that you are already committed to it by some previous act or promise.

"So we did," he cried. "Then that settles it, Hogyardt!"

"His lordship certainly expressed that intention," observed Watkins, appearing at this moment with a large loaf of bread and a great pitcher of milk. I eyed these viands.

"I bought the house and its contents," said I; "come along."

Watkins' further researches produced a large chunk of native cheese; and when he had set this down he remarked:

"In a pen behind the house, close to the kitchen windows, there are two goats; and your lordship sees there, on the right of the front door, two cows tethered."

I began to laugh, Watkins was so wise and solemn.

"We can stand a siege, you mean?" I asked. "Well, I hope it won't come to that."

Hogvardt rose and began to move round the hall, examining the weapons that decorated the walls. From time to time he grunted disapprovingly; the guns were useless, rusted, out of date; and there was no ammunition for them. But when he had almost completed his circuit, he gave an exclamation of satisfaction, and came to me holding an excellent modern rifle and a large cartridge-case.

"See!" he grunted, in huge satisfaction, "'C. S.' on the stock. I expect you can guess whose it is, my lord."

"This is very thoughtful of Constantine," observed Denny, who was employ-

ing himself in cutting imaginary lemons in two with a fine damascined scimitar that he had taken from the wall.

"As for the cows," said I, "perhaps they will carry them off."

"I think not," said Hogvardt, taking an aim with the rifle through the window.

I looked at my watch. It was five minutes past six.

"Well, we can't go now," said I. "It's settled. What a comfort!" I wonder if I had ever in my heart meant to go!

The next hour passed very quietly. We sat smoking pipes and cigars and talking in subdued tones. The recollection of the dead man in the adjoining room sobered the excitement to which our position might otherwise have given occasion. Indeed, I suppose that I, at least, who had led the rest into this imbroglio through my whim, should have been utterly overwhelmed by the burden But I was not. Perhaps Hogvardt's assumption of responsibility relieved me; perhaps I was too full of anger against Constantine to think of the risks we ourselves ran; and I was more than half-persuaded that the revelation of what he had done would rob him of his power to hurt us. Moreover, if I might judge from the words I heard on the road. we had on our side an ally of uncertain, but probably considerable power in the sweet-voiced girl whom the old woman called the Lady Euphrosyne: she would not support her uncle's murderer, even though he were her cousin.

Presently Watkins carried me off to view his pen of goats, and, having passed through the lofty flagged kitchen, I found myself in a sort of compound, formed by the rocks. The ground had been levelled for a few yards, and the rocks rose straight to the height of ten or twelve feet; from the top of this artificial bank they ran again in wooded slopes towards the peak of the mountain. I followed their course with my eye, and five hundred or more feet above us, just beneath the summit, I

perceived a little wooden châlet or bungalow. Blue smoke issued from the chimneys; and, even while we looked, a figure came out of the door and stood still in front of it, apparently gazing down towards the house.

"It's a woman," I pronounced.

"Yes, my lord. A peasant's wife, I suppose."

"I dare say," said I. But I soon doubted Watkins' opinion; in the first place, because the woman's dress did not look like that of a peasant woman; and secondly, because she went into the house, appeared again, and levelled at us what was, if I mistook not, a large pair of binocular glasses. Now such things were not likely to be in the possession of the peasants of Neopali. Then she suddenly retreated, and through the silence of those still slopes, we heard the door of the cottage closed with violence.

"She doesn't seem to like the looks of us," said I.

"Possibly," suggested Watkins, with deference, "she did not expect to see your lordship here."

"I should think that's very likely, Watkins," said I.

I was recalled from the survey of my new domains—my satisfaction in the thought that they were mine survived all the disturbing features of the situation—by a call from Denny. In response to it, I hurried back to the hall and found him at the window, with Constantine's rifle rested on the sill.

"I could pick him off pat," said Denny laughingly, and he pointed to a figure which was approaching the house. It was a man riding a stout pony; when he came within about two hundred yards of the house, he stopped, took a leisurely look, and then waved a white handkerchief.

"The laws of war must be observed," said I, smiling. "This is a flag of truce." And I opened the door, stepped out, and waved my handkerchief in return. The man, reassured, began to mop his brow

with the flag of truce, 2...d put his pony to a trot. I now perceived him to be the innkeeper Vlacho, and a moment later he reined up beside me, giving an angry jerk at his pony's bridle.

"I have searched the island for you," he cried. "I am weary and hot! How came you here?"

I explained to him briefly how I had chanced to take possession of my house, and added significantly,

"But has no message come to you from me?"

He smiled with equal meaning, as he answered:

"No; an old woman came to speak to a gentleman who is in the village——"

"Yes, to Constantine Stefanopoulos," said I, with a nod.

"Well then, if you will, to the Lord Constantine," he admitted, with a careless shrug, "but her message was for his ear only; he took her aside and they talked alone."

"You know what she said, though?"

"That is between my Lord Constantine and me."

"And the young lady knows it, I hope —the Lady Euphrosyne?"

Vlacho smiled broadly.

"We could not distress her with such a silly tale," he answered; and he leant down towards me. "Nobody has heard the message but the lord and one man he told it to. And nobody will. If that old woman spoke, she—well, she knows and will not speak."

"And you back up this murderer?" I cried.

"Murderer?" he repeated, questioningly. "Indeed, sir, it was an accident done in hot blood. It was the old man's fault, because he tried to sell the island."

"He did sell the island," I corrected, "and a good many other people will hear of what happened to him."

He looked at me again, smiling.

"If you shouted it in the hearing of

every man in Neopalia, what would they do?" he asked, scornfully.

"Well, I should hope," I returned, "that they'd hang Constantine to the tallest tree you've got here."

"They would do this," he said, with a nod; and he began to sing softly the chant I had heard the night before.

I was disgusted at his savagery, but I said, coolly,

"And the Lady?"

"The Lady believes what she is told, and will do as her cousin bids her. Is she not his affianced wife?"

"The deuce she is!" I cried, in amazement, fixing a keen scrutiny on Vlacho's face. The face told me nothing.

"Certainly," he said, gently. "And they will rule the island together."

"Will they, though?" said I. I was becoming rather annoyed. "There are one or two obstacles in the way of that. First it's my island."

He shrugged his shoulders again. "That," he seemed to say, "is not worth answering." But I had a second shot in the locker for him, and I let him have it for what it was worth. I knew it might be worth nothing, but I tried it.

"And secondly," I observed, "how many wives does Constantine propose to have?"

A hit! A hit! A palpable hit! I could have sung in glee. The fellow was dumbfounded. He turned red, bit his lip, scowled fiercely.

"What do you mean?" he blurted out, with an attempt at blustering defiance.

"Never mind what I mean. Something, perhaps, that the Lady Euphrosyne might care to know. And now, my man, what do you want of me?"

He recovered his composure, and stated his errand with his old, cool assurance, but the cloud of vexation still hung heavy on his brow.

"On behalf of the Lady of the island —" he began.



"Or shall we say her cousin?" I interrupted.

"Which you will," he answered, as though it were not worth while to wear the mask any longer. "On behalf, then, of my Lord Constantine, I am to offer you safe passage to your boat, and a return of the money you have paid——"

"How's he going to pay that?"

"He will pay it in a year, and give you security meanwhile."

"And the condition is that I give up the island?" I asked; and I began to think that perhaps I owed it to my companions to acquiesce in this proposal, however distasteful it might be to me.

"Yes," said Vlacho, "and there is one other small condition, which will not trouble you."

"And what's that? You're rich in conditions."

"You are lucky to be offered any. It is that you mind your own business."

"I came here for the purpose," I observed.

"And that you undertake, for yourself and your companions, on your word of honour, to speak not a word of what has passed in the island or of the affairs of the Lord Constantine."

"And if I won't give my word?"

"The yacht is in our hands. Demetri and Spiro are our men; there will be no ship here for two months." The fellow paused, smiling at me. I took the liberty of ending his period for him.

"And there is," I said, returning his smile, "as we know by now, a particularly sudden and fatal form of fever in the island."

"Certainly you may chance to find that out," sail he.

"But is there no antidote?" I asked, and I showed him the butt of my revolver in the pocket of my coat.

"It may keep it off for a day or two—not longer. You have the bottle there, but most of the drug is with your baggage at the inn."

His parable was true enough; we had only two or three dozen cartridges apiece.

"But there is plenty of food for Constantine's rifle," said I pointing to the muzzle of it, which protruded from the window.

He suddenly be ame impatient.

"Your answer, sir?" he demanded, peremptorily.

"Here it is," said I. "I'll keep the island and I'll see Constantine hanged."

"So be it, so be it," he cried. "You are warned, so be it!" and without another word he turned his pony and trotted rapidly off down the road. And I went back to the house feeling, I must confess, not in the best of spirits. But when my friends heard all that had passed, they applauded me, and we made up our minds to "see it through," as Denny said.

That day passed quietly. At noon we carried the old lord out of his house, having wrapped him in a sheet; and we dug for him as good a grave as we could in a little patch of ground that lay outside the windows of his own chapel—a small erection at the west end of the house. There he must lie for the moment. This sad work done, we came back and—so swift are life's changes—we killed a goat for dinner, and watched Watkins dress it. Thus the afternoon wore away, and when evening came we ate our goat-flesh and Hogvardt milked our cows; and we sat down to consider the position of the garrison.

But the evening was hot and we adjourned out of doors, grouping ourselves on the broad marble pavement in front of the door. Hogvardt had just begun to expound a very elaborate scheme of escape, depending, so far as I could make out, on our reaching the other side of the island and finding there a boat which we had no reason to suppose would be there, when Denny raised his hand, saying "Hark!"

From the direction of the village and

the harbour came the sound of a horn, blowing long and shrill, and echoed back in strange protracted shrieks and groans from the hillside behind us. And following on the blast we heard, low in the distance and indistinct, yet rising and falling and rising again in savage defiance and exultation, the death-chant that One-Eyed Alexander the Bard had made on the death of Stefan Stefanopoulos two hundred years ago. For a few minutes we sat listening; and I do not think that any of us were very comfortable. Then I rose to my feet, and I said:

"Hogvardt, old fellow, I fancy that scheme of yours must wait a little. Unless I'm very much mistaken, we're going to have a lively evening."

Well, and then we shook hands all round, and went in and bolted the door, and sat down to wait. We heard the death-chant through the walls now; for it was coming nearer.

#### CHAPTER IV.

### A RAID AND A RAIDER.

It was between eight and nine o'clock when the first of the enemy appeared on the road in the persons of two smart fellows in gleaming kilts and braided jackets. It was no more than just dusk, and I saw that they were strangers to me. One was tall and broad, the other shorter and of very slight build. They came on towards us confidently enough. looking over Denny's shoulder; he held Constantine's rifle, and I knew that he was impatient to try it. But, inasmuch as might certainly was not on our side. I was determined that right should abide with us, and was resolute not to begin hostilities. Constantine had, at least, one powerful motive for wishing our destruction; I would not furnish him with any plausible excuse for indulging his desire; so we stood, Denny and I at one window, Hogyardt and Watkins at the other, and watched the approaching figures. No more

appeared; the main body did not show itself, and the sound of the fierce chant had suddenly died away. But, all at once, a third man appeared, running rapidly after the first two. He caught the shorter by the arm, and seemed to argue or expostulate with him. For a while the three stood thus talking; then I saw the last comer make a gesture of protest, and they all came on together.

"Push the barrel of that rifle a little farther out," said I to Denny. "It may be useful to them to know it's there."

Denny obeyed; the result was a sudden pause in our friends' advance, but they were near enough now for me to distinguish the last comer; and I discerned in him, although he wore the native costume and had discarded his tweed suit, Constantine Stefanopoulos himself.

"Here's an exercise of self-control!" I groaned, lying a detaining hand on Denny's shoulder.

As I spoke, Constantine put a whistle to his lips and blew loudly. The blast was followed by the appearance of five more fellows; in three of them I recognised old acquaintances—Vlacho, Demetri, and Spiro. These three all carried guns. The whole eight came forward again. till they were within a hundred yards of us. There they halted, and, with a sudden swift movement, three barrels were levelled straight at the window where Denny and I were looking out. Well, we ducked! There is no use in denying it, for we thought that the fusillade had really begun. Yet no shot followed; and after an instant, holding Denny down, I peered out cautiously myself. The three stood motionless, their aim full on us. The other five were advancing cautiously, well under the shelter of the rock, two on one side of the road and three on the other. The slim boyish fellow was with Constantine on our right hand; a moment later the other three dashed across the road and joined them. Suddenly what military men call "the objective," the aim

of these manœuvrings, flashed across me. It was simple almost to ludicrousness; yet it was very serious, for it showed a reasoned plan of campaign with which we were very ill-prepared to cope. While the three held us in check, the five were going to carry off our cows. And without our cows, we should soon be hard put to it for food! For the cows had formed in our plans a most important pièce de resistance.

"This won't do," said I. "They're after the cows." And I took the rifle from Denny's hand, cautioning him not to show his face at the window. Then I stood in the shelter of the wall, so that I could not be hit by the three, and levelled the rifle, not at my human enemies, but at the unoffending cows.

"A dead cow," I remarked, "is a great deal harder to move than a live one."

The five had now come quite near the pen of rude hurdles in which the cows were. As I spoke, Constantine appeared to give some order; and while he and the boy stood looking on, Constantine leaning on his gun, the boy's hand resting with jaunty elegance on the handle of the knife in his girdle, the others leapt over the hurdles. Crack! went the rifle, and a cow fell. I reloaded hastily. and the second cow fell. It was very fair shooting in such a bad light, for I hit both mortally; and my skill was rewarded by a shout of anger from the robbers. (For robbers they were; I had bought the live stock.)

"Carry them off now!" I cried, carelessly showing myself at the window. But I did not stay there long, for three shots rang out, and the bullets pattered on the masonry above me. Luckily the covering party had aimed a trifle too high.

"No more milk, my lord," observed Watkins in a regretful tone. He had seen the catastrophe from the other window.

The besiegers were checked. They leapt out of the pen with alacrity. I

supposed they realised that they were exposed to my fire, while at that particular angle I was protected from the attack of their friends. They withdrew to the middle of the road, selecting a spot at which I could not take aim without showing myself at the window. I dared not look out to see what they were doing. But presently Hogvardt risked a glance, and called out that they were in retreat and had rejoined the three, and that the whole body stood together in consultation, and were no longer covering my window. So I looked out, and saw the boy standing in an easy, graceful attitude, while Constantine and Vlacho talked a little It was growing considerably darker now, and the figures became dim and indistinct.

"I think the fun's over for to-night," said I, glad to have it over so cheaply.

Indeed, what I said seemed to be true, for the next moment the group turned and began to retreat along the road, moving briskly out of our sight. We were left in the thick gloom of a moonless evening and the peaceful silence of still air.

"They'll come back and fetch the cows," said Hogvardt. "Could we not drag one in, my lord, and put it where the goat is, behind the house?"

I approved of this suggestion; and, Watkins having found a rope, I armed Denny with the rifle, took from the wall a large keen hunting-knife, opened the door and stole out, accompanied by Hogvardt and Watkins, who carried their revolvers. We reached the pen without interruption, tied our rope firmly round the horns of one of the dead beasts and set to work to drag it along. It was no child's play, and our progress was very slow, but the carcass moved, and I gave a shout of encouragement as we got it down on to the smoother ground of the road and hauled it along with a will. Alas, that shout was a great indiscretion! I had been too hasty in assuming that our enemy was quite gone. We heard

suddenly the rush of feet; shots whistled over our heads. We had but just time to drop the rope and turn round, when Denny's rifle rang out, and then-somebody was at us! I really do not know exactly how many there were. I had two at me, but by great good luck I drove my big knife into one fellow's arm at the first hazard, and I think that was enough for him. In my other assailant I recognised Vlacho. The fat innkeeper had got rid of his gun, and had a knife much like the one I carried myself. knew him more by his voice as he cried fiercely, "Come on!" than by his appearance, for the darkness was thick now. Parrying his fierce thrust,—he was very active for so stout a man-I called out to our people to fall back as quickly as they could, for I was afraid that we might be taken in the rear also.

But discipline is hard to maintain in such a force as mine.

- "Bosh!" cried Denny's voice.
- "Mein Gott, no!" exclaimed Hogvardt. Watkins said nothing, but for once in his life he also disobeyed me.

Well, if they would not do as I said, I must do as they did. The line advanced -the whole line-as at Waterloo. We pressed them hard. I heard a revolver fired, and a cry follow. Fat Vlacho slackened in his attack, wavered, halted, turned, and ran. A shout of triumph from Denny told me that the battle was going well there. Fired with victory, I set myself for a chase. But, alas, my pride was checked. Before I had gone two yards, I fell headlong over the body for which we had been fighting (as Greeks and Trojans fought for the body of Hector), and came to an abrupt stop, sprawling most ignominiously over the cow's broad back.

"Stop! Stop!" I cried. "Wait a bit, Denny! I'm down over this infernal cow." It was an ignominious ending to the exploits of the evening.

Prudence or my cry stopped them.

The enemy were in full retreat; their steps pattered quick along the rocky road; and Denny observed, in a tone of immense satisfaction,

- "I think that's our trick, Charley."
- "Anybody hurt?" I asked, scrambling to my feet.

Watkins owned to a crack with the stock of a gun on his right shoulder, Hogwardt to a graze of a knife on the left arm. Denny was unhurt. We had reason to suppose that we had left our mark on at least two of the enemy. For so great a victory it was cheaply bought.

"We'll just drag in the cow," said I—I like to stick to my point—" and then we might see if there's anything in the cellar."

We did drag in the cow, and we dragged it through the house, and finally bestowed it in the compound behind. Hogvardt suggested that we should fetch the other also, but I had no mind for another surprise, which might not end so happily, and I decided to run the risk of leaving the second animal till the morn-So Watkins went off to seek for some wine, for which we all felt very ready, and I went to the door with the intention of securing it. But before I did so, I stood for a moment on the step, looking out on the night and sniffing the sweet, clear, pure air. It was in quiet moments like this, not in the tumult that had just passed, that I had pictured my beautiful island; and the love of it came on me now and made me swear that these fellows and their arch-ruffian, Constantine, should not drive me out of it without some more, and more serious, blows than had been struck that night. If I could get away safely and return with enough force to keep them quiet, I would pursue that course. If not-well, I believe I had very bloodthirsty thoughts in my mind, as even the most peaceable man may, when he has been served as I had and his friends roughly handled on his account.

Having registered these determinations,



"THE ENEMY WERE IN FULL RETREAT."

I was about to proceed with my task of securing the door, when I heard a sound that startled me. There was nothing hostile or alarming about it; rather it was pathetic and appealing, and, in spite of my previous truculence of mind, it caused me to exclaim: "Hullo, is that one of those poor beggars mauled?" For the sound was a slight painful sigh, as of somebody suffering pain; it seemed to come from out of the darkness about a dozen yards ahead of me. My first impulse was to go straight to the spot, but I had begun by now to doubt whether the Neopalians were not unsophisticated in quite as peculiar a sense as that in which they were good-hearted, and I called to Denny and Hogvardt, bidding the latter to bring his lantern with him. Thus protected, I stepped out of the door in the direction from which the sigh had come. Apparently we were to crown our victory by the capture of a wounded enemy.

An exclamation from Hogyardt told me that he, aided by the lantern, had come upon the quarry; but Hogyardt spoke in disgust rather than triumph.

"Oh, it is only the little one!" said he. "What's wrong with him, I wonder?" He stooped down and examined the prostrate form. "By heaven, I believe he's not touched—yes, there's a bump on his forehead, but not big enough for any of us to have given it."

By this time Denny and I were with him, and we looked down on the boy's pale face, which seemed almost deathlike in the glare of the lantern. The bump was not such a very small one, but it could not have been made by any of our weapons, for the flesh was not cut. A moment's further inspection showed that it must be the result of a fall on the hard rocky road.

"Perhaps he tripped on the cord, as you did on the cow," suggested Denny, with a grin.

It seemed likely enough, but I gave

very little thought to it, for I was busy studying the boy's face.

"No doubt," said Hogvardt. "He fell in running away and was stunned; and they did not notice it in the dark, or were afraid to stop. But they'll be back, my lord, and soon."

"Carry him inside," said I. "It won't hurt us to have a hostage."

Denny lifted the lad in his long arms—Denny was a tall powerful fellow—and strode off with him. I followed, wondering who it was that we had got hold of: for the boy was strikingly handsome. I was last in and barred the door. Denny had set our prisoner down in an armchair, where he sat now, conscious again, but still with a dazed look in his large dark eyes as he looked from me to the rest and back again to me, finally fixing a long gaze on my face.

"Well, young man," said I, "you've begun this sort of thing early. Lifting cattle and taking murder in the day's work is pretty good for a youngster like you. Who are you?"

"Where am I?" he cried, in that blurred, indistinct kind of voice that comes with mental bewilderment.

"You're in my house," said I, "and the rest of your infernal gang's outside and going to stay there. So you must make the best of it."

The boy turned his head away and closed his eyes. Suddenly I snatched the lantern from Hogvardt. But I paused before I brought it close to the boy's face, as I had meant to do, and I said,

"You fellows go and get something to eat and a snooze if you like. I'll look after this youngster. I'll call you if anything happens outside."

After a few unselfish protests, they did as I bade them. I was left alone in the hall with the prisoner, and merry voices from the kitchen told me that the battle was being fought again over the wine. I set the lantern close to the boy's face.

"H'm," said I, after a prolonged scru-

tiny. Then I sat down on the table, and began to hum softly that wretched chant of One-Eyed Alexander's, which had a terrible trick of sticking in a man's head.

For a few minutes I hummed. The lad shivered, stirred uneasily, and opened his eyes. I had never seen such eyes, and I could not conscientiously except even Beatrice Hipgrave's, which were in their way quite fine. I hummed away; and the boy said, still in a dreamy voice, but with an imploring gesture of his hand:

"Ah, no, not that! Not that, Constantine!"

"He's a tender-hearted youth," said I, and I was smiling now. The whole episode was singularly unusual and interesting.

The boy's eyes were on mine again; I met his glance, full and square. Then I poured out some water and gave it to him. He took it with trembling hand—the hand did not escape my notice—and drank it eagerly, setting the glass down with a sigh.

"I am Lord Wheatley," said I, nodding to him. "You came to steal my cattle, and murder me, if it happened to be convenient, you know."

The boy flashed out at me in a minute. "I didn't. I thought you'd surrender if we got the cattle away."

"You thought!" said I, scornfully. "I suppose you did as you were bid."

"No, I told Constantine that they weren't to——" The boy stopped short, looked round him, and said in a questioning voice, "Where are all the rest of my people?"

"The rest of your people," said I, "have run away, and you are in my hands. And I can do just as I please with you."

His lips set in an obstinate curve, but he made no answer. I went on as sternly as I could.

"And when I think of what I saw here yesterday—of that poor man stabbed by your bloodthirsty crew——"

"It was an accident," he cried, sharply; the voice had lost its dreaminess and sounded clear now.

"We'll see about that when we get Constantine and Vlacho before a judge," I retorted, grimly. "Anyhow, he was foully stabbed in his own house, for doing what he had a perfect right to do."

"He had no right to sell the island," cried the boy, and he rose for a moment to his feet with a proud air, only to sink back into the chair again, and stretch out his hand for water.

Now at this moment Denny, refreshed by meat and drink and in the highest of spirits, bounded into the hall.

"How's the prisoner?" he cried.

"Oh, he's all right. There's nothing the matter with him," I said, and as I spoke I moved the lantern, so that the boy's face and figure were again in shadow.

"That's all right," observed Denny, cheerfully. "Because I thought, Charley, we might get a little information out of him."

"Perhaps he won't speak," I suggested, casting a glance at the captive who sat now motionless in the chair.

"Oh, I think he will," said Denny, confidently: and I observed for the first time that he held a very substantial-looking whip in his hand; he must have found it in the kitchen. "We'll give the young ruffian a taste of this, if he's obstinate," said Denny, and I cannot say that his tone witnessed any great desire that the boy should prove at once compliant.

I shifted my lantern so that I could see the proud young face, while Denny could not. The boy's eyes met mine defiantly.

"You hear what he proposes?" I asked. "Will you tell us all we want to know?"

The boy made no answer, but I saw trouble in his face, and his eyes did not meet mine so boldly now.

"We'll soon find a tongue for him,"

said Denny, in cheerful barbarity; "upon my word, he richly deserves a thrashing. Say the word, Charley?"

"We haven't asked him anything yet," said I.



"HELD A VERY SUBSTANTIAL-LOOKING WHIP IN HIS HAND."

"Oh, I'll ask him something. Look here, who was the fellow with you and Vlacho?"

The boy was silent; defiance and fear struggled in the dark eyes.

"You see, he's an obstinate beggar," said Denny, as though he had observed all necessary forms and could now get to business; and he drew the lash of the whip through his fingers. I am afraid Denny was rather looking forward to executing justice with his own hands.

The boy rose again and stood facing that heartless young ruffian Denny—it was thus that I thought of Denny at the moment; then once again he sank back into his seat and covered his face with his hands.

"Well, I wouldn't go out killing if I hadn't more pluck than that," said Denny, scornfully. "You're not fit for the trade, my lad."

The boy had no retort. His face was buried in those slim hands of his. For a moment he was quite still: then he moved a little; it was a movement that spoke of helpless pain, and I heard something very like a stifled sob.

"Just leave us alone a little, Denny," said I. "He may tell me what he won't tell you."

"Are you going to let him off?" demanded Denny, suspiciously. "You never can be stiff in the back, Charley."

"I must see if he won't speak to me first," I pleaded, meekly.

"But if he won't?" insisted Denny.

"If he won't," said I, "and you still wish it, you may do what you like."

Denny sheered off to the kitchen, with an air that did not seek to conceal his opinion of my foolish tender-heartedness. Again I was alone with the boy.

"You are not fit for the trade. How came you to be in it?"

My question brought a new look as the boy's hands dropped from his face.

"How came you," said I, "who ought to restrain these rascals, to be at their head? How came you, who ought to shun the society of men like Constantine Stefanopoulos and his tool Vlacho, to be working with them?"

I got no answer; only a frightened look appealed to me in the white glare of Hogvardt's lantern. I came a step nearer and leant forward to ask my next question.

"Who are you? What's your name?"

"My name—my name?" stammered the prisoner. "I won't tell my name."

"You'll tell me nothing? You heard what I promised my friend?"

"Yes, I heard," said the lad, with a face utterly pale, but with eyes that were again set in fierce determination.

I laughed a low laugh.

"I believe you are fit for the trade after all," said I, and I looked with mingled distaste and admiration on him. But I had my last weapon still, my last question, I turned the lantern full on his face, I leant forward again, and I said in distinct slow tones—and the question sounded an absurd one to be spoken in such an impressive way:

"Do you generally wear—clothes like that?"

I had got home with that question. The pallor vanished, the haughty eyes sank. I saw long drooping lashes and a burning flush, and the boy's face once again sought his hands.

At the moment I heard chairs pushed back in the kitchen. In came Hogvardt with an amused smile on his broad face; in came Watkins with his impassive acquiescence in anything that his lordship might order; in came Master Denny brandishing his whip in jovial relentlessness.

"Well, has he told you anything?" cried Denny. It was plain that he hoped for the answer "No."

"I have asked him half-a-dozen questions," said I, "and he has not answered one."

"All right," said Denny, with wonderful emphasis.

Had I been wrong to extort this much punishment for my most inhospitable reception? Sometimes now I think that I was cruel. In that night much had occurred to breed viciousness in a man of the most equable temper. But the thing had now gone to the extreme limit to which it could go, and I said to Denny.

"It's a gross case of obstinacy, of course, Denny, but I don't see very well how we can horsewhip the lady."

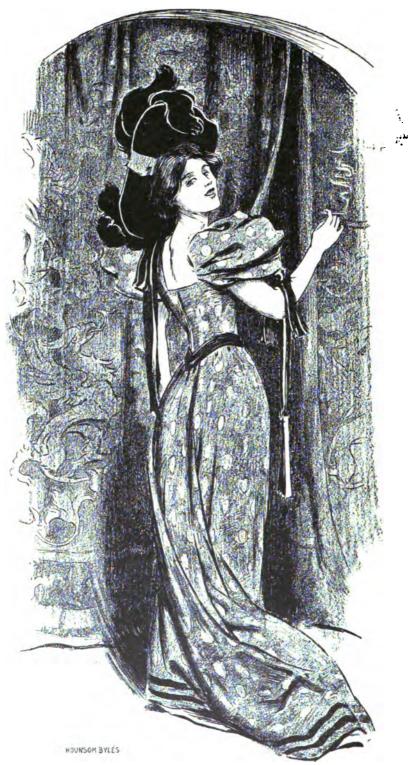
A sudden astounded cry, "The lady!" rang from three pairs of lips, and the lady herself dropped her head on the table and fenced her face round about with her protecting arms.

"You see," said I, "this lad is the Lady Euphrosyne."

For who else could it be that would give orders to Constantine Stefanopoulos, and ask where "my people" were? Who else, I also asked myself, save the daughter of the noble house, would boast the air, the hands, the face, that graced our young prisoner? In all certainty it was the Lady Euphrosyne.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"AU REVOIR." DRAWN BY HOUNSOM BYLES.



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## THE HORRORS OF LONDON.

BY ALLEN UPWARD.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. H. GOODWIN.

II.—THE AQUARIUM.

THE English are a humorous people.

They are the only people in the world who can enjoy a joke at their own expense. It is on this feeling that the Westminster Aquarium thrives.

In Edinburgh this Aquarium would have been a failure. In New York the management would have been lynched. In London it is a gigantic success. This

is because there are no fish in the Aquarium. It is the greatest practical joke the world has ever seen.

This fact is not generally known. Persons who have been to the Aquarium are shy about admitting it. No one likes to confess that he has been fooled. Hence the deception goes on. Unsuspicious persons from the country continue to come to the Aquarium in search of fish. Fathers re-



"THE MERE PRESENCE OF A FISH SEEMS TO AROUSE THEIR WORST PASSIONS."

commend their sons who are going up to town to resort to the Aquarium and study natural history. Clergymen in the suburbs organise Sunday School excursions to the place, under the impression that it is improving to the mind.

There is even an idea abroad that it is a department of the South Kensington Museum, that it is a place for the seriously inclined. It is always crowded during the May Meetings.

The time has come to expose this delusion. The Aquarium is not a scientific institution. There is no scientific lore to be gathered at the Aquarium. There is not enough science in the Aquarium to run an automatic machine.

The management are not ashamed of this. They have no fish there because they have forgotten to get them, or because their credit has run out with the fishmonger. They do it on purpose. It is a principle with them. They claim to have proved that an Aquarium can exist without fish.

This has not been understood by the piscatorial press. Hence the constant criticisms of the Aquarium which appear in their columns. They say that it would be possible to have a better Aquarium. They pretend that this Aquarium is not all that it might be. They urge that it is deficient in sharks. They point out that it does not contain a whale. They plead for the presence of a few tittlebats.

The management of the Aquarium are not to be shaken by attacks like these. Abuse merely hardens them in their attitude. The fact is that they despise fish. They speak disrespectfully of sharks. They entertain unfriendly feelings towards whales. They malign tittlebats.

Personally, I do not complain of the Aquarium merely because it has no fish. Lots of other places have none. There are no fish in Westminster Abbey, nor at the Empire, nor in the office of the *Idler*. But where the Aquarium differs from these other places is in its positive aver-

sion to fish. It turns from fish. It is death to any fish to enter this Aquarium.

Wise fish know this. They shun the place. They would rather go a mile round than pass it. Prudent fish warn their spawn against it. The most thoughtless minnow has sense enough not to go to this Aquarium.

The management of the Aquarium are not naturally cruel men. They can be kind to other animals. They welcome every other specimen of the brute creation, from the performing elephant down to the performing—this is a magazine for family circulation-insect. But the mere presence of a fish seems to arouse their worst passions. They hunt it down. They pursue it with the utmost rigour of the law. Many persons have expressed a wish to see a Human Fish. Thousands have yearned for a Boxing Salmon. the Aquarium people have sternly refused to gratify these innocent desires. They offer you instead a Human Horse and a Boxing Kangaroo. If those do not satisfy you, you can go elsewhere. is their motto. "All fish abandon, ye who enter here."

It would be a natural thing to have fishponds at the Aquarium like there are at the Welsh Harp. But the Aquarium management prefer to provide shooting galleries. They hope in this way to distract the minds of visitors from the very existence of such things as fish.

Every well-regulated Aquarium has a model of an oyster-bed. The management of this Aquarium are aware of this. They know that a model of an oyster-bed is expected of them, and hence they deliberately set up a model of a goldmine. It is part of their system to do so. It is a well-concerted scheme to make fish unpopular, and to render their position untenable.

The only thing that can tempt them from this attitude of sullen reserve is when they see an opportunity to undermine fish, to discount their plausibility, as it were,



"THERE IS AN IDEA ABROAD THAT IT IS A DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM."

by suggesting that human beings are as good as fish. This they hope to effect by their diving and swimming exhibitions. Their man versus rod contests are a distinct attempt to compete with fish in their own line, and to beat them on their own water. This is the refinement of malice.

These embittered feelings account for the alteration in the name of the gallery now known as the "Club Lounge." Its original name was, of course, the "Chub Lounge."

The only place in the Aquarium where the presence of fish is tolerated is the Restaurant. And that is under different management, and the fish there are dead.

It is true that some protests were made against this organised persecution. The enemies of the poor fish think they are secure, because fish have no votes. But this may not always remain so. The franchise is widening every day. Parliament legislates for fish, and by what right are they deprived of a voice in the laws by which they are so deeply affected? The day for such inequalities has gone by.

All that is needed is for fish to ventilate their grievances in the press and on the public platform. The thing has been done with success by other oppressed classes, and may be done by them. It is time that we had the New Fish. The bare announcement that a novel entitled "The Fish who Did" was on its way, would strike terror into the management of the Aquarium, and cause them to reconsider their ways.



## A LONG VIEW BY CHAS. PEARS.



She.—"I think you ought to alter your dressing-rooms at the football ground. From our windows we can see you quite plainly with a pair of opera-glasses."



# "THE POETRY OF ART."

MR. ROBERT SAUBER, R.B.A.

BY ROY COMPTON.

"I wonder what sort of man Sauber is?" I remarked to my vis-à-vis, a confrère of the pen and pencil community.

"You have only to look at his signature to learn his character," he replied, pointing to a sketch in *The Idler* which had occasioned my remark. "I should ima-

gine his studio is as neat and refined as a woman's boudoir." I am no believer in anything but fact. So I went in search of Mr. Robert Sauber, and found him in his charming studio in Kensington busily engaged painting a design for a Christmas annual, which is to be reproduced in "photochromotype," a method of which Mr. Sauber is extremely fond. which enhances the charm of his old-world portraits.

At first sight Mr. Sauber strikes you as being an artist, and an artist entirely in love with his work, as his whole manner shows.

Go with him as I did round his studio; every picture, object, and curio gives rise to some artistic comment or criticism. The

studio is most artistically lighted by clusters of electric arc lamps, and crowded with portraits, sketches of men and women of the seventeenth century. Perhaps no man has struck a stronger key-note of "Death to the New Woman" than the talented artist. He will have none of her—not one niche of his dainty studio is allotted to her charms. His ideal is the

woman of the old world, pure, simple, and refined, whose smallest action denoted the poetry of motion, and whose quaint garb and flowing robe furnish in themselves a study in art. On the left-hand side of the studio is placed Mr. Sauber's first important painting, which was exhibited in the Academy, 1890, entitled "The Golden

Lure," the best description of which is to be gained from the lines attached—

"Fair ambition, bubble born, Drops her laurel wreaths forlorn;

Hands that wrestle, clutch and strain, Only strive for greed of gain."

"That picture I only commenced two weeks before sending - in day," remarks Mr. Sauber, as we face it, "and I look upon it as my greatest success in oils; it was described by one of you facetious pressmc 1 as 'The Golden Cure'; now I have given up working in oil altogether, and do all my sketches in watercolour, the effect is much softer and more pleasing, and I obtain so little encouragement as a painter that I have turned all my



A STUDY. BY ROBERT SAUBER.

attention to illustration."

In the same year, after exhibiting at the Academy, Mr. Sauber made a favourable impression by a delightful little picture, "Merry-making," which, although not much bigger than one's hand, conveyed a wonderful sense of life and pleasure.

Glancing round, one is impressed by the pathetic pictorial allegory of "The Angel



"THE ANGEL OF DEATH BEARING AWAY THE SOUL." FROM THE PAINTING BY ROBERT SAUBER,

of Death bearing away the Soul," which was exhibited three years ago at the Royal Society of British Artists. The picture shows the wonderfully poetic imagination of the artist, and represents a beautiful Pysche being borne away by a winged figure of Death. On my remarking the beauty of the idea, the artist replied:

"That is how Death should be represented,—not as the grim, cold phantom we all dread in youth, but the angel we

gladly welcome when our time has come. As Longfellow puts it, 'There is no death, what seems so is transition'—and that is the idea I was anxious to convey. You see, I have crowned Death with a wreath of roses."

The wonderful carved wardrobe close by, next attracts my attention.

"Perhaps you would like to see inside this venerable piece of furniture? The doors are really church doors, which were



ROBERT SAUBER, R.B.A. DRAWN BY HIMSELF.

removed when one of the old churches was being renovated."

Whilst speaking, Mr. Sauber proceeds to unfasten the doors, the top shelves of which are filled with albums, neatly numbered, and contain the record of his work during the last six years, both French and English. Below is a marvellous display of stage properties, rich embroideries from all lands, quaint costumes, once worn by the high dames of the "Old World," or

be almost impossible to keep a stock of different shapes, and the ordinary hat line is so inartistic and hard; but this wire bends and folds, and gives the exact broken line one wants with lights, and shadows, and feeling."

"And you believe feeling to be the greatest factor in art?"

"Yes, distinctly so. A man may have a strong technique, and genuine artistic impulse, but, to my mind, his most finished



ILLUSTRATION FROM "THE ROSE HAD BEEN WASHED." BY ROBERT SAUBER.

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the blustering man of the seventeenth century.

"Now, I will show you how I make all my pictures give bonnets and caps." The artist takes from the shelf a piece of stiff muslin, round the edge of which is run a strong wire; in a moment his deft fingers have transformed it into the shape of an old fashioned poke bonnet, and, taking an ancient piece of ribbon, he winds it round and fastens it at the side. "There you are. That's the identical bonnet I am painting there for that Christmas cover. It would

work will be spoilt if it lacks feeling. To speak broadly, it should be the main effort of the artist not so much to imitate nature as to express feeling—his painting or sketch should be 'alive,' not lifelike. This I endeavour to make the chief characteristic of my work. I am always anxious to give the public my views and impressions of life as I feel them. I never strain after great effects, believing that simplicity is greatness. An artist's individuality should be apparent in every line of his brush. Many have remarked



LITERATURE." BY ROBERT SAUBER.

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that I fail to give my men subjects sufficient character, but it is almost impossible to express much individuality in the scenes in which I place them, mostly in the *rôle* of lovers. At such critical moments a man's individuality is subservient to the emotions and felicity of the woman he loves, and that is why a man in love is always at his worst, and looks weak and inane."

"And what is your opinion of the

English Art Editor?" I query, looking at the number of hastily-opened telegrams lying on a table close by, and each containing a commission.

"I always find them most difficult to get on with in a great many London offices. For economical reasons the editor takes upon himself the duties of art critic, and as he has had no artistic training, and probably has no taste for art, or appreciation thereof, he is incapable of choosing his artist, or judging him on his merit. He simply values his work from a purely commercial point of view, and art, pure and simple, has no commercial standpoint. The editor is out-of-the-way drawings are the sure sign of weak draughtmanship. Many men are capable of being artists in a certain degree, but an erratic outline sketch is no more a proof of genius in art than a few doggerel



"AN AFTERNOON CALL." DRAWN BY ROBERT SAUBER

easily swayed by the ephemeral fads and crazes of the day, and grotesque, and sometimes indecent, outlines he considers better suited to the public taste, and more likely to sell his paper than the masterly work of a well-known artist. He is apparently unaware that all fads and curious

lines of poem are a proof that the man who wrote them is a poet. To draw an outline figure requires no great amount of genius, only a good eye, steady hand, and a little practice. It is the finished drawing that proves the artist, and shows up his weakness and faults which escape



"WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO, MY PRETTY MAID?" DRAWN BY ROBERT SAUBER.

notice in a mere 'outline,' and which shows conclusively what amount of study he has had, and of how much he knows of the character and importance of I believe that the relish for higher excellence of art is an acquired taste, which cannot be possessed without long cultivation and great labour. For instance, it is easy enough to sketch the outline of a man's coat-sleeve. There is an outline of one," pointing to an unfinished sketch upon the table; "but it is knowing exactly where to put the creases and shadows in that coat-sleeve which proves how much knowledge of true art the artist possesses. Another weakness the 'Ghost' Art Editors possess is a love for photography, in most cases because it is cheap; and they like to cram as much illustration into their papers, at the least possible cost. The art illustrations of a paper should elevate the tone of the paper itself. Unfortunately the result is quite to the contrary, and there are many well known pen and pencil men of to-day who can scarcely obtain sufficient commissions owing to this new phase of 'Art disease.' I am sure it would be beneficial to the public at large if the Public Prosecutor would occasionally study the pages of some of the illustrated periodicals and papers of the day who profess to supply Art-an Art debasing to men and women alike."

" And the remedy?" I query.

"A Society of Illustrators, formed from the leading artists—a coterie of men who have earned their names by long study, genius, and clearness of conception, who will combine and compel the illustrated papers to strengthen their profession, so that their continued efforts gain for them in the end, the certainty of comfort which is allotted to men in other professions, and also ensure the paying public the finest Art illustration the country can produce. And the result would be not only to enrich the artist, but advance the Art in the country. What the illustrator needs is a better and stronger hold on his

future, and a good working "society" would educate and foster the public taste in a manner that neither editor nor publisher could afford to ignore."

"And you believe that the public are already tiring of the camera and brazen intensities?"

"Yes. I draw my conclusion from the fact that when in Paris I was extremely astonished by a French editor guaranteeing me a commission for *thirty* drawings a month if I would stay in Paris. I replied to his offer:

"'Surely there are enough artists in France without me, and your countrymen do far superior work, especially in the studies of women, for which you are anxious to retain me.'

"'Oh yes,' he answered, 'we have plenty of good illustrators, especially draughtsmen of *chic* women, but it is the real, sweet, and gentle woman who is best appreciated by the public who love Art, not the giddy, wicked type of women all our artists draw."

"And you work for many of the French papers still?"

"Yes, The Figaro, La Revue Illustré, La Librairie Hachette & Cie., &c."

"Surely such favour shown to an Englishman is a proof of your cosmopolitan treatment of subjects!"

"I can only draw my conclusions from the fact that I illustrate for more papers in England and France than any other artist in London. The old-world women are always appreciated very kindly on either side of the Channel. I am a great believer in French Art, and I studied in the studios of Jules Lefebvre and Benjamin Constant; but, on the whole, I think a man learns more from consulting his own mind and feelings than from his tutors at any rate. I have made my way without any school or academical training."

"Many people imagine from your name and signature that you are French by birth."



"THE THREE SNAKE LEAVES." FROM GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES.

(Ey p.rmission of the Proprietors of the Sketch.)

"No, indeed, both my parents are English, and I was born in London in 1869. That small miniature over the fire-place is my grandfather, Mr. Hancock, the inventor of gutta-percha, who was very closely interested in the laying of the first cable to America."

"And you work principally-"

"From models! I have always two here: a man and woman. Here, in this corner, is the little scene arranged I am now sketching. My model was in costume, and leaning over the chair. I work very rapidly,

and turn out at least one finished drawing each day."

This is easily imagined looking at the numbers of books and portfolios which are overflowing with the results of his poetical fancies and facile brush.

"And which paper or periodical do you consider capable of the best reproduction?"

"The American. They spare no trouble or expense in reproducing the artist's work as carefully and finely as possible. Their Art motto is: 'Little but



"SORROW." BY ROBERT SAUBER.

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good.' In many papers here in England the art of reproduction is being little studied, and I am often very disappointed when I see my work appear. I do not think sufficient attention is paid to the study of wood-cut printing. Much has been done, but I am sure there are capabilities in the art of woodcutting which have not been fully de-Now we veloped. have showy proofs where we should have faultless prints. It is always a grievance to me that the brilliant effect of the proof so seldom appears in the print. The engraver should be as skilled in his work as the artist, otherwise it is impossible for him to produce a meritorious illustration of the artist's design. Perhaps my early training as a lithographer has somewhat to do with my keen interest in the matter."

Opposite to the studio door is a table on which are arranged various small sketches in oil. "Memory Sketches," which have been executed by the artist on Friday nights during the two hours allotted by the Langham Sketching Club. The sketches are the work of a colourist with the ideals of a poet, and each is radiant with beauty and life.

"How do you like illustrating a story?"

"Not much; it is by no means as easy as it looks to grasp the mind of the author, or the conception of his or her characters. Some little time ago I was illustrating a story by Mrs. Campbell



"THE TRYSTING BOWER." DRAWN BY ROBERT SAUBER.

Praed. The plot was Australian. I felt rather nervous about the matter till I had a letter from Mrs. Campbell Praed thanking me for having so accurately gauged the characters, dress, &c., as she intended to present them to her readers. I think the proofs of the stories I am to illustrate are about all I find

time to read, and I have to rush through them in the evening when too late to work."

I make no attempt to describe the artist personally. The sketch by himself is "lifelike," if not alive, whilst the illustrations themselves speak his character and the refinement of his Art.



## THE CHRONICLES OF ELVIRA HOUSE.

BY HERBERT KEEN.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. DEWAR.

No. II.—HERR DOLLE'S DIAMONDS.



MADE no attempt to persuade Mr. Booth to take up his abode at Elvira House; for, to tell the truth, I was not particularly anxious to

stand sponsor for him. I felt that it would be abusing Mrs. Nix's confidence in me to introduce, as a stranger, a gentleman who had already stayed there in an assumed character. However, he came with an introduction from another source without even referring to our acquaintance, and under the circumstances I considered myself bound to observe the promise I had made to him. I never regretted this, for Mr. Booth proved a decided acquisition to our circle, and conducted himself with the grave decorum of a quiet elderly gentleman of studious tastes and methodical habits. He and I soon became very good friends, as he had predicted; but he always maintained the most absolute reserve respecting his former avocation. He let it be understood that he had retired from business, but I noticed that he usually absented himself for some hours daily, as though he still had some kind of occupation; and, occasionally, he went out of town for a day or two ostensibly to attend race meetings. This hobby, of which he made no secret, might have created a prejudice against most men, but in the case of Mr. Booth it was merely regarded as an amiable idiosyncrasy, for it was impossible to suspect him of the mildest dissipation.

Sometimes, as he sat in his accustomed arm-chair in the smoking-room, enjoying his after-dinner cigar, and listening with quiet attention to the conversation around him, I used to wonder whether this inno-

cent-looking little gold-spectacled bald-headed gentleman, with the scrupulously neat and spotless attire and benevolent aspect, could ever by any possibility have been engaged in the stirring career of a detective or enquiry agent. Indeed, I had almost persuaded myself that I was the victim of an extraordinary hallucination regarding him, when an event happened which led to Mr. Booth revealing the unexpected side of his character.

Among our guests at that time was a certain Herr Victor Dolle, a Dutch gentleman, who lived in Amsterdam and came over pretty frequently to this country on business connected with his trade of a diamond cutter and polisher. He had resided at Elvira House on many previous occasions, and had gained universal esteem, for he was an amiable, goodnatured giant of a man, looking more English than foreign, and speaking our language with singular fluency and correctness.

One day Herr Dolle started by an early train on a flying visit to Birmingham, and I was preparing to depart to the City at the usual hour, when Mrs. Nix stopped me as I passed the door of her office, and, in an agitated voice, requested me to come in. I found her very pale and upset; in fact, almost hysterical. The door of a large safe, which stood in a corner of the room was open, and the contents lay scattered in a confused heap upon the floor.

"Mr. Perkins, I have been robbed!" exclaimed Mrs. Nix, trembling in every limb, as she closed and locked the door.

"Burglars!" I exclaimed.

"No; at least, I think not," she added, hastily. "The safe has apparently not

been tampered with. It was locked when I opened it just now. The key acted perfectly. And yet something has been abstracted!"

I glanced round in consternation, and, as I did so, I observed upon her writing-table a bank "paying-in" book lying open, and on top of it two or three cheques, some bank-notes, and gold.

"It is not money that I have lost," said Mrs. Nix, following my gaze. "If it were, it would be my own, and wouldn't so much matter."

"What is it, then?" I enquired.

"A small parcel entrusted to me by Herr Dolle on the day of his arrival. It contained, I suppose, diamonds or precious stones. He has been in the habit of asking me to take charge of such things while staying here, to avoid carrying them about. For aught I know the contents of the parcel may have been worth hundreds—nay, thousands of pounds!" exclaimed Mrs. Nix, distractedly.

"My dear Madam," I said, soothingly, seeing that she was beside herself with agitation, "you must keep calm and tell me how it all happened. When did you last see the parcel?"

I took her hand as I spoke and conducted her to an easy-chair, into which she sank in a half-fainting condition. After a brief pause, she said:

"On Tuesday, the day he arrived, Herr Dolle, with my permission, placed the parcel in the corner of that second shelf. To-day being Saturday, I have received payment of several accounts, your own among others. I went to the safe just now to get my 'paying-in' book in order to send the money to the bank. Suddenly, I thought of Herr Dolle's parcel, which I had almost forgotten. It had disappeared."

"Are you sure?" I asked, incredulously.

"I have turned everything out of the safe on to the floor," she said, despairingly.

"Perhaps you have overlooked it. What size was it?" I enquired.

"Oh! Quite small. Not larger or much thicker than an envelope, folded longways across. You know the sort of little paper parcel that Herr Dolle carries diamonds in? It fits into his pocket-book."

I remembered having been shown, on several occasions, by Herr Dolle, little parcels of diamonds such as Mrs. Nix They had generally been described. done up in neat packages of drab paper folded like a needlecase, but rather larger, with an inner lining of tissue in which the gems reposed. Obviously, a parcel of such small dimensions might easily get mislaid among other articles, and I tried to reassure Mrs. Nix by asseverating my belief that this was what had happened. Though the poor lady shook her head despondently, I at once set to work to replace in the safe, one by one, the books and documents she had taken out of it. were two or three account-books, some miscellaneous papers, a cheque-book, a number of counterfoils of old cheques, but, unfortunately, a careful scrutiny convinced me that Herr Dolle's packet had not slipped into any unsuspected fold or insinuated itself between the leaves of a book as I had hoped.

"I suppose you are quite sure that you have never given back the packet to Herr Dolle?" I said, as I reluctantly abandoned the search.

"Quite certain. I have been expecting to be asked for it."

"And you found the safe securely locked?" I enquired, as I tried the key.

"Yes."

"Have you ever parted with the key?"

"Not for a single instant. I always carry my keys about with me," said Mrs. Nix.

"What does Major Nix think about it?"

I declare that when I asked this ques-



MRS. NIX STOPPED ME AS I PASSED THE DOOR OF HER OVERCE

tion I was not conscious of any sequence of ideas in my mind; yet, as I uttered the words, I wished them unspoken, for Mrs. Nix flushed painfully, while I suddenly realised that her husband, sharing her apartment, was the only person who might have obtained access to the key without her knowledge.

"I have not mentioned the subject to anyone yet. Besides, the Major was not even aware that the parcel existed," she added, indignantly.

I felt embarrassed and confused, for I suddenly realised the true cause of the poor lady's agitation. The loss of the parcel was, of course, serious enough, but when one reflected that circumstances pointed to the Major as the possible thief the situation became painfully complicated.

"What is to be done?" enquired Mrs. Nix, nervously.

"It is a matter for the police," I said, awkwardly.

"No, Mr. Perkins, that is impossible," said Mrs. Nix, confronting me with an air of desperate resolution. "Scandal must be avoided. I cannot have the police called in. And yet the parcel must be found. What am I to say to Herr Dolle? What shall I do?"

I reflected a moment, feeling indeed, quite at a loss what to advise in the peculiar circumstances, and then, by a sort of inspiration, I exclaimed:

"There is a gentleman here, Mr. Booth, who I think has had experience in these matters. Will you authorise me to consult him?"

My suggestion, being totally unexpected, received a somewhat reluctant acquiescence, but I felt immensely relieved at the prospect of sharing the responsibility of advising Mrs. Nix in this delicate affair with someone whose judgment I instinctively knew could be relied upon. I therefore left Mrs. Nix with strict injunctions not to breathe a word of the loss, even to her husband,

at present, while I hastened to seek for Mr. Booth.

I found him smoking his morning cigar over his particular copy of the *Times*, and though I burst in upon him without preface or apology, and related bluntly what had occurred, he manifested neither surprise nor confusion at my consulting him, but immediately proceeded to ask me pertinent questions in a brisk matter of fact way.

"The Major is too big a fool to meddle with diamonds. If it had been money, now"—a slight shrug of the shoulders significantly conveyed Mr. Booth's estimate of poor Mrs. Nix's 'husband, as he rose from his seat at the conclusion of my narrative. "Let us come and look at the safe," he added.

"I'm glad you don't suspect the Major, for his wife's sake," I remarked.

"He may have had an accomplice, but we needn't tell her so," he replied, as we passed out of the room.

Our hostess was, by this time, a little calmer, and as we entered her sanctum, she was hurriedly filling in, on the leaf of the "paying-in" book, particulars of the money to be despatched to the bank. She received Mr. Booth with a slight access of her habitual stateliness, which betrayed her nervous apprehensions.

"My dear Madam, permit me to congratulate you on your wise determination to refrain from sending for the police," he said, with unusual geniality.

"You think it is unnecessary?" said Mrs. Nix, eagerly.

"Unnecessary and undesirable," replied Mr. Booth, rather to my astonishment. "What you want, of course, is to recover the missing property. The police, on the other hand, would care less about that than to bring some person to justice—probably the wrong person, causing in any case, scandal and annoyance."

"That is what I thought," said Mrs. Nix, in a tone of heartfelt relief.

"Exactly, and you were quite right.

Now, let us consider the facts of the case," added Mr. Booth, turning to the safe. "This is where the parcel was placed."

"Yes."

"On this shelf here, as I understand from Mr. Perkins. I won't trouble you to repeat what you told him. I shall have a question or two to ask you presently."

He spoke in a pre-occupied manner, while closing the door of the safe and manipulating the key. The latter he examined carefully, carrying it to the light and scrutinising the wards through a small magnifying glass which he produced from his pocket.

"Now," said Mr. Booth, having apparently satisfied himself that the key had not been tampered with. "Let us have a little rehearsal of what took place when Herr Dolle arrived. To begin with, what were you doing?"

"I was seated at the table as I am now, and I was—yes, I remember!—I was just commencing to fill in a slip with particulars of the money I was about to send to the bank?" said Mrs. Nix.

"Ah! Then that will fix the date. May I look?" enquired Mr. Booth, taking up the "paying-in" book, which lay upon the table, and turning over the leaves. "It was Tuesday the 13th?"

"Yes."

"And I see you sent the money to the bank by a messenger or servant," said Mr. Booth, carelessly, as he laid down the book.

"How do you know that?" enquired Mrs. Nix, in surprise.

"Only because the counterfoil is initialled by the bank clerk who received the money, which is generally done when a messenger is employed," said Mr. Booth.

"Yes, I sent it by Martha Staines."

"That elderly woman with spectacles—a sort of housekeeper, isn't she?" enquired Mr. Booth.

"Yes, but surely you don't suspect

her! She has been with me for many years. I am sure she is quite honest," said Mrs. Nix, warmly.

"No, I don't suspect her, for a very good reason which I will tell you presently," answered Mr. Booth, smilingly. "Well, you were engaged as you said when Herr Dolle arrived? He came in here?"

"I went out to meet him in the hall, recognising his voice. He followed me into this room, and stayed talking for some moments. I resumed my seat at the desk here, and presently I went on filling up the 'paying-in' slip, while he talked."

"Ah!" ejaculated Mr. Booth.

"The fact is I was very busy, and Herr Dolle always has so much to say," said Mrs. Nix, smiling. "Presently he produced the little parcel and asked me to allow him to put it inside the safe, which was open."

"Well?"

"I, of course, consented, and I particularly looked round at his request, and saw him place it on the shelf there," said Mrs. Nix, emphatically.

"And then?" queried Mr. Booth.

"Then he left, after talking a few minutes longer."

"What did he talk about in those few minutes?" asked Mr. Booth, quickly.

"Really, I can't remember," said Mrs. Nix, impatiently. "I'm afraid I didn't listen very attentively."

Mr. Booth glanced at me as though our hostess's last answer possessed some significance, but I entirely failed to grasp his meaning. He smiled at my perplexity, and turned again to Mrs. Nix.

"Did you lock up the safe directly he left?" he asked.

"Yes,—at least—no; not immediately. I rang for Martha. When she came we checked my figures in the pay-book with the money, which we placed in a little paper bag—you know the kind!"

"One of these," said Mr. Booth, producing from a bundle which stood in a



corner of the safe a brown paper bag supplied by the bank.

"Yes, and—and that's all; Martha took the bag and the 'paying-in' book to the bank, while I shut the safe and went about my other duties."

"And now for the only really important question," said Mr. Booth, briskly. "When you shut the safe, are you sure Herr Dolle's parcel was there?"

"Quite sure. I saw him place it there."

"But did you really see it? Could you swear that you locked it up in the safe? Because," added Mr. Booth, laughingly, "I'm prepared to wager my head against a china orange, as the saying is, that when you locked the safe the parcel wasn't there!"

"Where was it, then,?" exclaimed Mrs. Nix, in bewilderment.

"In Herr Dolle's pocket!"

"No!" we both exclaimed.

"I say 'yes,' and it is a fact which can be verified the moment he returns from Birmingham," he added, smiling at our undisguised incredulity. "Depend upon it that, after placing the parcel on the shelf there, he changed his mind and took it up again. You were busy, Mrs. Nix, and didn't notice what he said. Try and remember!"

"You—you may be right, of course," murmured Mrs. Nix, evidently anxious to be convinced in spite of secret misgivings.

"Of course I'm right—eh, Perkins?" said Mr. Booth, glancing meaningly at me.

"Your theory seems a little far-fetched," I replied, half involuntarily.

Mrs. Nix looked distressed at my reply, and Mr. Booth darted at me a momentary glance of annoyance.

"What a fellow you are, Perkins!" he exclaimed, good-humouredly, the instant after. "You refuse to allow me the credit of an intelligent deduction from bare facts! You force me to disclose the trick which

I carry up my sleeve, and to discount my own cleverness!"

"What do you mean?" enquired Mrs. Nix, eagerly.

"Last night Herr Dolle showed me, in my own room, a parcel of diamonds precisely like the one we have been talking about," said Mr. Booth, gravely.

"Really!" exclaimed Mrs. Nix.

"But he didn't say——" I commenced, rather hotly.

"He didn't say it was the identical parcel," interposed Mr. Booth, quickly, "because, naturally, it never occurred to me to ask the question—but I'm convinced in my own mind that it was. If Perkins likes to risk a sovereign, I'll take his bet that Herr Dolle confirms my theory."

"It would be worth a sovereign," I said, more, in truth, from obstinacy than from conviction.

"Done, then," said Mr. Booth, cheerfully.

"Oh! Mr. Booth, I am so much obliged to you. You have relieved my mind of a great anxiety," exclaimed Mrs. Nix, evidently completely carried away by my companion's easy assurance. "Come in!" she added, quickly, in response to a knock at the door.

It was the old housekeeper, Martha, a tall, grey-haired woman in spectacles of such strong magnifying power that they made her dim eyes look unnaturally large. Nevertheless, she was obviously as blind as a bat, for she peered into the room in a short-sighted manner, and appeared startled at seeing us.

"Beg pardon, ma'am. I only wished to ask if I am to go to the bank?" she said.

"I shall be passing, Mrs. Nix," I interposed, desirous of making amends for any uneasiness I might have caused.

"Oh! thank you. Never mind, Martha, to-day," said Mrs. Nix.

"H'm! Hardly a safe messenger," remarked Mr. Booth, as Martha with-



THERE WAS ONLY ONE CASHIER.

drew. "Honest enough, no doubt, but getting old, and might easily be robbed."

He was strolling to the door as he spoke; I paused only while Mrs. Nix placed in a paper bag the coins, notes, and cheques, and then followed him into the hall. When we were alone, he looked at me rather queerly.

"So you don't believe in my theory, Perkins?" he laughed.

put on my hat and started for my office. I was annoyed because Mr. Booth had seemed to suggest that I was endeavouring to foster suspicion against Major Nix, whereas nothing had been farther from my thoughts. But when I came to reflect upon what had passed, I realised that I had no cause of complaint against him, and that my resentment was really due to vexation with myself for having involuntarily assumed an attitude calculated to disturb our hostess's peace of As for Mr. Booth's theory, a few moment's consideration convinced me that it was possibly correct; and it could, as he had pointed out, easily be put to the test, for Herr Dolle was due back the same evening.

I called in at Mrs. Nix's bank as I passed along Oxford Street, and paid in the money and cheques which she had entrusted to me. I had rendered her this small service on two or three previous occasions, and was known to the clerks there. It was in those days a small branch establishment, with a very modest staff. There was only one cashier, if I remember rightly; at all events, I was attended to by a young fellow whose face was familiar to me, though I did not know his name.

"Anything happened to the old lady who generally comes here?" he enquired, carelessly, as I handed over my charge.

"Mrs. Staines is all right. Mrs. Nix asked me to pay in the money, as I happened to be passing," I replied.

"All well at Elvira House?" he asked, glancing through the cheques,

"Yes."

"And the Major?"

"Major Nix is quite well," I answered, as I turned away.

"I suppose you heard that he lost a good bit of money over the Leger," he remarked, lowering his voice.

"I am not in the Major's confidence," I replied, annoyed at the news on the poor wife's account.

"Oh! all right. Then you needn't say I told you," rejoined the cashier, with a vindictive laugh.

It seemed to me, from his tone, that the young man bore some grudge against Major Nix, and was not unwilling to do him an injury by spreading the news. I resolved, therefore, not to gratify him by repeating what he had told me, but, at the same time, the information caused me some uneasiness. If Mr. Booth's theory about the missing parcel should prove delusive, here was a piece of intelligence which might, of itself, suffice to arouse suspicion against the Major.

I was a good deal disturbed by this discovery, which had the effect of arousing uncomfortable misgivings in my mind.

When I returned to Elvira House in the

evening, I told Mr. Booth in confidence what I had learnt. To my surprise, however, he seemed already aware of Major Nix's misfortune, and, after listening to my story, he quietly produced a telegram.

"From Herr Dolle," he remarked, as he placed it triumphantly in my hands.

"Did you send him a message then?"
I asked.

"Yes. Fortunately, Mrs. Nix remembered the name and address of his agents in Hatton Garden. From them I ascertained where a telegram to Birmingham would find him. I thought it better to put an end to Mrs. Nix's suspense at once," he added.

Herr Dolle's reply, despatched from Birmingham, was in these words. "Wire received. Parcel in my possession. Explain to-night."

"Have you told Mrs. Nix?" I enquired, eagerly.

"Yes. She is delighted, of course. "By the way," he added, carelessly, "Mrs. Nix doesn't wish her husband to know anything about it. Between ourselves, she evidently doesn't trust him, and quite right too. She prefers he shouldn't know that her safe occasionally contains valuables."

"Well, it appears I owe you a sovereign." I replied, producing my purse.

"Better wait and learn the truth from Herr Dolle's own lips. His train arrives at eight o'clock," said Mr. Booth, laughingly.

I demurred to this delay in discharging my obligation, but my friend was goodhumouredly obstinate, and it was not until later in the evening, after Herr Dolle's return, that he consented to receive it. When I adjourned to the smoking-room, after spending an hour or two in the drawing-room after dinner, I found Herr Dolle smoking stolidly in his usual corner by the fireplace, and at my entrance he rose and drew me aside.

"My friend," he said, in his slow



FROM HERR DOLLE," HE REMARKED, AS HE PLACED IT TRIUMPHANTLY IN MY HANDS.

"It was her own fault, of course," I remarked.

"I am sorry, but I should have been sorrier still if the parcel had been lost," he remarked.

"Were the contents valuable?" I enquired.

"Very valuable. I should have been a fool for my pains, Ja!" said Herr Dolle, nodding his head emphatically as he left me and returned to his chair.

An animated discussion was going on in the room, and our little colloquy excited no attention, except from Mr. Booth, who glanced at me with a self-satisfied smile, and silently held out his hand for my sovereign, which I immediately produced. The Major, who was in great form that evening, and was apparently quite cheerful and indifferent about his recent losses, caught sight of this little episode, and exclaimed:

"Hullo! Perkins is paying up! What is it? A bet?"

· "Yes," replied Mr. Booth, quietly pocketing the coin. "A bet which Herr Dolle has decided in my favour."

"Eh? What was it? Tell us about it, Dolle," cried the Major, who was quite in his element.

Herr Dolle looked a little disconcerted at being appealed to, for he turned red and glanced covertly at Mr. Booth. No doubt, he had, like myself, been warned not to reveal our secret to the Major, and felt at a loss how to reply. But Mr. Booth quickly relieved his embarrassment and my own, by saying, promptly:

"Perkins doubted when I said that a diamond merchant could always recognise his own wares."

"Hang it all! One diamond is very like another. Given two stones of the same size and quality, and how the deuce could even an expert tell the difference?" shouted the Major, in an argumentative tone.

"You don't often come across two stones which are exact counterparts," said Mr. Booth, glancing at the Dutchman.

"What I say is this," said Herr Dolle, slowly, "that I could always recognise stones which had been cut and polished by myself."

"Well, I shouldn't have believed it possible!" cried the Major in his noisy way. "Now I'll tell you fellows what happened once to a man I knew at Agra."

I forget now the details of the story, but though it led to a long argument, it failed to convince Herr Dolle, who, indeed ,was evidently disinclined to discuss the point. I thought he looked worried and depressed, and shortly afterwards he got up, observing with a prodigious yawn that he was tired after his journey, and retired from the room. But Mr. Booth defended his own assertion with great pertinacity, and incidentally displayed an intimate acquaintance with traffic in precious stones, which he explained by saying that he had once visited Kimberley, where he had been initiated into most of the mysteries of the trade.

Looking back, I think I always had a

sort of suspicion at the back of my head, that we had not heard the last of Herr Dolle's parcel. But it is easy, from after knowledge of events, to claim credit for preternatural acuteness, and to speak quite honestly, I cannot recall to mind that anything happened for some days to make me suspect a private understanding between Herr Dolle and Mr. Booth. At all events, I must own to having been considerably startled by an incident which occurred about a week later.

We were alone one evening in the smoking-room, Herr Dolle, Mr. Booth, the Major, and I, after the other guests had departed. It was pretty late, and Herr Dolle had just risen to knock the ashes out of his last pipe when the Major, who had been fidgetting about in his chair, and nervously twisting the ends of his moustache for some moments, suddenly exclaimed:

"I say, Dolle! you buy diamonds, don't you?"

"Eh?" exclaimed Herr Dolle, turning round with a startled look.

"A friend of mine owes me some money but, like me, he is hard up," explained the Major, reddening at the evident surprise which his enquiry had caused. "His mother died recently and left him some jewellery, including a diamond necklace. He has taken out the stones and wishes to dispose of them."

While speaking, Major Nix lugged out of his trouser-pocket a little leather bag, from which he extracted a quantity of cotton-wool. Carefully wrapped inside this were a dozen or more of good-sized diamonds of extraordinary whiteness and brilliancy. Herr Dolle stared at the stones in amazement, and turned red all over his face and neck.

"May I look?" he grunted, after a pause.

Major Nix yielded up his treasure with increasing confusion, and Herr Dolle, picking out the diamonds one by one from their woolly bed, ranged them in rows on his broad palm, and examined them beneath the gas-lamp. Though he said nothing, I could see plainly that he was considerably startled and taken aback, and I noticed that Mr. Booth was vigilant and alert.

"I suppose they are real stones?" said Major Nix, apparently struck by the Dutchman's manner.

"Yes, they are real stones, but I shall not buy these. No!" said Herr Dolle, replacing the diamonds in the bag with stolid deliberation.

"Why not?" enquired the Major.

"Because Herr Dolle prefers selling to buying, eh, Herr?" interposed Mr. Booth, briskly. "Besides, he is leaving England to-morrow."

"Yes. I am leaving England tomorrow," said Herr Dolle, rather sulkily, as he handed over the bag to Mr. Booth in obedience to a peremptory gesture from that gentleman.

"My friend can't wait—or rather, I can't," said Major Nix, with an uneasy laugh. "I suppose you can recommend me to someone in your line of business?"

"I can," said Mr. Booth, before the Dutchman could reply. "My friend, Mr. Klenck, of 187, Hatton Garden, will treat you fairly on my introduction. I'll meet you there, if you like."

"Thanks," exclaimed the Major, hurriedly making a note of the name and address on his shirt-cuff. "Shall we say to-morrow?"

"Any time that will suit your friend," said Mr. Booth, cheerfully.

"Eh? Oh! He won't want to come. He trusts me," returned the Major.

"Mr. Klenck would not deal with an agent in a case like this. Besides it would be better for your own sake that he should be present. By the bye, what is your friend's name?" enquired Mr. Booth, carelessly.

"I don't think I ought to say," replied Major Nix, pulling at his moustache, and looking embarrassed. "He particularly

doesn't want his name to appear. You see it's a family matter."

"I see," said Mr. Booth, drily, as he quietly put the little bag in his pocket. "I'm not going to let you make a fool of yourself, Major. Your friend must turn up or there will be no business done."

Mr. Booth's words, and especially the significant action which accompanied them, threw the Major in a great state of excitement and perturbation, and he indignantly protested that his friend's integrity was beyond suspicion. But, unable to resist the logical retort, he at length sullenly gave way, and, though he still refused to mention the name of his principal, he consented to bring him to Mr. Klenck's office at five o'clock in the afternoon of the following day.

With this arrangement the discussion ended, and I remarked that Herr Dolle, whose demeanour had at one time been rather mysterious, seemed relieved at the turn of events, and he resumed his habitual stolidity. We all left the apartment together, but, on the landing outside my room where Mr. Booth and I found ourselves alone, I unburdened my mind by whispering, eagerly:

"Those were Herr Dolle's diamonds, of course!"

"Yes," said Mr. Booth, quietly.

"How did the Major come by them?" I enquired.

"We shall know to-morrow," said Mr. Booth, smiling at my excitement. "Would you like to meet us at Mr. Klenck's, and see what happens?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Very well. No. 187, Hatton Garden, third floor back, at five o'clock," he said, in a matter of fact tone, as he passed on towards his room.

"One moment, Mr. Booth," I exclaimed, unable to restrain my curiosity.
"You don't believe the Major stole them?"

"I can't say anything till to-morrow," he replied, gravely.

With which he nodded "good-night" to me, and abruptly entered his room; and here I may remark that I learnt from subsequent experience that my friend always had a weakness for creating dramatic effects. I frequently accused him of this peculiar form of vanity, and though he defended himself by enlarging upon the danger of premature confidences in matters involving important issues, I am still of opinion that Mr. Booth carried this irritating reticence to undue limits from motives of self-glorification.

However, it was a harmless eccentricity at the worst, though on the present occasion it annoyed me exceedingly, for I was completely mystified by this extraordinary development. On the one hand, all the circumstances of the case pointed to Major Nix as the probable thief, even to the stolen diamonds being actually in his possession; on the other, it was impossible to believe he could be guilty when he had openly offered them for sale in his own house to the lawful owner! It was true that the story of the loss had been hushed up, and the Major might have been dense enough not to suspect that the stones belonged to Herr Dolle; but even assuming this, his conduct had either been that of an innocent man or a lunatic.

Next morning, Mr. Booth's reserve was more impenetrable than ever; and I did not see Herr Dolle, who had left the house before I came down. I had, therefore, no alternative but to control my impatience as best I could till the evening, when, punctually at the hour named, I presented myself at No. 187, Hatton Garden.

It was a dingy building in which there were several sets of chambers, and after lingering for a few minutes outside, waiting for Mr. Booth, it occurred to me that he might have entered, and I therefore ascended the stairs to Mr. Klenck's office. On reaching the third floor I opened a door which bore his name, my

action being signalled by the sharp ring of a bell which answered to the turning of the handle. I found myself in a little square vestibule, partitioned off with glazed panelling, in which was a sliding window marked "Enquiries."

"Yes?" questioned a voice from the other side.

"Is Mr. Booth here?" I enquired.

The response was a "click" at my elbow which revealed the opening of an inner door, through which I passed into a good-sized room. Here, seated at a table busily engaged in writing, was my friend Booth, who saluted me with a cool nod and a silent intimation to close the door through which I had entered.

"Where is Mr. Klenck?" I enquired, perceiving that we were alone.

"He has been good enough to let me have the use of his office for half an hour. Mr. Klenck is Herr Dolle's agent," he added, without looking up from his writing.

This was a revelation to me, but seeing that Mr. Booth was occupied with his pen, I forebore to ask questions and seated myself on a vacant chair opposite to him. I gazed around me with curiosity, and observed that the only furniture consisted of a couple of small tables covered with blue cloth and surrounded on three sides by a low wooden barrier, evidently designed to prevent small articles from being brushed off; a few chairs, and an enormous safe. I noticed also two sets of scales of fragile and delicate mechanism with miniature weights, screened by a glass covering; some copper or metal scoops of various small sizes; some pairs of tweezers, and a jeweller's magnifying glass.

"Here they are," said Mr. Booth, suddenly, at the sound of footsteps on the landing outside. "Come in," he added, as the bell rung.

"Is Mr. Klenck in?" enquired the Major's voice.

With a sly look at me, Mr. Booth jerked

the handle of a small lever attached to the desk at which he was sitting, and Major Nix entered through the inner door, followed by a taller and younger man. Directly they appeared, Mr. Booth rose

face in a comforter and keeping on his hat, which was pulled down over his brow, I perceived that it was the young cashier from Mrs. Nix's bank.

"You have a cold, sir?" remarked



45 THIS IS THE CONFESSION OF CHARLES MORTLAND MORTON."

quickly, and, passing behind them, pushed to the inner door, which fastened with a catch.

"Well, gentlemen?" he exclaimed, briskly, as he returned to the table.

"Hullo! What are you doing here?" exclaimed the Major, recognising me with a start.

Noticing a similar movement of surprise on the part of his companion, I looked at the latter attentively, and, though he had evidently taken pains to disguise himself by muffling the lower part of his Mr. Booth, sarcastically, regarding the young man. "You wouldn't otherwise keep your hat on in a gentleman's office."

The person addressed muttered some unintelligible reply, while the Major, who seemed suddenly to become vaguely conscious of something being amiss, enquired anxiously,

"Where is Mr. Klenck?"

"He has authorised me to transact this little business," said Mr. Booth.

"Well, this is my friend, and you've got the diamonds," said the Major, sulkily.

"No, Herr Dolle has got the diamonds, because they were his property, and at the present moment they are in Amsterdam," said Mr. Booth, quietly.

"This is a trap!" cried the young man furiously, making a sudden movement towards the door, while the Major dropped into a chair open-mouthed.

"The door is locked," said Mr. Booth indicating the lever by his side, "and no one can leave without my permission."

"D—n you! What's your name!" exclaimed the young man, excitedly.

"What does it all mean?" gasped Major Nix.

Mr. Booth seemed grimly amused at the consternation of his visitors, and for answer he commenced to read aloud from the document he held in his hand.

"This is the confession of Charles Mortland Morton, a clerk in the Oxford Street Branch of the Middlesex Bank."

"It's a lie! I—I only came here to oblige him," cried the young man, pointing to the Major with a trembling hand.

"You mean that he stole the diamonds?" said Mr. Booth, looking up innocently.

"How do I know how he came by them?" exclaimed the young man, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"This is just as I expected!" said Mr. Booth, glancing at me. "Keep quiet and listen," he added, sharply, to the Major, who had risen furiously from his chair.

"On the 13th inst.," he went on, reading from the document before him. "Mrs. Nix's housekeeper came to the bank bringing some gold, notes, and cheques in a paper bag which she handed to me over the counter."

"How do you know it was I?" interrupted the clerk, defiantly.

"Because the counterfoil of the 'paying-in' book bears your initials," replied Mr. Booth, quietly.

"Oh!" exclaimed the clerk, manifestly taken aback.

" Inside the bag which she handed to me

I found, in addition to the items mentioned in the 'paying-in' book, a small paper parcel which had evidently slipped in by mistake," resumed Mr. Booth, reading from his MS.

"I deny it!" cried the clerk, with an oath.

"I questioned the old woman quietly," said Mr. Booth, disregarding the interruption and addressing me, "and found out how it happened. She has no suspicion to this moment, but I elicited from her that, at Mrs. Nix's request, she fetched from the safe a small pile of gold and notes which she put into the bag. Among them, being near-sighted, she no doubt accidentally took up Herr Dolle's little parcel, unobserved by her mistress."

"I never knew Dolle had lost anything," interposed the Major, hotly.

"No; I persuaded him—for various reasons—to keep it quiet," replied Mr. Booth, smiling at me.

"When I found the parcel contained diamonds," he proceeded, reverting to the written statement, "I kept the discovery to myself, and, hearing nothing further of the matter, I determined to appropriate them. I owed money, to Major Nix, among others, for gambling debts, and I was hard pressed."

"He was pressing me," interposed the young man, half involuntarily.

"My difficulty was how to get rid of them without exciting suspicion," read Mr. Booth, calmly. "And at length I decided to employ Major Nix, thinking that if anything went wrong I could deny all knowledge of them, and that the circumstances of the case would bring suspicion on him."

"Which was the reason why you were careful to tell me he was in money difficulties," I interrupted, indignantly, addressing the young man who winced at my words.

"I therefore told him a cock-and-bull story which he, like a fool, believed, and bigger fool still—he undertook the business, in the hope of getting paid what I owed him. That is the whole," added Mr. Booth, in conclusion.

"You expect me to sign that paper, I suppose," sneered the young man, though he was evidently cowed and overawed.

"No, I expect to have to hand you over to the police. I give you the chance, that's all," said Mr. Booth, laying down the document on the desk and rising from his chair.

"What if I sign it?" enquired the other, with sudden eagerness.

"Herr Dolle has left himself in my hands," replied Mr. Booth, meaningly. "He will return to prosecute, if necessary; otherwise, you will be free to go. The only difficulty I feel is about your employers. They ought to be told."

"They've found out more than enough already, and I'm sacked. What does it matter what I sign! Here, give me the pen," he added, with a transparently assumed air of desperation, and, taking a hasty stride to the table, he dashed off his signature and handed the document to Mr. Booth.

"The door is open," said the latter, quietly, as he jerked the lever.

"What use are you going to make of the paper?" enquired the young man, evidently seized with a sudden apprehension.

"None, upon my honour," said Mr. Booth. folding it up and putting it in his pocket; "unless, indeed, I hear of your making any more libellous statements about Major Nix."

"I couldn't make the Major out a greater blackleg than he is," said the

young man, with a bitter laugh; and with this parting shot he hurried from the room, and slammed the door after him.

"Hi! Stop!" cried Major Nix, starting up with a great show of virtuous indignation.

"Nonsense, Major," said Mr. Booth severely. "Let the poor lad go. You've helped to bring him to this, you know."

"I!" protested the Major, though he looked sheepish beneath Mr. Booth's steady regard.

"Oh, he is a bad lot—I know all about him. I don't mean to say that you've led him astray. But you've betted with him; you, a man of nearly twice his age! And let me tell you, my friend, that you were in a very tight place though you little suspected it," he added, impressively. "But for my interference you would probably have found yourself in the dock over this business, with every chance of hearing a verdict of 'guilty' returned against you by an intelligent jury."

"I'm awfully obliged, I'm sure," murmured Major Nix, in a subdued tone.

"What I did was for your wife's sake, and not for yours," replied Mr. Booth, a little contemptuously. "I'm not sanguine enough to hope that this affair will be a warning to you, but it ought. Perkins," he said, turning to me to hide a smile which was evoked by the Major's ludicrous affectation of injured innocence, "would you mind putting out that gas? I promised Mr. Klenck that I would lock the office up, and hand the key to the house-keeper. We must get back or we shall be late for dinner."





MISS MAUD JEFFRIES AS "MERCIA."

By fermission of W. and D. Downey.

# THE HISTORY OF "THE SIGN OF THE CROSS."

A PLAY BY WILSON BARRETT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEO, HANA AND W. AND D. DOWNEY.

EARLY two years have passed since I first became acquainted with this drama. In the summer of 1894, Mr. Wilson Barrett returned from a tour in the States; and, one sunny afternoon,

sitting under the trees in his garden at Hampst ead, he confided to me some of his plans for the future. They embraced the production of three plays, the germs of which were then working at the back of his brain. And, fired by my interest, and, perhaps, perturbed by an unflattering description of what I took to be the prevailing taste in London, Mr. Barrett sketched in outline the story of one of these plays, and thus I heard for the

first time of The Sign of the Cross.

At this period, the one topic of "theatrical" conversation was still The Second Mrs. Tanqueray. From Kensington to Clapham, from Mile-End to Mayfair, that hapless lady still provided a theme for

every lip. Nor had this Hampstead nook proved exempt from her sway. Pathological Pathetics in general, and the newest Magdalen in particular, had, indeed, almost monopolised the conversation.

And not even Mr. Pinero him self, founder and could MISS. GRACE WARNER AS "THE EMPRESS POPPEA." From a Photo by Hana.

> put a question: "But where shall we end?"

I was at a loss to answer.

"Don't you see? It's a stride down the hill!" he continued. "If Tanquerays are to be the fashion in drama-before

preacher the gospel of "Praise," have urged that either of us had come tardily off in the compliments lavished upon his mournful and ineffable Impenitent. My host indeed had indulged in boundless admiration. "As a piece of constructive acting," I remember him saying, "it stands alone in modern drama." But presently he came to a full-stop, and, after a pause,

we know where we are, we shall be in the swamp at the bottom. The subject here is an ugly social wound. Pinero, philosopher as well as playwright, probes to heal. Success makes imitation quite inevitable.

MR. FRANKLIN MCLEAY AS " NERO."

From a Photo by Hana.

And Pinero's imitators will—to go one better—first seek out yet uglier wounds, and then, lacking his philosophy if not his stage-craft, proceed to probe simply for probing's sake." There followed a brief prophecy of what the stage in two years' time might come to (a woeful prophecy fulfilled, let me admit, to the letter, by the grievous fate, during this present winter seaon, of several "Down Grade"

dramas), and a lament that serious drama as a whole was made more difficult by this triumphant capture of a capricious popular taste.

Out of his lamentations sprang the

confession that there lay in Mr. Barrett's mind a resolve to simplify the situation by a fervent dramatic appeal to whatever was Christ-like in woman or man-that the title of his drama, had by a brain-wave presented itself as "the sign of the cross," that the advice of his friend John Ruskin had confirmed him in his choice of a "classic" period, and that the story had, without perceptible effort, already begun to take shape in his thoughts. I then learned what was, thus far, in his mind.

### THE STORY.

"My heroine is emblematic of Christianity: my hero stands for the wornout Paganism of decadent Rome. She is strong with the faith of a woman: he, strong in the self-reliance of a man. As I see her, she is beautiful with a half-divine loveliness, and an exquisite soul looks out through a beautiful face.

She has given up the world for the sake of her new-found faith, in which and for which she lives, and is resolved, if need be, to die. Nero is on the throne, and has decreed the extermination of the Christians. The execution of this decree is entrusted to my Pagan patrician, and thus he is brought into contact with the Christian girl. In her, he at once recognises an



MR. WILSON BARRETT AS "MARCUS, PREFECT OF ROME." By permission of W. and D. Downey.

almost sacred beauty, a beauty of holiness; and, voluptuary that he is, he sets himself to win her. Twice he stands between her and death, and she is consequently moved to regard him with a tender interest. But his persuasive pleadings and soft arts are of no avail. Steadfast in her faith she resists all temp-

is driven in spite of himself to seek a reason for her sovereign power and his own crushing defeat. He finds it in the uplifting and ennobling influence of her creed. And. his soul quickened by the breath of her spirit, and kindled into something of a likeness to itself, he flings honours, wealth, all to the winds, and hand in hand with her meets the martyrs' doom."

tation, and he

Mr. Barrett 'mentioned no characters save these

MR. FRANKLIN MCLEAY AS "NERO."

From a Photo by Hana.

two, nor pictured anything beyond the vivid contrast through them of sensusuality with purity, self-indulgence with self-sacrifice, the fierce glory of dominion with the gentle rapture of faith. Of the storm and stress of romantic drama there was no hint. So, remembering the

scenic marvels and thrilling effects in Clito and Claudian, I asked if the burning of Rome was to furnish a climax. No, was the reply, the drama would deal simply with these two souls; with the gradual conversion of a Pagan and the consecrating sacrifice of everything for faith in Christ; and for climax, I was

amazed to hear, these two would soberly discuss the immortality of the soul and afterwards go quietly their deaths. I was asked what thought of the idea. My answer then was that I should give now -- "Beyond words, daring—looking to the scoffing spirit of the age: and as a piece of passionate highand minded imagination, powerful, and beautiful, and pathetic." But who, I went on to ask, who is to

write the play?

"Whom would you suggest?"

I named a gifted critic-dramatist, whose pen I knew would be in sympathy with so poetical a theme.

"Ah, you've been anticipated! I have already offered him the subject."





GROUP OF PATRICIAN LADIES.

By permission of W. and D. Downey.



MISS MAUD HOFFMAN AS THE ORIGINAL ' BERENIS."

From a Photo by Hana.

"He accepts?"

"No, declines; because he believes there are both fame and fortune in it, and in true friendship will not let me resign a fraction of either."

I named another, a poet-dramatist of growing reputation. To him, also, it was offered; only to be rejected because of his profound disbelief in any popular acceptance for the theme; and, as he sadly owned a month ago, to be for ever regretted as the great chance of his life flung away.

With a discussion of the merits of these—like the players in *Hamlet*—" the only men," our talk ended; and, with a promise on Mr. Barrett's part that I should hear all that happened, and mute incredulity on my side as to any effectual development, we said good-bye. Two months later, *The Manxman* was produced as his autumn novelty; in another two, he had left England for the States, and I was left to infer the banish-

ment of *The Sign of the Cross* to the place of dreams that can never be realised.

### ITS PRODUCTION.

For six months not a whisper reached me, and I had given up listening for it: but as usual, the unexpected was to happen. In April last I was travelling in Palestine, and letters were forwarded on to me in Jerusalem. One evening, on my return to the Holy City, after an exciting day in distant, dirty, malodorous, and fiercely fanatical Hebron, a budget was put into The mail was in from Jaffa, my hands. and among my letters was one from St. Louis, U.S.A., addressed in Wilson Barrett's cramped, over-driven, impetuous hand. It contained just a line of exultant The Sign of the Cross, written by himself, had been produced on the 26th March; its success had proved immediate and astounding; the theatre was being daily and nightly besieged by crowds too vast to gain admission; and at the moment



MISS GERTIE BOSWELL AS "CYRENE."

By fermission of W. and D. Downey.

of writing Mr. Barrett had every reason to expect that the high hopes confided to me nearly a year before would be fully realised.

From time to time the voice of the

plicable"—but undoubtedly success. And late in June I heard the story from the author's own lips. It recalled Julius Cæsar's laconic despatch. And allowing too much for Mr. Barrett's sanguine

nature. and again too much for his very natural pride in a production which had everywhere evoked pæans of praise and startling popular enthusiasm, I was quite unprepared for the experience of August 26th when, at the Grand Theatre, Leeds, The Sign of the Cross was played for the first time in England.

IN THE PROVINCES.

What I then beheld was an audience, notoriously addicted to the frothiest and most frivolous forms of entertainment, hushed to silence, spellbound, and thrilled by dramatic pictures of the gradual purification by love and faith of a licentious Pagan, and the ecstatic exaltation of the early Christian martyrs. The whole

house, it was apparent, was unable to resist a certain indefinable but undeniable spiritual charm evolved from an atmosphere of unassailable purity, simplicity, and faith pervading the crucial scenes of the drama. The exquisite language of Holy Writ, frequently pressed into the dramatist's service, was listened to with a reverence



MISS MAUD HOFFMANN AS THE ORIGINAL "BERENIS."

Frim a Photo by Hana.

New World rang in my ears by the waters of the Nile, in Sicily, Italy, and France:—newspaper cuttings arrived from Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Baltimore, Washington, and many another city of renown—among Americans. Invariably they told a tale of success—prefaced by paralysing headlines, and variously described as "phenomenal," "unprecedented," "inex-



MR. ALFRED BRYDONE AND MISS HAIDEE WRIGHT AS "FAVIUS" AND "STEPHANUS."

From a Photo by Hana.

that bordered upon awe. And as for the note of solemn reality struck during the final scene, of the gentle maiden martyr's last moments upon earth, it affected that vast throng as never in my life had I seen a theatre audience impressed. Certainly, a deep and abiding impression might justly have

been hoped for. In the amazing simplicity of the scene: in the pictures of the inspired martyrs going gladly to their doom, of the shrinking, terrified boy strengthened by the grace of God to win his immortal crown; and of the final trial and temptation of the Christian girl: lastly, in the triumphant calm of the last moments of the woman and the man.

MISS ALIDA CORTELYOU AS "ANCARIA."

By permission of W. and D. Downey.

strong in faith and love, everything was so beautifully felt, so simply conceived, so classically treated, that any impression was possible. But for the classic and sublime there has not hitherto been a popular demand, and the author's daring at this point I feared had over-

shot the mark. It was not he, but I, however, who had done that. And when the curtain fell, and after a moment's silence a great roar of cheering went up, I was convinced that Wilson Barrett had that evening rendered the stage a signal service, and given it a memorable play.

Frankly, The Sign of the Cross was not

the drama I had expected to see. It was fuller of incident, less rich in character, freer from the clash of conflicting creeds, than I had allowed myself to hope. On the other hand, its bigness and simplicity and imaginative power appeared worthy of the subject, and there was keen pleasure to be derived from a work dealing with a really vital theme, and by whole

worlds removed from the drama of the dunghill of dead things. There was in addition the cheering thought that *The Sign*, in the strong hand of its unconquerable author, had in one evening dealt the death-blow to that narrowest and most canting of conventions, that religion

cannot be seriously handled upon the stage. It was an act of splendid daring to endeavour to revivify, by the arts of the theatre, the most dramatic and enthralling moment in the history of the

world, the hour of the birth-throes of Christianity. It was an act of splendid daring to put a fortune to the touch, to win or lose it all, and to back the simplest and purest ideals of the civilised race. And obviously, if the country was to echo the lusty voice of Leeds, and London set the seal of seals upon The Sign, not only had an immense province been added to the dramatist's realm, but with it had been brought within his sphere of influence millions of aliens hitherto antagonistic to the stage and all its works.

The issue was really never a moment in doubt. The promise of Leeds was more than fulfilled in every town and city visited. Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham, Bristol, Nottingham, Newcastle, Cardiff, all hailed *The Sign* with one voice. Mr. Barrett's tour became a veritable

march of triumph. And so completely were audiences held in the grip of this strange play, that almost incredible evidences of its power were of nightly occurrence. At Rochdale I was myself a witness of surely an unparalleled tribute to the power of the stage. I saw the rough cotton-factory workers slip off their clattering wooden shoes, and between the acts steal softly about the pit and gallery in stockinged feet, as though, with *The* 

Sign of the Cross in the theatre, they trod upon sacred ground.

### IN LONDON

After all this, London ceased to in-



MISS DAISY BELMORE AS "DACIA."
From a Photo by Hana.

spire Mr. Barrett with any fear or dread. As he smilingly put it, "a holy calm" settled down upon him, and perhaps the least fearful man within the walls of the Lyric on Saturday, January 4th, 1896, was he—like another Cerberus, "three gentlemen at once," author, manager, and actor—upon whom the fate of the venture must depend. The return of a favourite actor, after four years of wandering through the States and English provinces, ensured

Mr. Barrett a wonderful reception at the hands of an audience which included some score of the leaders of the Church. But the play kindled an even fiercer glow of passionate approval. With the fall of the curtain upon the beautiful picture in the second act, of the Christians worshipping in the moonlit grove by the Tiber, it was apparent that the play had cast its customary spell over all; and, long before the end was reached, Mr. Barrett must have felt sure of a triumph. Indeed, such was the white heat of enthusiasm developed in all parts of the theatre that more than one eminent authority was moved to announce next day in the columns of the press that nearly half-acentury's playgoing enabled the writers "to recall no such strangely-moving drama," nor could it furnish "the parallel of such a frenzied demonstration of delight."

#### HOW THE CRITICS SPOKE.

The full-voiced echo of the press took up this roar of popular approval, and repeated it a million times. Mr. William Archer has accused the critics of being "ever ready to assume that a man who has succeeded in one form of art cannot possibly succeed in another"; and no doubt Mr. Wilson Barrett, the distinguished actor, largely prejudiced the chances of Mr. Wilson Barrett, the yet to be distinguished dramatist. But prejudices went down like ninepins before that artillery of the gods, and among the "watch-dogs" of the drama but very few were found withholding a deep-mouthed bay of welcome. The dictionary was dredged for adjectives, mostly complimentary in an unhoped-for degree. And at once it became obvious that in London, as elsewhere, over everyone blessed with a glimmer of imagination. The Sign of the Cross exercised, at one point or another, a curious fascination.

As usual, differences of opinion, both interesting and instructive, resulted from the discussion of detail. For instance.

Mr. Joseph Knight, a scholar of discernment, could discover in the whole play not one single dramatic idea! whereas Mr. Clement Scott, first of critics and preeminently the chief authority upon what constitutes "the dramatic" on the stage, insisted with glowing eloquence upon the uncommon quantity and quality of "live" dramatic ideas pulsing and throbbing in "a play that Sardou might have put his name to, and Sarah Bernhardt would have loved to adorn." Again, from one section arose a great and exceeding bitter cry at Mr. Barrett's failure to secure, as collaborator, an Æschylus, a Milton, a Victor Hugo, or a Shakespeare, "to supply that suggestion of literary genius demanded by the grandeur and dignity of his theme "while long before its echoes had died away, a little band of accomplished literary craftsmen and fastidious scholars were mocking that piteous wail, on the ground that every idea essentially dramatic was inevitably literary also, and literary genius was therefore not to be denied to the imagination to which The Sign of the Cross was due.

### MR. ARCHER RUNS AMUCK.

Of whole-hearted attacks, by able men; attacks stopping short at nothing in the way of adroit mud-throwing and fiery abuse, there were but two-the rancorous onslaughts of Messrs. William Archer and G. W. Foote The latter delivered his in the familiar and offensive accents of blasphemous "Freethought," from the hired rostrum of St. James's Hall. The former hurled his contempt and contumely from a brief but comprehensive column in The Mr. Foote's invective will not bear reproduction in the pages of The Idler -- but Mr. Archer's attitude as the outraged critic is worthy of note.

With woeful want of ceremony, Mr. Archer began his comments thus:—"No, my dear Mr. Wilson Barrett, I am not going to play up to you by criticising, discussing, or even ridiculing *The Sign of the* 

Cross." Having in this manner spelled w-i-n-d-e-r, "winder," he adopted the method of Mr. Squeers, and went and vigorously cleaned it. The "cleaning" he duly accomplished, with consummate command of disparaging phrase and insulting implication, in some two-score lines of sneers and mockery; and, inasmuch as this article is not a criticism but a record, there the simple tale should

with much justice, this other keeper of the critical conscience. Thence he proceeds, in righteous wrath, to enquire: "Is not the Critic who refuses calm and courteous consideration to any seriously intended work of art, however mistaken, guilty of infringing the just liberty of artistic experiment?" and anon, lest any pitiful shuffler should try to slip off on the plea that what he doesn't like is not



MISS HAIDEE WRIGHT AS "STEPHANUS.

From a Photo by Ilana.

end. Fortunately, however, for all whom the vagaries of the Drama's self-appointed guardians interest, this can't-touch-it-with-a-barge-pole attitude of the Cato among Critics has been for all time condemned by one whom even he must acknowedge co-existent, co-equal in the critical realm; and as "a human document," this other Cato's dictum is not without its value.

"To a very great degree, we feel what we lay ourselves out to feel!" observes,

"art," thunders his flat refusal "to exclude from the province of art any work which speaks from heart and brain to heart and brain, in however agonising accents."

It only remains to disclose the identity of the second Daniel come to judgment—it is Mr. Archer!

MR. WILSON BARRETT SPEAKS. "Praise, praise, praise," is to Mr.

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Barrett, as to Mr. Pinero, more welcome, of course, than snarls and ridicule: but he is a strong man,

"A man that fortune's buffets and rewards Hath ta'en with equal thanks,"

and the envenomed shafts loosed at him merely ring upon his armour. Over The Sign and its few but furious enemies, he "Have I not good smiles contentedly. cause to feel content?" he asks. "Baffled agnostics cannot hurt: and for the little handful who pant and yearn to oppress our English drama with the perfume of patchouli and stifle it in the reek of the Divorce Court—can they hamper a movement which calls forth this!" And Mr. Barrett lays his hand upon a huge pile of letters covering his writing-table. "As Clement Scott has said: 'The Sign has passed into the arena of public controversy,' and if this continual shower of messages from men and women utterly unknown to me means anything, it means that neither the play nor the movement it initiates is to share the martyr's fate. Glance through these notes: they come, a score and more a day, from everywhere: all breathing one strain: see, read for yourself." Mr. Barrett did not exaggerate. From everywhere, indeed! For once, Clapham rubbed shoulders with Cadogan Square, and Palace Gardens and Belgravia took their place below South Kensington and Bloomsbury. The aristocracy of birth and the aristocracy of intellect lay jumbled hopelessly with the democracy in one friendly, admiring, and often touchingly sympathetic heap.

"Speaking of dramatic art," said Mr. Pinero, not long ago, "I believe that its most substantial claim upon consideration rests in its power of legitimately interesting a great number of people." How, then, may one estimate the consideration claimed through The Sign of the Cross -for, scoffed at and buffeted by the few, this play unquestionably charms and deeply moves a multitude in number as the sands of the sea-shore. The pulpit, the press, and the peoples of two great continents has it conquered. Thousands of unbelievers has it converted to faith in the power of the theatre for good. And it has made possible upon the stage the one supreme subject of absorbing interest to the civilised world—the subject of that religion which sprang from, "what," in Mr. William Archer's words, "was, at the least and lowest, a great and strange world-tragedy." In doing this, Mr. Barrett's play has done the stage inestimable service, and has surely set an imperishable seal upon a remarkable career.



# THE HUSBAND OF THE PRINCESS.

BY E. S. GREW.

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS GUNNIS.



the stage door of the theatre a few supers, with coatcollars turned up to meet the rims of their hats, had gathered in de-

pressed groups to smoke until their services should again be required as nobles in the King's Palace. Now and again at the stage office--which was one of the two bright patches in the slushy street; the other was the public-house over the way-the swing-door would slam, as it allowed someone to pass on his way between these two points. Inside the stage office several vivacious ladies were waiting, like myself, to see the stage doorkeeper, who had disappeared temporarily, leaving a call-boy in charge. back almost before I had had time to make out the murky notice warning authors that the management would not be held responsible for the return of rejected manuscript; and with him came a seedylooking man who wiped his mouth on the back of his coat-cuff as he entered. The seedy man took off his venerable tall hat with a sweep to the ladies.

"Is it a dream?" he asked, in dazzled admiration; "'pon me word they look to me like roses in bloom."

"I should think," remarked one of the roses in bloom, unkindly, "that you've been standin' out in the sun. What have you and him been taking, Mr. Wilkins?"

The seedy man appeared delighted with this sally, but the doorkeeper was less responsive.

"'Ere, not so much of it," he said, austerely; "you just sign your names in the book and get on in front. The manager's spoke of you anging about in here before."

The group finding Mr. Wilkins in this

unsympathetic mood, signed their names, and disappeared from the little gaslit office, followed by their seedy admirer. I followed, too, after stating my business, to await the manager in the stalls.

In the theatre the fog still clung to the tiers and the recesses of the pit; and the paltry gas-jets on the stage, where the rehearsal of the pantomine Beauty and the Beast; or, The Princess with the Stony Heart was going on, were just sufficient to show the sheeted boxes and a few of the front rows of stalls. latter a number of procession ladies were seated, one or two of them shivering in their stage costumes, the majority in their ordinary dress. On the stage the manager had reached the last stage of exasperation with the stage carpenters. Suddenly he turned to address himself to the stalls. The procession ladies scattered out of their seats to the stage; and left myself and the seedy-looking man the only occupants.

He moved from his place to sit by me. He was a thin man, who looked thinner because of his tightly-buttoned frock-coat. He had neither beard nor moustache, though only the indulgent could have called him clean-shaven. But the gloom was kinder to him than the light of the stage office had been, and he looked less shabby.

"Can you follow what they represent?" he asked, as a beginning to conversation.

"Well, up to now, the manager has had most of the dialogue."

"Yes," he agreed, "they all take a bit of drilling. They've just got to the 'Palace of King Gooseberry and the Royal Christening.' But she don't come on until the next scene."

"Who doesn't?"

"The Princess," he said. "Beauty."

We looked at the scene. The comic King and Queen began it by the badinage



"I SHOULD THINK," REMARKED ONE OF THE ROSES IN BLOOM, UNKINDLY, "THAT YOU'VE BEEN STANDIN' OUT IN THE SUN."

usually associated with royal couples under these circumstances.

### QUEEN.

Now, Goosey, don't stick there just like a gander,

Upon my word, you'd raise of ee'n a saint the dander.

#### KING.

All right, my popsy-wopsy. (Aside) You wretch, you!

A box upon the ear I'd like to fetch you.

"That's humour," observed my neighbour. "I wonder that chap can cheek it to play the part! But some people," he added, sardonically, "have the nerve of a highwayman's horse."

"Now, then," the manager's angry voice came from the stage, "where are those blessed fairies?"

The blessed fairies came forward stiffly and delivered their wooden blessings one by one until the last one. She is the fairy who, by some oversight, has not been invited to the christening; and she revenges herself by declaring (with much the same intonation as the others) that:—

"A stone within her bosom shall the Princess keep,

Until another's sorrows melt her 'eart to weep,"

"They don't know much, any of 'em," said the critic at my elbow. "If it wasn't for the Princess they might as well take the show off."

"She's Nelly Pinkerton, isn't she?" I asked. "Is she pretty good?"

"Good isn't the word," he replied.
"You wait till you see her."

We had the opportunity shortly, for Scene I. was hurried through, and we skipped eighteen years. A little lady in furs, with a dash of scarlet in the small bonnet on her graceful dark head, came forward with her hands to her skirts,

"She begins with song and dance," said the seedy man. "You just watch her sweet pretty feet."

Nelly Pinkerton danced well. There was a little applause from the crowd on the stage when she had finished.

"She's a little *lady!*" exclaimed my acquaintance, with enthusiasm. "I'm her husband," he added.

I stared at him, but the man continued to look straight at the stage and the Princess. It was a short scene; and it was followed by a long interval of processions tending to reduce the manager to exhausted speechlessness. My acquaintance, who had not said anything for a long time, at last made a suggestion.

"They've got a sort of bar in here," he said.

"Have they?" I replied, thankfully.
"Do you care to come?"

He accepted the invitation with an absence of enthusiasm which I understood better when I discovered that the refreshments to be obtained at the little canteen were strictly limited in character.

My companion eyed gloomily a placard, stuck on the mildewed plate-glass, which declared that Kops' ale and a split lemon was the ideal drink. He said he would have a boyril.

We sipped our drinks looking at the stage. Nearly everybody in the theatre was on it, and the lady in charge of the bar, finding us indifferent customers, fell back again upon her folded novelette; and after a time got up with a yawn and left us alone with the coffee-urns and the piles of sticky buns. Some of the procession ladies had again drifted into the stalls, and the stage was occupied by the King.

"Upon me oath," said the husband of the Princess, glancing sourly at the comic man, "that chap 'ud throw a blight over a skittle-alley."

"Have you a part?" I asked.

"Me? No, I haven't got a part," he returned, shortly.

Again we sipped the bovril in a silence which he was the first to break. He might have been anxious to dispel any conclusions I should have drawn regarding his last reply.

"This isn't exactly what you might call my line," he began, "though I dare say I shall take it up before I've done. Shakespearian and character parts are my specialité, though I began my career at the halls. I dare say my name will be familiar to you. At the halls I was Walter Whybro."

I nodded; it sounded like a name one ought to know.

"My great hit," he added, "was The Shabby Genteel. You remember the song:

'Too proud to beg, too honest to steal, I know what it is to be wanting a meal, My tatters and rags I try to conceal; For I'm one—yes, I'm one of the Shabby Genteel!"

"Was that yours?" I asked, admiringly.
"Well, I took it up; it was me who really made the success with it."

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AS WE LEAST OVER THE RAILINGS AT THE SIDE OF THE STALLS

He took another sip of bovril; it cheered him.

"After that," he continued, "I went in for the legitimate. You won't have heard of 'Tower Rayson's Shakespearian Comedy Company?"

I shook my head.

"Well, perhaps not," he said, reassuringly. "It made its great hit in the Colonies. They were roaring days in the Pacific then. You couldn't meet a kid along the streets of Sydney that hadn't a shilling in his pocket to pay for a tram Well, ride. I was with Tower Rayson."

He stopped to listen to what was going on, on the stage. There was a tap! tap! from the orchestra, and

the Princess came forward to sing her Whybro applauded emsecond song. phatically with his umbrella at the close.

"She's a little lady!" he cried.

"You didn't know Tower Rayson?" "Well, it's your loss. he resumed. Generous?-he didn't know what it was to own a thing of his own. It was his generosity did for him. Did you ever hear of Larry Foley?"

I was bound to know someone. I said at a hazard that I did.

"He was the champion wrestler of Australia," Whybro went on, "and while

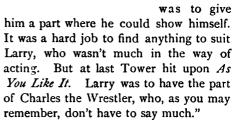
> we were playing in Sydney a chap came over from America to wrestle him for the championship of the world; and Larry won. Sydney went wild about Larry after that. That was the beginning of the smash."

upside down.

"I'm telling you. His friends thought he ought to have a benefit at the theayter, and so Tower offered to give him a good show. Tower's idea

The story-teller turned his empty glass

was to give



He broke off to look at the stage. The Princess was not there. "Go on," I said.



"MY GREAT HIT," HE ADDED, "WAS 'THE SHABBY GENTEEL."

"Well, on the night, you never saw a theatre packed like that was. The Governor of New South Wales had a box. Did you ever hear of the Governor of New South Wales? A fine old chap he was. I remember him speaking——"

"Well, what about the play?"

"Well, the play went on all right—at first. All Larry's pals were there in the pit and in the gallery, and you couldn't hear Rosalind and Celia for the shouts for Larry. At last he came on; and the theatre got on its feet to yell. Then the wrestling between him and Orlando began. As you know, of course, in the wrestling Orlando gets Charles beat. But those perishers in the gallery didn't know anything about Shakespeare, and when they saw Orlando coming out on top they didn't like it. "Ere," they shouted, 'Larry, what are you givin' us?' says they, 'you ain't going to let that blighter throw you.' 'Kill 'im, Larry!' they says. And at last, what with the row, and what with the excitement and one thing 'n another, Larry forgot himself. So he just ups with Orlando, and throws him into the stalls."

The narrator didn't smile. It was a serious incident to him.

"Well, that seemed to settle us in Sydney," he continued, "that night did. We couldn't finish the piece because the gallery boys wanted Larry on in each scene, and they kicked up the devil's delight when we rang down the curtain. And after that night the papers got in the way of guying us, 'Tower Rayson's cheap funerals' they used to head their dramatic notices. 'Mr. Tower Rayson last night had a hack at *Hamlet*,' they said, when we changed the bill. Whereever we went Tower couldn't put up shingle. So at last we broke up."

The drowsy-looking barmaid came back. The Shakespearian actor swallowed another bovril at a gulp and led the way back to the stalls. The pantomime, which by a triumph of construction had

been made to include three or four fairy tales, was still going on in fragments. The Princess and her lover were running through the penultimate scene. The lover, who was another and taller girl, had just spoken her declaration of love to the manager's profound dissatisfaction.

"Not so much like a blanky image," he said. "Kneel down and take her hand—like this. Now then, again."

"Nay, do not fear me, I would be your friend,

Although my ugliness I'll never mend;
I love you, sweet. Your beauty shot a dart
Right through this Beast's poor, tender,
faithful heart,"

said the tall girl.

"That's better," said the manager.
"Now then, Miss Pinkerton."

"Oh, what is this, such pangs I never felt Within my bosom, 'tis my heart that tries to melt,"

the Beauty said; and the Beast rejoined:

"Oh, what is that bedews your cheek—a tear?

Your heart of stone will vanish if you love me, dear."

"And finish off with a kiss," concluded the manager.

The seedy-looking man—he looked seedy again—had not commented on the acting as we leant over the railing at the side of the stalls. He blew his nose and went on with his narrative as if he had not interrupted it.

"So then, after a try in the States with Uncle Tom's Cabin, I came back home and tried to get on at the halls again. But I was off—right off. Couldn't get a song. They used to shove me on to the last turn, where you have to sing with the band packing up their instruments, and the commissionaires beginning to put the holland over the seats. Why, I tell you, one night they rung down the curtain on

me while I was in the middle of the second verse.

"So," he concluded, looking at the stage, which all the principals had left, and where the manager was yet again trying to impart some order to the movements of the procession ladies, "so I'm waiting to get on again to the legitimate line."

"Well," I said, encouragingly, "Mrs. Whybro's getting on very well at any rate."

He stared at me rather oddly. "Mrs. Whybro?" he said.

"The Princess," I explained.

"Oh, yes; she's all right," he said; "she's a little lady."

I should have liked to talk more to him, but a minute or so later, when I turned to speak to him, I found that he had gone. I thought I caught a glimpse of his tall-hat disappearing down one of the gloomy passages, but I was not sure.

At this point a call-boy came to me with the message that the manager would see me; and about half an hour later my business was done, and I turned to leave the theatre, not expecting again to see my friend.

As I reached the stage office, however, I caught sight of the unmistakable frock-coat and top-hat; but just as I was about to step forward I found that I had stumbled upon a financial transaction be-

tween him and the doorkeeper. I heard only two sentences. "Well, I'll make it a shilling," said the doorkeeper, obstinately, "and that's all; for you'll only drink more than'll do you any good."

"Do I," enquired the Shakespearian comedian, pathetically, "do I look like a man that could get drunk on a bob?"

The door slammed, and after a decent interval I entered the office again. The office-keeper, who had caught sight of me when I was first about to enter, nodded in the direction of the door. "He's what you might call a hodd lot, ain't he?" he observed.

"Nelly Pinkerton's husband?"

Mr. Wilkins whistled, and did not reply for nearly a minute. "Did he tell you that?" he said at last. "I begin to think he was wrong about that bob. 'Arf of it would have been enough for 'im. Did you give him anything to drink?"

"He had a bovril."

"It must ha' been that," said Mr. Wilkins. "Not used to it, you know. I've never known 'im tell that yarn before, only once. And then I 'ad to see 'im 'ome."

"Well, isn't it true, then?"

"It's no use your 'arstin me," Mr Wilkins returned, grimly. "You'd better apply to Miss Pinkerton. She's a good little lady: and she leaves 'im a bob or two now and then."



# LETTERS TO CLORINDA.\*



Y DEAR CLORINDA,—Once a year, as you know, the world of art and letters—by which I mean, of course, some seven

to eight hundred persons resident in the West End of London-settles itself down to argue the question of the value or disservice of dramatic criticism. . This season Mr. William Archer is providing the enter-The Sign of the Cross upset I knew it would. To begin with, everybody else in the theatre liked the piece. That alone would be sufficient to make Mr. Archer abuse it. Years ago, somebody (I forget whom) called Mr. Archer a scholar and a gentleman. Now, there would have been nothing extraordinary about this compliment had it been applied to any other than a dramatic critic. As it was, it turned poor Mr. Archer's head; he has never been the same man since. Previous to that, he was a bright and clever journalist, and promised well, in spite of one or two failures, the result of inexperience, as a writer of East End melodrama. But the necessity of living up to that fatal phrase has ruined him as My own impression of a dramatic critic. Mr. William Archer, and I have had frequent opportunity of studying him, is that at heart he is a genial, pleasant, boyish gentleman—a sort of cultured King Cole. Behind that cold and forbidding mask of superiority, I love to imagine the real Mr. Archer sobbing over the pathos of Two Little Wooden Shoes, or rising from the Sorrows of Satan a nobler and a better Often on first nights, furtively watching him, I catch a glimpse of wistfulness upon his face that is pathetic. "Oh, if only I were not a scholar and a gentleman, how I should be enjoying this comedy," it seems to say; or there passes over his expressive features the shadow of a noble inward struggle, and I know that Mr. William Archer's better self has

triumphed. "I am not bored," Mr. Archer has argued to himself, "and I do understand it, and I do like it. Am I not a scholar and a gentleman?"

Of course, a scholar and a gentleman must, I suppose, be "agin the government "-which, in these matters, is the I remember a very interesting talk I once had with Mr. Frank Harris. then editor of the Fortnightly. I can without immodesty refer to the conversation between us as brilliant, because Mr. Frank Harris did it all. We discussed the subject of popularity, and Mr. Harris laid it down as an axiom that any work of art that had obtained popular favour must of necessity be rubbish, and that all a critic had to do was to ask himself, "Do the public like this work, or do they not? If they do, it is my duty to condemn it as an insult to art. If they do not, that proves it to be a masterpiece."

What was chiefly interesting about Mr. Jones' last play was the sexual question it gave rise to. Mr. Jones' hero is a man of unblemished reputation; a puritan in thought; an ascetic by temperament. He has gone to spend a few days alone on an island some two miles long by one mile wide. A woman about whom there is no suggestion of viciousness, and who is certainly not presented to us as an animal type, calls upon him. She is unable to get a boat to take her away again, and the consequence is that they are left by themselves for one night on this island of aforesaid dimensions. Jones takes it for granted that sin results. Mr. Jones has precedent for his view. Mr. Meredith has a scene of the same nature in his Richard Feverel. ever Mr. Thomas Hardy's men and women get five minutes to themselves, trouble The novel and the drama are built upon such assumption. I do not take an unnecessarily exalted view of

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human nature, but I object to its being classed as low as this.

I know very little about women. perhaps, unbusinesslike of me to confess so much, because I know that one of the easiest ways of obtaining literary repute is to come forward as an analyser of the female soul. The plan is always successful so long as the student—as every writer now calls himself—presents his subject as impossibly brilliant, clever, noble, good, and pure. The women will rush forward in a body to praise him for his marvellous insight into feminine character. You women are wonderfully clannish, and you know the value to yourselves, as a class, of these revelations of your hidden virtues. men will praise because they wish to be considered authorities on the subject. Occasionally a George Eliot or a Marie Bashkirtseff comes forward to lift an inch or two of the curtain you have agreed to draw (and rightly so) over the temple of your mysteries. But until some woman with more self-knowledge and more daring than can well be hoped for, thinks fit to tell men what a woman is, I for one shall be content to confess ignorance on the subject.

As regards men, the assumption is a libel. We are not always thinking evil; sin is not always lurking behind our lips. Love and passion in a man are two essentially different emotions. They may have sprung originally from the same primary seed, but in the nurseries of civilisation, they have come to be developed as separate plants. It annoys me to hear us talked about as if we were mere animals. man's affection has no connection with a man's desire. Desire may come, but it is an afterthought, a result of circumstances. When a man loves, the ape goes out of him; he has no thought of it. It may lurk near, waiting for its opportunity. is the intellectual, the emotional side of a man that love calls into activity. I am not talking of saints or of prudes; I am speaking of ordinary healthy men when I

say I doubt if any man has a thought of animalism in his mind when he falls in love. Michael and his angel could have slept the sleep of the pure on that island, had it only been a hundred yards across.

Tolstoi's Kreutzer Sonata, argues from absolutely inverted premises. Passion is impersonal. It has no object but itself. It is a mere bodily appetite, on all fours with hunger. We are attracted towards our dinner; to-day this dish appeals to our palate, to-morrow that. A boy loves Norfolk dumplings; thirty years later he prefers curries. But we do not talk about a boy being in love with any particular Norfolk dumpling more than another, though possibly, in selecting, he may be drawn towards the biggest and solidest. Nor do we rhapsodise around the love of a yokel for a mutton pasty. To confuse love and appetite has been the long mistake of fiction.

Another subject we have been discussing much of late has been poetry. Frank Harris were logical, he should have been delighted with Lord Salisbury's choice of Mr. Alfred Austin as Laureate. I suppose of all possible candidates, Mr. Alfred Austin was the least popular, and the least known to the public. cording to Mr. Frank Harris's own argument, should stamp him as the greatest of all. Some writers have satirically put forward the suggestion that the selection should have been left to ballot. uneducated voter in the country, they argue, is supposed to be sensible enough to decide subtle and complicated questions of Social Government. Therefore, why not let them decide the question of poetical pre-eminence. The argument is a fatal one for its promoters. Undoubtedly the popular voice would have been given for the very man that critical judgment has also supported. The theory of Democracy may be folly. Why should a multiplication of fools, it is said, produce wisdom. In actual practice it is found to work well, and the explanation appears to be this: The dumb masses will never think, they only ask to be led. The opinion of a million voters is in reality the opinion of one man who has gained their ear. The human race is constituted to be attracted by virtue—I use the word in its wider sense. A man who can control the multitude is a great man; at the least, he is greater than those around him.

To the opinions of the thoughtful, on the other hand, the old Latin proverb will ever apply—as many men, so many opinions. A council chamber of thinkers would never agree upon any question. An English Academy would have fought over this question of the Laureateship for years, and would have ended their difficulties by selecting a man they were unanimous in regarding as unfit for the post.

But the Laureate discussion has given rise to the wider question of "What is Poetry?" I am told by the critical faculty that Tennyson was a fifth-rate poet; Byron, Longfellow, and Tupper are on a plane. Longfellow once wrote verses that contained a moral. That by itself has put him outside the poetical pale. I have honestly tried to understand the argument, and I gather that the first essential of poetry is that it shall contain no thought and no meaning. It is to consist of mere clever phrasing. It is to be an exhibition of contortion in which the poet comes forward as the showman and the English Language as the interesting exhibit. Technique is the only thing to be considered.

This deification of technique, or style, as it is falsely called, is the folly of the age. I was talking to a well-known painter a short while ago. He was explaining to me that choice of subject was immaterial. The only question to be asked was, "How is the thing done?"

I thought to corner him. "Then you would maintain that a ginger-beer bottle with a tallow candle stuck into it can be as great a picture as the Sistine Madonna."

"Certainly it can be," he replied. "The question is merely one of comparison of the colouring, drawing, and composition, of the ginger-beer bottle and candle, with the colouring, drawing, and composition of the Sistine Madonna."

This view of Art is being vehemently attested. "Pictures must be devoid of subject, poetry of ideas, music of emotion. Art is a mere exhibition of technique." I am told that Shakespeare lives, not by his grasp of human nature, but by the clever phrasing introduced into his sonnets. Of course, the nonsense will die out, and the next generation will laugh at it, but the talk is irritating while it lasts. "Don't tell a story!" is the cry,—as if all art did not tell a story. What is Millet's "Angelus" but the story of dumb humanity stretching clasped hands to God? Is it the clever colouring of the woman's coarsegrained skin, or the pathetic pressure of the hands that appeals to us? story! All the story of life lies in it. Do Turner's landscapes speak to us through their foregrounds or their middle distances? The young man reads in them his dreams and hopes: the old learn peace from them. No art can live that does not tell its story to few or many. What these talkers have at heart, I suppose, is revolt against the conventional story, against artificial sentiment—the sentiment that is "faked" to catch the eye of the unthinking. I remember a conversation I once had with Davidson Knowles, the painter. I was admiring some neglected work lying about his studio, notably a picture of the Thames at Chelsea, rolling dark and mysterious, under the broken beams of a storm-torn moon. "Yes," he said, cynically, "I like that myself; but it isn't the sort that sells. This is the thing that pays. I expect I shall sell it to one of the illustrated journals as an art supplement."

I turned and looked at a large black and white unfinished on his easel.

"That's complete enough," said Mr.

Knowles, "I don't think I can get much more into it. There's everything that the British public loves, you see—cottage, bit of sea, ships, mountains, small child, piece of bread and jam, intelligent dog, fond father in the distance, flowers, church spire. You can't think of anything else, can you?"

I thought, and looked, and then I suggested a cat.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "you're right, I've forgotten the cat." So we put a cat, playing with a bit of worsted, close to the door. I often come across that picture, framed and glazed, over many a cottage mantel, and in manyan inn parlour. Lure the public away from false sentiment, by all means, but one can only do it by giving them real sentiment. That is not a thing to be sneered at-it makes up three-fourths of every healthy man or woman's life. All our ideals, all our hopes, our loves, our hates, what are they but the veriest sentiment! The universe springs from the sentiment of one protoplasmic cell towards another.

Speaking of style in painting, Solomon J. Solomon told me an amusing anecdote the other day. A young friend of his, bitten by the present rage, had thrown up his London studio, and joined the new school in Paris. On his return two years later, Solomon asked him what he had achieved. The young man was jubilant.

"I have learnt style."

"Ah!" said Solomon, anxious for information, "and what do you mean by style?"

The young man seemed reticent on the point. But at last, taking up a brush,

"Well, I used to paint trees like that, you know," he explained, drawing his brush down, from the branches towards the roots. "Now," said the young man, proudly, "I do it this way," and, with the air of a master, he drew his brush upwards from the roots towards the branches.

Said Solomon, "I am glad you have not wasted your time."

Another painter anecdote I would like to tell you, and then I will not bore you with this subject any longer. A young fellow, a friend of Bernard Partridge the black-and-white man, was hard upartists, I am told, occasionally are. Partridge had lately sold a picture to Shoolbred's, or it may have been to Maple's-to one of those big furnishing houses, and he suggested that his friend should apply As a result, Shoolbred's traveller arrived at the studio, and in-The painter loved spring and summer effects. Burnham Beeches in May was one of the canvases he showed. June meadow, in which the cows stood knee-deep in the long grass was another. A woodland path in primrose time was a third.

"Yes," said the commercial gentleman, looking at them critically through his eyeglass. "Very pretty, very pretty, indeed; but to tell you the truth we are not doing much in greens just at present. Now if you've got some warm autumn tints, they are selling very well just now."

The young painter had not any autumn subjects, so the business fell through. Possibly this incident is a little exaggerated, but I dare say it contains a good foundation of truth. I once went furnishing with a friend. After the tables and chairs had been settled, the shopman suggested a visit to the Art Department. He had some excellent copies of various For the drawing-room he suggested Turners; he said they gave an idea of space, which was of great help to small London houses. For the diningroom he recommended a mixture of stilllife and draped figures. He had a picture representing an excellent cut of cold ham, together with fruit and bottles of wine, which he thought would look appropriate over the sideboard. This he proposed balancing at the other end of the room by the Three Graces, dressedcertainly, as much dressed as would be the ladies at the table. He kept this picture with different backgrounds to suit the carpet, and as my friend was laying down a reddish-tinted Turkey, we chose a Temple background, in which the sunset was seen through purple curtains. We tried it against the carpet, it was an admirable match. For the billiard-room, we purchased sporting subjects and Ettys.

The training of Georgiana Dorothea continues to progress, but with difficulty. The fault I find with the child is that she pays too great heed to what is said to her by her elders—that she copies too closely the thought and speech of those wiser and better than herself. The other morning I overheard her nurse talking to her. The woman is a most worthy creature, and she was imparting to the child some really sound advice. She was in the middle of an unexceptionable exhortation concerning the virtue of silence, when Dorothea interrupted her with:

"Oh, do be quiet, Nurse. I never get a moment's peace from your chatter."

Such a remark discourages a woman who is trying to do her duty.

Last Tuesday evening, she was unhappy. Myself, I think that rhubarb should never be eaten before April, and then never with lemonade. Her mother read her a homily upon the subject of pain. It was impressed upon her that we must put up with the troubles that God sends us. Dorothea would descend to details as children will.

- "Must we put up with the cod-liver-oil that God sends us?"
  - "Yes, decidedly."
  - "And with the aunts that God sends us?"
- "Certainly; and be thankful that you've got them, some little girls haven't any aunts. And don't talk so much."

On Friday I found Hetty in tears. "What's the matter?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing," was the answer; "only Baby. She's such a strange child. I can't make her out at all."

- "What has she been up to, now?"
- "Oh, she will argue, you know."
- "I know, she has that failing. I don't know where she gets it from, but she's got it. Well?"
- "Well, she made me cross; and, to punish her, I told her she shouldn't take her doll's perambulator out with her."
  - "Yes?"
- "Well, she didn't say anything then, but, as soon as I was outside the door, I heard her talking to herself—you know her way?"
  - "Yes?"
  - "She said---"
  - "Yes, she said?"
- "She said, 'I must be patient. I must put up with the mother God has sent me.'"

She lunches downstairs on Sundays. We have her with us once a week to give her the opportunity of studying manners and behaviour. Miller had dropped in, and we were discussing the Jameson affair. I was interested, and, pushing my plate aside, leant forward with my elbows on the table. Dorothea has a habit of talking to herself in a high-pitched whisper capable of being heard above an Adelphi love scene. I heard her say:

"I must sit up, and I mustn't sprawl with my elbows on the table, cos its only common vulgar people behave that way."

I looked across at her; she was sitting most correctly, and appeared to be contemplating something a thousand miles away. We had all of us been lounging! We sat up stiffly, and conversation flagged.

Of course we made a joke of it as soon as the child was gone. But it didn't seem to be *our* joke.

Before I write again I shall have received your answer to mine of last month. It will seem to me a glimpse of yourself. I always hear your voice in your letters.

Yours,

JEROME K. JEROME.

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### THE GORGONZOLA UNLOOSED. BY ALAN WRIGHT.



"Waiter, this Gorgonzola has eaten all my bread!"

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## THE RED ROOM.

BY H. G. WELLS.



CAN assure you," said I, "that it will take a very tangible ghost to frighten me." And I stood up before the fire with my glass in my hand.

"It is your own choosing," said the man with the withered arm, and glanced at me askance.

"Eight and twenty years," said I, "I have lived, and never a ghost have I seen as yet."

The old woman sat staring hard into the fire, her pale eyes wide open. "Aye," she broke in, "and eight and twenty years you have lived, and never seen the likes of this house, I reckon. There's a many things to see, when one's still but eight and twenty." She swayed her head slowly from side to side. "A many things to see and sorrow for."

I half suspected these old people were trying to enhance the spectral terrors of their house by this droning insistence. I put down my empty glass on the table, and, looking about the room, caught a glimpse of myself, abbreviated and broadened to an impossible sturdiness, in the queer old mirror beside the china cupboard. "Well," I said, "if I see anything to-night, I shall be so much the wiser. For I come to the business with an open mind."

"It's your own choosing," said the man with the withered arm once more.

I heard the faint sound of a stick and a shambling step on the flags in the passage outside. The door creaked on its hinges as a second old man entered, more bent, more wrinkled, more aged even than the first. He supported himself by the help of a crutch, his eyes were covered by a shade, and his lower lip, half averted, hung pale and pink from his decaying yellow teeth. He made straight for an arm-chair on the opposite side of the table, sat down clumsily, and began to cough. The man

with the withered hand gave this newcomer a short glance of positive dislike; the old woman took no notice of his arrival, but remained with her eyes fixed steadily on the fire.

"I said—it's your own choosing," said the man with the withered hand, when the coughing had ceased for awhile.

"It's my own choosing," I answered.

The man with the shade became aware of my presence for the first time, and threw his head back for a moment, and sideways, to see me. I caught a momentary glimpse of his eyes, small and bright and inflamed. Then he began to cough and splutter again.

"Why don't you drink?" said the man with the withered arm, pushing the beer towards him. The man with the shade poured out a glassful with a shaking hand, that splashed half as much again on the deal table. A monstrous shadow of him crouched upon the wall, and mocked his action as he poured and drank. must confess I had scarcely expected these grotesque custodians. There is, to my mind, something inhuman in senility, something crouching and atavistic; the human qualities seem to drop from old people insensibly day by day. The three of them made me feel uncomfortable with their gaunt silences, their bent carriage, their evident unfriendliness to me and to one other. And that night, perhaps, I was in the mood for uncomfortable impressions. I resolved to get away from their vague foreshadowings of the evil things upstairs.

"If, said I, "you will show me to this haunted room of yours, I will make myself comfortable there."

The old man with the cough jerked his head back so suddenly that it startled me, and shot another glance of his red eyes at me from out of the darkness under the shade, but no one answered me. I waited

a minute, glancing from one to the other. The old woman stared like a dead body, glaring into the fire with lack-lustre eyes.

"If," I said, a little louder, "if you will show me to this haunted room of yours, I will relieve you from the task of entertaining me."

"There's a candle on the slab outside the door," said the man with the withered hand, looking at my feet as he addressed me. "But if you go to the Red Room to-night——"

("This night of all nights!" said the old woman, softly.)

"You go alone."

"Very well," I answered, shortly; "and which way do I go?"

"You go along the passage for a bit," said he, nodding his head on his shoulder at the door, "until you come to a spiral staircase; and on the second landing is a door covered with green baize. Go through that, and down the long corridor to the end, and the Red Room is on your left up the steps."

"Have I got that right?" I said, and repeated his directions.

He corrected me in one particular.

"And you are really going?" said the man with the shade, looking at me again for the third time with that queer, unnatural tilting of the face.

("This night of all nights!" whispered the old woman.)

"It is what I came for," I said, and moved towards the door. As I did so, the old man with the shade rose and staggered round the table, so as to be closer to the others and to the fire. At the door I turned and looked at them, and saw they were all close together, dark against the firelight, staring at me over their shoulders, with an intent expression on their ancient faces.

"Good-night," I said, setting the door open.

"It's your own choosing," said the man with the withered arm.

I left the door wide open until the candle

was well alight, and then I shut them in, and walked down the chilly, echoing passage.

I must confess that the oddness of these three old pensioners in whose charge her ladyship had left the castle, and the deep-toned, old-fashioned furniture of the housekeeper's room, in which they foregathered, had affected me curiously in spite of my effort to keep myself at a matter-of-fact phase. They seemed to belong to another age, an older age, an age when things spiritual were indeed to be feared, when common-sense was uncommon, an age when omens and witches were credible, and ghosts beyond deny-Their very existence, thought I, is spectral; the cut of their clothing, fashions born in dead brains; the ornaments and conveniences in the room about them even are ghostly-the thoughts of vanished men, which still haunt rather than participate in the world of to day. And the passage I was in, long and shadowy, with a film of moisture glistening on the wall, was as gaunt and cold as a thing that is dead and rigid. But with an effort I sent such thoughts to the right-about. long, draughty subterranean passage was chilly and dusty, and my candle flared and made the shadows cower and quiver. The echoes rang up and down the spiral staircase, and a shadow came sweeping up after me, and another fled before me into the darkness overhead. I came to the wide landing and stopped there for a moment listening to a rustling that I fancied I heard creeping behind me, and then, satisfied of the absolute silence, pushed open the unwilling baize-covered door and stood in the silent corridor.

The effect was scarcely what I expected, for the moonlight, coming in by the great window on the grand staircase, picked out everything in vivid black shadow or reticulated silvery illumination. Everything seemed in its proper position; the house might have been deserted on the yesterday instead of twelve months ago. There were candles

in the sockets of the sconces, and whatever dust had gathered on the carpets or upon the polished flooring was distributed so evenly as to be invisible in my candle-A waiting stillness was over everything. I was about to advance, and stopped abruptly. A bronze group stood upon the landing hidden from me by a corner of the wall; but its shadow fell with marvellous distinctness upon the white panelling, and gave me the impression of someone crouching to waylay me. The thing jumped upon my attention suddenly. stood rigid for half a moment, perhaps. Then, with my hand in the pocket that held the revolver, I advanced, only to discover a Ganymede and Eagle, glistening in the moonlight. That incident for a time restored my nerve, and a dim porcelain Chinaman on a buhl table, whose head rocked as I passed, scarcely startled me.

The door of the Red Room and the steps up to it were in a shadowy corner. I moved my candle from side to side in order to see clearly the nature of the recess in which I stood, before opening the door. Here it was, thought I, that my predecessor was found, and the memory of that story gave me a sudden twinge of apprehension. I glanced over my shoulder at the black Ganymede in the moonlight, and opened the door of the Red Room rather hastily, with my face half turned to the pallid silence of the corridor.

I entered, closed the door behind me at once, turned the key I found in the lock within, and stood with the candle held aloft surveying the scene of my vigil, the great Red Room of Lorraine Castle, in which the young duke had died; or rather in which he had begun his dying, for he had opened the door and fallen headlong down the steps I had just ascended. That had been the end of his vigil, of his gallant attempt to conquer the ghostly tradition of the place, and never, I thought, had apoplexy better served the ends of superstition. There were

other and older stories that clung to the room, back to the half-credible beginning of it all, the tale of a timid wife and the tragic end that came to her husband's jest of frightening her. And looking round that huge shadowy room with its black window bays, its recesses and alcoves, its dusty brown-red hangings and dark gigantic furniture, one could well understand the legends that had sprouted in its black corners, its germinating darknesses. My candle was a little tongue of light in the vastness of the chamber; its rays failed to pierce to the opposite end of the room, and left an ocean of dull red mystery and suggestion, sentinel shadows and watching darknesses beyond its island of light. And the stillness of desolation brooded over it all.

I must confess some impalpable quality of that ancient room disturbed me. tried to fight the feeling down. resolved to make a systematic examination of the place, and so, by leaving nothing to the imagination, dispel the fanciful suggestions of the obscurity before they obtained a hold upon me. After satisfying myself of the fastening of the door, I began to walk round the room, peering round each article of furniture, tucking up the valances of the bed and opening its curtains wide. In one place there was a distinct echo to my footsteps, the noises I made seemed so little that they enhanced rather than broke the silence of the place. I pulled up the blinds and examined the fastenings of the several windows. Attracted by the fall of a particle of dust, I leant forward and looked up the blackness of the wide Then, trying to preserve my chimney. scientific attitude of mind, I walked round and began tapping the oak panelling for any secret opening, but I desisted before reaching the alcove. I saw my face in a mirror, -white.

There were two big mirrors in the room, each with a pair of sconces bearing candles, and on the mantelshelf, too, were candles in china candlesticks. All these I lit one after the other. The fire was laid, -an unexpected consideration from the old housekeeper-and I lit it, to keep down any disposition to shiver, and when it was burning well I stood round with my back to it and regarded the room again. I had pulled up a chintz-covered arm-chair and a table to form a kind of barricade before me. On this lay my revolver, ready to hand. My precise examination had done me a little good, but I still found the remoter darkness of the place and its perfect stillness too stimulating for the imagi-The echoing of the stir and crackling of the fire was no sort of com-The shadow in the alcove at the end of the room began to display that undefinable quality of a presence, that odd suggestion of a lurking living thing that comes so easily in silence and And to reassure myself, I solitude. walked with a candle into it and satisfied myself that there was nothing tangible there. I stood that candle upon the floor of the alcove and left it in that position.

By this time I was in a state of considerable nervous tension, although to my reason there was no adequate cause for my condition. My mind, however, was perfectly clear. I postulated quite unreservedly that nothing supernatural could happen, and to pass the time I began stringing some rhymes together, Ingoldsby fashion, concerning the original legend of the place. A few I spoke aloud, but the echoes were not pleasant. · the same reason I also abandoned, after a time, a conversation with myself upon the impossibility of ghosts and haunting. My mind reverted to the three old and distorted people downstairs, and I tried to keep it upon that topic.

The sombre reds and greys of the room troubled me; even with its seven candles the place was merely dim. The light in the alcove flaring in a draught, and the fire flickering, kept the shadows

and penumbræ perpetually shifting and stirring in a noiseless, flighty dance. Casting about for a remedy, I recalled the wax candles I had seen in the corridor, and, with a slight effort, carrying a candle and leaving the door open, I walked out into the moonlight, and presently returned with as many as ten. These I put in the various knick-knacks of china with which the room was sparsely adorned, and lit and placed them where the shadows had lain deepest, some on the floor, some in the window recesses, arranging and rearranging them, until at last my seventeen candles were so placed that not an inch of the room but had the direct light of at least one of them. It occurred to me that when the ghost came I could warn him not to trip over them. The room was now quite brightly illuminated. There was something very cheering and reassuring in these little silent streaming flames, and to notice their steady diminution of length offered me an occupation and gave me a reassuring sense of the passage of time.

Even with that, however, the brooding expectation of the vigil weighed heavily enough upon me. I stood watching the minute hand of my watch creep towards midnight.

Then something happened in the alcove. I did not see the candle go out, I simply turned and saw that the darkness was there, as one might start and see the unexpected presence of a stranger. The black shadow had sprung back to its place. "By Jove," said I aloud, recovering from my surprise, "that draught's a strong one!" and taking the matchbox from the table, I walked across the room in a leisurely manner to relight the corner again. My first match would not strike, and as I succeeded with the second, something seemed to blink on the wall before me. I turned my head involuntarily and saw that the two candles on the little table by the fireplace were extinguished. I rose at once to my feet.

"Odd!" I said. "Did I do that myself in a flash of absent-mindedness?"

I walked back, relit one, and as I did so I saw the candle in the right sconce of one of the mirrors wink and go right out, and almost immediately its companion followed it. There was no mistake about it. The flames vanished as if the wick had been suddenly nipped between a finger and thumb, leaving the wick neither glowing ner smoking, but black. While I stood gaping the candle at the foot of the bed went out, and the shadows seemed to take another step towards me.

"This won't do!" said I, and first one and then another candle on the mantelshelf followed.

"What's up?" I cried, with a queer high note getting into my voice somehow. At that the candle on the corner of the wardrobe went out, and the one I had relit in the alcove followed.

"Steady on!" I said, "those candles are wanted," speaking with a half-hysterical facetiousness, and scratching away at a match the while, for the mantel My hands trembled so candlesticks. much that twice I missed the rough paper of the match-box. As the mantel emerged from darkness again, two candles in the remoter end of the room were ec-But with the same match I also lipsed. relit the larger mirror candles, and those on the floor near the doorway, so that for the moment I seemed to gain on the ex-But then in a noiseless volley there vanished four lights at once in different corners of the room, and I struck another match in quivering haste, and stood hesitating whither to take it.

As I stood undecided, an invisible hand seemed to sweep out the two candles on the table. With a cry of terror I dashed at the alcove, then into the corner, and then into the window, relighting three as two more vanished by the fireplace, and then perceiving a better way, I dropped the matches on the iron-bound deed-box in the corner, and caught

up the bedroom candlestick. With this I avoided the delay of striking matches, but for all that the steady process of extinction went on, and the shadows I feared and fought against returned, and crept in upon me, first a step gained on this side of me then on that. I was now almost frantic with the horror of the coming darkness, and my self-possession deserted me. I leaped panting from candle to candle in a vain struggle against that remorseless advance.

I bruised myself in the thigh against the table, I sent a chair headlong, I stumbled and fell and whisked the cloth from the table in my fall. My candle rolled away from me and I snatched another as I rose. Abruptly this was blown out as I swung it off the table by the wind of my sudden movement, and immediately the two remaining candles followed. But there was light still in the room, a red light that streamed across the ceiling and staved off the shadows from me. The fire! Of course I could still thrust my candle between the bars and relight it!

I turned to where the flames were still dancing between the glowing coals and splashing red reflections upon the furniture; made two steps towards the grate, and incontinently the flames dwindled and vanished, the glow vanished, the reflections rushed together and disappeared, and as I thrust the candle between the bars darkness closed upon me like the shutting of an eye, wrapped about me in a stifling embrace, sealed my vision, and crushed the last vestiges of self-possession from my brain. And it was not only palpable darkness, but intolerable terror. The candle fell from my hands. I flung out my arms in a vain effort to thrust that ponderous blackness away from me, and lifting up my voice, screamed with all my might, once, twice, thrice. Then I think I must have staggered to my feet. I know I thought suddenly of the moonlit corridor, and with my head bowed and my arms over my face, made a stumbling run for the door.

But I had forgotten the exact position of the door, and I struck myself heavily against the corner of the bed. I staggered back, turned, and was either struck or struck myself against some other bulky furnishing. I have a vague memory of battering myself thus to and fro in the darkness, of a heavy blow at last upon my forehead, of a horrible sensation of falling that lasted an age, of my last frantic effort to keep my footing, and then I remember no more.

. . . .

I opened my eyes in daylight. My head was roughly bandaged, and the man with the withered hand was watching my face. I looked about me trying to remember what had happened, and for a space I could not recollect. I rolled my eyes into the corner and saw the old woman, no longer abstracted, no longer terrible, pouring out some drops of medicine from a little blue phial into a glass. "Where am I?" I said. "I seem to remember you, and yet I cannot remember who you are."

They told me then, and I heard of the haunted Red Room as one who hears a tale. "We found you at dawn," said he, "and there was blood on your forehead and lips."

I wondered that I had ever disliked him. The three of them in the daylight seemed commonplace old folk enough. The man with the green shade had his head bent as one who sleeps.

It was very slowly I recovered the memory of my experience. "You believe now," said the old man with the withered hand, "that the room is haunted?" He spoke no longer as one who greets an

intruder, but as one who condoles with a friend.

"Yes," said I, "the room is haunted."

"And you have seen it. And we who have been here all our lives have never set eyes upon it. Because we have never dared . . . Tell us, is it truly the old earl who——"

"No," said I, "it is not."

"I told you so," said the old lady, with the glass in her hand. "It is his poor young countess who was frightened—"

"It is not," I said. "There is neither ghost of earl nor ghost of countess in that room; there is no ghost there at all, but worse, far worse, something impalpable—"

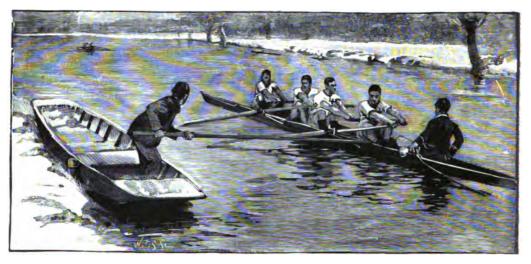
"Well?" they said.

"The worst of all the things that haunt poor mortal men," said I; "and that is, in all its nakedness—Fear! Fear that will not have light nor sound, that will not bear with reason, that deafens and darkens and overwhelms. It followed me through the corridor, it fought against me in the room——"

I stopped abruptly. There was an interval of silence. My hand went up to my bandages. "The candles went out one after another, and I fled——"

Then the man with the shade lifted his face sideways to see me and spoke.

"That is it," said he. "I knew that was it. A Power of Darkness. To put such a curse upon a home! It lurks there always. You can feel it even in the daytime, even of a bright summer's day, in the hangings, in the curtains, keeping behind you however you face about. In the dusk it creeps in the corridor and follows you, so that you dare not turn. It is even as you say. Fear itself is in that room. Black Fear. . . And there it will be . . . so long as this house of sin endures."



THE CLINKER FOURS. WAITING FOR THE GUN.

## ROWING AT OXFORD.

BY OLIVER S. JONES.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEO. C. HAITÉ, R.B.A., AND OTHERS.

PASTIMES and amusements may be divided into two main classes: (1) Those that have been invented simply as a means of recreation, such as baseball, lawn tennis, cricket, etc.; (2) Those that have their origin in the primary needs of mankind.

The latter class have, in many cases, as civilisation has advanced and the particular needs have been supplied in other ways, survived as pastimes by reason of the natural pleasure and excitement which accompanies them.

The spirit of emulation, the pride of skill, and the desire of obtaining healthy exercise for its own sake have been among the principal causes which have converted into sports and pastimes men's means and methods of locomotion.

Among these, perhaps, the most important and the most conspicuous is rowing, which, as a serious business, has played no inconsiderable part in the great events of human history, and, as a pastime, is inferior to none of the class to which it belongs. As a healthful exercise and as a

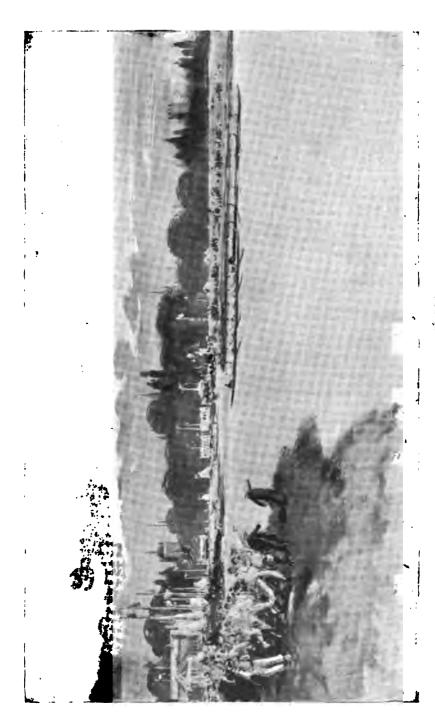
means of competitive effort requiring both skill and endurance, it is excellent.

On such considerations as these, together with the time-honoured traditions connected with rowing, the freshman at Oxford decides to take to the river for his daily quantum of exercise.

Over and above all the other sports and means of recreation which are open to him, that of rowing appeals most strongly to the average undergraduate. The expense is nominal, the time occupied is practically limited to individual pleasure, and the dangers to life and limb are few and far between.

The history of early college boat-racing is not strictly that of the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race itself, but it is closely wound up with it, and the early college racing was, moreover, the origin of that aquatic rivalry between the two Universities which led to the first match in 1829.

Oxford started boat-racing before Cambridge, though it does not seem quite clear as to when "bumping" races actu-



ally commenced. Two or three of the colleges had boat clubs, and manned eight oars; these were in the habit of going down the river some three or four miles to one of the riparian villages to dine, and rowing back in company. From Iffley to Oxford they were inclined to race to see who could be home first, and, as the narrowness of the river prevented them from racing abreast, they rowed in Indian file, those behind jealously trying to overtake the leaders.

Thus began the idea of starting in a fixed order from Iffley Lock, of racing in procession, and of an overtaken boat giving place to its victor on the following day. In 1822, at all events, there were bumping races. Christ Church seems to have been "head," the only other crews which entered then hailing from Brasenose and Jesus colleges.

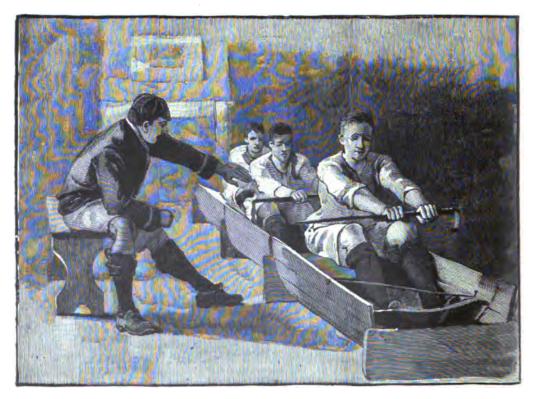
The Oxford University Boat Club was founded in 1839, and at once set about

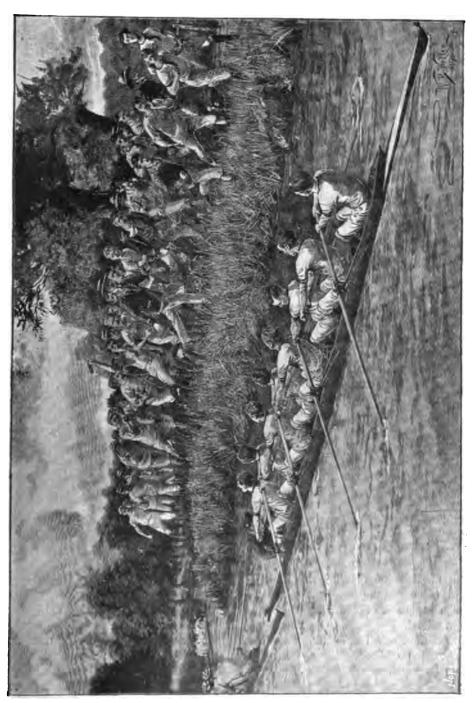
organising the boating affairs of the University on a systematic basis.

At the present time all the twenty-one colleges and two of the halls (together with the "unattached" students, known as the "St. Catharine's" Boat Club) have boat-houses or "barges" on the river. Each college constitutes a club in itself, and looks after the coaching and training of its individual members, with a view to securing the best material for the College races.

The committee of the O.U.B.C. is made up of the "captain of the boat club" from each college or hall, the president being, as a rule, the senior member of the crew that rowed against Cambridge the previous year.

At the first day of the academical year, *i.e.*, at the commencement of the October Term, each captain posts a notice in his college requesting all "freshmen" who are anxious to take up rowing to be down



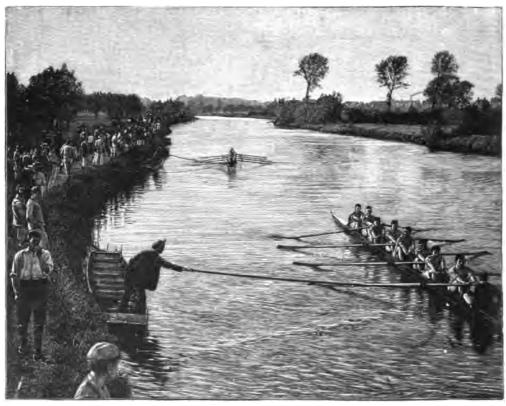


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at the barge that afternoon. These are taken out in "pairs" ("tub-pairs," not racing-boats) by some of the senior members, who are more or less conversant with the science and art of oarsmanship, and under the watchful eye of their

no doubt, for want of a suitable waterway, so their "alumni" may be said to know little or nothing about rowing; thus they have no faults to be eradicated, "nothing to forget, everything to learn."

Apart from the Oxford and Cambridge



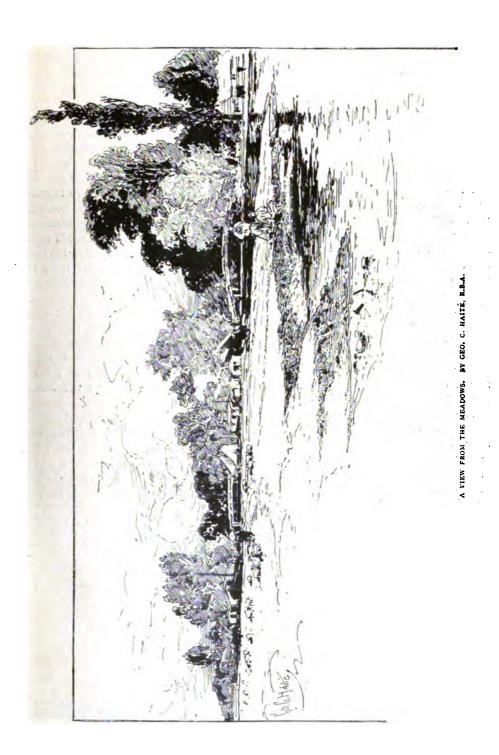
BUMPING RACE AT OXFORD. FIRST TWO BOATS STARTING.

captain can quickly detect any promising material.

Here it should be stated that a man who has never systematically handled an oar in his life has an equal, if not a better, chance of success, than one who has gone through some sort of perfunctory instruction at school.

Few of the English Public Schools, with the exception of Eton, make a study of rowing on the lines adopted by Oxford. The majority, such as Rugby, Harrow, Winchester, etc., have never given this pastime any serious attention—chiefly, contest itself, there are three principal events in the rowing year at Oxford, viz., the "Torpids," the "Eights," and the "Trials."

The Torpids seem to have arisen about 1826, and to have been applied to "second" boats of colleges. Later on Torpids took to racing among themselves as a separate class and under distinct qualifications. These races now take place during the Lent Term. The boats are of a somewhat heavier build than those used for the "Eights"; fixed seats only are allowed, and no man who rowed the



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previous year in his college "eight" may take a seat in the Torpid eight.

As has been previously mentioned, the narrow and winding course of the river precludes more that two or three "eights" from racing abreast, so they start at a given distance behind each other in the order they left off the previous year. Each college may put on two, or even three "Torpids" subject to the consent of the O.U.B.C.

The course from Iffley to the winning, or rather finishing, post opposite the "'Varsity" barge is one mile; one furlong posts, according to the number of starters, are marked off one hundred and thirty feet apart, and to these some four or five yards of rope are attached which the coxswain holds "taut," until the signal is given to let go.

Usually some thirty boats are entered, so they are divided into two sections, the head-boat of the Second Division, whose races are pulled, starting again at the rear of the First Division. This boat is usually known as the "sandwich boat."

The object of the men in the boat behind is to catch up and touch with their bows the stern of the boat immediately in front. Should they succeed in doing this it is called a "bump," and the coxswain of the boat in front signals by holding up his hand, that the bump has been fairly made. Both crews are out of the race at once, and must "stand by" to let the others pass.

The following day these two boats change positions at the start. The races are rowed for six consecutive days, commencing on Thursday, giving the men a well-earned rest on the intervening Sunday.

In the Torpid races, the Second Division starts at three o'clock, and the First at half-past four o'clock. Each boat from start to finish is accompanied along the towpath by crowds of enthusiastic supporters; cricketers, footballers, etc., all turn out to "run and yell" with the

boats of their respective colleges, and these runners are not all undergraduates. The aged tutor or the learned professor dons his "war-paint" of flannels and "blazer" once more, inciting to victory the youthful members of his beloved college, and living over again battles in which he himself has doubtless taken some active part in bygone generations.

A gun is fired three minutes before the start as a signal to prepare, when sweaters and wraps are discarded. Two minutes later another gun anneunces the boats are to "standoff"—the littlecoxswainstraining at the rope during the sixty seconds which elapse, while the waterman with his boathook pushes the craft as far from the bank as possible.

"Ten seconds more," shouts one mentor, watch in hand, to his crew, "five, four, three, two," bang, they're off! A hundred or more strong pairs of arms strike the water with their oars simultaneously, and a mighty roar from a thousand throats encourages the heroes to do their utmost.

It will be gathered from the described circumstances that a boat cannot advance more than six places during the week. An exception, however, sometimes occurs in the case of the "sandwich boat," which may take two bumps on the same day.

Suppose, for example, Worcester and Oriel are the first two boats in the Second Division; Oriel, by bumping Worcester, becomes the "sandwich boat" and is entitled to row again that afternoon at the end of the First Division. Here, too, it may make its bump and so will have gained two places in one day.

The same system of racing is used for the "Eights," which are rowed during the Summer Term, i.e., about the middle of May, but the whole style of rowing in the "Eights" is, naturally, far superior to the Torpids. Only boats of the latest design and workmanship are used, and each college presses into its service its best oarsmen, provided, of course, they

are not of more than four years' standing from the date of their matriculation.

The same wild scenes take place along the tow-path and at the finish, only the excitement is, perhaps, intensified by reason of the warmer weather and the number of visitors who come up to Oxford for the week to enjoy the unique surroundings and taste of unlimited hospitality.

It is from the host of oarsmen who compete in the college "Eights" that the president has the somewhat thankless task of selecting a crew to row against Cambridge on the Thames the following March.

In all, perhaps, thirty or forty names are submitted to him; these men row at various times under his personal supervision, and he is frequently advised, too, by other "past-masters" of the art, who may be holding official positions in the University, or who come up to Oxford to interest themselves in such an important matter for the love of their "alma mater."

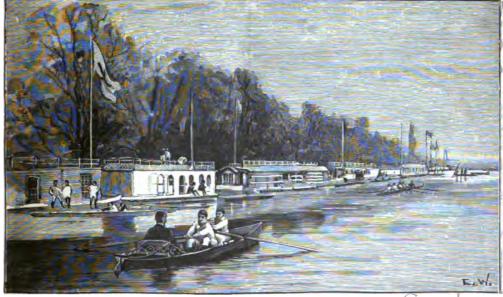
Eventually, the number is reduced to sixteen, and these are divided into two crews of as nearly as possible equal merit,

and are known as the "Trial Eights." They compete over a two-mile course with each other after a week's training, at Moulsford-on-Thames, about the second week in December.

It does not of necessity follow that the winning eight on this occasion is bodily chosen to represent Oxford, but, during the race, the correct form of each man is gauged, and the president seldom fails to give satisfaction in his ultimate selection, aided as he is by "old blues" of much experience.

The Oxford and Cambridge boat-race is usually rowed on the Saturday before Holy-week. The eight men and one reserve, or substitute, go into training on Ash Wednesday, which gives them about five weeks and three days to prepare for the crucial test.

Since 1845 the course has, without exception, been on the Thames, from Putney to Mortlake; the official measuring of recent years placing the length at four miles one furlong one hundred and eighty yards, the best time having been by the Oxford crew in 1893, who covered the distance in eighteen minutes forty-seven seconds.





THE "FRAM," DR. NANSEN'S SHIP.

# "THE NANSENS."

BY J. ARTHUR BAIN.

Nansen, at noon on the 24th June, 1893, set off to find the North Pole. This task, which has baffled the most courageous



DR. NANSEN.

(From a Photograph by Gihlsson,
of Christiania.)

explorers, he, at the time of starting on his difficult mission, expected to accomplish in three years; but, at the same time, told his friends not to be anxious concerning his welfare if he did not return within twice that period.

Of the last four expeditions en route for the Pole (Peary seeking it from Inglefield Gulf, Greenland; Nansen from the neighbourhood of the New Siberian Isles; Jackson from Franz Joseph Land; and the fourth, Wellman's, at present in a state of suspended animation), the Norwegian one appeals most powerfully to the imagination, probably owing to the boldness of its inception, and the faith with which its leader bases his success on the truth of his theory of the Arctic Ocean currents.

Nansen was born at Froen, about two miles from Christiania, on the 10th of October, 1861. His father was a distinguished Advocate; and, at his death, Fridtjof's brother, Alexandra, succeeded

to his practice, which he now exercises at Christiania. Fridtjof began his career as an athlete at the early age of four, and soon became one of the most accomplished skaters, skilobers, and sportsmen in Norway, winning several medals and championships in sports, and thus unconsciously preparing his physique for the dangers he was so soon to brave for the elucidation of scientific subjects. He attended school at Christiania from his fifth to his eighteenth year, and in his later school-days developed a taste for chemical and physical experiments. Along with his younger brother, Alexandra, he walked to school and back to his home daily, in storm or sunshine. his brother, Alexandra is a keen sportsman, a noted skilober, and elk hunter.

In 1880 Fridtjof entered the University of Christiania, the only University in Norway, where he showed a predilection for scientific pursuits, his favourite study being zoology. Two years later he went as a passenger to the Polar seas in a Norwegian sealing steamer, The Viking, to increase his zoological knowledge; and, being icebound for twenty-four days off the east coast of Greenland, in latitude 66° 50' N., he conceived the idea of crossing that island. "Many times a day," he writes, "from the maintop were my glasses turned westward, and it is not to be wondered at that a young man's fancy was drawn irresistibly to the charms and mysteries of this unknown world." This cruise lasted nearly six months, and on his return Nansen contributed articles to both scientific and sporting journals. In the latter he tells us that he shot over five hundred seals and fifteen Polar bears.

In the autumn of 1882 he was appointed Curator of Bergen Museum, and soon became the author of many scientific pamphlets. In 1888 he received his degree as Doctor of Philosophy for his thesis, "The Structure and Combination of the Histological Elements of the Central Nervous System." He held his appointment at Bergen Museum until 1888, when he matured his plans and started on his memorable journey over the interior of Greenland. His remarkable feat of crossing the great central plateau of that island from east to west established his reputation as a traveller and scientist of the first order. He and his five companions—all famed skilobers—were the first to cross the "inland ice,"

June, 1889, in the best of health, a high tribute, indeed, to Nansen's intelligent judgment.

As a writer, Nansen's treatment of his subject is fascinating. This, the above-mentioned work, and his latest important anthropological book, on the *Eskimo*, translated into English by Mr. William Archer, sufficiently show. The latter publication is the outcome of his winter's residence at and around Godthaab, for he spent much of his time wandering amongst the natives, dwelling in their huts, taking part in their hunting excursions on land



NANSEN ON "SKI."

(From a photograph by Nyblin, of Christiania.)

and his book, The First Crossing of Greenland, translated into many languages, made his name famous throughout Europe. In it we have a graphic description of his hazardous journey over the moving ice-floes off the east coast in his attempt to reach land, and details of the daring and heroic crossing to the west coast, finally coming out at Godthaab, where the party had to winter owing to the last vessel being unable to wait for them, although they were enabled to send a letter home. They all returned to Norway in

and sea, and becoming a proficient "kayaker" and sledge-driver. At considerable inconvenience and self-sacrifice and shock to his sensibilities—for the stench which arises from the filthy surroundings of the Eskimo is, to a refined European, appalling—Nansen lived their life in his endeavour to obtain an accurate knowledge of their habits.

Dr. Nansen is an exceptionally accomplished linguist, speaking several languages fluently. He is also an artist and photographer of no mean order, so much so that

at one time it was proposed that he should devote his life to Art. This was overruled, but his talent has not been wasted.

Dr. Nansen formulated his plan of crossing Greenland in the course of six years, and conceived his original idea of finding the Pole as far back as 1884, deciding on his present route after the fullest consideration of every contingency and former attempts. He has already drawn up plans for reaching the South Pole; and will only consider his life-work done when he has carried his scientific researches to the heart of the Antarctic region.

then a novice on ski. We were at that time travelling over some almost unknown country in the Yottenheim, or Norwegian Alps, and, knowing that a village was near and night was coming on, one of the party proposed a short cut, which necessitated a long glissade down a snow slope. Off we went, the Doctor first, and the Englishman following, Alexandra Nansen bringing up the rear. When three parts of the way down, to the astonishment of his followers, the Doctor was seen suddenly to wheel. Stopping on his ski within their own length, a feat which few who



NANSEN AND HIS CREW, AFTER CROSSING GREENLAND.

(From a photograph by Szacinski, of Christiania.)

In ability and physical attributes, Dr. Nansen is an ideal explorer, and the following anecdotes of his promptitude of action may be aptly introduced to show his iron character and his readiness of resource.

The Nansen brothers are both accomplished skilobers. In the depth of winter they have travelled over most of the mountains of their native land. My narrator says: "I call to mind a little incident when the Doctor's presence of mind saved a young Englishman who was

had not been accustomed to this mode of travelling from their youth upwards could accomplish, he thrust out his ski staff and tripped up his companion, who was at that instant rushing past him down the slope at express speed. The motive of this seemingly extraordinary action was soon manifest; we were within a dozen feet of a sheer precipice some thousands of feet in depth, down which, but for the Doctor's ready resource, we should surely have been dashed."

Another, but amusing, incident I heard

of the famous explorer during his first visit to London. It was his first appearance in the great city, and it happened to be the day of a drawing-room at Buckingham



(From a hotograph by Szacinski. of Christiania.)

Palace. Attracted by the gathering crowd, and hearing that the Princess of Wales was then about to arrive, Nansen pushed himself into the front of the spectators just at the instant of the royal arrival. He suddenly felt a hand seize his watch-chain and tug vigorously. Quick as lightning the young Norwegian seized the pickpocket's wrist and held it in his vice-like grip, while, with his other hand, he took off his hat and joined his neighbours in a cheer in his best English. When the royal carriage had passed, he called a policeman and gave the thief in charge. One amusing point was that, during the whole affair, he never even dropped the umbrella which he had under the arm of the hand by which he was holding his It is stated that the watchthief, whose wrist was nearly crushed, said that he would rather go to gaol for a month than let that gentleman get hold of him again; and yet the Doctor said he " only held him tightly."

Dr. Nansen was married to Miss Eva Sars in September, 1889. In this lady the well-renowned explorer found a congenial spirit, one who was alike eager to view strange lands, or to participate in the healthy and robust recreations peculiar to Norway. Fru Nansen is the youngest daughter of the late Professor M. Sars, a Norwegian naturalist of considerable eminence.

Dr. Nansen set out on his present expedition from the Pipervikin, Christiania, on June 24th, 1803. His good ship Fram [Anglicé, Forward] is the strongest vessel of her size that has ever been built for Arctic exploration. She was launched at Laurvik on the 26th of October, 1892, and was christened by the Doctor's wife. Up to the launching of the Fram it was the Doctor's intention—like Lieutenant Peary -to take his wife with him, but, at the last moment, he was petitioned by Captain Sverdrup not to do so. The rest of the crew, though having every belief in "Fru Eva's" constitution to withstand the voyage, joining in this petition, Dr. Nansen judged it prudent to leave his wife behind, taking into consideration the possibility of a "nip" and a long sledge journey, and that a woman, however plucky, could not but retard the progress of the whole party.

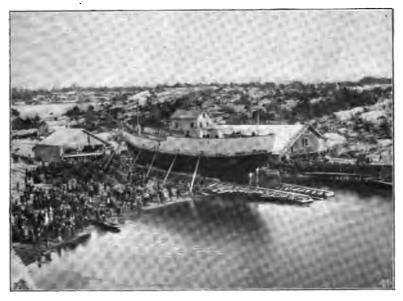
Lysaker, where Dr. Nansen resides, is a suburb of Christiania, which possesses an old Viking ship dating back to the eighth century. It is situate on the fjord of that name (Christiania fjord), about six His house, "Godthaab miles distant. Villa," has been erected at the foot of a hill, uniquely set in the midst of a wood, the promontory on which it stands jutting out into the fjord. The Doctor selected the plot, had a picturesque log-house built after the old Norwegian style, and named it "Godthaab Villa," to express his grateful feelings for a haven of rest on the west coast after crossing Greenland.

Dr. Nansen is a tall, handsome specimen of a Scandinavian. Although sparely built, he has an appearance of great strength. His forehead is expansive, and his blue eyes peer out from beneath

brows, which, at all times, are well brought down, giving the observer the impression that the explorer is a man of keen observation. He wears a thin, light moustache, and his hair is, apparently, beyond his control, standing out in little bushy tufts here and there. He is entirely devoid of what we English term "side," and possesses a happy gift of conversation, which puts the greatest stranger at his ease. Nansen is more than six feet high. Fru Nansen, on the contrary, is petite and dark, and, withal, of as adventurous a spirit

books on the shelves, his table and chair, all ready for use.

On entering the room one is struck by its size and great height. It is a spacious room, and its quaint wooden walls consisting of trees, not planks, give it a remarkable appearance. One's interest centres first in the Polar bear skins, victims of the Doctor's gun when in the east Greenland seas, and in the grand piano, standing in the centre of the room, on which Fru Nansen formerly played and sang to her husband in the



THE LAUNCHING OF THE "FRAM."

(From a photograph by Nielsen, of Daurvig.)

as her husband. Indeed, in this respect both are worthy descendants of a noble race.

Dr. Nansen's study is a charming spot. It opens out from the drawing-room, and is kept in such perfect order that it gives one the impression that Fru Nansen expects the Doctor to reappear at any moment. With the exception of the "owner" and a typewriter (which he has taken with him), the study remains the same as when used by the Doctor—the

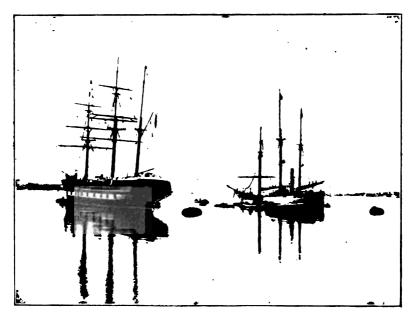
few hours that they devoted to recreation. Perhaps the most surprising thing is the enormous table, in harmony with the proportions of the study. This article, which was made to the Doctor's order, looks like a huge bench, except that its legs and sides are curiously ornamented. Its surface is large, but the Doctor requires it all for his papers, which he likes to have at hand. He is very systematic—not an undesirable trait in the leader of an Arctic expedition,—and confusion

is altogether unknown where he is. In the left corner of the room is a quaint fireplace, quite in keeping with the walls and furniture. As is the custom in Norway, wood is used for fuel, coal being accounted a luxury. Several oil paintings by Dr. and Fru Nansen adorn the walls, as also the original drawings, used for engravings in his book, The First Crossing of Greenland.

Our hostess pointed out the place at which she had last seen her husband, and showed us two instantaneous photographs sung all his favourite songs, and in which the little baby had lifted up her voice in a less musical manner.

"How long," we asked, just before the expedition started, "will your husband be away?"

"Captain Sverdrup says two, or two and a quarter years, if good fortune attends them. They are provisioned for six. You should have seen the ship's deck," she resumed; "it was covered with provisions. His crew of twelve are all Norwegians. The applications from



THE "FRAM" AT ANCHOR.

taken at the time; the first of the Doctor looking through a pair of glasses for his wife from the bridge of the Fram, as the ship steamed slowly down the fjord past his house; the second depicting him in the act of waving his hat to her in affectionate farewell. This was the last glimpse they had of one another probably for years. Now she is looking forward to his return, and, during his absence, her lovely babygirl has been a comfort to her in her lonely moments. He, on his part, had a souvenir, —a phonograph, into which his wife had

abroad to accompany the expedition—and he had thousands—were rejected. The captain of the *Fram*, Sverdrup, accompanied my husband in his crossing of Greenland."

We learned that the *Fram* called at Laurvik on its way down Christiania fjord, and, after taking on board two specially constructed covered boats to be used in case the ship had to be deserted, proceeded to Bergen, where the Doctor had spent six years as Curator of the Museum.

"It will be seen from the portrait," Fru

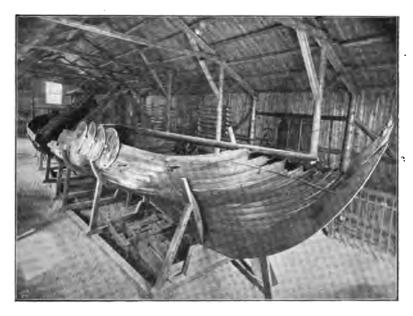
Nansen continued, "how well they are stocked with provisions. If they can only stick to their ship as she drifts with ice or current, they need have no fear of starvation for five or six years to come."

Off Melo, in long. 13:20 E., and lat. 66:48, the *Fram* was sighted by the s.s. *Rollo*, of the Wilson line, which carried a contingent of one hundred and sixty passengers on a trip to the North Cape. As the *Rollo* got even with the *Fram*, rockets were fired off, and the fog-horn

there. I am not sure, however, if they will obtain and forward his letter."

"What does the Doctor expect to find around the Pole? Does he anticipate its being inhabited by man or beast?"

"My husband is much interested in this subject. After leaving the New Siberian Isles, steering north, he may meet nothing but large ice-floes, or he may meet with land—islands—possibly inhabited, if not by human beings, by Polar bears, foxes, and seals, if open



VIKING SHIP AT CHRISTIANIA.

blown, while the passengers from all parts of the ship again and again cheered lustily. This had the effect of bringing Dr. Nansen from below on to the deck, and then to the bridge of the *Fram*, where he returned those kindly salutes by raising his hat, and afterwards by firing two shots. He seemed much gratified by this hearty farewell, the last he received from English "landsmen."

"Where," I asked, "will your husband write you from?"

"The New Siberian Isles, if he touches

water abounds. They are well provided with furs capable of resisting one hundred degrees of frost; but the Doctor does not anticipate finding it so cold around the Pole as he did in his crossing of Greenland; he met with eighty-two degrees of frost there, but owing to the vicinity of water around the Pole he says it will never reach that low temperature."

A few days later, we paid a visit to Laurvik, situate at the head of a small fjord on the west side of Christiania fjord, south of Christiania, where we had occasion to see Mr. Colin Archer, the builder of the *Fram*. He told us the Doctor was very much pleased with his ship, the build



NANSEN'S HOME AT LYSAKER.

of which was only decided on after many models had been made. We were shown

"Why has she not been raised equally all round?" we enquired.

"I wish it had been so," he replied,

"as the room is needed. She is just large enough to carry provisions for thirteen men for six years, besides the necessary fuel and equipage. Her length over all is one hundred and twenty-eight feet; her width is remarkable, being a third of her length.

"We intended keeping her to the lower level, but found more 'head' room would be required in the cabin, and so raised the after-part, which gives my ship a somewhat ungainly look.

"Not the least interesting

part of the vessel is her masts," he continued. "The Doctor planned them him-



NANSEN'S STUDY AT LYSAKER.

the model, which resembles the *Fram*, on the stocks.

self. Their thickness and strength are remarkable."



The foreman of the shipbuilding yard,
— of course we had to see where the *Fram*was built,—told us the Doctor "intended
pulling the ship, or even hanging her, up
between two heights of ice by the masts,
if a nip was likely."

It was said in the yard that her heavy masts might make the ship top-heavy, and be a source of danger to her. I mention this, as it may have some bearing both ways on the fate of the *Fram*.

"Will the Doctor accomplish this task?" was our next enquiry.

"Yes," replied Mr. Archer; "but he will never bring the ship through."

"Then you think you will never see her again?"

"Well, I hope I shall. I should be

sorry not to do so, and yet I cannot see how he can bring his heavy ship over the ice, or drift her either. I am afraid," he resumed, thoughtfully, "he will have to desert her in high latitudes, and come through with the boats and sledges which have been specially prepared for such an emergency. Yes, he will come out between East Greenland and Spitzbergen."

This opinion seems to be strangely coincident with one expressed by Dr. John Murray.

"Then there is every possibility of his accomplishing what he has set himself to do?"

"Yes; he is the proper man for it."

He is the most energetic man I ever met!"



NANSEN'S FAREWELL

### THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

BY J. F. NISBET.



T has often been pointed out that temperance advocates, while abstaining from alcohol, tend to be immoderate

in speech and argument. I do not know whether anyone has pointed out their abuse of statistics, but this is another stimulant in which the teetotaller is fond of indulging to excess, and from which I wonder somebody does not propose to restrain him by Act of Parliament. The late Lord Beaconsfield once described Mr. Gladstone as "inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity." It is a vile phrase, and I do not suggest it as a model of style to any student of epigram. "Drunk with his own words," would have caught on more easily with the ten-pound householder, though I am not blind to the image conveyed by this ornate Latinism of someone quaffing a foaming beaker of phrases with a splendid head on it. Put in either form, the mot contains an idea, and it is with this for the moment that I am concerned. There are other beverages than alcohol that intoxicate words inordinately, Mr. Gladstone being a flagrant example of this sort of tippling, and figures to a certain extent. Perhaps the latter form of the vice is the more insidious because it seems at once so harmless and so strengthening, like the nips obtained from the grocers.

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I have just been reading a rather heady set of statistics with which a well-known teetotaller has been inebriating himself on the subject of the healthiness of his class compared with the community at large. At a certain age, say fifty, the expectation of life of the water-drinker—so the argument runs—is greater than that of the user of alcohol; whence, of course, the conclusion flows, as readily as water from a tap, that teetotallism is the secret of

longevity, and that longevity being a good thing, it is well to be teetotal. As a syllogism, this positively bristles with attackable points. I need not go into them all. In order to demolish an argument (equally with a house) it is sufficient to undermine its foundations, and nobody who understands the fallaciousness of statistics need hesitate as to the best mode of tackling this teetotal thesis.

First, let me give an illustration of how statistics may mislead. Reading the other day of an eminently moral work, which I need not advertise, I came across an argument based upon statistics, that marriage was a healthier condition for the adult than single life, because among men and women between thirty and fifty years of age the mortality was much greater among the unmarried. Nothing could be plainer, if statistics were to be trusted. I do not quote the writer's figures because they do not matter. I don't dispute his figures; it is his conclusion-and an obvious conclusion too-which does not hold water. For a moment's reflection will show that, marriage being the normal condition of adult humanity, the presumption is that of men and women of mature years who are not married a considerable proportion must be unfitted to be so by reason of disease or deformity, or even a weak state of health, all of which causes would conduce to a high death-rate. As regards the healthiness of marriage in fact, the argument from statistics is one of the finest examples of the non sequitur that could be quoted.

A similar flaw vitiates the statistical argument of my teetotal friend. Very likely it is true that teetotallers, as a body, enjoy a higher average of health, and have a better expectation of life than an equal

number of their neighbours who drink. I have not verified the calculation, and undoubtedly if the calculator were free to pick and choose his subjects, it would be easy enough to produce a robust and longlived body of alcohol consumers, boasting a far higher average of vitality than a corresponding number of wan and sickly teetotallers. But I am content to take the argument as it stands. And as it stands, drinkers of all degrees, including the habitual drunkard known to the police, are thrown into the scale to prove the noxiousness of alcohol. No distinction is made between the moderate and the excessive drinker. With moderation a man may go on to eighty or even a hundred, whereas the inveterate drunkard probably ossifies his liver by the age of forty.

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It may be argued that since an excessive drinker must be developed out of a moderate drinker, the lumping of the two classes together is entirely fair. And so it would be, if excessive drinking were the necessary and inevitable outcome of moderate drinking. But this is just where the flaw in the teetotal argument comes Excessive drinking is not an indulgence but a disease, the outcome of a depressed or ill-balanced nervous-system; it is no more the effect of moderate drinking than gluttony is the effect of moderate eating. Before comparative statistics as to the effects of abstinence and non-abstinence can be rendered of any value or interest, the average teetotaller must be bracketed with the average moderate drinker -- a task which would tax the energies of the whole society of actuaries; and it needs no great stretch of imagination to foresee the average moderate drinker coming out an easy first.

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Pursuing the teetotalers with their chosen weapon, that of statistics, I would ask them whether they can show a due proportion of their class achieving distinction in

science, literature, art, politics, or generalship, or whether there is even a single lifelong abstainer discoverable among the very considerable number of persons, mostly paupers by the way, who attain to the honour of centenarianism. moderate drinker is the man who has made England great. It is he who is to be credited with the most important discoveries and inventions, who has written the hundred best books, painted the most charming pictures, commanded most successfully our armies and fleets, carried out the greatest political reforms, made the biggest fortunes, built the most churches, married the most widows.—in a word, won the highest honours in every field of human enterprise and activity. In the departments of literature and art, I fancy, and in perhaps one or two other departments as well, even the despised drunkard holds his own with the teetotaller. A twoedged weapon indeed, is that of statistics!

If, now, some one were to start a crusade against over-eating he would probably be doing a real service to the community which is quite alive to the danger of over-working the brain and the nerve but never seems to realise that the stomach may be over-taxed. The warning of the medical profession that many of us are engaged in digging our graves with our teeth, is treated as a bad joke. Yet it is probably well founded. mentioned just now that the total number of authentic centenarians die in workhouses, while the remainder belong to the poorer classes; and this is a significant fact, especially when taken in conjunction with this other fact that there is not a single recorded example of a centenarian millionaire. course the House of Lords is not to be overlooked in any discussion of old age. It is the Valhalla of the well-to-do and contains an astonishing number of very old men, living in a sort of mummified condition and emerging from their sarcophagi only on the occasion of a great division. I fancy, however, that overeating is as little the characteristic vice of the English peer as over-dressing, and that it belongs mainly to the *parvenu* who, unlike our fossilised nobility, dies of a plethora in the early sixties.

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Wherever we turn in the investigation of this subject the fallaciousness of figures has to be guarded against. relation to peers, a good many of them are men elevated to the peerage simply. because they have weathered the storms and steered clear of the dangers of life. They are in that respect a selected body. It is also true that the big fortunes are usually left by men of advanced years. Here, again, there is a pitfall for the statistician who may be anxious to prove that luxurious living and old age go hand in hand. For to live long is one of the secrets of amassing money. The millionaires and the demi-millionaires of commerce, had they died in their prime, . would not have swelled the death-duties to any remarkable extent. If you are passing rich at fifty, the chances are that if you live to be seventy-five or eighty, your money, with that endless power of reproducing itself by fission which it shares with the lowest organisms, will have multiplied itself enormously, and earned you an honourable mention in the record of the "wills of the year." Besides, it is one of the conditions of getting rich that you should be frugal and even penurious in your habits, thus approximating to the mode of life of the paupers who, as already remarked, occupy so advantageous a position in the vital statistics of the country. In making your legs carry you wherever possible—a constant practice with the embryo millionaire-instead of a vehicle of some kind, you save more than your omnibus- or your cab-fare: you lay up a store of vital energy, which will come in handy bye and bye.

The centenarian paupers themselves probably tend to obscure rather than elucidate the problem of old age. may be that their pauperism is an accident and not a cause of their situation. If you are passing rich at fifty, as I have said, you will grow richer almost in spite of yourself. And the converse holds equally good; if you are poor you will grow poorer, since your faculties will weaken, and the younger generation will push you more and more off your stool. I can imagine no more terrible fate than to have missed the road to worldly success. and nevertheless to possess the seeds of a prolonged vitality in your system. You outlive your friends; you bury your last grandchild; your very race dies out. You are alone in a world of strangers who do not conceal their feeling that you are an intruder among them, and that you ought to be dead. By reason of your growing unfitness for the battle of life you are condemned to eat the bread of charity, and so you drag out a superfluous existence until you qualify for a place in the extreme right-hand column of the Registrar-General's returns, and become the subject of a newspaper comment, or, worse still, the protest for a mistaken theory about tobacco or vegetarianism, or early training, or some other futility which has nothing whatever to do with your more than patriarchal years.

is not teetotalism, luxury, rank, self-indulgence, privation, or those other habits and conditions of existence upon which it is the fashion to collect statistics? I believe it is more than anything else, indeed solely, a question of inherited constitution. I am anxious to pronounce, no oftener than need be, the blessed and over-taxed word "heredity," which, like the mysterious inter-planetary ether of the physicists, has more than its proper burden of theory to

carry. But here heredity is in its right

place. Not long ago I conversed with an

What, then, is the secret of long life, if it

old gentleman, since dead, at the age of ninety-six, who remembered the reception in London of the news of the Battle of Trafalgar, having had then an elder brother in the navy. He had smoked and drank, and eaten meat in moderation all his life. What is more, as if to discredit another set of statisticians, he had never married, though he confessed to having been reasonably profligate. But—and this you may take it, is the pot-aux-roses—there was longevity in this veteran's family. His father had lived to be eighty, and his mother ninety-five. Neither had had a day's illness, in the rational acceptation of the term, and he himself had made only the smallest demands upon the ineptitude of the medical profession. Nothing is so transmissible, in fact, as old age. usual constitutional diseases change their aspect at every turn; genius inclusive. Longevity alone can be looked for with confidence in pedigree. As for teetotalism, I am disposed to class it, like habitual drunkenness, among the freaks of heredity. It is as natural to some men to abstain from alcohol as it is to others to drink themselves into an early grave. The normal man is the moderate man.

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To say that the teetotaller and the

drunkard are equally the product of causes over which they have no control is not to indulge in a paradox, but merely to penetrate a little below the husk of things and verify what one finds there. Two young men-A and B let us sayset out in life together, with apparently equal chances, but whereas one falls into evil ways, contracts habits of drinking, is turned out of one situation after another, and finally loses his footing in society altogether, the other is frugal, careful, abstemious, takes to the platform, and becomes a burning and shining light at Exeter Hall. Looking at such examples -and they are not uncommon-the cheap novelist assumes an owl-like air of wisdom and pronounces the unfortunate A to have been deficient in will-power. In other words, the social reprobate is held to be responsible for the acts which have covered him with disgrace, while his successful colleague is credited with having, like Mary, chosen the good part. "Chosen!" That is the key-stone of the position where morals are concerned. It is an easy solution of the problem as to why, as between A and B, one should have pursued the better and the other the worse career, assuming, of course, that to die in the odour of teetotal sanctity is itself an estimable fate.

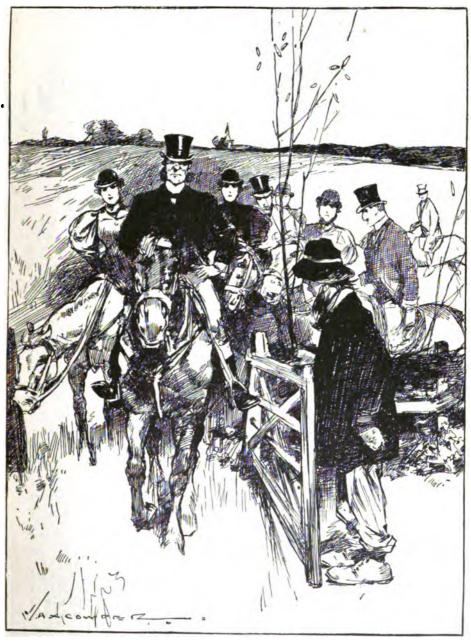


# THE REAL AND THE IDEAL. HUNTING.



THE IDEAL. BY FRED PEGRAM.

# THE REAL AND THE IDEAL. HUNTING.



THE REAL. BY MAX COWPER.



#### THE MAN IN LOVE.

#### HOW DOES HE APPEAR TO HIMSELF?

BY F. FRANKFORT MOORE, FOSTER FRASER, W. L. ALDEN, AND G. B. BURGIN.

F. Frankfort Moore says the question is a ludicrous one.

It altogether depends on the Lover and the Loved One. A man who is really in love with a woman does not make love to her; love is born, not made, and he is aware of this fact; consequently, he talks com-

is aware of this fact; consequently, he talks complainingly about the cuisine in his lodgings, and asks the woman if she would mind marrying him. She usually does not mind, and then they go over houses together, and stroll round, while the purple twilight melts into moonlight, whispering about the drains. There is nothing ridiculous in all this; it means business—matrimony. But there are exceptional cases in which the Lover endeavours to act up to the old traditions of love, assuming that love is blind, and that he may make himself as ridiculous as Sardanapalus without appearing otherwise than sublime. There are other cases in which the Lover assumes that love is not quite blind; for many years he was thought to be so, but the excellent oculists we have nowadays have operated on him and found that after all he was only suffering from cataract. He can see a good deal in certain lights. There are other cases, still, of Lovers who are so much afraid of making themselves ridiculous that they rush into the opposite extreme, and become husbands. Considering, then, the diversity of "cases," it would appear somewhat rash to say that the diagnosis of one should apply to all. The nearest approach that one may make to generalisation is to be found in the assumption that, if a woman really loves a man, he will never appear otherwise than sublime in her eyes, no matter how ridiculous he may be to himself; but if she does not love him, the more sublime he fancies himself to be, the more ridiculous he seems to her. I do not think that there are any exceptions to this in the animal kingdom. The young woman in one of Mr. Arthur Morrison's Mean Streets, whose arm was twisted almost out of its socket by her true lover, saw nothing "She knew it was true love," we are told. ridiculous in the act. young woman with the black mantilla who looks out of her window and sees the man whom she loves playing a guitar in a drizzle of rain, and hears him sing "Stars of the Summer Night," feels that he has absolutely reached the highest altitude of sublimity, though her young brother, looking out of a lower lattice, thinks that there never was such a "mug,"—that is the word the young brother writes under his spirited attempt to reproduce the scene in chalk on the nearest dead wall. It may be taken for granted, I think, that the moment a girl perceives any act on the part of a man, desirous of impressing her, to be ridiculous, she has ceased to love him. But what has always seemed to me most remarkable in the consideration of the phenomena of love and love-making is the fact that, while both parties in the transaction appear in real life supremely ridiculous to the unobserved observer, a reproduction of the scene through any artistic medium seems sublime to everyone. The two most notable love scenes in art are in Romeo and Juliet and Gounod's Faust. We listen to Romeo's rhapsodising, and are thrilled for many days by the mere recollection of its phrases, and yet, if we were driving in our gig to attend a patient, and chanced to see a young man in tights going through the "business" of the stage Romeo, we should be convulsed. When Faust reaches his high C in "Salve Dinora" people become almost frantic with appreciation of the sublime phrase that culminates in that note, but what a story one could make for a dinner-party of over-hearing a small, stout gentleman—the typical tenor—singing tip-toe in a garden at midnight, with one hand clutching his stomach and the other out-stretched—the typical attitude which accompanies the delivery of the high C—while a cat—the raconteur would certainly bring on that cat—ran affrighted from wall to wall. The moral of this is that no Lover should be afraid of making himself ridiculous in the eyes of the Loved One if he has any reason for believing that she returns his affection. If Art can beautify the sublimely ridiculous, Love can glorify the ridiculously sublime.

I put the question to Mary. She said it was perfectly absurd. She was certain I considered myself the sublimest, the noblest, the most gifted of mankind. Thereupon I took her by the shoulders and crushed what she called her Trilby sleeves, and told her not to be a goose, but to talk sensibly. She opened her eyes wide, and enquired if she ever did anything else? That's the way with Mary. But if she doesn't love me, why does she take the outrageous liberty of searching my pockets for bon-bons, and think she has a perfect right to question my taste in wearing green ties, deem it justifiable to pitch cushions at my head when we have a difference, and treat me with much less respect than she does Teddy Goodacre?

To tell the truth, however, I fancy that Mary really does think that I think myself something of a god. I arrive at the conclusion because everything I do or say Mary treats with the loftiest of her little scorn, and never hesitates to tell me I am the most ridiculous man she ever met. Perhaps this is because Mary is different from other girls. I don't know, for my experience is strictly limited, though not quite so limited as Mary often tells me it should have been. My theory is that the more ridiculous a man feels the more sublime he really is. That explains my general timidity whenever she is in the way.

Now, just take my case. Not even my tailor would say I lack ordinary courage. And yet, when I first met Mary-she was Miss Morrison then-I was painfully conscious I behaved in the most absurd manner. May be it was a delusion, but, according to Mary, it was no delusion, neither then nor since. Of course, like all nice, good girls, she was very pleasant, and affable, and sweet, and graceful, and pretty, and all the rest of it when first I knew her. And when I insisted she should have more cushions than two on my taking her out boating, she said I was very kind. If it happened to rain, and I put my coat round her, she said it really didn't matter, that, indeed, it was rather jolly getting wet through; but she was afraid I might catch cold, and think her very selfish in allowing her to put me to such inconvenience. That was when she was Miss Morrison. But from the very day I was permitted to call her Mary, she treated me as though I were a fool. She tells me to hurry up with the cushions, and never tires of scoffing at my oarsmanship; she contradicts me at every turn, and, declares I no more know how to arrange my tie than to make steam boilers; that I am the blindest of men, for I failed to remark some extraordinary arrangement called a hat, which she wore, and which she assured me was her own design; that I had no more appreciation of a well-dressed woman than a cockatoo, and-when I happened to point out a rather pretty girl in Oxford Street one day she wished I would endeavour to talk about something else than pretty girls one passed in the street. When I present her with a box of chocolates she looks blandly in my face, and asks, "Are these all?" Only the other night she objected to my singing a comic song, because, as she explained to everybody in the room, I had no more voice than a creaky door. When I tumbled down the steps and nearly broke my neck, instead of commiserating me, she sat on the stairs, roared with laughter, and requested me to do it again, as it was very, very funny.

Still, I hold I am sublime in my own eyes, and in the eyes of my loved one. Appearances are against it, I admit; but then, what are we constantly being told about appearances? Mary is a proof my theory is a good one. I know I am preposterously ridiculous. Besides, she says I am. And then, if I hadn't acquired a habit of looking ridiculous she might have thrown her affection away on a statuesquely proper young man who couldn't upset a tea-tray if he tried.

The question is not only an extremely intricate, but W. L. Alden says it also an extremely delicate one. When I think of is a difficult question. what the consequences might be were I to admit that I had been in love a sufficient number of times to give me some little claim to speak as an expert, a sinking feeling, in the immediate vicinity of my waist-band, manifests itself. If the question were, Does a man in love ever feel that he is ridiculous? I could answer it at once. I remember that my father once took me into his room and administered a little moral reproof with an apple-tree It so happened that the young lady with whom I was in love was at that moment in the house, and I knew that she could not avoid hearing my somewhat loud responses to the incisive questions of the parental swish. When the ceremony was ended, and I came under the gaze of the Beloved Object's eyes, I felt eminently ridiculous. Perhaps I ought to mention that I was at the time eight years old, and the Object was in the neighbourhood of twenty-five. But what have years to do with Love? There is not the slightest doubt

that I was in love with—(I can't recall her name at present,)—and I don't believe that any lover can be flogged under the eyes of his Beloved Object without feeling ridiculous. I have also known what it is to feel sublime when in love, but I do not mean to go into details as to the matter. I will merely say that when a lover who knows how to skate can induce the other fellow, who cannot skate, to put on the treacherous bits of steel, and fall all over the skating-pond in the presence of the Object, that lover will know what it is to feel sublime. If I had simply been asked, "Does a lover feel ridiculous or sublime in the eyes of the Loved One?" instead of "How does he appear to himself?" there would have been no difficulty in answering it, substantially as I have answered it in the foregoing paragraph. In the circumstances I am inclined to think that this is a question which should be answered with the utmost caution. It would be rash for me to answer it boldly, and probably my safest plan will be to reply that inasmuch as more or less can be said on either side of the question, I will merely say that in many cases the lover might, and in many other cases he might not.

As a rule, the man in love hasn't time to find out how he appears to himself. It is only after the preliminary skirmishing, when he has received a temporary check, that he "wonders what she can see in

Burgin says the man in love usually hasn't time to find

him." The bosom chum is usually the recipient of these confidences. They are in rooms together. The man not in love has been kept waiting for dinner, and doesn't like it. The man in love has not eaten anything, but has had several sodas-and-whiskeys. "I say, old fellow," the man not in love hastily remarks, when the lukewarm dinner is over, and Mrs. Podgers has intimated that if it happens again she will resign,—"I say, old rellow, this won't do, you know. You're off your feed; and you don't seem to remember meal times; and, hang it all, it's beastly uncomfortable all round, don't you know. What's up?"

Man in Love (with sudden outburst of generosity, and blushing brick-red): "I say, here—here's a pipe for you. I've coloured it beautifully."

Friend sceptically receives pipe, and satisfies himself that it isn't cracked: "What do you want?"

Man in Love gets red again: "Fact is, I want your advice. I'm getting on in life, you know." (Caresses imaginary moustache.)

Friend (with sudden suspicion): "What's up?"

Man in Love flounders over to fireplace: "Doesn't it strike you it's a beastly selfish life we're leading, when there are such lots of unmarried girls about, and they're so lonely?"

Friend: "Well, it hadn't occurred to me in that light. You can't

marry them all."

Man in Love (con molto espressione): "Don't be so beastly flippant. When a fellow feels there's really something in the world to live for—that life isn't all self, and that sort of thing—you come with your cheap, shallow cynicism, and throw cold water on him."

Friend: "That's better than letting him get into hot."

Man in Love (huffily): "Do be serious for once, old fellow. Life was given us for better ends than to remain single. What right have we to make some noble, loving woman unhappy by not marrying her? A man has a duty to perform to his country, and——"

Friend (abruptly): "And himself, eh? Shut up. Who is it?"

Man in Love (reddening): "The Blakely girl."



Friend: "Whew-w!"

Man in Love (irritably): "Don't go 'whew-ing' all over the place like that; you're not a steam-engine."

Friend: "What d'you want me to do?"

Man in Love: "Well, you know, I feel such an ass. I want sympathy. I must let off steam, somehow."

Friend (sotto voce): "Why?"

Man in Love: "How can a fellow put the thing into words? You know what I mean. We've grubbed along very happily together. Then I see Miss Blakely at a dance, and "—(lamely)—"oh, it's all different, somehow. I loathe these beastly rooms. There's no refining feminine influence about them. Slippers, and pipes, and soda-water, and boxing-gloves all over the place, and—and ballet-dancers. Oh! it's all different."

Friend: "I don't see where the difference comes in."

Man in Love sits astride chair and looks longingly at pipe: "A fellow pulls himself up, you know, and asks what the girl can see in him. He feels he hasn't been such a bad sort of chap, and he hasn't been such a good sort of chap; and there may have been—well, episodes."

Friend: "Oh, the modern girl knows all about that. She's accus-

tomed to-to episodes."

Man in Love: "That's where I feel such a cad. If I'd ever thought I was going to fall in love, I'd have sweated up for it, and got---"

Friend: "Fitted with wings?"

Man in Love: "Oh, it's all very well for you to jeer (wait till your turn comes); but I feel such an idiot. I've lost my keynote. I make an abject fool of myself in her gracious presence, and her great pure eyes look me through and through until I want to go away and get drowned. I do foolish things without rhyme or reason; all my interests in life have gone by the board. I know I'm a fool—an ass—an object of contemptuous pity and derison to all my friends; but I can't help it. I go pawing about dead flowers and things because she's sniffed at them. Can't sleep; can't eat; drink too much; and am unashamed of it. Why, dash it all, I saw Miss Blakely last year, and didn't think anything of her."

Friend: "You've got it badly. Do you feel yourself an absolute fool, an abject worm, yet with a sort of righteous glow all over you as if you feared no foe, and wanted to thrash Johnnies for nothing, and be good to beggars in the street, and look up at the stars, and buy swagger

neckties, and——"

Man in Love: "That's it; that's it. Just like that. What's the medical English of it?"

Friend: "You're in love, that's all. And the only cure for it is——"

Man in Love: "Yes? Yes?"

Friend (thoughtfully filling pipe): "Matrimony."

Man in Love: "Beast! Wish I hadn't given you that pipe!"



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### WOMEN OF THE BIBLE.

III.—VASHTI.

BY A. J. GOODMAN.

"But the queen Vashti refused to come at the king's commandment."—BOOK OF ESTHER, Chapter I., 12.

#### THE CHURCH MILITANT.

BY BARRY PAIN.

#### ILLUSTRATED BY MAX COWPER.



I passed the Vicarage, I thought that it looked a likely place. I walked on a few yards, and then it seemed to

me a pity not to see if the place was as good as it looked. So I went back and asked at the back door if they could give me a job of work.

The kitchen-maid said there was no work for me, and she was not inclined to talk. But she fetched me some bread and cheese, and I had a chance to look round. I marked the scullery window; it was out of sight of the road, fastened with the usual simple catch, with no bars or shutters. A regular invitation—a window like that is. It seemed to me a one-man job, and just as good that night as any other night.

So that night, by half-past ten, I was in the shrubbery of the Vicarage garden, smoking my pipe and watching the house-There was only one light; it was in the study windows downstairs. At eleven o'clock that light went out and another appeared in the upstairs window. "That's all right," I said to myself. "Parson's finished writing his sermon and gone up to bed." When the whole house was dark, I went round it once or twice, just to see how things lay. I couldn't find anything better than the scullery window, but that was quite good enough. I was impatient to begin, but I did not consider it safe to start work until half-past twelve. The window gave me more trouble than I had expected; the catch was very stiff, and I had nothing but my pocket-knife to force it back with. However, I got it back at last and opened the window very slowly, an inch at a time, making no noise. Then I got in.

I no sooner got my feet down on the

scullery floor than I was knocked headlong, and found a thirteen-stone weight on my chest. I asked it, speaking under difficulties, to get off again. I was a bit dazed, for I had come down hard and bumped my head, but I saw the only thing to do was to sham drunk, and I spoke thickly. I undid one end of my collar, pulled my hair over my forehead, hung my lower lip, and put on a bleary stare. By the time that man had got off my chest, struck a match on the heel of his boot, and lit the candle behind him, I looked a complete drunk if ever any man did.

I could see now that the man who had knocked me over was the Rev. William Lake himself. And the more I looked at him, the more I felt sorry that I had ever come.

"Well," he said, "you dirty little ginger-headed two-penny-half-penny scoundrel, what are you doing here?"

I hiccoughed and answered, "Thor thish was my housh—nummer twenny Willetsh Terrish. Ain't thish ri'?"

"That won't do," he said; "I heard you round the house an hour ago—or I shouldn't have been here waiting for you. Besides, drunken men don't open windows that way. You're not drunk. Drop it."

I thought about it for a moment, and saw that there was a good deal in what he said. So I dropped it. I fastened my collar again, sat up, and pulled off my cap.

"Very well," I said, "then what's the move now?"

I suppose he saw my hand slipping round, for he said quickly, "Have you any weapons?"

"Bless you, no! I only-"

Before I could finish he was sitting on me again. I tried a smash at him, but he caught my wrist and nigh broke it. After that I didn't try again. It wasn't only that he was bigger, heavier, and stronger than most men; he was quick as light, and you could never tell from his eye what he was going to do next. He went all over me carefully, and took my knife, and the shooter, and my jemmy. Then I saw that the game was up.

"What a silly little liar you are!" he said.

As I have said, I saw that it was all up, and I couldn't make it any worse. I was a good deal disappointed, and I had been

roughly handled, and altogether I was not in the sweetest temper. So I spoke out. I said that I did not want any (adjective omitted) preaching from a (substantive omitted) like himself. All I asked was what his (adjective omitted) move was.

"If you swear any more," he said, "I shall be compelled to cause you considerable physical pain."

I had a bumped head and a barked elbow. I was fairly copped, and my temper got the better of me again. It was foolish of me, but I may have thought that he, being a parson, would not actually strike me. Anyhow, I said that if he wanted to



"I FOUND A THIRTEEN-STONE WEIGHT ON MY CHEST."

know what he was I could tell him. I did tell him in four words. I omit the words.

Never in my life have I had such a thrashing as I got then. He hit only with the open hand; if he had used his fists he'd have killed me. There was no getting away from him, and no giving him anything back. It was ding-dong all over my face and head until I dropped in a heap, bleeding like a pig, and nearly sick. It finished me.

"You're boss," I said. "You can give your orders. I only wanted to see."

He stood there smiling, as if he had rather enjoyed himself.

"Pick up your boots," he said, "and put them on."

On entering the window I had my boots hanging round my neck by the laces; they had fallen off when he first knocked me over. While I was putting them on he turned back his cuffs and washed his hands at the sink. When he had finished he pointed to the sink.

"There you are," he said. "You can repair damages."

I was bleeding from my nose, and from a cut lip, but the cold water soon stopped that. When I had finished he asked me if I was all right.

"Pretty well," I said. "I'm a bit shaky on the legs—that's all. You gave me a good doing."

"Take the candle, then, and go in front of me into the study. I expect you know the way." Of course I did. Show me the outside of any house, and the inside is no puzzle to me.

He picked up my knife, the revolver, and the small jemmy, and followed me into the study. He lit the lamp, gave me the knife back again, and locked the revolver and the jemmy away in a drawer.

"And now," he said, "won't you sit down?" He spoke to me as if I were a lady visitor. I sat down, and he, taking a chair opposite me, began to fill a little old clay pipe.

"I really can't make this out," he said, "you're so small and clumsy. You've got a nasty temper, but you're not very plucky. What on earth made you think of trying to be a burglar?"

"I don't know," I said. "But there's one thing I'd like to ask you, and no disrespect. What made you think of being a parson—a man of your build and strength, and so handy with your fists? I ask pardon, but you might have done better."

He didn't seem to take that as cheek at all. For a moment he didn't answer, and sat sucking his little clay. Then he sighed and said, "I have sometimes thought so myself. But it is quite certain that you might have done better. How did you come to this?"

"I had no bringing up, and I read penny trashy novels."

He tapped his foot impatiently on the carpet," Well, well—go on."

"Then I was led away by bad companions and took to drink and gambling, and not knowing what it was to have a mother's tender——"

He got up and interrupted me. "Now drop all that," he said. "I want facts; tell me the story of your life. How did you come to this?"

Partly from admiring the man, and partly from whim, I did tell him the story, and told him the plain truth too. It was pretty strong, but I left nothing out, and he never stopped me. When I had finished he thanked me.

"Then," he said, "coming of decent people, and with a fair education and a good chance in life, you none the less have been from your earliest boyhood just about as bad as you are now—bad all through—always bad."

"That is about the mark," I answered. Then I thought to myself that it would be one of two things—either he would take me out and hand me over to the police, or else he would ask me to join him in prayer. I expected the latter. He did neither.

He walked up and down the room, with his hands behind him, saying to himself, "And I preach sermons—sermons—sermons!" Suddenly he smiled again in that queer way of his. "You've kept me up very late," he said, "and in consequence I've become uncommonly hungry. What do you say? Will you come and help me to get us some supper? Very well then, come quietly. I don't want to wake the rest of the house."

So I went with him into the kitchen and carried things from there into the study. He laid the table—clean white cloth, silver forks and everything of the best. There was a cold game-pie, a ripe Stilton, and a bottle of Burgundy. I never had a better supper in my life. He passed me anything I wanted and filled my glass. For the life of me I couldn't help grinning.

"Now then," he said, "what's amusing you?"

"I was only thinking, that's all. It seems a queer way for a parson like you to treat a chap like me. I come here to crack this crib, you fairly get me, and no word about the police—never a word. First you give me a thrashing and then you give me supper."

"Well, you can't deny that you wanted both of them badly. What else should a parson have done? What did you expect?—tell me honestly."

"Speaking honestly, I expected more talk—more parson-talk, you know."

"And what do you mean by that?"

"Why, the sort of thing I was always hearing when I was a boy—about the sinfulness of it, and repenting, and hell."

"Do you think it would do you any good if I talked like that?"

"Well, no."

"Nor do I." He changed the subject then, and told me that there was a good chance for work at Enton Mills. They were short-handed there for the moment, and he could give me a line to the foreman. "You tell me," he said, "that you are interested in machines, and know a little about them; that might help you. If you can do anything at all special—anything, for instance, in the way of repairs, when some trifle goes wrong—they'll soon fina it out. Smart men that go there stop, and work their way up. It's the rarest thing for them to be short-handed—in fact, you're in luck."

I thanked him, of course. I had meant, if he let me off, to go on to Enton. But I had no intention of going near the Mills or getting regular work of any kind. However, I did not want to annoy him by telling him that I preferred my own way of living, especially as he seemed so pleased with his idea about the Mills. After supper he sat down and wrote a line or two to the foreman, whom he seemed to know well. As he was writing it, the clock struck three. "You will start at once," he said, "so as to be there early. You won't be able to work that day, after being up all night, but you can begin work the next day. It's important that you should apply early, before everything's filled up."

I thanked him again, and asked him to put me on the right road. What I wanted was to get him out into the dark. He came out of the house with me, showed me which turn to take, and said good-bye. "Come and see me again. I have much more to say to you when the right time comes." I thanked him and said good-bye.

I walked until I heard his front door shut, and then I ran just about as hard as I could go. I passed one policeman, and he tried to stop me, but I dodged him and got away. I was on the outskirts of the village then, and once past him I had a lonely country road and nothing to fear.

You see, while I was on my back I had noticed the parson's watch-chain. I took care not to look at it again, but I kept it in my memory. While he was saying good-bye to me in the dark I got an easy

chance. The parson's gold watch and chain were in my trousers-pocket, and he never had the least notion when I took it. My notion was now to get to Enton about five, and take a working-man's train on to Waterloo.

I chuckled to myself. He'd called me

a ginger-headed scoundrel, stopped me swearing, spoiled my little game, and given me a thrashing, but I had the better of him in the end. There was his watch and chain in my pocket, and in less than four hours I should be handing them over to Ike and getting three or four sovereigns for them.

As I walked along it gradually began to grow light, and somehow or other I lost my spirits. I stopped chuckling; the more I thought about the neat way that I had scored off that parson the less I felt inclined to laugh about that or anything else. got angry about nothing. It may seem queer, but I was angry with the parson for having stood out there in the dark, close against me, and given me my chance.

I called him all the names I could lay my tongue to for his foolishness. I was just as angry with myself, though for no sensible reason. Then I began to get nervous and took fancies, thought I heard steps coming after me, and imagined there was a policeman waiting to catch me behind

every big tree I passed. I didn't enjoy that walk. I wished to heaven that parson had taken me out by the scruff of my neck and handed me over to the police when he first caught me, though I don't know why I wished it. "Who wants his blooming ticker?" I said out loud,

pulling it out of my pocket. "Strike me if I won't pitch it over the hedge and be done with it!"

But I didn't. pulled myself together, and argued with myself. "If you can afford to throw money away," I said to myself, "that's the first I've heard of it. You just plug on until you get to Enton Station, and don't give way to such silliness." It's easier to argue with yourself than it is to make vourself see the force of it. I went on, but I couldn't stop thinking. I wished I had never come near the Vicarage. I wished I had got my shooter out and finished the parson on sight. I wished I had never been born, I wished I was dead. The farther I went the more downhearted I got. I had



never felt anything like it before.

At last I had done my nine miles and stood outside Enton Station. I stood there for about a minute, and then I made up my mind. "I chuck this," I said, "and take that forsaken ticker back to the parson again."

I was as tired as a dog when I got to the station; but as soon as I had made up my mind that seemed to pass off. I made my way back a good deal quicker than I had come. The sun shone and the birds sang, and you could see we were in for a rare fine day. I met some working-men on the road, and passed a good morning to them. I could have said good morning to the very policeman that I had dodged a few hours before, and not been afraid of him. I felt afraid of nothing, and up to fighting any man of my own weight.

As I drew near the Vicarage I didn't feel quite so chirpy. I had a nasty job before me, but I made up my mind to go through with it. They told me the Vicar had breakfasted early and was in his study, and would see me there.

The Vicar was standing up when I went in, with his hands in his breechespocket, and that curious smile on his face. He looked a fine man.

"Good morning!" he said. "You're soon back."

I put the watch and chain on the table. "I—I—I've done a damned dirty trick, and I'm ashamed of myself."

"Ah!" he said; "this is good. This is a start."

He went on with what I suppose some people would have called parson-talk, and I had that feeling in my throat as if I were swallowing eggs whole until I could stand it no longer. But I needn't go into that.

An hour afterwards I was on my way again to Enton Mills — and he with me.





MR. E. S. WILLARD.

From a Photo by Fradelle & Young

#### MR. E. S. WILLARD.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MESSRS. FRADELLE AND YOUNG.

"A PRODUCT of the Cromwellian age!" An odd thing to say of a versatile actor! But it was so that Hall Caine once summed up the subject of this article; and the phrase deserves to endure.

" Puritan!"

The epithet has been hurtling through the air of late, but it is not in its narrow and common sense that one can apply it to Mr. Willard. For the Puritanism traceable in him, for the characteristic qualities of the Cromwellian age, one must turn not to the gloomy bigots and virulent fanatics, not to Prynne, with his Histrio-mastix and epileptic ravings, but to the earlier and finer types, to Selden, Elliot, and the author of exquisite Comus.

This borne in mind, it is easy to recognise the truth of Hall Caine's description; for, look where you will at the body of Mr. Willard's stage-work, what confronts you, what stands out in bright contrast with the work of his fellows, is a sobriety, a reticence, a severity of taste, a sustained dignity, a lofty sincerity, peculiarly the outcome of the Puritan temper.

Nor need his supreme virtue, the perfectness and completeness of his work, be attributed to any other cause. Again, to the Puritan in him may be traced that intensity of concentration, that height of aim, which ensures a superb contempt for what is beloved of the actor in general—"the line of least resistance." To it also his defiance of the efforts to



MR. WILLARD'S HOUSE FROM THE FRONT.

evade his naturalistic touch of the most widely-diverse parts, an impossibly whimsical *Professor* on the one hand, and a *Spider*, an unimaginable patrician "cracksman," on the other.

But this is to treat of Mr. Willard on the stage, and for such as seek him thus the auditorium of the Garrick Theatre yawns daily, and he no doubt would far sooner that they sought him there. The Idler is more concerned with Mr. Willard "off." Here, again, however, that Puritan conception forges to the front. As to it is due the actor, so to it the actor owes the man; and the man to be appreciated and understood must be seen, as the actor is, in his chosen environment.

As befits the retreat of a Puritan, Mr. Willard's home is far from the madding crowd. Where, may not be told. "A certain reservedness of nature, an honest haughtiness and self-esteem," wrote John Milton, cataloguing his own means of grace; and upon these I lay violent hands to account for Mr. Willard's wish to keep the whereabouts of another Naboth's Vineyard quite unknown. But let it be granted that, paradoxical though it seem, it lies four miles from London, and fifteen from Charing Cross, and all further information may be obtained from the accompanying photographs.

"Naboth's Vineyard," then, lies within sight, and almost within smell, of that sombre curtain of smoky haze, which mercifully drapes the Mammoth City. The house sturdily holds the summit of a well-timbered, wind-swept ridge, and faces a great stretch of soft rolling downs and distant emerald upland, which, for all that meets the eye, might be as far from town as the Boer veldt. Behind it lies a little clustering village, to which and to the tiny, quaint, twelfth-century church, but a handsbreadth bigger than that of Oare, wherein the ruthless Carver shot down bewitching Lorna Doone-the house, emulating its master in the play of Judah, "stands Sentinel." And it is here that

the last lingering traces of Piccadilly and the Garrick are eagerly obliterated, and that this "product of the Cromwellian age" proclaims himself the man he is.

Hazlitt somewhere says, of actors, that "To-day kings, to-morrow beggars, it is only when they are themselves that they are nothing." Dear me! And to the critic is entrusted the thunderbolt of official infallibility! So that many since then have echoed this saying. thing?" Why, what is he who roams beside me over his dozen acres of garden and meadow and lawn; who lovingly fingers the treasures of his bookshelves, his silver table, his curio cabinet, and relates with zest a story of adventure and triumph over each; who picks his way so carefully among the snowdrops and the aconite blossoming beneath stately cedar tree, and stoops to caress the first bluebell peeping through the long grass? Bibliophile, student, connoisseur, gardener, wit, man of affairs-what an infinite deal may be compressed into " Nothing!"

Inevitably, the first thing to impress you as being at the heart of the man will be his sense of beauty, in nature and in art: and next, his taste, which I take it is the sense of fitness, of rightness, shaping and perfecting the former sense. Of both, these pictures will furnish some material proofs; but to gain a complete idea of his attitude towards life in general and towards his art, it requires that you spend long days with him and break through, or rather wait patiently for the thaw, of a characteristic Puritan reserve, for Hall Caine's, though a random shot, went straight to its mark. A product of the Cromwellian age, Mr. Willard is, not only upon the word of a brilliant judge of character, but also on the evidence of a family tree.

"Some ancestors of mine, if they didn't actually go over to the new land in *The Mayflower*, were very early settlers, and the Willards are prominent New Eng-

landers to this day. Even several towns bear the name, and at a great party gathered in my honour three years ago, not a soul present but was a Willard born. That day I learned much about the privations endured by the Pilgrim Fathers,

about years of toil and suffering passed before the little colony was established and a new nation born; and much too about one stalwart old settler, Solomon Willard by name, who was a little too independent for his community, and presently shook off the dust of the backwoods against them, and shouldered his axe, and cut his way to a spot that pleased him, and there pitched his tent, and so founded the

City of Concord."

With talk like this, and talk of the good things of America, Mr. Willard will beguile many an hour, as he rambles with you over the downs. He breaks now and again into a race with his dog, and forcibly reminds you of that rejuvenated Professor whose delightful Love Story he has told so many hundred times, but this brings you no nearer to the Stage, from

which, indeed, Mr. Willard seems rejoiced to break altogether. And it is only by dint of cross-examination that you can drag his mind from what it loves to linger upon, Wagner and Bayreuth, books, blue china, pictures, and the like, and bend it

> upon the serious concerns of the profession he adorns. Once he can be got to speak, however, he speaks to good purpose, and two or three questions thrashes out with characteristic vigour. One is that wellmeant but inefficacious charity the Actors' Benevolent Fund.

"When that charity was founded the nuisance and deplorably degrading practice of stage-door begging was to be done



MR. E. S. WILLARD AT HOME.

away with. The profession was to support the Fund. Every deserving case was to be referred to and relieved by it. And we were, as a self-respecting body, to pursue the self-respecting method of supporting our own poor. All that has happened is that we do appeal to the public for support, that the system of begging does continue, and that the Fund does not enjoy the confidence of actors as a class!

"This all arises from our being nonsystematic. We are not systematic by temperament. We cannot become systematic for the asking. We can only be made systematic. And I see only one way to make us so. Every theatre in the kingdom should agree to set aside one day in the year as Actors' Day. There shall be no appeal made to the public; and quietly, without fuss or advertisement, the receipts for that night, without deduction for actors' salaries, should be handed over to the Fund. Certain working expenses-rent, band, stage handsmight be deducted; but the rest should be handed over intact. Thus a vast sum would be raised annually—purely among ourselves-and it would be raised without any subscriber feeling the pinch. The subscription—one night's salary—would be proportionate to the subscriber's in-No actor out of an engagement would feel impelled to give. And by disclosing only the total sum no invidious comparisons or betrayal of managerial secrets would be involved. All that is necessary is the inclusion of a clause to this effect in agreements between managers and actors, 'I personally am willing to give or to accept engagements upon such terms."

Behold "The man of affairs!" Briefly and concisely he maps out this plan of campaign and pits it, simple and big and straight, against the tortuous, confused, and muddled system now in vogue of Actors' Charity. It occupies a bare half-dozen minutes in the telling, and within that time we have breasted a stiff hill, burst through some dense brushwood, and gained the shelter of a clump of firs. There is no sign of life, no sound but the broken song of hidden birds. My host gives momentary rein to a poetic mood; quotes Keats upon such music-"Withering dreamily on barren moors"; and then relapses into "the man of affairs."

This time Mr. Willard gives me a glimpse of

THE TRIALS OF THE LONDON MANAGER.

His hopes for the future of the English theatre as an institution sound and solidly-based run none too high. "There are too many cheapening influences now at work," he avers. "Why, in the few years I was absent, the whole system of theatre-going underwent a complete transformation. Once upon a time, if you wanted to see a play, you bought a ticket and saw it. As Wordworth says 'the good old rule the simple plan.' But nowadays that is the very last resource of the despairing.

"Thanks to all kinds of things—Row-land Hill's doubtful blessing, cheap stationery, and the suicidal resolve of managers to see their houses full, though Mother Hubbard's cupboard is no barer than their treasury—the sometime 'patron' works for 'orders' with the zeal of a diplomatist. He's rapidly becoming qualified as a 'special correspondent.' He is so fertile, and so picturesque. And more accomplished still is she! Any peg will do to hang a couple of sheets upon; and to read them, consider them, and consign them to the W.P.B. will serve for a morning's work every day of the week.

"One for instance has seen 'your delightful performance' three times and (mollifying scamps!) would so like to see it a fourth: therefore, he ventures to ask for an order! Another has never seen it at all but has heard, oh, such wonders! and pathetically fears that unless I will generously, &c., &c. A third had the pleasure of meeting me at Lady Butterwell's: he handed me a cup of tea: of course, I must remember: naturally therefore he would be very pleased if, &c., &c A fourth one dined with General Chutnes the father of my second cousin's wife's brother-in-law and always admired my 'vivid rendering' of Macari in Called Back (a part I never played) and would with pleasure come to see me (so good of him!) if a box or four stalls on Saturday could be, &c., &c.

"It's really wonderful what constitutes

a claim on a theatre manager: and it is still more wonderful how a theatre manager will yield. And the worst of it all is that 'thus bad begins, but were remains behind.' From letting a host of people in free—people without the ghost of an excuse for seeking or accepting such invitations—we are retreating to the position of actually purchasing their

every member of the audience—every single member without exception—with a pill!

"Now, there was something in this idea: but, once adopted, the inevitable cheapening began. From a souvenir for the 300th night or so, it fell to a souvenir for the 100th. The gift with a value in sentiment, in due course became one



THE ENTRANCE HALL.

presence. This retreat began, insignificantly enough, with

"At first, it was a little present to the audience, to mark the anniversary performance of a huge success. A little birthday present. A surprise packet. Something simple and appropriate. Something to remind you of the play. I myself thought of adopting it when Barrie's charming comedy reached its footh night. I thought of presenting

worth so many shillings. And presumably the cup which managers have raised to their own lips will have to be drained to the dregs. Imagine it! Presently, there will come souvenirs for every 10th night; and the value of them will be such that people will live from week to week upon what they realise. A little later and managers will become merely the mainsprings of a gigantic machine for distributing charity to an indiscriminate throng; and only

### PHILANTHROPISTS OF ENORMOUS PRIVATE FORTUNE

will be able to afford to manage or to act.

"Even the souvenir system does not end the tale of the manager's woes. For now, owing to the spirited initiative of Mr. Arthur Roberts, all the members of any profession selected for dramatic treatment will expect free admission to the theatre, not as a privilege, but as a right. / After his example in inviting the cabmen of London to see Gentleman Joe, what can we do but strive to better the instruction. Messrs. Gatti, of course, must throw open the Adelphi to every officer and private in Her Majesty's service. Mr. Alexander will naturally welcome all released prisoners-with no questions a-ked. Every Shop Girl in the land must have right of entry to the Gaiety. Mr. Forbes Robertson will courteously extend the hand of fraternal greeting to every parricide. Artists' models, mesmerists, Scotchmen, singers who can't sing, and painters who can and can't paint, must be given to understand that the Haymarket is their home. And as for The Sign of the Cross -well, Wilson Barrett can do no less than offer

A YEAR'S FREE PERFORMANCES to accommodate all such as profess and call themselves Christians."

Mr. Willard has nothing but condemnation, too, for the "flying matinee." As he tersely puts it, "it merely turns cities into Crystal Palaces." "Manchester, for example, will support handsomely a travelling company for a fortnight. When, however, 'flying' London companies have taught it to look for fashionable London actors, and a fashionable London play, upon one special afternoon in the week, and at lower than London prices, what will it care for off-nights and smaller Manchester will speedily learn to imitate Brighton-which practically has but one day (Thursday) the day of a London company's visit, to go to the play upon, and which, huge town and wealthy though it be, must therefore be classed among what are called in America, 'one night stands.' And so the process of centralisation will go on, until once more and with fatiguing literalness an actor will become 'a vagabond,' and half his art will consist in living in railway trains and buttressing his nervous organisation against the horrible wear and tear of travelling.

"In America there is nothing of all this. The American is naturally a theatregoer. He goes to the play after dinner as inevitably as an Englishman goes to his cigar. Means have not to be devised to drag him to the theatre. And as for that question of hunting for free admission, I don't believe I know four people in England who don't look on a play as something they would like to see for nothing; whereas in America I'm sure I don't know four who do."

With that Mr. Willard abandons the stage as a field of conversation, and gets back with delight to the things he rejoices in more. "Look at that romantic sombre belt of pines—that with the red sun filtering through! There it must have been that Sandra poured out her golden miracle of a voice! There that my brother manager Mr. Pericles stood tiptoe, discovering a new 'Star.'" And Mr. Willard looks a little longingly across the narrow valley at our feet, as though he too would play impresario and plunge into operatic deeps, if the distant pines would but yield up another Belloni. But there is no quiver of Sandra's harp in the air; and from Meredith and Surrey woods to Bayreuth is measured in a step.

The wonders of Wagner, the melodies of Swinburne—more than one exquisite "Song before Sunrise," breathed out upon the frosty air in those rich full notes which cannot be matched upon the stage to-day—these possess him. It is rambling talk, but I get a vivid picture of his solitary meeting with the poet. Swin-



MR. WILLARD'S DRAWING-ROOM.

burne was in his happiest mood, and for the space of a whole afternoon did nothing but make a tour of his library, taking down volume after volume and reading snatches of other men's poems which he loaded with eloquent praise. And so our walk comes to an end, and we stroll through the tiny village street with its smithy and its drowsy inn, and reach the "Vineyard" once again.

There is the garden still to be seen, and particularly its pride a fine holly hedge before which lies "Bleached Alley," a lover's walk of climbing roses, and apple, pear, and plum trees, and behind most of the things which make life (at a dinner-table) pleasant. There is also the one stage property in the grounds to be approved—the cutting of a bay-tree, which stood and slowly withered for many a hundred nights before the Professor's cottage in his *Love Story*, at the Garrick and the Comedy. The soil

of the Vineyard, however, suits it well, and the Surrey breezes have blown new life into it, and "the Professor," as it is called, already stands half as high as its author, and bids fair to flourish when even Mr. J. M. Barrie's dainty fairy-story, the perennial it once adorned, is dead and gone.

Five o'clock, and the other Professor must be at his post at the Garrick by eight, and there is tea to get, and Cyrus Blenkarn's treasured pottery to handle, and a whole collection of first edition's of Tennyson, Browning, and Dickens, and Swinburne to envy, and endless questions still to put. The last only are still to The stage was taboo-not Mr. Grant Allen's Alien could have wrought its freedom. Just once, as a pinch of salt, came a reference to it-"The Spider in The Silver King is the easiest part I ever played, and almost the shortest: I was on the stage in all a bare three-and-twenty

minutes, and the work was child's play all the time." This was the burden of a laughing confession, but for the rest we spoke of music—music and the books of men who have gone. And it was of Thackeray, I fancy, that Mr. Willard was thinking when he answered a question,

relating to the trend of the drama, by saying merely, "Most of us like sheep have gone astray, we have wandered from the paths of Humanity; there alone is the drama that endures; and there alone are the ideals to which the people are never false—and the plays which never die."





CINDEREI UP TO DA

By St Clair Simmons.,

#### HOW AUTHORS WORK.

BY G. B. BURGIN.

SIR WALTER BESANT, DR. CONAN DOYLE, MR. RIDER HAGGARD, MR. I. ZANGWILL, MR. STANLEY WEYMAN, MR. ANTHONY HOPE, MR. GEORGE GISSING, MR. GRANT ALLEN, MR. FRANKFORT MOORE, MR. EDEN PHILLPOTTS, MR. W. L. ALDEN, AND MR. ALLEN UPWARD.

7 HEN one has been reading an interesting book, it is equally interesting to know how it was written. Sir Walter Besant, for instance, has spent the last five-and-twenty years of his life in writing stories, and the dreaming of dreams, several of which, The People's Palace to wit, have become actual facts. In this pursuit of written dreams, the professional very soons discovers that, except at unusual moments, imaginative work cannot be carried on profitably for more than about three hours a day. Though one may live in the society of unreal people, one must not converse with them, observe them, and take notes of what they say or do, for more than three or four hours at a time. Sir Walter Besant, therefore, gives his morningwhen the house is perfectly quiet and his brain is clearest and strongest—to fiction work, and sits in his study most days-not every day-from nine o'clock until at least half-past twelve. Then he leaves his tale half-told, and generally goes into town for lunch. His afternoon, until five or six, is almost always given up to the new Survey of London. is a totally different kind of work, employing another set of faculties. It is not dull work or drudgery, but an endless succession of new discoveries and facts. At seven o'clock he dines. At half-past eight he writes letters, corrects proofs, or looks up little points. Towards ten, he takes his one pipe, with a book or a talk, and the whiskey and potash which finishes the day. He always goes to bed at eleven, and breakfasts at eight. Walter likes very much to see his friends in the evening, but dislikes going out because it is an interruption—though

sometimes a very useful interruption—to the daily round. He takes three or four holidays in the year: in fact, it is necessary for him to get change of scene very For years he has been always engaged, and is so still, three years in advance with fiction work. In addition to his morning and afternoon work, there is a weekly talk (it goes to I know not how many papers about the world) that gets consideration at odd moments. finds an odd little incident; invents a short story; the topics of the day suggest an illustration. Sir Walter first began The Voice of the Flying Day because he had certain things to advocate; he continues it because people like it. As regards the editing of The Author, that is a monthly task which wants care, but a good many people help him in it. has admirable correspondents in Paris and in New York; and the Society of Authors furnishes him with plenty of material to make people learn and understand the meaning of literary property.

Another industrious worker, almost as widely known as Sir Walter Besant, is Dr. Conan Doyle, one of the cheeriest, burliest, and most genial of men. Like Sir Walter, he scorns the use of the typewriter, and writes his own "copy" in a firm, clear, neat hand, with thick up and down strokes, whereas Sir Walter's writing is slight and thin. Dr. Doyle's day's work varies from a thousand to two thousand five hundred words. When he is on a book he "does his stretch" pretty regularly every day. If he is writing about any epoch, he begins by reading every book that bears upon it. This he usually does while he is writing another book. He takes copious notes, and then rearranges them in long lists under the heading of the different characters, getting, for example, everything about archery under the heading of "archer," and everything about a knight or a monk under those headings. In this way, if he has a conversation between a knight and an archer, having his two lists in front of him he can hope to make each man talk within his own limits. In conversation with Dr. Doyle I have once or twice gathered from him that he believes the most permanent fiction to be that which is based, or leans most, upon fact, as, for instance, Defoe does in Robinson Crusoe or Reade in all his great novels.

To turn to another branch of fiction, Mr. Rider Haggard also has his own peculiar methods of working. He is supposed to begin at ten-thirty every morning, but it is sometimes as late as eleven o'clock before he gets fairly to work. The originality of his method of work consists in dictating to his secretary, Miss Hector, who uses a typewriter and taps down the "copy" as the author speaks it. Mr. Haggard continues dictating until lunch-time, then breaks off for a brief interval, and dictates for two-and-a-half hours after lunch. He never uses any notes, but relies solely upon a marvellous memory. The typewriter can click away as fast as possible, but it never disconcerts him. He always keeps a little in advance of it, and likes to work five hours a day. The work continues until a quarter-past seven, and he leaves off just in time to dress for dinner. He always does an hour's work after dinner-that is to say, when he is regularly at work on a book—if he has not made up his five hours. He works very quickly, dictates freely, and, once he has his plot in his head, goes straight on, and makes few alterations.

I am merely picking out a few authors I know, or with whom I have come in contact, and do not make any pretence of placing them with regard to seniority and

position. Such a task would take one a lifetime. I "happened" along the other day at the house of my friend Mr. Zangwill when he was hard at work, and, as he straightway became oblivious of my presence, I had ample opportunity of observing his methods. Most of his work is done away from London, but when at home he writes at a large table (in his study) covered a foot deep with litter, amid which each page of copy gets lost as soon as written. A great search is thus entailed at the end of each sitting. the search was prolonged for hours because an important page could not be found. At last, when the grey dawn came creeping in, making the gas-light tawdry, and his own and his brother's anxious faces look weird and haggard, it was discovered that he had inadvertently written on both sides of a sheet; on the bottom side of this sheet was the thing for which they had been looking. Mr. Zangwill's brother, who is well-known as the author of A Drama in Dutch, sits at the other end of the same table. He is a methodical, business-like person, who stipulates that the litter is not to encroach on his own clear space. With this object in view, he makes a line of demarcation; but, alas! as Mr. I. Zangwill warms to his task, the space becomes smaller and smaller, and Mr. L. Zangwill's work is driven on to the floor. Then he resists and begins to recover lost ground, only to be again dispossessed. The two brothers chop metaphysics whilst working—an unnatural taste at the best—and their busiest time in the study is from ten p.m. to three a.m. I remember meeting Mr. I. Zangwill just after he had finished The Children of the Ghetto. He had wasted away to an unnaturally brilliant-eyed shadow, with hollow cheeks and looselyfitting clothes. But in a few weeks he picked up again. He has adopted that most dangerous of all systems of writing, i.e., of being absorbed in a book until it is finished, to the utter exclusion of

everything else. It burns and lolds and eats into him, and until it is on paper he knows no rest. People style Mr. Zangwill a humourist; but there is very little humour in his method of work: it would kill men who had less vitality.

Mr. Stanley Weyman writes very slowly, and corrects much. He will begin with a rough copy of a page or two, seldom more; then he makes a fair copy of this, and so on to the next paragraph. never does more, and sometimes less, than a thousand words a day. common experience with him to find that the story leaves the lines on which he has planned it; a minor character sometimes has an unpleasant knack of forcing himself into prominence, whilst the unfortunate "leading gentleman" is left behind in the background. Mr. Weyman generally writes in the morning, between five and seven; and seldom sits down to work without a groan.

Mr. Anthony Hope's (Hawkins) methods of work are fairly well known to the world at large. Personally, I cannot help wondering how long his somewhat slight physique will stand the enormous strain put upon it during the last year or two. But that is always the way in every profession. Directly a man makes a hit, there is a rush for his work, and if he hasn't the constitution of a horse, his health breaks down. We shall soon have to establish a training school for successful young authors in order to enable them to withstand the demands made upon their constitutions by the publishers. Anthony Hope goes down to his Chambers at ten; stays there until four-minus lunch—which in itself is not a particularly wise thing to do; and, as he modestly admits, half the days he gets something done, and the other half he doesn't. And when he doesn't, his temper is bad. Sometimes he goes quick, more generally slow; and the work never comes out as good as he thought it was going to be. Which is a very good sign, for your selfsatisfied author never will do any better, whilst your modest one, though always on the rack, is perpetually striving to improve.

Mr. George Gissing once confided to me that he feared there was nothing noteworthy to be said about his methods of work. Mr. Harold Frederic, in a recent letter to The New York Times, claims that the fact that Mr. Gissing has caught the attention of the novel-reading class at last, is a very welcome sign; but he cannot understand why Mr. Gissing's The Unclassed should have attracted so little notice when it first appeared eleven years Perhaps the melancholy vein in which it was written would have made its fortune later on. Mr. Gissing finds the main fact in his own mind is that literary production gives him a great deal of More than half of what he trouble. writes goes into the fire—with maledictions; in view of the long hours spent at his desk, the work he actually does turn He remembers, out seems very little. with small satisfaction, that the first volume of one of his earlier works was written seven times, --- of course, apprentice work. On the other hand, New Grub Street was schemed and written in exactly six weeks-because it had to be.

Mr. Gissing used to work at night; now his hours—pretty regular ones—are morning and late afternoon. He cannot "put in" a bit of writing between amusements or engagements. If some worldly matter has to be attended to, the day is lost; and he only feels comfortable at the desk when the whole of the day lies before him withouta fear of interruption. Another peculiarity of Mr. Gissing's is that he cannot carry on two bits of distinct work in the same day. The happy men who can be writing a novel, and at the same time turn out stories or articles, excite his envy.

This somewhat casual and discursive article would scarcely be complete without a description of my friend Mr. Grant

Allen's methods in his "hill-top" retreat. And a delightful retreat it is, too, in midsummer or early spring:

"There are cool mosses deep.
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep."

On the summit of this hill-top Mr. Grant Allen works regularly every day from nine o'clock until eleven-thirty or twelve, and from four p.m. to six-thirty or seven. He works very carefully; writes everything with great deliberation, never beginning a story until he has settled every chapter and every episode, and even made up the principal conversations in his own mind. He then tells the whole, vivà voce, to his wife, and hears her criticisms. After that he begins, and writes the first rough draft as straight ahead as possible, believing that "go" counts here for everything. He next revises four or five times over. considering separately every chapter, every episode, every paragraph, every speech; he looks at every verb, strengthens every adjective, seeks for more picturesque nouns, more vivid epithets. Whether his style be good or bad, he takes infinite pains with it, correcting and revising until hardly a word of the rough draft remains unaltered.

Mr. Frankfort Moore works and avoids work very much in the usual way. Only, as he makes it a hard and fast rule never to write more than eight books a year, and twelve magazine stories, he has, naturally, a good deal of spare time on his hands. When want compels him to write a novel, he usually spends two hours after breakfast trying to persuade himself that he has important business in the Strand, so that when he sits down, in the easiest of easy chairs, in the front of the desk of his literary machine, the clock is usually striking twelve. His first day at a new novel is easy enough; the second is always dreadful; the fourth, fifth, sixth, and on to the fortieth are alike in point of production; and on the evening of the fortieth,

having written 120,000 words, there is no need for him to do any more. He rolls up his pages, posts them, and keeps on wondering what the whole thing was about. In six weeks the critics tell him.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts likes to write from two to three thousand words a day when Short stories of plot and intrigue are not difficult to him, and have to be produced because they are wanted. The only fiction he does with all his heart is the novel of character. In such work he is not happy until the characters run away with him. He likes to think of half-adozen people revolving round each other, get them alive in his mind, and then begin to write about them-following, not leading. In this novel of character, Mr. Phillpotts finds the danger of getting a strong plot, and then beginning to write before he is satisfied whether he can produce live men and women to play the He did three months' work last year on a novel, only to find himself faced with a dozen grinning dummies who would not move a leg or think a thought for him-there wasn't an ounce of circulating blood in the crew of them. Phillpotts considers that this shows the danger of work where you want to fit cut and dried incident with puppets, instead of getting the puppets first, and seeing whether there is that in them which will lead to valuable incident. He works with his pen at any time—by daylight for choice.

Mr. W. L. Alden formerly did all his work in the morning, with a typewriting machine. He now does it with a bicycle, and devotes nearly the whole day to it. In the intervals of riding, cleaning, and polishing the bicycle, and "blowing up" the pneumatic tyres, he still tries to do a little work on the typewriter; but the intervals are so extremely short that he cannot accomplish much. Prior to becoming an habitual and hopeless cyclist, he was accustomed to write about three thousand words a day, at the rate of about two thousand words an hour. He

now averages about ten miles an hour. The bicycle has brought about a change in Mr. Alden's theological views. The pneumatic tyre, with its habit of "puncturing," and the necessity for perpetually "pumping it up," has convinced him of the existence of a personal and intelligent devil.

Mr. Allen Upward finds it necessary to have at least six different kinds of work on hand, so that he may take up whichever he is in the mood for. present time, he is busy with an epic poem, a tragedy in blank verse, a farce, the libretto for a comic opera, a serial story, a series of short stories for a magazine, two sets of humorous sketches in different London weeklies, and a law book. He finds that the change from the law book to the libretto, and the humorous sketches to the tragedy, rests his mind, and enables him to put in twice as much work as otherwise. He seldom thinks out any elaborate outline beforehand; a couple of pages of notes, and he begins a book

which may occupy hundreds. He finds that his ideas completely change as he writes, his characters put on life, and are quite different from what he expected, and the first part of the book has, consequently, to be re-written. This does not, of course, apply to the law book, which is intended as a short analysis of the entire laws of England. The table of contents of this book was two years in preparation, and is still subject to alterations. Mr. Upward is the severest critic of his own work, and is greatly dissatisfied with the two books he has already published. My first knowledge of him was when I came across his answer to the juvenile editors of The Whirlwind, who sought to attain notoriety by carrying egotism to a fine art. This was the reply:

"Mes enfants,—Why have you sent me your paper? Do you expect me to read it? Alas! I never read any papers except those I write for, and only my own writings in them."





Niece of R.A.—"I'm afraid it's no good you doing that bit. I did it last year, and haven't sold it yet."

## A MODERN KNIGHT.

BY GEORGE THOW.

## ILLUSTRATED BY S. H. SIME.

I was dark enough on the wharf. Lamps here and there showed barely to outline where the quay ended and the black void of water began. No vessels lay alongside, for a coal strike had sent them elsewhere seeking cargoes, and

this East Coast harbour was deserted. The cranes stood gaunt and silent, and the coaltrimmers' huts were empty.

A light shone out of the unshuttered window of a wooden box placed close to the quay wall, and bearing the signboard of the Albion Steam Shipping Inside, the ship-Company. ping clerk sat in weary expectation of the Tuskar, due from a German port. He had prepared the Custom House papers ready for the captain's signature, had studied the manifest of the cargo, come to hand by post, and, as for the ninth time he refilled his pipe, he gazed mournfully at the hands of the loudly-ticking little shiptimepiece that ornamented the "Ten dingy wall boards. o'clock," was his unspoken soliloguy, "which means that light as she is-and the captain might have carried all the cargo this trip in his coat-pocket light as she is, she won't get berthed until the tide makes, say twelve o'clock;" and after

this effort he relapsed into a comatose state, tobacco smoke at times slowly, filtering out of his mouth. A rush of cold wind betokened the opening of the door, and a head appeared, hairy, with cloth cap and ear laps tightly fastened down.

"She ain't in sight yet; I hev been to the pier-head, and can't see her anywheres;" and the old watchman and rope-tender edged into the box.

A somnolent grunt was the only reply. "That ould Tuskar ain't fit for the



' FOR A MOMENT A FACE LOOKED IN AT THE WINDOW."

work, that she ain't; she's missin' tides reglar, now."

With clumsy carefulness the old man opened the red-hot door of the little bogey stove, and added fresh fuel. Although of small size, the shipping box, with its warped boarding, was not over hot. The keen wind found entry through a hundred crevices; and it was cold outside. Here and there in the plank flooring knot-holes let in the sound of the sullen wash of the rising tide as it restless y beat among the piles of the wooden pier. The muffled roaring of the stove, and the ticking of the clock, were the only other sounds to be heard, with the intermittent gurgling as the old watchman laboriously sucked at his pipe.

For a moment a face looked in at the window, and then a light tapping came to the door. Too light for the dulled ears of the old man or the half-sleeping shipping clerk. Then the handle turned after some fumbling, and a stiff blast sent the door against the wall with a bang.

"Shut the door, darn you," was the irritable exclamation of the shipping clerk, as he felt the piercing wind biting the back of his neck. "You Customs men get to think that the whole harbour belongs to you."

"Please can you tell me when the steamship *Tuskar* is likely to arrive?" was asked in a timid, softly modulated voice.

The shipping clerk jumped up so hastily that the wooden chair he sat upon fell back with a loud crash, and the old watchman, who had been gazing sleepily at the glowing stove, stood erect, and backed into a corner, meantime uneasily fingering his cap. A lady, young, not more than eighteen, of slender make, very pretty, even that could be made out through the veil she wore as she stood on the threshold in a doubtful way, and there was a nervous thrill in her voice that went straight to the not over susceptible heart of the shipping clerk.

"Come in, miss. It is a very cold night. Yes, this is the agent's office. The *Tuskar* is behind time this trip. She won't get alongside for a couple of hours or se, even if she did come in. Expect anybody on board of her, miss?" he queried,

with the least tinge of wonder in his accents.

"But I thought the vessel would be in harbour." There was a suspicion of tears in the voice.

"It's blowin' fresh from the west'ard, ma'am, and that's agin' her ye sees," interjected the watchman. "She's an old boat, ma'am, and ain't got the legs, askin' yer pardin', ma'am, as she once had."

"Perhaps, if you went home and came down to-morrow it would be better," added the shipping clerk, as he sympathetically regarded the girlish figure, and speculated curiously to himself who on board the old *Tuskar* had high-class lady friends, for a lady she was, although little could be distinguished owing to the heavy cloak and close veil.

"Oh no, I can't go back," was the nervous rejoiner. "I must wait. Please is there a waiting-room on the pier?"

"You see our boats don't carry passengers as a rule, but"—earnestly—"please take this chair. It's not a very fit place for a lady, but you will be out of the cold."

Half hesitating, and with a slight bow, and a murmur of thanks, the young girl stepped into the office and accepted the proffered chair after its former occupant had zealously wiped it down with a sheet of blotting-paper.

Perched on a high stool, the only other seat in the diminutive office, the shipping clerk stared out into the darkness, as if he expected at every moment to see the green and red lights of the *Tuskar* heading for the harbour; while the old watchman resumed his seat on a sack of waste that was part of the engine-room stores of the steamer.

Silence again, broken at last by a shuddering exclamation from the girl.

"It's only a rat," said the clerk, as he followed the direction of her eyes, staring in wide-open anxiety at a corner of the coal-box; and the bill of lading book,

hurled with a vigorous hand, narrowly missed its aim.

"The place is overrun with them, ma'am," grumbled the old man. "I have had my supper eaten out of my pocket, when I took a wink or two at nights in the sheds."

Silence again.

Footsteps sounded outside, and a peremptory knock came to the door, followed immediately by the turning of the handle, and a tall, stoutly-built man stood framed in the doorway. The girl shrank back nervously, and a low exclamation broke from her lips. The newcomer, of gentlemanly exterior, with an imperious bearing, entered the shipping box, his eyes falling at once on the young lady occupant. In an angry tone, regardless of the other occupants, he addressed her:

"You will return with me, young lady. You shall pay dearly for this escapade."

There was no response, but the girl shrank farther into a corner of the apartment, while the clerk and the watchman stared in silent amazement.

Hastily stepping forward the intruder passionately seized the girl by the arm.

"Come away, I say, or I shall drag you out."

"Excuse me, sir," slowly interposed the shipping clerk, "but may I ask what you have to do with this young lady?"

"What, sir!" was the hot response.

"This girl is my ward, and has run away from my house. Do you hear, girl," he almost shouted; "come out of this at once."

"No, no," was the shuddering reply, and the girl burst into tears.

"This won't do, you know," interposed the shipping clerk, as he projected his lanky form close to the stranger. "Whether she is your ward or not, she is not going out of here unless of her own accord, and," he added, sarcastically, "if this is your usual little way I don't wonder at her not being over anxious to go along with you."

"Curse you, you fool! What do you mean by your interference?" was the angry retort. "I tell you, sir, I'm her lawful guardian, and I shall compel her to accompany me."

"No, I guess you won't, not as long as I am here," was the quiet rejoinder. "Pardon, lady, but do you wish to stay here until the arrival of the Tuskur? The place is quite at your service."

"Yes, yes," was the low reply, amid broken sobs.

"Then, mister," continued the shipping clerk, "this office is not a public one, and perhaps you will have the goodness to get out of it."

"That's your sort; out with him," interjected the old watchman, as he gripped his stick threateningly.

"Look here, sir, there's my card. My name is Gordon, and that's my address. I shall report your insolence to your employers to-morrow morning."

"You can do what you like to-morrow, but out you go to-night," was the reply, in an unconcerned tone. And the two men stood facing each other, the stranger pale with passion and his opponent cool but firm.

The hoarse scream of a steam-horn sounded near at hand, and almost simultaneously came the roar of a deep voice:

"Stand by for a line ashore, there."

"Why, that's the *Tuskar*!" excitedly exclaimed the old watchman. "She must have crawled into harbour unbeknown to anybody," and with scant ceremony he pushed past Mr. Gordon and hurried on the quay.

Duty bade the shipping clerk follow; and he took a few steps, then stopped, as his eye caught an imploring gesture from the girl.

"Come," peremptorily, "out of this, Mr. Gordon," and he bustled the stranger out of the office, locking the door behind him. "Here, stand back'" he added, as the excited stranger seized him violently by



"PERHAPS YOU WILL HAVE THE GOODNESS TO GET OUT."

the throat. "Hands off, or I'll have you into the harbour."

Wrenching himself free, and paying little heed to the curses both loud and deep hurled after him, the shipping clerk leapt on board the steamer just hauling alongside and shook hands with the captain, a young, open-faced, frank-spoken seaman.

"Any passengers on board, captain?"
"Passengers!" was the amused re-

sponse. "Expecting the Duke of York, or the Emperor of Germany? Who do you think would take passage on board an old cargo-boat, eh?"

"Well, that's strange, anyhow," said the clerk, gravely. "Come into the office, captain; there's a curious bit of business on," and he led the way to the office. "This young lady, captain," he explained as he threw open the door, "is——" "Ethel!" "Harry!" burst from the lips of the captain and the girl; and next moment the latter lay sobbing on the breast of the *Tuskar's* skipper.

A dawn of understanding came over the shipping clerk and he softly withdrew, drawing the door to behind him. He stood on the pier watching the mooring of the vessel, and reflected on the mutability of human affairs. How and when the young captain had made the acquaintance of so lovely a sweetheart he could not conceive, "and a well-bred one she is," was the firm conviction he had arrived at.

Half an hour elapsed, and the shipping clerk still stood on guard, still turning over in his mind the strange incident that had happened, a novel departure truly in the prosaic daily round of a shipping office. The second mate had come forward, cargo-book in hand, and had had his questions as to loading answered; and the old watchman had finished his ropetending part of the work and stood near by, his thoughts, as could be seen by his frequent glances at the box, running in the same groove as those of his young companion.

A train of coal-laden waggons was backed along the pier, the red-capped "pilot" sitting outside one of the buffers of the foremost truck, his lighted lamp swinging in his hand.

"Ten waggons here," he sung out to the clerk, "bunkers for the *Tuskar* will be ready for her to make a start first thing in the morning." Jumping off his hazardous seat, and picking his way carefully over the intervening rails to the office, he regarded the shipping clerk somewhat curiously.

"I passed the police station," he went cn, "just afore I came away with the train, and I seed a big gent a-talking to the sergint. In a great rage he was. They're comin' along," and he jerked his thumb significantly shorewards. "Something about a lady, I heard mention," and his eyes sought the closed door of the office. Without a word the shipping clerk reentered the box, and repeated what he had heard.

The girl clung to her lover, for that they were lovers was plain enough, even to the unsentimental beholder. A few words from the captain put the clerk in possession of the facts, which were plain enough. It was another case of true love, an heiress, a harsh guardian, a detested guardian's son, and a miserable home. Rather than go back to the weary round of persecution the girl tearfully declared she would go somewhere and work for her living.

"Best thing you can do, miss," said the shipping clerk, meditatively, "is to marry the captain right away."

"How can we get a parson at this time of the night, man?" was the captain's impatient reply.

"Don't want one; this is Scotland; join hands afore witnesses, accept each other as man and wife, and ye'r married hard and fast."

The girl started back, blushing furiously, and the captain stood uneasily.

Cautiously the door opened, and the old watchman put his head in. "Beg parding," he said, "but them police are coming up the pier with that mister ye had the words with."

"Is the railway man outside yet?" asked the shipping clerk.

"Ay, I'm here," and the red-capped "pilot" pushed in at the doorway, curiosity written large on every feature, but still the girl hung back.

Heavy footsteps rung outside, drawing nearer every moment. The girl made a frightened movement to the captain's side, and their eyes met. A nod from the captain, and——

"Clap on all steam," in a gruff voice, was sufficient for the shipping clerk.

"Come inside, both of you men. Turn the key in the door, Peter," and the old watchman did so, and placed his back to the panels. "Ye see, it's this way. This here is Captain Harry Thomson of the *Tuskar*, as both of yer know well, and this young lady is Miss—excuse me, miss, but I haven't quite got hold of your name?"

"Ethel Morrison," came in a whisper from the girl.

"Yes, this is Miss Ethel Morrison, and the one is going to have the other for a husband, and the tother is going to have the other for a wife. This is what they call a purpose of marriage, ye understand?"

A couple of nods with wide grins was the response.

Sharp rapping at the door took place, while the handle was tried; and pressed

close to the window-panes were the faces of the police-sergeant and Mr. Gordon, with, as a background indistinctly outlined in the darkness, the forms of some of the *Tuskar's* crew, and a few stragglers who had followed the policeman along the pier. In imperative accents, Mr. Gordon demanded admittance, and shook the door violently.

"Do you, Ethel Morrison, take this man as your lawful husband?" continued the shipping clerk, gravely punctuating each word with a shake of his extended forefinger.

"Yes," was the almost inaudible response.



"I DECLARE YOU TWO MAN AND WIFE."

"Ye heard that, Peter, and you, Bill?" Nods again; gravely this time.

"Do you, Harry Thomson, master of the steamship *Tuskar*, take this woman as your lawful wife?"

"I do," was the firm response.

"And ye heard that, likewise, you two? Speak out, men."

"Ay, I did that," and "Yes, right enough," were the replies.

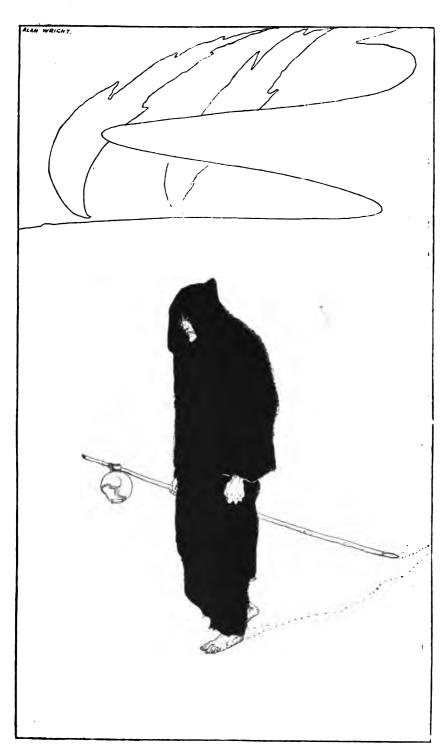
"Then I declare you two, Harry Thomson and Ethel Morrison, now man and wife. And those whom God has joined, let no man dare put asunder. Now wait till I write out the charter-party." And calmly unheeding the repeated knocking at the door, and the wondering faces glued to the window, the shipping

clerk took a blank Customs bill of entry form and wrote on the plain reverse the necessary certificate of marriage, which was signed by all.

"Now, Captain and Mrs. Thomson," he went on, as he damped a sheet of the copy-book and proceeded to take a book impression of the document, "I wish you all happiness. Here's your certificate, Mrs. Thomson. Open the door, Peter."

And later, as the shipping clerk walked homewards along the pier, pipe in mouth, he observed reflectively to himself, as round a sharp bend his eyes fell on the lights of the *Tuskar*, "Some men have luck."





SHADOW OF A SOUL.

By Alan Wright.



MISS EVELYN MILLARD AS "PRINCESS FLAVIA."

(From a Fhoto by Ellis.)

## THE PLAY OF THE MONTH.

III .- "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFRED ELLIS AND HANA.

THERE are some secrets that cannot be discovered, and the writing of a good book and a good play must be considered as one of them. Mr. Anthony Hope had little to say as to his methods of working.

"I start regularly every morning, and I work for a fixed time every day. It is almost impossible to trace one's ideas

backwards, and to say definitely that such and such a thing suggested such and such an incident, or tale, or book. You see, I have very little to tell you—almost nothing——"

"But with regard to the dramatisation of your novel, will you tell me how you set about doing that?"

"Well, I didn't do it. Rose did practically all of it. Of course, he consulted me over and over again as he was working, and showed me each act as it was finished; but,

beyond making a suggestion or two here and there, I did hardly anything to the play."

"Then you had no fixed arrangements for working together?"

"No; 'fixed arrangements' sounds as though we had been bad friends, which we certainly were not. I was quite the fifth wheel in the coach all along. The work went quietly on until it was finished.

Then it was produced in America, and was a success. Now it's in town.

That's all the history of the play."

"Well, Mr. Hope, since you won't father the play, will you tell me your opinion of it as a play?"

"I am more than satisfied with it, and the way Mr. Alexander has produced it. I am sure it could not have got

into more capable hands. The story does not pretend to be anything more than a simple narrative, in which lovemaking and fighting figure pretty prominently. The motives are not new, you see. They are as old as the world."

"You won't forsake novel-writing, although your first play is a success?"

"No; you may safely say that I have no intention of doing anything of the kind. I'm very busy just now."

"Which reminds me. What are your

views with regard to authors booking themselves ahead?"

"It depends upon how far ahead you mean, and how much work the author intends to turn out. I see no reason why an author should not dispose of his future work if he allows himself plenty of time for it's production, and doesn't undertake too much. Although I sit down to my table so regularly every morning, my daily



MR. EDWARD ROSE AS "BULTITUDE" IN "VICE VERSA."

(From a Photo by Denculain & Blake.)

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output varies considerably. An author probably does not know to a day when he will be able to write; he may not know to a week; but he knows to a month, and I see no reason why he should not make his plans accordingly."



MISS LILY HANBURY AS "ANTOINETTE DE MAUBAN."

(From a Photo by Ellis.)

"You have no advice to literary aspirants, I suppose?"

"I think advice on the subject would be useless. The only way for a man to test his capabilities is to send his contributions to papers and magazines. Everyone has to do it to start with." "To return to Zenda-"

"You would find that Mr. Rose and Mr. Alexander would be able to tell you much more than I can about the play. I really had nothing to do with it worth mentioning."

But Mr. Edward Rose was afflicted with the same kind of modesty with regard to his work. The novel was Mr. Hope's, in dramatising it he had adhered strictly to the story in the book, the only difference being the addition of the prologue. It was about the novel, and not the play, that Mr. Rose was most anxious to speak.

"How did I come to dramatise it? Well, it's not a very long story. I received the book from Mr. Arrowsmith on the morning it was published. **Enclosed** with the book was a note from Mr. Arrowsmith suggesting that the book would make a good play. read the first few pages and became intensely interested

in the story, and the same afternoon I concluded the arrangements by which I was to dramatise *The Prisoner of Zenda*. I didn't put the book down until I had finished it, *i.e.*, I read it all at a sitting. And then my work began by itself. I did go to bed that night, but I lay awake, think-

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MR. GEO. ALEXANDER AS "PRINCE RUDOLF."

(From a Photo by Ellis.)

ing over *The Prisoner of Zenda*, and the scenes gradually shaped themselves in my mind. I seemed to see the whole thing at a glance almost. Well, that was because it was such an excellent story; there have not been many books that have 'got hold' of me as *Zenda* did."

"About the prologue, Mr. Rose, that, at least, is all your own?"

"Yes; but it was an afterthought.

There were one or two reasons why I thought a prologue necessary. The methods employed by an author writing a book differ pretty considerably from those of the playwight. I considered that a prologue was necessary as an explanation of the story that was to come. That's one reason why I wrote it. Another was that I thought the introduction of a prologue would be better for stage purposes. What I mean is this. Take away the

prologue, and in the first act you get a couple of young men in tourist suits. In the second act you have everyone dressed in gorgeous costumes. The change is somewhat abrupt, and I foresaw that if I wrote a prologue, the period of which should be about 1700, I should then have my characters appearing in the first instance in costume. This, I thought, would, to a certain extent, give the key to what was coming, and prepare the audience for a costume play, and, what is of more importance, a purely romantic play. This

reason may appear to you to be slight, but I thought it a good one, and I think so now. So I started writing the scenario."

"Are you a fast worker, Mr. Rose?"

"Well, the prologue took me about three hours. There were some minor alterations to make afterwards, but not many. The prologue finished, the rest was comparatively easy. The book seemed to have been divided up almost on

purpose for stage representation. When I came to writing the actual play, I found that much of the dialogue could be taken straight from the book without any alteration."

"You have had a good deal of stage experience, Mr. Rose?"

"I've been at it for the last twenty years or so. I' began by being an actor. My first appearance was as an amateur, and the play was Hamlet, it being a nice easy play for amateurs! Mr.



MR. W. H. DAY AS "DETCHARD."

(From a Photo by Ellis.)

Beerbohm Tree was in the caste. He was an amateur then, but he went on the stage a very short time afterwards. He played First Gravedigger and Polonius."

"And your part was——?"

"Well, I believe I played about five. Our company was rather small, and one of the men failed us at the last moment—a common practice with amateurs. After a time I took to the stage as a profession, but I have not played for about two years now. My first regular appearance was at



MISS LILY HANBURY AS "ANTOINETTE DE MAUBAN."

(From a Photo by Ellis.)

the Strand Theatre in 1883, when I played Dick Bultitude in Vice-Versa."

"And since that time--?"

"I've done a little play writing, and---"

Everyone can fill in the remainder of the sentence, for it is no secret that Mr. Rose is the dramatic critic of the Sunday Times.

"And now, Mr. Rose, to speak as a

critic and not as a playwright, what is your opinion of your own play?"

"Well, since you really wish to know, I consider The Prisoner of Zenda a good, straightforward, British, everyday sort of play. When the novel first appeared everybody liked it. I only trust that in dramatising the novel I have written a play which can be enjoyed by the same people who liked the book. I have endeavoured. to the best of my ability, to keep up to Mr. Hope's

standard, high though it be."

"After the play was written, you had no difficulty in finding a manager to produce it?"

"No. The whole thing has worked smoothly from the beginning. The play was first produced in New York, where it proved a big success. Then Mr. Alexander wanted it for his theatre here—and the rest you know. I must say, though, that the play has been exceptionally fortunate in falling into such good hands. Mr. Alexander spared no expense or time in

giving the play the best possible production. It was an immense pleasure to me to work with him. His rehearsals were beautifully done. His stage-managing was simply perfect, and his only fault was that he would not consider himself suffificiently."

"In what way do you mean?"

"Well, he would not put himself in the centre of the stage—occasionally one had

to drag him there by main force. And then, with regard to any little hints I made, no manager could have been more charmingly considerate. I was making a suggestion once, and was half apologising for doing so. Mr. Alexander replied: 'Thanks, very much, I always take hints from everyone. If the call-boy had a suggestion to make I'd listen to him with pleasure."

"Was that literally true?"



MR. HERBERT WARING AS "DUKE WOLFGANG."

(From a Photo by Eilis.)

"Yes. I firmly believe that if the callboy approached Mr. Alexander in a proper manner Mr. Alexander would listen to what he had to say. That will show you how easy it is to work with Mr. Alexander."

"I suppose the scenario of a play dramatised from a book must always be a difficult task?"

"I found Zenda very easy. In fact, the book seemed to be almost written for stage purposes. Here is the scenario."

On looking it through one saw at a

glance that Mr. Rose's praise of the novel was no empty compliment. For instance, the last paragraph in Act II. of the scenario runs: "The Princess comes, and Rassendyll is left alone with her. He is falling madly in love with her, and

cannot help declaring it. She replies with a confession of her love. and he, with one great effort, is just about to confess the truth, when Sapt, who has been listening, enters and interrupts them. Flavia goes, and Rassendyll declares to Sapt that if he is left with her longer he cannot answer for his faith to the King. They resolve there and then they must forthwith go to Zenda and attempt the rescue of the (The Act King. ends with the fine scene between the two men in Chapter X., page 146)."

Mr. George Alexander as actor, and Mr. George Alexander as manager, are perfectly at one with regard to the merits of The Prisoner of

Zenda. Yet, in spite of the enormous success of this romantic play, Mr. Alexander does not by any means consider that the problem play is doomed.

"Indeed," he said, "I do not know exactly what you mean by the problem play. I am convinced that the public will accept anything that is good of its kind, and are always quite willing to see discussed and thrashed out on the stage any subject, and any problem of real social interest. But it is possible to have too much of a good thing, you know, and



MISS EVELYN MILLARD AS "PRINCESS FLAVIA."

(From a Photo by  $E^i$ lis.)

the public get tired of seeing one kind of play. They like a change. It seems to me that the dramatist and the theatrical manager who want to succeed must be able to give the public the play of tomorrow, and not a weak edition of the play of yesterday. Directly there is a

play of a particular genre placed on the market it seems to me that the would-be dramatists—the great unacted—immediately try to write an imitation of the running success, instead of setting their brains to work to write something of an entirely different strain."

"I suppose that the influence of a great play on a young author is always more or less noticeable in his work?"

"Indeed it is. I have an immense number of plays submitted to me, and I usually find that nearly all of them are imitations of what is gone before. I suppose I read at least one play a day. I don't mean to say that I read the whole of every play, but I go through them far enough to see if they display dramatic possibilities."

"And if you had a good play sent you by an entirely unknown man would you produce it?"

"Certainly, with the greatest of pleasure. In fact, I think that the great unacted are having a very fair chance all round."

"With regard to public opinion in the matter of plays, do you think it is to be trusted and regarded as correct?"

"Yes, I do. A play that is written to be acted should be acted, and the audience are the critics: their judgment is correct. Of course, in judging a play prior to its production, I have to trust to myself completely, and I do not presume to say that my judgment is always right. Fortunately, the public are always kind enough to forget one's failures and to remember one's successes."

"I suppose a play like *The Prisoner of Zenda* requires an enormous amount of thought and work in its production?"

"We were rehearsing for five weeks, and for two weeks of that time I was also playing in the evenings. When you come to think that the rehearsals occupied from eleven to five every day you will see that the actor-manager's life is not quite an idle existence."

"Will you tell me how you study your parts?"

"I have no fixed method, but I generally know everyone else's part before my own. That is the penalty for being one's You have no idea of own manager. the thousand and one little details in a play that always demand personal atten-The Prisoner of Zenda is an admirable example of what I mean. coronation scene was full of little difficulties. You remember the cheering that is heard without as Rassendyll enters. The noise is heard faintly at first and increases in sound as Rassendyll approaches the palace. Well, that one thing required an immense amount of rehearsal. It is managed in this way. The men whose duty it is to cheer are placed in a room upstairs. This room is provided with a Before the cheer comsliding door. mences this door is shut. When the crowd are supposed to be near the Palace the sliding door is gradually opened, and this produces the necessary illusion to the audience. Then you will remember that there is a good deal of music in this scene. The choir who sing the coronation hymn are placed in a room quite away from the 'cheering' room. Both these rooms are provided with a set of coloured electric lights. These lights are worked from the prompter's box, and serve as signals for the cues. One colour is to get ready, another to begin, another to increase the sound, and so on. gives you some slight idea of the amount of details that require attention."

"How do you manage the rehearsals of such a scene without properties?"

"Well, we don't altogether do without properties. It was impossible to have a dress rehearsal every time, of course, but we easily got over that difficulty. The procession was rehearsed with the ladies wearing imitation trains pinned on to their dresses, the trains being the exact length of the dresses to be worn at the public performance of the play. You

would hardly believe the amount of trouble those trains gave us. The procession came on over and over again until everyone knew the exact position he or she was to take on the stage."

"I suppose you are inundated with

letters from people anxious to get on to the stage?"

"Yes, those letters come in literally by every post. In the great majority of cases, of course, I can be of no assistance. My company is always complete."

"And what is your advice to would-be actors and actresses?"

"Well, when a man comes to me and says, 'I want to go on the stage; I have had a good deal of experience as an amateur?' I reply, 'Very good, you've had the best possible training. Now put it to a test. Get on to the stage, and fight your way yourself. Try to earn your own bread

and butter by acting. Do your best to succeed in a profession which is already much overcrowded and where there are hundreds of competitors all equally capable of doing the same thing equally well.' But advice is of little use in this matter."

One of the first questions to be asked of Miss Evelyn Millard in connection with *The Prisoner of Zenda*, concerned Rassendyll's renunciation of the Princess Flavia.

"I am sure," said Miss Millard, "that



MISS OLGA BRANDON AS "FRAU TEPPICH."

(From a Photo by Hana.)

there are many people gifted with such a high sense of duty that, under similar circumstances, they would do exactly what Rassendyll and the Princess do. Personally, I don't think I could copy the Princess's example; in fact, I'm sure I couldn't, but then I'm not a Princess."

"You like your part?"

"Very much indeed. It is a beautiful part, and I enjoy playing it, especially that sweet little scene in the last act. It was suggested at rehearsals that I should walk off to the King's dungeon, but we decided that that would be making the Princess almost too dutiful to be human. Even the heroine of a play mustn't be too saintly. The King wasn't quite as clean as he might be, was he? At the same time, I know that the play is a true one, that the emotions of the characters are real, because I am always hearing of people going two or three times to The Prisoner of Zenda. I think that must be a very severe test of a play, and especially a romantic play. Of course, many people will go once to see the dresses, but the same motive wouldn't bring them to a play twice, and when they do go twice and three times to the same play it must be because there is a real human interest in it."

"And what do you consider to be the perfect play—your ideal play?"

"It is difficult to say. There are so many different types of plays, and I like them all when they are good of their kind. I suppose the highest form of drama would be a romantic, poetic play, but the dramatist would have to be a poet as well as a playwright-a second Shakespeare, in fact. One only has to think of the plays produced at the St. James's during the last few years, to see what a difference there may be between one good play and another. Take the biggest success of all, for instance, The Second Mrs. Tanqueray, and put it beside Liberty Hall. How utterly unlike each other they are, and yet no one will deny that they are both good plays."

"Talking of good plays, when do you know on the first night of a new piece if it is to be a success or otherwise?"

"It depends very much on the play. As a rule, there is one crucial act in every play, and on that act the fate of the play depends. If it is a four act play the crucial act is usually the third, if it's a three act play it's the second. But there are exceptions of course. But after the great act of a play is over we generally know what is to be the result. Sometimes we are in doubt. In fact, I have heard of plays that were on the verge first of failure and then of success, during the whole of the first performance. At such times the fate of the play rests almost entirely with the gallery; a wag with a ready wit could ruin a play that was thus trembling in the balance. A careful manager will always eliminate any line that can possibly be taken up by the gallery on a first night. Personally, I like the pit and gallery audience; they are fresh and unspoiled, and, as a rule, they give you their whole and undivided attention."

"With regard to applause, Miss Millard, are you affected at all by the audience?"

"Oh yes, very much indeed—perhaps too much. Sometimes the best kind of applause is perfect silence. I refer, of course, to the performance of serious plays. When the audience is perfectly still, when you can literally hear a pin drop in the theatre, that is the time when the actor or actress should be inspired to do something great. On the other hand, I am painfully aware of the fact when the audience are cold and unresponsive, or, when they become inattentive and commence to cough. I simply cannot do my best then, and try as I may I find my grip of the play slowly relaxing."

Miss Lily Hanbury frankly confessed that in judging a play in which she had a part, she was always more or less guilty of only criticising her part, and leaving the rest.

"But The Prisoner of Zenda is an exception," she said "It's such a delightfully fresh sort of play. I think the public were beginning to be too serious in their theatrical taste. Now there's a change—a happy change."

"And what sort of play do you think will come next?"

"Well, that's looking rather ahead, isn't it. I think the public will always go to see anything that's really good—no matter what it is."

"But do you think the public are capable of judging what is a good play and what isn't?"

" I don't know-perhaps not. Personally, I never take upon myself the duties of a I know critic. whether I like a play or whether I don't; that is enough for me. It can't be just to say that a play is a bad play because it fails to please the public, or, on the other hand, that it is necessarily a good play because it runs for a long time."

"At any rate, you have lately had some personal experience of two very different kinds of plays. No two parts could be more unlike than your present one and Olive Allingham in The Benefit of the Doubt."

"Ah! What an impossible woman! 'Impossible,' I mean, not in the sense that the character is improbable, because, of course, there are, unfortunately, numbers of women of that particular type, but 'impossible' in the sense that no man, however devoted a husband,

could possibly have been happy with her."

"Then you don't think that the final reconciliation in the last act was lasting?"

" No, I'm afraid if the play had been continued, if it had a sequel (by the way,



MISS M. HACENEY AS "AMELIA, COUNTESS OF RASSENDYLL."

(From a Photo by Ellis.)

why shouldn't a play have a sequel?), we should find that in a very little time Olive Allingham's jealousy would get the better of her good sense once more."

"With regard to your own work, Miss Hanbury, will you tell me something about your method of studying a part?" "I have no fixed way. I cannot learn a part straight from the book. I must have rehearsals—two or three—before I'm any use at all. Then, when I know all my positions on the stage, the words come to me, and I begin to understand the part. But at rehearsals I'm always painfully nervous. I'm sure if anyone were to judge my playing from my rehearsals, I should never act again."

"I suppose the rehearsals for *The Prisoner of Zenda* were exceptionally arduous."

"Yes, it is what is known as a very 'heavy' play. We had three complete dress rehearsals, and were prepared for a fourth if necessary. And now that the play is running we have eight performances every week, and occasionally nine! This looks as though the romantic play were likely to be popular, doesn't it?"

And one felt quite convinced that Miss Lily Hanbury knows her public well.



THE BIRTH OF PANDORA.

## IN DUDLEY HARDY'S STUDIO.

EY ROY COMPTON.

THE door of the studio was distinctly a Dudley Hardy impression. It was vivid red with a shining black knocker, and a bell whose curious shape and sonorous

pathetic tones left no doubt but that its last hanging place had been a nunnery it was so hopeless.

Scarcely had its echoes died away when the door was opened by Mr. Dudley Hardy himself. Clad in grey, wet palette and paint brushes in hand -alert, lighthearted, and singularly unaffected.



MR. DUDLEY HARDY, R.B.A. (From a Photo by C. H Cook.)

"Oh, yes, *The Idler*. Come in, and see my new studio. I am just finishing up for the day and ending my work," he remarks cheerily, as I make a somewhat lame apology for interrupting him, having caught a glimpse through the open door of a huge half-finished canvas which, standing on an easel, occupies the centre of the studio,—a coming poster, whose treatment and colouring prove conclusively that the

artist is neither timid nor conventional, for, like all his work, it is singularly distinct and pictorial—in fact, Mr. Dudley Hardy does not even look professional

except in his surroundings; but he strikes you in many ways as being a remarkable man, and, perhaps, more than most of us, he is "A creature of circum stance."

One of the most perfect colourists of the day a painter by birth, with an innate love of his art inherited from his father, Mr.

T. B. Hardy, the leading marine painter he is capable of realising the most pathetic and beautiful side of life, though people will hardly believe it, with speaking reality and picturesque charm, and yet he is scarcely known to the public but as a blackand-white man or "The Poster King."

"I hate posters," I remark, irreverently, after a few minutes' pause in front of the still wet canvas on which is depicted a girl

in vivid yellow cape, and a soldier in equally bright red coat "shooting the chutes."

"So do I," replies the artist, drily, as he searches for a match with which to light his cigarette.

"Then why do you do them?"

"Well, you see, it is possible to live on a poster, but not on a picture—on black and white, but not on colour; and, howand given to him. Wandering round commenting on the various pictures, they finally paused in front of my work.

"'Charming colouring. That man knows how to paint. Who is he?' asked one.

"'Oh, that's Hardy's work."

"'What Hardy?'

"' Why, Dudley Hardy, of course.'



MR. DUDLEY HARDY'S STUDIO.

(From a Photo by C. H. Cook.)

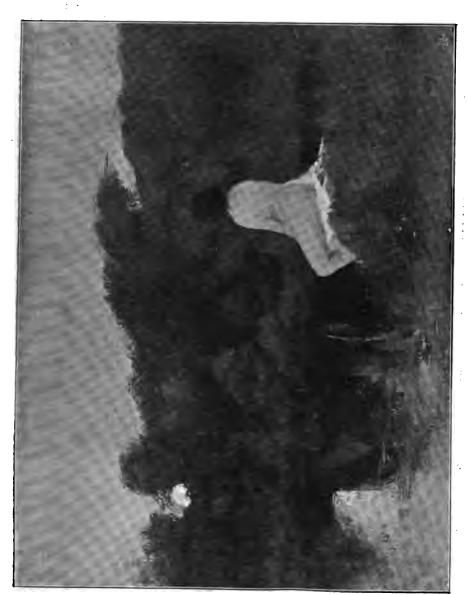
ever high a man's ideal, his work has a commercial value, which, unfortunately, he is bound to consider. I like *Pathos*, not public *Posters*. I love painting pathetic semi-religious pictures. The public like my grotesques in black and white, and I give the public what they consider and appreciate as my best work. It is curious how few people believe I can paint a really decent picture. Some little time ago a friend of mine invited some well-known R.A.'s to his studio, wherein hung two small paintings I had executed abroad

"'Not the man who does those beastly posters? Impossible!'

"And it took my friend some moments to convince the R.A. that they were painted by the same man. Rough that, is it not?" concludes the artist with a smile.

I agreed that it was exceedingly "hard lines."

"Especially when a man is as fond of the beautiful as I am. A real holiday to me is to be allowed to paint all day whatever strikes my fancy. I am per-



fectly miserable when my brush is out of my hand. Wherever I go I carry in my waistcoat pocket a sketch block about the size of a postage stamp. I have one here now, also a diminutive water-colour box, and when on the Continent, at any hotel I happen to be staying at, when I sit down at table d'hôte, I take them out

Mr. Hardy at this moment is called away, and I am left for a few minutes, with permission to satisfy my curiosity to its fullest extent. The new studio is all that can be desired by the versatile artist, who erected it to suit his own work and fancy. It is a lofty building, excellently lighted, and of no



MR. DUDLEY HARDY'S STUDIO.

(From a Photo by C. H. Cook.)

and lay them beside my plate, and in the pauses of the dinner I just dot down bits of colouring around and impressions of my neighbours. Here, in this corner, you will see what I did at Venice: there I painted from morning till night."

I see in the direction Mr. Hardy indicates, a frame containing about a dozen minute sketches — atoms of exquisite colouring, which convey vivid glimpses of Venetian life and customs.

mean dimensions. Everywhere are lying about paints, note-books, sketches, and half-finished paintings. At the eastern end is Mr. Dudley Hardy's pathetic picture, "Sans Asile," which he painted in Paris, and exhibited first in the Salon, where it attracted great attention; it represents London by night, the homeless poor sleeping out in Trafalgar Square, under the shadow of the lions. Close by is "The Flight into Egypt," a nocturne



"A FRUGAL MEAL" FROM THE PAINTING BY DUDLEY HARDY

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in blue grey—which speaks the soul of the painter in a language all might understand, and which courted public opinion in the 1891 Academy, and received a most favourable verdict.

On the south wall is "The Moors in

Spain," whilst everywhere around are to be seen sketches by lamp-light at the "Langham," the quaintest and most artistic club in London, where the time allotted to each artist for the completion of his work is two hours. and it is at these Friday night meetings that Mr. Dudley Hardy's numerous confrères declare "he is at his best, and that no one can touch him at colour."

Rugs from many lands, Oriental dra

peries, with spreading palms, are dotted about the studio in delightful artistic confusion, intermingled with an Eastern houri's costume, "Chinese vagaries," and curios from Tangier, one of which is a complete set of scarlet trappings for a mule. What strikes me most is the clever artist's strong passion for colour! and as to paint, well! it is lying about indiscriminately, wet

or dry, and it is advisable when visiting Mr. Hardy to carefully scrutinise any resting-place he may suggest. I am so much interested in a cosmopolitan note-book that the brisk tones of the artist arouse me with a start from the contemplation of

an interesting study of a bather which Mr. Hardy kindly says I may reproduce for the benefit of *The Idler*.

"Well, have you finished cataloguing? Ah! you really must not look into all these books, they contain stag : secrets? You want to know how I work? Why, like this-just little shorthandsketches, which give me the leading characteristics I require for my picture."

"How did I get my idea for 'Sans Asile?' Wan-



dering across town from my club at night, or rather early morning. But come up in the gallery; there you will get a better view," interposes the artist.

"You must have seen some very pathetic incidents?"

"Yes, extremely so. I used to loiter round Trafalgar Square making notes and studying the different characters. Some



A STUDY IN TANGIER. BY DUDLEY HARDY.



A PAGE FROM DUDLEY HARDY'S SKETCH-BOOK.



POSTER FOR "THE CHIEFTAIN." BY DUDLEY HARDY.

were very odd. See that negro, and fancy what a contrast between him and that poor, destitute woman on the left hand. She was really beautiful, but frightfully thinly clad, with every attribute of poverty—but proud."

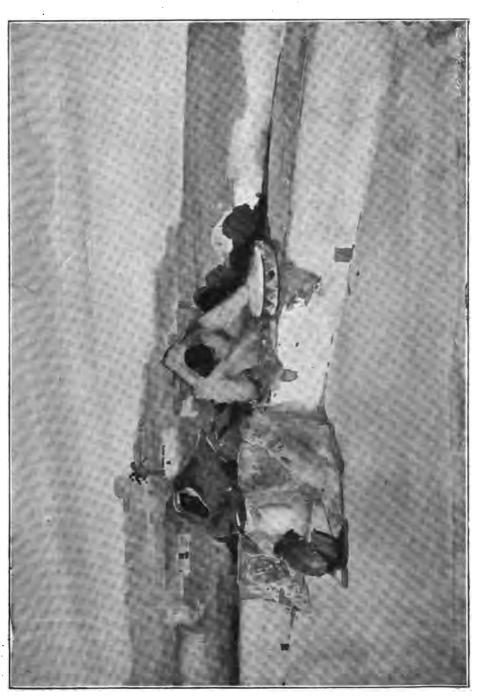
"Did you not often feel inclined to put your hand in your pocket?" I query, knowing the generous instincts of the artist.

"Yes, I did as far as I could—but

I was only a struggler myself. I paint some as models. When it was known I wanted models, I was besieged by 'loafers'; most of them spoilt their chance by coming cleaned up. Once I explained to a likely lad that my object was to get him dirty. 'All right, governor,' and with admirable promptitude he went outside and rolled in the gutter. I found the effect good for the picture, but not for the studio. Other curious inhabitants of



A. to B.—"Gladstone, why of course 'e's clever, 'e been to Eton and 'Arrow and Oxford and Cambridge, there ain't no wonder."



Trafalgar Square were about ten old Irishwomen, who used to sit on the steps of a morning in a group smoking small clay pipes more or less blackened and damaged. They were odd characters, a serious illness from overstrain. You would hardly think it, but that picture will all roll up into a small compass, and the frame take to pieces, so I can carry it anywhere."



POSTER FOR "A GAIETY GIRL." BY DUDLEY HARDY.

apparently stolidly indifferent to their hopeless, sunless existence."

"How long were you painting the picture?"

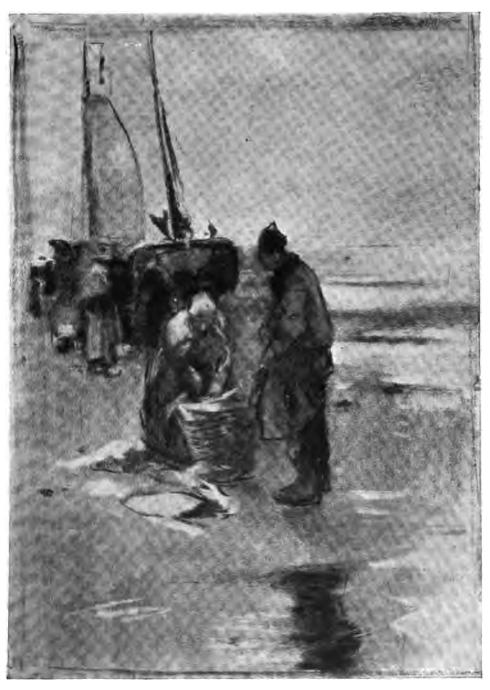
"Three weeks I painted at the picture, night and day, giving myself little time even for meals, and the consequence was as soon as it was hung in the Salon, I had

"And you have not cared to sell it?"

"No, unless I can get a good price. A man usually paints his first picture for fame, not for money. It cost me about  $\pounds$ 300 to execute, and I am extremely proud of my 'first-born.'"

From the window in the gallery it is possible to get a view of the charming

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STUDY BY DUDLEY HARDY.

old-fashioned garden which surrounds "Oakhurst," Mr. Dudley Hardy's home, which is only separated from the studio by a velvety lawn, surrounded by rose-trees, and over-shadowed by quaint giant

trees. Under the window is a houri's couch, of which I avail myself, and once more renew the attack on my victim, who, leaning over the gallery, looks as resigned as a man generally does when his dentist, having extracted one large molar, insists on being possessed of another, having assured the victim "it is all for his good."

"And you started your career early?"
"Yes, and early got into debt," retorts the artist, cheerily."
Talking of

debt, do you see those two rusty pistols there which date somewhere about the seventeenth century? I'll tell you an amusing incident about them. When I first had a studio of my own, I really had so many experiences with brokers that I was quite friendly with them. They would stroll in casually whilst I was writing a cheque, and give

me their opinion on my progress. 'Ah! that last in *Pick me Up* was a good one, Mr. 'Ardy! You're a coming along. Shan't be seeing you so often by-and-bye, as soon as you 'its "the public

fancy."' Well, one day, a man came just as I and two friends were arranging and tidying my studio. I knew the man's knock. I gave the wink to my friends. One of them instantly seized one of those pistols and started a series of yells, whilst I and the other man created all the noise and bustle we could. After I had let him knock a while. I rushed to the door and caught hold of him by the shoulder. 'Come in, for God's sake come in. My friend has



STUDY FOR A POSTER. BY DUDLEY HARDY.

gone off his head, and I can't get him out of my studio, and the devil of it is, he has loaded a pistol of mine that we can't get from him, he is so violent.' At this moment a yell and a cry for help came from my friend. 'Come in! come in, and lend a hand. We must get him down somehow, or there will be



STUDY FOR A POSTER BY DUDLEY HARDY

murder—he is as strong as an ox.' I dragged the man in by main force, to find the maniac fighting furiously in a corner.

"'By Jove, he'll do for him!' I rush to the rescue, calling on the broker to help. He simply fled, and we caught sight of him running down the lane like mad, and he

can always look back with pleasure on every year of my life. After London I went to Antwerp, and studied in Colin Bouveret and Rossi's studios. I simply adore life abroad. I have never really developed any decided style of work. Some of my favourite studies are the fishermen in Holland."



CRAYON STUDY. BY DUDLEY HARDY.

never re-appeared for ten days, by which time I had successfully sold my picture.

"About my career? Nothing interesting to tell. I went to Dusseldorf at fifteen to study. Came back and worked with my father, and then in Calderon's studio, and at eighteen started to keep myself, which I found a stiff experience; but I am never unhappy under any circumstances, and

"You mean those charming little groups assembled round a Crucifix?"

"Yes, the Catholic religion is to my mind the most picturesque study possible. It's so curious wandering by the sea-shore to watch the boats coming in, and directly the fishermen land they wend their steps to the nearest wooden Crucifix, make some little offering, and kneel down and



A SKETCH FOR LARY KITTY BY DUDLEY HARRY



"THE MOORS IN SPAIN." FROM THE PAINTING BY DUDLEY HARDY.

pray. It is really most pathetic. Occasionally you come across a fisherman's wife praying devotionally, or perchance a lonely shepherd. I am intensely fond of this little spot. There are some sketches

of it, and, by-the-bye, of the identical shepherd." Mr. Dudley as he speaks hands me the sketch.

"And the best land for colour?"

"Tangiers. It is really wonderful there,



DUTCH SAND-DUNES. BY DUDLEY HARDY.

and all the brilliant sunshine, orange groves, and insolently white houses, and the curiously quaint costumes afford no time for your brush to dry."

At this moment there is a clatter of tea-cups, and a neat-handed Phyllis appears, with a charmingly-arranged tray. Mr. Hardy gives a sigh of relief as I promptly put my note-book into my pocket, and take a farewell glance at the pathetic grey picture and, below it, the gaudy poster.

- "By-the-bye, you might like to learn I did my first poster for Mr. Jerome."
- "I remember, the celebrated 'Yellow Girl' who introduced *To-Day*."
  - "Yes, I did it in a week."
  - "And you don't work from models?"
- "No. I work out everything from memory."
  - "And your Academy picture?"
- "Will not be a poster," laughingly retorts Mr. Hardy.



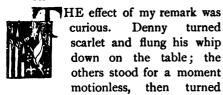
### PHROSO: A ROMANCE.\*

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. MILLAR.

CHAPTER V.

THE COTTAGE ON THE HILL.



tail and slunk back to the kitchen. Euphrosyne's face remained invisible. However, I felt quite at my ease. I had a triumphant conviction of the importance of my capture, and a determination that no misplaced chivalry should rob me of it. Politeness is, no doubt, a duty, but only a relative duty; and, in plain English, men's lives were at stake here. Therefore I did not make my best bow, fling open the door, and tell the lady that she was free to go whither she would, but I said to her in a dry, severe voice,

"You had better go, madam, to the room you usually occupy here, while we consider what to do with you. You know where the room is; I don't."

She raised her head, and said in tones that sounded almost eager,

"My own room? May I go there?"

"Certainly," said I. "I shall accompany you as far as the door; and when you've gone in, I shall lock the door."

This programme was duly carried out, Euphrosyne not favouring me with a word during its progress. Then I returned to the hall, and said to Denny,

"Rather a trump card, isn't she?"

"Yes, but they'll be back pretty soon to look for her, I expect."

Denny accompanied this remark with such a yawn that I suggested he should go to bed.

"And aren't you going to bed?" he asked.

"I'll take first watch," said I. "It's nearly twelve now. "I'll wake you at two, and you can wake Hogyardt at five, and Watkins will be fit and well at breakfast-time, and can give us roast cow."

Thus I was left alone again; and I sat reviewing the position. Would the islanders fight for their lady? Or would they let us go? They would only let us go, I felt sure, if Constantine were outvoted, for he could not afford to see meleave Neopalia with a head on my shoulders and a tongue in my mouth. Then they probably would fight. Well, I calculated that as long as our provisions held out, we could not be stormed; our stone fortress was too strong. But we could be beleagured and starved out, and should be very soon unless the lady's influence could help us. I had just arrived at the conclusion that I would talk very seriously to her in the morning when I heard a remarkable sound.

"There never was such a place for queer noises," said I, pricking up my ears.

This noise seemed to come directly from above my head, it sounded as though a light stealthy tread were passing over the roof of the hall in which I sat. The only person in the house besides ourselves was the prisoner: she had been securely locked in her room; how then could she be on the top of the hall? For her room was in the turret over the door. Yet the steps crept over my head, going towards the kitchen. I snatched up my revolver and trod, with a stealth equal to the stealth of the steps overhead, across

<sup>\*</sup> Copyright, 1896, by A. II. Hawkins, in the United States of America.



I CAUGHT HER HAND, AND IN HER HAND WAS A LITTLE DAGGER.

the hall and into the kitchen beyond. My three companions slept the sleep of tired men, but I roused Denny ruthlessly.

"Go on guard in the hall," said I. "I want to have a look round."

Denny was sleepy but obedient. I saw him start for the hall, and went on till I reached the compound behind the house.

Here I stood deep in the shadow of the wall, and the steps were now over my head again. I glanced up cautiously, and above me, on the roof, three yards to the right, I saw the flutter of a white kilt.

"There are more ways out of this house than I know," I thought to myself.

I heard next a noise as though of something being pushed cautiously along the flat roof. Then there protruded from between two of the battlements the end of a ladder. I crouched closer under the wall. The light flight of steps was let down; it reached the ground, the kilted figure stepped on it and began to descend. Here was the Lady Euphrosyne again. Her eagerness to go to her own room was fully explained: there was a way from it across the house, and out on to the roof of the kitchen; the ladder showed that the way was kept in use. I stood still. She reached the ground, and, as she touched it, she gave the softest possible little laugh of gleeful triumph, a pretty little laugh it was. Then she stepped briskly across the compound, till she reached the rocks on the other side. I crept forward after her, for I was afraid of losing sight of her in the darkness, and yet did not desire to arrest her progress till I saw where she was going. On she went, skirting the perpendicular drop of rock. I was behind her now. At last she came to the angle formed by the rock running north and that which, turning to the east, enclosed the compound.

"How's she going to get up?" I asked myself.

But up she began to go—her right foot on the north rock, her left on the east. She ascended with such confidence that it was evident that steps were ready for her feet. She gained the top; I began to mount in the same fashion, finding steps cut in the face of the cliff. I reached the top, and I saw her standing still, ten yards ahead of me. She went on; I followed; she stopped, looked, saw me, screamed. I rushed on her. Her arms dealt a blow at me—I caught her hand, and in her hand there was a little dagger. Seizing her other hand, I held her fast.

"Where are you going to?" I asked, in a matter-of-fact tone, taking no notice of her hasty resort to the dagger. No doubt that was purely a national trait.

Seeing that she was caught, she made no attempt to struggle.

"I was trying to escape," she said.
"Did you hear me?"

"Yes, I heard you. Where were you going to?"

"Why should I tell you? Shall you threaten me with the whip again?"

I loosed her hands. She gave a sudden glance up the hill. She seemed to measure the distance.

"Why do you want to go to the top of the hill?" I asked. "Have you friends there?"

She denied the suggestion, as I thought she would.

"No, I have not. But anywhere is better than with you."

"Yet there is someone in the cottage up there," I observed. "It belongs to Constantine, doesn't it?"

"Yes, it does," she answered defiantly.

"Dare you go and seek him there? Or dare you only skulk behind the walls of the house?"

"As long as we are four against a hundred I dare only skulk," I answered. She did not annoy me at all by her taunts. "But do you think he's there?"

"There! No; he's in the town—and he'll come from the town to kill you to-morrow."

"Then is nobody there?" I pursued.

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- " Nobody," she answered.
- "You're wrong," said I. "I saw somebody there to-day."
  - "Oh, a peasant perhaps."
- "Well, the dress didn't look like it. Do you really want to go there now?"
- "Haven't you mocked me enough?" she burst out. "Take me back to my prison."

Her tragedy-air was quite delightful. But I had been leading her up to something which I thought she ought to know.

"There's a woman in that cottage," said I. "Not a peasant—a woman in some dark-coloured dress, who uses operaglasses."

I saw her draw back with a start of surprise.

"It's false," she cried. "There's no one there. Constantine told me no one went there except Vlacho and sometimes Demetri."

"Do you believe all Constantine tells you?" I asked.

"Why should I not? He's my cousin, and—"

"And your suitor?"

She flung her head back proudly.

"I have no shame in that," she answered.

"You would accept his offer?"

"Since you ask, I will answer. Yes. I had promised my uncle that I would."

"Good God!" said I, for I was very sorry for her.

The emphasis of my exclamation seemed to startle her afresh. I felt her glance rest on me in puzzled questioning.

"Did Constantine let you see the old woman whom I sent to him?" I demanded.

"No," she murmured. "He told me what she said."

"That I told him he was his uncle's murderer?"

"Did you tell her to say that?" she asked, with a sudden inclination of her body towards me.

"I did. Did he give you the message?"

She made no answer. I pressed my advantage.

"On my honour, I saw what I have told you at the cottage," I said. "I know what it means no more than you do. But before I came here, I saw Constantine in London. And there I heard a lady say she would come with him. Did any lady come with him?".

"Are you mad?" she asked; but I could hear her breathing quickly, and I knew that her scorn was assumed. I drew suddenly away from her, and put my hands behind my back.

"Go to the cottage if you like," said I.
"But I won't answer for what you'll find there."

"You set me free?" she cried with eagerness.

"Free to go to the cottage; you must promise to come back. Or I'll go to the cottage, if you'll promise to go back to your room and wait till I return."

She hesitated, looking again towards where the cottage was, but I had stirred suspicion and disquietude in her. She dared not face what she might find in the cottage.

"I'll go back and wait for you," she said. "If I went to the cottage and—and all was well, I'm afraid I shouldn't come back."

The tone sounded softer. I would have sworn a smile or a half smile accompanied the words, but it was too dark to be sure, and when I leant forward to look, Euphrosyne drew back.

"Then you mustn't go," said I decisively; "I can't afford to lose you."

"But if you let me go, I could let you go," she cried.

"Could you? Without asking Constantine? Besides, it's my island, you see."

"It's not," she cried, with a stamp of her foot. And without more she walked straight by me and disappeared over the ledge of rock. Two minutes later I saw her figure defined against the sky, a black shadow on the deep grey ground, and then she disappeared. I set my face straight for the cottage under the summit of the hill. I knew that I had only to go straight and I must come to the little plateau, scooped out of the hillside, on which the cottage stood. I found not a path, but a sort of rough track that led in the desired direction, and along this I made my way very cautiously. At one point it was joined at right angles by another track, from the side of the hill where the main road across the island lay. course, afforded an approach to the cottage without passing by my house. In twenty minutes the cottage loomed, a blurred mass, before me. I fell on my knees and peered at it.

There was a light in one of the windows. I crawled nearer. Now I was on the plateau, a moment later I was under the wooden verandah and beneath the window where the light glowed. And my hand was on my revolver; if Constantine or Vlacho caught me here, neither side would be able to stand on trifles; even my desire for legality would fail under the strain. But for the minute everything was quiet, and I began to fear that I should have to return empty-handed; for it would be growing light in another hour or so, and I must be gone before the day began to appear. Ah, there was a sound—a sound that appealed to me after my climb-the sound of wine poured into a glass; and then came a voice I knew.

"Probably they have caught her," said Vlacho, the innkeeper. "What of that? They will not hurt her, and she'll be kept safe."

"You mean she can't come spying about here?"

"Exactly. And that, my lord, is an advantage. If she came here——"

"Oh, the deuce!" laughed Constantine.

"But won't the men want me to free her by letting that infernal crew go?"

"Not if they think Wheatley will go to Rhodes and get soldiers and return. They love the island more than her. It will all go well, my lord. And this other here?"

I strained my ears to listen. No answer came, yet Vlacho went on as though he had received an answer.

"These cursed fellows make that difficult, too," he said. "It would be an epidemic." And he laughed, seeming to see wit in his own remark.

"Curse them, yes. We must move cautiously," said Constantine. "What a nuisance women are, Vlacho."

"Aye, too many of them," laughed Vlacho.

"I had to swear my life out that no one was here, and then, 'If no one's there, why mayn't I come?' You know the sort of thing."

"Indeed, no, my ford. You wrong me," protested Vlacho, humorously, and Constantine joined in his laugh.

"You've made up your mind which, I gather?" asked Vlacho.

"Oh, this one, beyond doubt," answered his master.

Now I thought that I understood most of this conversation, and I was very sorry that Euphrosyne was not by my side to listen to it. But I had heard about enough for my purposes, and I turned to crawl away stealthily—it is not well to try fortune too far—when I heard the sound of a door opening in the house. Constantine's voice followed directly on the sound.

"Ah, my darling, my sweet wife," he cried, "not sleeping yet? Where will your beauty be? Vlacho and I must plot and plan for your sake, but you need not spoil your eyes with sleeplessness."

Constantine did it uncommonly well. His manner was a pattern for husbands. I was guilty of a quiet laugh all to myself in the verandah.

"For me? You're sure it's for me?" came in that Greek tongue with a strange

accent, which had first fallen on my ears in the Optimum Restaurant.

"She's jealous, she's most charmingly jealous!" cried Constantine, in playful rapture. "Does your wife pay you such compliments, Vlacho?"

"She has no cause, my lord. Now, my lady Francesca thinks she has cause to be jealous of the lady Euphrosyne."

Constantine laughed scornfully at the suggestion.

"Where is she now?" came swift and sharp from the woman. "Where is Euphrosyne?"

"Why, she's a prisoner to that Englishman," answered Constantine.

I suppose explanations passed at this point, for the voices fell to a lower level, as is apt to happen in the telling of a long story, and I could not catch what passed till Constantine's tones rose again as he said:

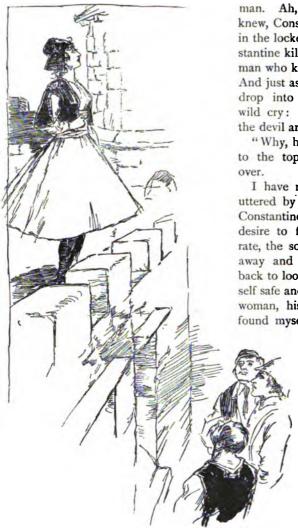
"Oh, yes; we must have a try at getting her out, just to satisfy the people. For me, she might stay there as long as she likes, for I care for her just as little as, between ourselves, I believe she cares for me."

Really, this fellow was a very tidy villain; as a pair, Vlacho and he would be hard to beat—in England, at all events. About Neopalia I had learned to reserve my opinion. Such were my reflections as I turned to resume my interrupted crawl to safety. But in an instant I was still again—still, and crouching close under the wall, motionless as an insect that feigns death, holding my breath, my hand on the trigger. For the door of the cottage was flung open, and Constantine and Vlacho appeared on the threshold.

"Ah," said Vlacho, "dawn is near. See, it grows lighter on the horizon."

A more serious matter was that, owing to the opened door and the lamp inside, it had grown lighter on the verandah, so light that I saw the three figures—for the woman had come also—in the doorway, so light that my huddled shape would be

seen if any of the three turned an eye towards it. I could have picked off both men before they could move; but a civilised education has drawbacks, it makes a man scrupulous; I did not fire. still, hoping that I should not be noticed. And I should not have been noticed but for one thing. Acting up to his part in the ghastly farce which these two ruffians were playing with the wife of one of them, Constantine turned to bestow kisses on the woman before he parted from her. Vlacho, in a mockery that was horrible to me who knew his heart, must needs be facetious. With a laugh he drew back; he drew back farther still, he was but a couple of feet from the wall of the house, and that couple of feet I filled. In a moment, with one step backwards, he would be upon me. Perhaps he would not have made that step; perhaps I should have gone, by grace of that narrow interval, undetected. But the temptation was too strong for me. The thought of the thing threatened to make me laugh. I had a pen-knife in my pocket. I opened it, and I dug it hard into that portion of Vlacho's frame which came most conveniently, and prominently, to my hand. Then, leaving the pen-knife where it was, I leapt up, gave the howling ruffian a mighty shove, and with a loud laugh of triumph bolted for my life down the hill. But when I had gone twenty yards I dropped on my knees, for bullet after bullet whistled over my head. stantine, the outraged Vlacho, perhaps, carried a revolver! barrels were being emptied after me. rose and turned one hasty glance behind Yes, I saw their dim shapes like moving trees. I fired once, twice, thrice, in my turn, and then went crashing and rushing down the path that I had ascended so cautiously. I cannoned against the tree trunks; I tripped over trailing branches; I stumbled over stones. Once I paused and fired the rest of my barrels. A yell told me I had hit-but



ON THE TOP OF THE ROOF STOOD EUPHROSYNE.

Vlacho, alas, not Constantine. At the same instant my fire was answered, and a bullet went through my hat. I was defenceless now, save for my heels, and to them I took again with all speed. But as I crashed along, one at least of them came crashing after me! Yes, it was only one! I had checked Vlacho's career. It was Constantine alone. I suppose one of your heroes of romance would have stopped and faced him, for with them it is not etiquette to run away from one

man. Ah, well, I ran away! For all I knew, Constantine might still have a shot in the locker—I had none. And if Constantine killed me, he would kill the only man who knew all his secrets. So I ran. And just as I got within ten yards of the drop into my own territory, I heard a wild cry: "Charley! Charley! Where the devil are you, Charley?"

"Why, here, of course," said I, coming to the top of the bank and dropping

I have no doubt that it was the cry, uttered by Denny, which gave pause to Constantine's pursuit. He would not desire to face all four of us. At any rate, the sound of his pursuing feet died away and ceased. I suppose he went back to look after Vlacho and show himself safe and sound to that most unhappy woman, his wife. As for me, when I found myself safe and sound in the com-

pound, I said "Thank God!" And I meant it, too. Then I looked round. And certainly the sight that met my eyes had a touch of comedy in it.

Denny, Hogvardt, and Watkins stood in the compound. Their backs were towards me, and they were all staring up at the roof of the kitchen, with expressions which the cold light of morning revealed in all their puzzled foolishness. And on

the top of the roof, unassailable and out of reach—for no ladder ran from roof to ground now—stood Euphrosyne, in her usual attitude of easy grace. And Euphrosyne was not taking the smallest notice of the helpless three below, but stood quite still with unmoved face, gazing up towards the cottage. The whole thing reminded me of nothing so much as of a pretty composed cat in a tree, with three infuriated helpless terriers barking round the trunk. I began to laugh.



I RAN AWAY

"What's all the shindy?" called out Denny. "Who's doing revolver practice in the wood? And how the dickens did she get there, Charley?"

But when the still figure on the roof saw me, the impassivity of it vanished. Euphrosyne leant forward, clasping her hands, and said to me:

"Have you killed him?"

The question vexed me. It would have been civil to accompany it, at all

events, with an enquiry as to my own health.

"Killed him?" I answered gruffly. "No, he's sound enough."

"And——" she began; but now she glanced, seemingly for the first time, at my friends below. "You must come and tell me," she said, and with that she turned and disappeared from our gaze behind the battlements. I listened intently. No sound came from the wood

that rose grey in the new light behind

"What have you been doing?" demanded Denny, surlily; he had not enjoyed Euphrosyne's scornful attitude.

"I have been running for my life," said I, "from the biggest scoundrels unhanged. Denny, make a guess who lives in that cottage."

"Constantine?"

"I don't mean him."

"Not Vlacho-he's at the inn."

"No, I don't mean Vlacho,"

"Who then, man?"

"Someone you've seen."

"Oh, I give it up. It's not the time of day for riddles."

"The lady who dined at the next table to us at the Optimum," said I.

Denny jumped back in amazement, with a long low whistle.

"What, the one who was with Constantine?" he cried.

"Yes," said I, "the one who was with Constantine."

They were all three round me now; and, thinking that it would be better that they should know what I knew, and four lives instead of one stand between a ruffian and the impunity he hoped for, I raised my voice and went on in an emphatic tone.

"Yes. She's there and she's his wife."

A moment's astonished silence greeted my announcement. It was broken by none of our party. But there came from the battlemented roof above us a low, long, mournful moan that made its way straight to my heart, armed with its dart of outraged pride and trust betrayed. It was not thus, boldly and abruptly, that I should have told my news. But I did not know that Euphrosyne was still above us, hidden by the battlements; nor had I known that she understood English. We all looked up. The moan was not repeated. Presently we heard slow steps retreating with a faltering tread across the

roof; and we also went into the house in silence and sorrow. For a thing like that gets hold of a man; and when he has heard it, it's hard for him to sit down and be merry till the fellow that caused it has paid his reckoning—as I swore then and there that Constantine Stefanopoulos should pay his.

#### CHAPTER VI.

THE POEM OF ONE-EYED ALEXANDER.

There is a matter on my conscience which I can't excuse, but may as well To deceive a maiden is a very sore thing—so sore that it had made us all hot against Constantine; but it may be doubted by a cool mind whether it is worse, nay, whether it is as bad, as to contrive the murder of a lawful wife. Poets have paid more attention to the first-maybe they know more about itthe law finds greater employment, on the whole, in respect to the latter. For me, I admit that it was not till I found myself stretched on a mattress in the kitchen, with the idea of getting a few hours' sleep, that it struck me that Constantine's wife deserved a share of my concern and care. Her grievance against him was at least as great as Euphrosyne's; her peril was far greater. For Euphrosyne was his object; Francesca (for that appeared from Vlacho's mode of address to be her name) was an obstacle that prevented him attaining that object. For myself I should have welcomed a cut throat if it came as an alternative to Constantine's society; but probably his wife would not agree with me, and the conversation I had heard left me in little doubt that her life was not They could not have an epidemic, Vlacho had prudently reminded his master; the island fever could not kill Constantine's wife and our party all in a day or two. Men suspect such obliging maladies, and the old lord had died of it, pat to the happy moment, already! But if the thing could be done, if

it could be so managed that London, Paris, and the Riviera, would find nothing strange in the disappearance of one

Madame Stefanopoulos and the appearance of another, why, to a certainty, done the thing would be, unless I could warn or save the woman in the cottage. And I did not see how to do either. So (as I set out to confess) I dropped the subject. And when I went to sleep, I was thinking not how to save Francesca, but how to console Euphrosyne, a matter really of less urgency, as I should have seen had not the echo of that sad little cry still filled my ears.

The news that Hogvardt brought me when I rose in the morning, and was enjoying a slice of cow-steak, by no means cleared my way. An actual attack did not seem imminent-I fancy these fierce islanders were not too fond of our revolvers - but the house was, if I may use the term, carefully picketed, and that both before

and behind. Along the road that approached it in front there stood sentries at intervals. They were stationed just out of range of our only effective long-distance weapon, but it was evident that

egress on that side was barred; and the same was the case on the other. Hogvardt had seen men moving in the wood,

> and had heard their challenges to one another repeated at regular intervals. We were shut off from the sea; we were shut off from the cottage. blockade would reduce us as well as an attack. I had nothing to offer except the release of Euphrosyne. And to release Euphrosyne would, in all likelihood, not save us, while it would leave Constantine free to play out his appointed end.



what he wanted with them, unless he meant to arm himself in porcupine fashion.

Presently Euphrosyne came, but it was a transformed Euphrosyne. The

kilt, knee-breeches, and gaiters were gone; in their place was the white linen garment with flowing sleeves and the loose jacket over it, the national dress of the Greek woman; but Euphrosyne's was ornamented with a rare profusion of delicate embroidery, and of so fine a texture that it seemed rather like some delicate, soft vielding silk. The change of attire seemed reflected in her altered manner. Defiance was gone, and appeal glistened from her eyes as she stood before me. I sprang up, but she would not sit. She stood there, and, raising her glance to my face, asked simply:

"Is it true?"

In a business-like way I told her the whole story, starting from the everyday scene at home in the restaurant, ending with the villainous conversation and the wild chase of the night before. When I related how Constantine had called Francesca his wife, Euphrosyne shivered. While I sketched lightly my encounter with him and Vlacho, she eyed me with a sort of grave curiosity; and at the end she said:

"I'm glad you weren't killed."

It was not an emotional speech, nor delivered with any empressement, but I took it for thanks and made the best of it. Then at last she sat down and rested her head on her hand; her absent air allowed me to study her closely, and I was struck by a new beauty which the bizarre boy's dress had concealed. Moreover, with the doffing of that, she seemed to have put off her exteme hostility; but perhaps the revelation I had made to her, which showed her the victim of an unscrupulous schemer, had more to do with her softened air. Yet she bore the story firmly, and a quivering lip was her extreme sign of grief or anger. And her first question was not of herself.

"Do you mean that they will kill this woman?" she asked.

"I'm afraid it's not unlikely that something will happen to her, unless,

of course—" I paused, but her quick wit supplied the omission.

"Unless," she said, "he lets her live now, because I am out of his hands."

"Will you stay out of his hands?" I asked. "I mean, as long as I can keep you out of them."

She looked round with a troubled expression.

"How can I stay here?" she said, in a low tone.

"You will be safe here as you were in your mother's arms," I answered.

She acknowledged my promise with a movement of her head; but a moment later she cried,

"But I am not with you—I am with the people! The island is theirs and mine. It is not yours. I will have no part in giving it to you."

"I wasn't proposing to take pay for my hospitality," said I. "It'll be hardly handsome enough for that, I'm afraid. But mightn't we leave that question for the moment?" And I described briefly to her our present position.

"So that," I concluded, "while I maintain my claim to the island, I am at present more interested in keeping a whole skin on myself and my friends."

"If you will not give it up, I can do nothing," said she. "Though they knew Constantine to be all you say, yet they would follow him and not me if I yielded the island. Indeed, they would most likely follow him in any case. For the Neopalians like a man to follow, and they like that man to be a Stefanopoulos; so they would shut their eyes to much, in order that Constantine might marry me and become lord."

She stated all this in a matter-of-fact way, disclosing no great horror of her countrymen's moral standard. The straightforward barbarousness of it, perhaps, appealed to her a little; she loathed the man who would rule on those terms, but had some toleration for the people who let the true dynasty above all else.

And she spoke of her proposed marriage as though it were a natural arrangement.

"I shall have to marry him, I expect, in spite of everything," she said.

I pushed my chair back violently. My English respectability was appalled.

"Marry him?" I cried. "Why, he murdered the old lord!"

"That has happened before among the Stefanopouloi," said Euphrosyne, with a calmness dangerously near to pride.

"And he proposes to murder his wife," I added.

"Perhaps he will get rid of her without that." She paused; then came the anger I had looked for before. "Ah, but how dared he swear that he had thought of none but me, and loved me passionately? He shall pay for that!" Again it was injured pride that rang in her voice, as in her first cry. It did not sound like love; and for that I was glad. The courtship had probably been



an affair of state rather than of affection. I did not ask how Constantine was to be made to pay, whether before or after I was struggling between horror and amusement at my guest's point of view. But I take leave to have a will of my own, even, sometimes, in matters that are not exactly my concern; and I said now, with a composure that rivalled Euphrosyne's:

"It's out of the question that you

should marry him. I'm going to get him hanged; and, anyhow, it would be atrocious."

She smiled at that; but then she leant forward and asked,

"And how long have you provisions for?"

"That's a good retort," I admitted.

DENNY LYING ON A RUG ON THE FLOOR. "A few days, that's all. And we can't get out to procure any more; and we can't go shooting, because the wood's infested with these ruff—I beg pardon with your countrymen."

> Well, on a dispassionate consideration, it did seem more likely; but she need not have said so. And she went

> syne, "that you and your friends are

more likely to be hanged."

"Then it seems to me," said Euphro-

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on with an equally discouraging good-sense:

"There will be a boat from Rhodes in about a month or six weeks. The officer will come then to take the tribute; perhaps the Governor will come. But till then nobody will visit the island, unless it be a few fishermen from Cyprus."

"Fishermen? Where do they land? At the harbour?"

"No, my people do not like them, though the Governor threatens to send troops if we do not let them land. So they come to a little creek at the opposite end of the island, on the other side of the mountain. Ah, what are you thinking of?"

As Euphrosyne perceived, her words had put a new idea in my mind. If I could reach that creek and find the fishermen and persuade them to help me, or to carry my party off, that hanging might happen to the right man after all.

"You're thinking you can reach them?" she cried.

"You don't seem sure that you want me to," I observed.

"Oh, how can I tell what I want? If I help you I am betraying the island. If I do not——"

"You'll have a death or two at your door, and you'll marry the biggest scoundrel in Europe," said I.

She hung her head and plucked fretfully at the embroidery on the neck of her dress.

"But anyhow you couldn't reach them," she said. "You are close prisoners here."

That, again, seemed true, so that it put me in a very bad temper. Therefore I rose and, leaving her without much ceremony, strolled into the kitchen. Here I found Watkins dressing the cow's head, Hogvardt surrounded by knives, and Denny lying on a rug on the floor with a small book which he seemed to be reading. He looked up with a smile that he considered knowing.

"Well, what does the Captive Queen say?" he asked with levity.

"She proposes to marry Constantine," I answered, and added quickly to Hogvardt:

"What's he game with those knives, Hog?"

"Well, my lord," said Hogvardt, surveying his dozen murderous instruments, "I thought there was no harm in putting an edge on them, in case we should find a use for them," and he fell to grinding one with great energy.

"I say, Charley, I wonder what this yarn's about. I can't construe half of it. It's in Greek, and it's something about Neopalia; and there's a lot about a Stefanopoulos."

"Is there? Let's see," and, taking the book, I sat down to look at it. It was a slim old book, bound in calf-skin. The Greek was written in an antique style; it was verse. I turned to the title page. "Hullo, this is rather interesting," I exclaimed. "It's about the death of old Stefanopoulos—the thing they sing that song about, you know."

In fact I had got hold of the poem which One-eyed Alexander composed. Its length was about three hundred lines, exclusive of the refrain which the islanders had chanted, and which was inserted six times, occurring at the end of each fifty lines. The rest was written in rather barbarous iambics; and the sentiments were quite as barbarous as the verse. It told the whole story, and I ran rapidly over it, translating here and there for the benefit of my companions. arrival of the Baron d'Ezonville recalled our own with curious exactness, except that he came with one servant only. He had been taken to the inn as I had, but he had never escaped from there, and had been turned adrift the morning after his arrival. I took more interest in Stefan, and followed eagerly the story of how the islanders had come to his house, and demanded that he should revoke the sale.

Stefan, however, was obstinate; it cost the lives of four of his assailants before his house was forced. Thus far I read, and expected to find next an account of a melée in the hall. But here the story took a turn unexpected by me, one that might make the reading of the old poem more than a mere pastime.

"But when they had broken in," said One-eyed Alexander, "behold the hall was empty, and the house empty! And they stood amazed. But the two cousins of the lord, who had been the hottest in seeking his death, put all the rest to the door, and were themselves alone in the house; for the secret was known to them who were of the blood of the Stefanopouloi. Unto me, the Bard, it is not known. Yet men say they went beneath the earth, and there in the earth found the lord. And certain it is they slew him, for in a space they came forth to the door, bearing his head; and they showed it to the people, who answered with a great shout. But the cousins went back, barring the door again; and again, when but a few minutes had passed, they came forth, and opened the door, and the elder of them, being now by the traitor's death become lord, bade the people in, and made a great feast for them. But the head of Stefan none saw again, nor did any see his body; but body and head were gone, whither none know, saving the noble blood of the Stefanopouloi; for utterly they disappeared, and the secret was securely kept."

I read this passage aloud, translating as I went. At the end, Denny drew a breath.

"Well, if there aren't ghosts in this house, there ought to be," he remarked. "What the deuce did those rascals do with the old gentleman, Charley?"

"It says they went beneath the earth."

"The cellar," suggested Hogvardt, who had a prosaic mind.

"But they wouldn't leave the body in

the cellar," I objected; "and if, as this fellow says, they were only away a few minutes, they couldn't have dug a grave for it. And then it says that they 'There in the earth found the lord."

"It would have been more interesting," said Denny, "if they'd told Alexander a bit more about it. However, I suppose he consoles himself with his chant again?"

"He does. It follows immediately on what I've read, and so the thing ends." And I sat looking at the little yellow volume. "Where did you find it, Denny?" I said.

"Oh, on a shelf in the corner of the hall, between the Bible and a Life of Byron."

I got up and walked back to the hall. I looked round. Euphrosyne was not I inspected the hall door; it was still locked on the inside. I mounted the stairs and called at the door of her room: when no answer came, I pushed it open and took the liberty of glancing round; she was not there. I called again, for I thought she might have passed along the way over the hall and reached the roof, as she had done before. This time I called loudly. Silence followed for a Then came an answer, in a moment. hurried, rather apologetic tone: "Here I But then—the answer came not from the direction that I had expected. but from the hall? And, looking over the balustrade, I saw Euphrosyne sitting in the arm-chair.

"This," said I, going downstairs, "taken in conjunction with this"— and I patted One-eyed Alexander's book, which I held in my hand—" is certainly curious and suggestive."

"Here I am," said Euphrosyne, with an air that added, "I've not moved. What are you shouting for?"

"Yes, but you weren't there a minute ago," I observed, reaching the hall and walking across to her.

She looked disturbed and embarrassed.

- "Where have you been?" I asked.
- "Must I give an account of every movement?" said she, trying to cover her confusion with a show of haughty offence.

The coincidence was really a remarkable one; it was as hard to account for Euphrosyne's disappearance and reappearance as for the vanished head and body of old Stefan. I had a conviction, based on a sudden intuition, that one explanation must lie at the root of both these curious things, that the secret of which Alexander spoke, was a secret still hidden—hidden from my eyes but known to the girl before me, the daughter of the Stefanopouloi.

"I won't ask you where you've been, if you don't wish to tell me," said I carelessly.

She bowed her head in recognition of my indulgence.

- "But there is one question I should like to ask you," I pursued, "if you'll be so kind as to answer it."
  - "Well, what is it?"

"Where was Stefan Stefanopoulos killed, and what became of his body?"

And, as I put my question, I flung Oneeyed Alexander's book open on the table beside her.

She started visibly, crying: "Where did you get that?"

I told her how Denny had found it, and I added,

"Now, what does 'beneath the earth' mean? You are one of the house and you must know."

"Yes, I know, but I must not tell you. We are all bound by the most sacred oath to tell no one."

- "Who told you?"
- "My uncle. The boys of our house are told when they are fifteen, the girls when they are sixteen. No one else knows."
  - "And why is that?"

She hesitated, fearing, perhaps, that her answer would itself tend to betray the secret.

- "I dare tell you nothing," she said.
  "The oath binds me; and it binds every one of my kindred to kill me if I break it."
- "But you've no kindred lest except Constantine," I objected.
  - "He is enough. He would kill me."
- "Sooner than marry you?" I suggested rather maliciously.
  - "Yes, if I broke the oath."
- "Hang the oath!" said I impatiently. "The thing might help us. Did they bury Stefan somewhere under the house?"

"No, he was not buried," she answered.

- "Then they brought him up and got rid of his body when the islanders had gone?"
  - "You must think what you will."
- "I'll find it out," said I. "If I pull the house down, I'll find it. Is it a secret door or——"

She had coloured at the question. I put the latter part in a low eager voice, for hope had come to me.

"Is it a way out?" I asked, leaning over to her.

She sat mute, but irresolute, embarrassed and fretful.

"Heavens," I cried impatiently, "it may mean life or death to all of us, and you boggle over your oath!"

My rude impatience met with a rebuke that it perhaps deserved. With a glance of the utmost scorn, Euphrosyne asked coldly,

"And what are the lives of all of you to me?"

"True, I forgot," said I, with a bitter politeness. "I beg your pardon. I did you all the service I could last night, and now—I and my friends may as well die as live! But, by God, I'll pull this place to ruin, but I'll find your secret."

I was walking up and down now in a state of some excitement. My brain was fired with the thought of stealing a march on Constantine through the discovery of his own family secret.

Suddenly Euphrosyne gave a little soft

It was over in a clap with her hands. minute, and she sat blushing, confused, trying to look as if she had not done it at all.

"What did you do that for?" I asked, stopping in front of her.

"Nothing," said Euphrosyne.

"Oh, I don't believe that," said I.

She looked at me. "I didn't mean to do it," she said again. "But can't you guess why?"

"There's too much guessing to be done here," said I impatiently; and I started walking again. But presently I heard a voice say softly, and in a tone that seemed to address nobody in particular—me least of all.

"We Neopalians like a man who can and I began to think you be angry never would."

"I am not the least angry," said I with great indignation. I hate being told that I am angry when I am merely showing firmness.

Now, at this protest of mine, Euphrosyne saw fit to laugh—the most hearty laugh she had given since I had known her. The mirthfulness of it undermined my wrath. I stood still opposite her, biting the end of my moustache.

"You may laugh," said I, "but I'm not angry; and I shall pull this house down, or dig it up, in cold blood, in perfectly cold blood."

"You are angry," said Euphrosyne, "and you say you're not. You are like my father. He would stamp his foot furiously like that, and say, 'I am not angry, I am not angry, Phroso."

Phroso! I had forgotten that diminutive of my guest's classical name. It rather pleased me, and I repeated gently after her, "Phroso, Phroso!" and I'm afraid I eyed the little foot that had stamped so bravely.

"He always called me Phroso. Oh, I wish he were alive! Then Constantine---"

"Since he isn't," said I, sitting by

Phroso (I must write it, it's a deal shorter) -by Phroso's elbow, "since he isn't, I'll look after Constantine. It would be a pity to spoil the house, wouldn't it?"

"I've sworn," said Phroso.

"Circumstances alter oaths," said I, bending till I was very near Phroso's ear.

"Ah," said Phroso reproachfully, "that's what lovers say when they find another more beautiful than their old love."

I shot away from Phroso's ear with a sudden backward start. Her remark somehow came home to me with a very remarkable force. I got off the table, and stood opposite to her in an awkward and stiff attitude.

"I am compelled to ask you, for the last time, if you will tell me the secret?" said I in the coldest of tones.

She looked up with surprise: my altered manner may well have amazed her. She did not know the reason of it.

"You asked me kindly and—and pleasantly, and I would not. Now you ask me as if you threatened," she said. "Is it likely I should tell you now?"

Well, I was angry with myself and with her because she had made me angry with myself; and, the next minute, I became furiously angry with Denny, whom I found standing in the doorway that led to the kitchen, with a grin of intense amusement on his face.

"What are you grinning at?" I demanded fiercely.

"Oh, nothing," said Denny, and his face strove to assume a prudent gravity.

"Bring a pickaxe," said I.

Denny's face wandered towards Phroso. "Is she as annoying as that?" he seemed to ask. "A pickaxe?" he repeated, in surprised tones.

"Yes, two pickaxes! I'm going to have this floor up, and see if I can find out the great Stefanopoulos' secret." I spoke with an accent of intense scorn.

Again Phroso laughed; her hands beat very softly against one another. Heavens,

what did she do that for, when Denny was there, watching everything with those shrewd eyes of his?

"The pickaxes!" I roared.

Denny turned and fled; a moment elapsed. I did not know what to do; how to look at Phroso, or how not to look at her. I took refuge in flight. I rushed into the kitchen, on pretence of aiding or hastening Denny's search. I found him taking up an old pick that stood near the door leading to the compound. I seized it from his hand.

"Confound you!" I cried, for Denny laughed openly at me; and I rushed back to the hall. But on the threshold I paused, and said what I will not write.

For, though there came from somewhere just the last ripple of a mirthful laugh, the hall was empty! Phroso was gone! I flung the pickaxe down with a clatter on the boards, and exclaimed in my haste:

"I wish to heaven I'd never bought the island."

But I did not really mean that.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



### A BLACK AFFAIR.

BY W. W. JACOBS.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. O. BOWMAN.



DIDN'T want to bring it," said Captain Gubson, regarding somewhat unfavourably a grey parrot whose

cage was hanging against the mainmast, "but my old uncle was so set on it I had to. He said a sea-voyage would set its 'elth up."

"It seems to be all right at present," said the mate, who was tenderly sucking his forefinger; "best o' spirits, I should say."

"Its playful," assented the skipper.
"The old man thinks a rare lot of it. I think I shall have a little bit in that quarter, so keep your eye on the beggar."

"Scratch Poll," said the parrot, giving its bill a preliminary strop on its perch. "Scratch poor Polly."

It bent its head against the bars, and waited patiently to play off what it had always regarded as the most consummate practical joke in existence. The first doubt it had ever had about it occurred when the mate came forward and obligingly scratched it with the stem of his pipe. It was a wholly unforeseen development, and the parrot, ruffling its feathers, edged along its perch and brooded darkly at the other end of it.

Opinion before the mast was also against the new arrival, the general view being that the wild jealousy which raged in the bosom of the ship's cat would sooner or later lead to mischief."

"Old Satan don't like it," said the cook, shaking his head. "The blessed bird hadn't been aboard ten minutes before Satan was prowling round. The blooming image waited till he was about a foot off the cage, and then he did the perlite and asked him whether he'd like a glass o' beer. I never see a cat so took aback in all my life. Never."

"There'll be trouble between 'em," said old Sam, who was the cat's special protector, "mark my words."

"I'd put my money on the parrot," said one of the men, confidently. "It's 'ad a crool bit out of the mate's finger. Where 'ud the cat be agin that beak?"

"Well, you'd lose your money," said Sam. "If you want to do the cat a kindness, every time you see him near that cage, cuff his 'ed."

The crew being much attached to the cat, which had been presented to them when a kitten by the mate's wife, acted upon the advice with so much zest that for the next two days the indignant animal was like to have been killed with kindness. On the third day, however, the parrot's cage being on the cabin table, the cat stole furtively down, and, at the pressing request of the occupant itself, scratched its head for it.

The skipper was the first to discover the mischief, and he came on deck and published the news in a voice which struck a chill to all hearts.

"Where's that black devil got to?" he yelled.

"Anything wrong, sir?" asked Sam, anxiously.

"Come and look here," said the skipper. He led the way to the cabin, where the mate and one of the crew were already standing, shaking their heads over the parrot.

"What do you make of that?" demanded the skipper, fiercely.

"Too much dry food, sir," said Sam, after due deliberation.

"Too much what?" bellowed the skipper.

"Too much dry food," repeated Sam, firmly. "A parrot, a grey parrot, wants

plenty o' sop. If it don't get it, it moults."

"It's had too much cat," said the skipper, fiercely, "and you know it, and overboard it goes."

"I don't believe it was the cat, sir," interposed the other man, "its too soft-'arted to do a thing like that."

"You can shut your jaw," said the

things. I knew one man who killed a black cat an' he went mad. There's something very pecooliar about that cat o' ours."

"It knows more than we do," said one of the crew, shaking his head. "That time you—I mean we—ran the smack down, that cat was expecting of it 'ours before. It was like a wild thing."

"Look at the weather we've 'ad, look at the trips we've made since he's been aboard," said the old man. "Tell me its chance if you like, but I know better."

The skipper hesitated. He was a superstitious man even for a sailor, and his weakness was so well known that he had

> become a sympathetic receptacle for

skipper, reddening. "Who asked you to come down here at all?"

"COME AND LOOK HERE," SAID THE SKIPPER.

"Nobody saw the cat do it," urged the mate.

The skipper said nothing, but, stooping down, picked up a tail feather from the floor, and laid it on the table. He then went on deck followed by the others and began calling in seductive tones for the cat.

No reply forthcoming from the sagacious animal which had gone into hiding, he turned to Sam and bade him call it.

"No, sir, I won't 'ave no 'and in it," said the old man. "Putting aside my liking for the animal, *I'm* not going to 'ave anything to do with the killing of a black cat."

"Rubbish," said the skipper.

"Very good, sir," said Sam, shrugging his shoulders, "you know best o' course. You're eddicated and I'm not, an' p'raps you can afford to make a laugh o'-such

every ghost story which, by reason of its crudeness

or lack of cor-

roboration, had been rejected by other experts. He was a perfect reference library for omens, and his interpretations of dreams had gained for him a widespread reputation.

"That's all nonsense," he said, pausing uneasily; "still, I only want to be just. There's nothing vindictive about me, and I'll have no hand in it myself. Joe, just tie a lump of coal to that cat and heave it overboard."

"Not me," said the cook, following

Sam's lead and working up a shudder. "Not for fifty pun in gold. I don't want to be haunted."

"The parrot's a little better now, sir," said one of the men, taking advantage of his hesitation, "he's opened one eye."

"Well, I only want to be just," repeated the skipper. "I won't do anything in a hurry, but, mark my words, if the parrot dies that cat goes overboard."

Contrary to expectations the bird was still alive when London was reached, though the cook, who, from his connection with the cabin had suddenly reached a position of unusual importance, reported great loss of strength and irritability of temper. It was still alive, but failing fast on the day they were to put to sea again, and the fo'c'sle, in preparation for the worst, stowed their pet away in the paint locker, and discussed the situation.

Their council was interrupted by the mysterious behaviour of the cook, who, having gone out to lay in a stock of bread, suddenly broke in upon them more in the manner of a member of a secret society than a humble but useful unit of a ship's company.

"Where's the cap'n?" he asked in a hoarse whisper, as he took a seat on the locker with the sack of bread between his knees.

"In the cabin," said Sam, regarding his antics with some disfavour. "What's wrong, cookie?"

"What d' yer think I've got in here?" asked the cook, patting the bag.

The obvious reply to this question was, of course, bread, but as it was known that the cook had departed specially to buy some, and that he could hardly ask a question involving such a simple answer, nobody gave it.

"It come to me all of a sudden," said the cook, in a thrilling whisper. "I'd just bought the bread and left the shop, when I see a big black cat, the very image of ours, sitting on a doorstep. I just stooped down to stroke its 'ed, when it come to me." "They will sometimes," said one of the seamen.

"I don't mean that," said the cook, with the contempt of genius. "I mean the idea did. Ses I to myself, 'You might be old Satan's brother by the look of you; an' if the cap'n wants to kill a cat, let it be you,' I ses. And with that, before it could say Jack Robinson, I picked it up by the scruff o' the neck and shoved it in the bag."

"What, all in along of our bread?" said the previous interrupter, in a pained voice.

"Some of yer are 'ard ter please," said the cook, deeply offended.

"Don't mind him, cook," said the admiring Sam. "You're a masterpiece, that's what you are."

"Of course, if any of you've got a better plan——" said the cook, generously.

"Don't talk rubbish, cook," said Sam; "fetch the two cats out and put 'em together."

"Don't mix 'em," said the cook, warningly; "for you'll never know which is which agin if you do."

He cautiously opened the top of the sack and produced his captive, and Satan, having been relieved from his prison, the two animals were carefully compared.

"They're as like as two lumps o' coal," said Sam, slowly. "Lord, what a joke on the old man. I must tell the mate o' this; he'll enjoy it."

"It'll be all right if the parrot don't die," said the dainty pessimist, still harping on his pet theme. "All that bread spoilt, and two cats aboard."

"Don't mind what he ses," said Sam; "you're a brick, that's what you are. I'll just make a few holes in the lid o' the boy's chest, and pop old Satan in. You don't mind, do you, Billy?"

"Of course he don't," said the other men, indignantly.

Matters being thus agreeably arranged, Sam got a gimlet and prepared the chest for the reception of its tenant, who, convinced that he was being put out of the way to make room for a rival, made a frantic fight for freedom.

"Now get something 'eavy and put on the top of it," said Sam, having con"What's the matter with old Satan?" said the mate, who had been let into the secret. "He seems to have something on his mind."

"He'll have something round his neck presently," said the skipper, grimly.



off Limehouse, when he came on deck and nearly ended his career there and then by attempting to jump over the bulwark into the next garden. For some time he paced the deck in a perturbed fashion, and then, leaping on the stern, mewed plaintively as his native city receded farther and farther from his view. The prophecy was fulfilled some three hours later when he came up on deck ruefully regarding the remains of a bird whose vocabulary had once been the pride of its native town. He threw it overboard without a word, and then, seizing the innocent cat, who had followed him under the impression that it was

about to lunch, produced half a brick attached to a string, and tied it round his neck. The crew, who were enjoying the joke immensely, raised a howl of protest.

"The Skylark 'll never have another like it, sir," said Sam, solemnly. "That cat was the luck of the ship."

"I don't want any of your old woman's yarns," said the skipper, brutally. "If you want the cat, go and fetch it."

He stepped aft as he spoke, and sent the gentle stranger hurtling through the air. There was a "plomp" as it reached the water, a bubble or two came to the surface, and all was over.

"That's the last o' that," he said, turning away.

The old man shook his head. "You can't kill a black cat for nothing," said he, "mark my words."

The skipper who was in a temper at the time thought little of them, but they recurred to him vividly the next day. The wind had freshened during the night, and rain was falling heavily. On deck the crew stood about in oilskins, while below, the boy, in his new capacity of gaoler, was ministering to the wants of an ungrateful prisoner, when the cook, happening to glance that way, was horrified to see the animal emerge from the fo'c'sle. It eluded easily the frantic clutch of the boy as he sprang up the ladder after it, and walked leisurely along the deck in the direction of the cabin. Just as the crew had given it up for lost it encountered Sam, and the next moment, despite its cries, was caught up and huddled away beneath his stiff clammy oilskins. At the noise the skipper, who was talking to the mate, turned as though he had been shot, and gazed wildly round him.

"Dick," said he, "can you hear a cat?"

"Cat!" said the mate, in accents of great astonishment.

"I thought I heard it," said the puzzled skipper.

"Fancy, sir," said Dick, firmly, as a mewing, appalling in its wrath, came from beneath Sam's coat.

"Did you hear it, Sam?" called the skipper, as the old man was moving off.

"Hear what, sir?" enquired Sam, respectfully, without turning round.

"Nothing," said the skipper, collecting himself. "Nothing. All right."

The old man, hardly able to believe in his good-fortune, made his way forward, and, seizing a favourable opportunity, handed his ungrateful burden back to the boy.

"Fancy you heard a cat just now?" enquired the mate, casually.

"Well, between you an' me, Dick," said the skipper, in a mysterious voice, "I did, and it wasn't fancy, neither. I heard that cat as plain as if it was alive."

"Well, I've heard of such things," said the other, "but I don't believe 'em. What a lark if the old cat comes back climbing up over the side out of the sea to-night, with the brick hanging round its neck."

The skipper stared at him for some time without speaking. "If that's your idea of a lark," he said, at length, in a voice which betrayed traces of some emotion, "it ain't mine."

"Well, if you hear it again," said the mate, cordially, "you might let me know. I'm rather interested in such things."

The skipper, hearing no more of it that day, tried hard to persuade himself that he was the victim of imagination, but in spite of this, he was pleased at night as he stood at the wheel to reflect on the sense of companionship afforded by the look-out in the bows. On his part the look-out was quite charmed with the unwonted affability of the skipper as he yelled out to him two or three times on matters only faintly connected with the progress of the schooner.

The night, which had been dirty, cleared somewhat, and the bright crescent of the

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moon appeared above a heavy bank of clouds as the cat which had, by dint of using its back as a lever, at length got free from that cursed chest, licked its shapely limbs, and came up on deck. After its stifling prison, the air was simply delicious.

"Bob," yelled the skipper, suddenly...

"Ay, ay, sir," said the look-out, in a startled voice.

"Did you mew?" enquired the skipper.

"Did I wot, sir?" cried the astonished Bob.

"Mew," said the skipper, sharply, "like a cat?"

"No, sir," said the offended seaman. "What 'ud I want to do that for?"

"I don't know what you want to for," said the skipper, looking round him uneasily. "There's some more rain coming, Bob."

"Ay, ay, sir," said Bob.

"Lot o' rain we've had this summer," said the skipper, in a meditative bawl.

"Ay, ay, sir," said Bob. "Sailing-ship on the port bow, sir."

The conversation dropped, the skipper anxious to divert his thoughts, watching the dark mass of sail as it came plunging out of the darkness into the moonlight until it was abreast of his own craft. His eyes followed it as it passed his quarters, so that he saw not the stealthy approach of the cat which came from behind the companion, and sat down close by him. For over thirty hours the animal had been subjected to the grossest indignities at the hands of every man on board the ship except one. That one was the skipper, and there is no doubt but that its subsequent behaviour was a direct recognition of that fact. It rose to its feet, and, crossing over to the unconscious skipper, rubbed its head affectionately and vigorously against his leg.

From simple causes great events do spring. The skipper sprang four yards, and let off a screech which was the subject of much comment on the barque which had just passed. When Bob, who came shuffling up at the double, reached him he was leaning against the side, incapable of speech, and shaking all over.

"Anything wrong, sir?" enquired the seaman, anxiously, as he ran to the wheel.

The skipper pulled himself together a bit, and got closer to his companion.

"Believe me or not, Bob," he said at length, in trembling accents, "just as you please, but the ghost of that —— cat, I mean the ghost of that poor affectionate animal which I drowned, and which I wish I hadn't, come and rubbed itself up against my leg."

"Which leg," enquired Bob, who was ever careful about details.

"What the blazes does it matter which leg?" demanded the skipper, whose nerves were in a terrible state. "Ah, look—look there!"

The seaman followed his outstretched finger, and his heart failed him as he saw the cat, with its back arched, gingerly picking its way along the side of the vessel.

"I can't see nothing" he said, doggedly.

"I don't suppose you can, Bob," said the skipper in a melancholy voice, as the cat vanished in the bows; "it's evidently only meant for me to see. What it means I don't know. I'm going down to turn in. I ain't fit for duty. You don't mind being left alone till the mate comes up, do you?"

"I ain't afraid," said Bob.

His superior officer disappeared below and, shaking the sleepy mate, who protested strongly against the proceedings, narrated in trembling tones his horrible experiences.

"If I vere you ---- " said the mate.

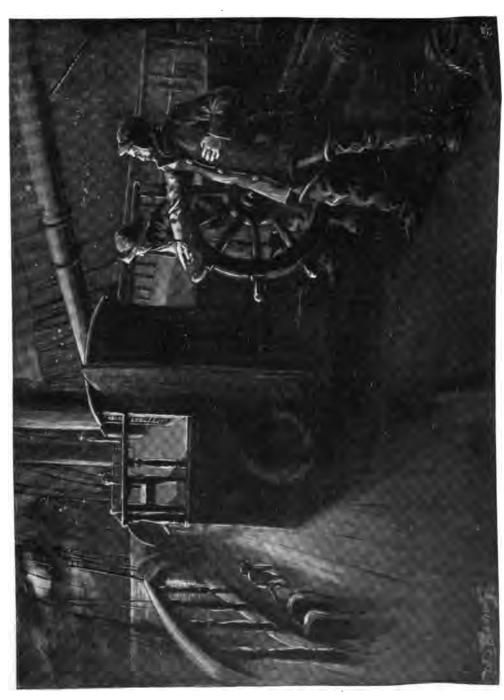
"Yes?" said the skipper, waiting a bit. Then he shook him again, roughly.

"What were you going to say?" he enquired.

"Say?" said the mate, rubbing his eyes.
"Nothing."

"About the cat?" suggested the skipper.

"Cat?" said the mate, nestling lovingly



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down in the blankets again. "Wha' ca'—goo' ni'——"

Then the skipper drew the blankets from the mate's sleepy clutches, and, rolling him backwards and forwards in the bunk, patiently explained to him that he was very unwell, that he was going to have a drop of whiskey neat and turn in, and that he, the mate, was to take the watch. From this moment the joke lost much of its savour for the mate.

"You can have a nip, too, Dick," said the skipper, proffering him the whiskey, as the other sullenly dressed himself.

"It's all rot," said the mate, tossing the spirits down his throat, "and it's no use either; you can't run away from a ghost; it's just as likely to be in your bed as anywhere else. Good-night."

He left the skipper pondering over his last words, and dubiously eyeing the piece of furniture in question. Nor did he retire until he had subjected it to an analysis of the most searching description, and then, leaving the lamp burning, he sprang hastily in, and forgot his troubles in sleep.

It was day when he awoke, and went on deck, to find a heavy sea running, and just sufficient sail set to keep the schooner's head before the wind as she bobbed about on the waters. An exclamation from the skipper, as a wave broke against the side and flung a cloud of spray over him, brought the mate's head round.

"Why, you ain't going to get up?" he said, in tones of insincere surprise.

"Why not?" enquired the other, gruffly.

"You go and lay down agin," said the mate, "and have a cup o' nice hot tea an' some toast."

"Clear out," said the skipper, making a dash for the wheel, and reaching it as the wet deck suddenly changed its angle. "I know you didn't like being woke up, Dick; but I got the horrors last night. Go below and turn in."

"All right," said the mollified mate.

"You didn't see anything?" enquired the skipper, as he took the wheel from him.

"Nothing at all," said the other.

The skipper shook his head thoughtfully, then shook it again vigorously, as another shower-bath put its head over the side and saluted him.

"I wish I hadn't drowned that cat, Dick," he said.

"You won't see it again," said Dick, with the confidence of a man who had taken every possible precaution to render the prophecy a safe one.

He went below, leaving the skipper at the wheel idly watching the cook as he performed marvellous feats of jugglery, between the galley and the fo'c'sle, with the men's breakfast.

A little while later, leaving the wheel to Sam, he went below himself and had his own, talking freely, to the discomfort of the conscious-stricken cook, about his weird experiences of the night before.

"You won't see it no more, sir, I don't expect," he said, faintly, "I b'leeve it come and rubbed itself up agin your leg to show it forgave you."

"Well, I hope it knows it's understood," said the other. "I don't want it to take any more trouble."

He finished the breakfast in silence, and then went on deck again. It was still blowing hard, and he went over to superintend the men who were attempting to lash together some empties which were rolling about in all directions amidships. A violent roll set them free again, and at the same time separated two chests in the fo'c'sle which were standing one on top of the other. This enabled Satan, who was crouching in the lower one, half crazed with terror, to come flying madly up on deck and give his feelings full vent. Three times in full view of the horrified skipper he circled the deck at racing speed, and had just started on the fourth when a heavy packing-case, which had been temporarily set on end and abandoned by the men at his sudden appearance, fell over and caught him by the tail. Sam rushed to the rescue.

"Stop," yelled the skipper.

"Won't I put it up, sir?" enquired Sam.

"Do you see what's beneath it?" said the skipper, in a husky voice.

"Beneath it, sir?" said Sam, whose ideas were in a whirl.

"The cat, can't you see the cat?" said the skipper, whose eyes had been riveted on the animal since its first appearance on deck.

Sam hesitated a moment, and then shook his head.

"The case has fallen on the cat," said the skipper. "I can see it distinctly."

He might have said heard it, too, for Satan was making frenzied appeals to his sympathetic friends for assistance.

"Let me put the case back, sir," said one of the men, "then p'raps the wision 'll disappear."

"No, stop where you are," said the skipper. "I can stand it better by daylight. It's the most wonderful and extraordinary thing I've ever seen. Do you mean to say you can't see anything, Sam?"

"I can see a case, sir," said Sam, speaking slowly and carefully, "with a bit of rusty iron band sticking out from it. That's what you're mistaking for the cat, p'raps, sir."

"Can't you see anything, cook?" demanded the skipper.

"It may be fancy, sir," faltered the cook, lowering his eyes, "but it does seem to me as though I can see a little misty sort o' thing there. Ah, now it's gone."

"No, it ain't," said the skipper. "The ghost of Satan's sitting there. The case seems to have fallen on its tail. It appears to be howling something dreadful."

The men made a desperate effort to display the astonishment suitable to such a marvel, whilst Satan, who was trying all he knew to get his tail out, cursed freely. How long the superstitious captain of the *Skylark* would have let him remain there will never be known, for just then the mate came on deck and caught sign; of it before he was quite aware of the part he was expected to play.

"Why the devil don't you lift the thing off the poor brute," he yelled, hurrying up towards the case.

"What can you see it, Dick?" said the skipper, impressively, laying his hand on his arm.

"See it?" retorted the mate. "'Dye think I'm blind. Listen to the poor brute. I should—Oh!"

He became conscious of the concentrated significant gaze of the crew. Five pairs of eyes speaking as one, all saying "idiot" plainly, the boy's eyes conveying an expression too great to be translated.

Turning, the skipper saw the bye-play, and a light slowly dawned upon him. But he wanted more, and he wheeled suddenly to the cook for the required illumination.

The cook said it was a lark. Then he corrected himself and said it wasn't a lark, then he corrected himself again and became incoherent. Meantime the skipper eyed him stonily, while the mate released the cat and good-naturedly helped to straighten its tail.

It took fully five minutes of unwilling explanation before the skipper could grasp the situation. He did not appear to fairly understand it until he was shown the chest with the ventilated lid; then his countenance cleared, and, taking the unhappy Billy by the collar, he called sternly for a piece of rope.

By this statesmanlike handling of the subject a question of much delicacy and difficulty was solved, discipline was preserved, and a practical illustration of the perils of deceit afforded to a youngster who was at an age best suited to receive such impressions. That he should exhaust the resources of a youthful but

powerful vocabulary upon the crew in general, and Sam in particular, was only to be expected. They bore him no malice for it, but when he showed signs of going beyond his years held a hasty consultation, and then stopped his mouth with sixpence-halfpenny and a broken jack-knife.



# THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

BY J. F. NISBET.



friendship possible between two women—sincere, generous, loyal friendship? This cynical question is not mine.

I find it raised in the columns of a ladies' journal by a writer, herself a woman, who answers it with only a qualified affirmative, excusing her sex for their apparent shortcomings on the ground that their training has been indifferent, and that there is little scope allowed them for independence of thought or action. If a mere man may obtrude an opinion on this delicate matter, I would say that the difference between the code of honour of women and that of men is far too deep to be removed by a course of instruction in the columns of a ladies' journal or elsewhere. Nor is it desirable that it should be removed. I cannot understand the craze of the New Women and the New Men for establishing uniformity between the sexes. It is largely in their dissimilarity, moral as well as physical, that the mutual attraction of the sexes consists. On their first introduction. however experienced in affairs of the heart, men and women approach each other like the representatives of two strange kingdoms divided by tradition, custom, law, blood, and language. There is an exercise of diplomacy on the one side and the other. They are each careful not to give themselves away. They fence adroitly, and never by any chance let their innermost thoughts find expression. Their pour parlers, so to speak, are conducted with the tips of their tongues, the heart as yet playing no part in them; and for the rest, each stands on guard, watching, weighing, judging the other. So far, the preliminaries to an acquaintance, or it may be an attachment.

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Once the parties gain admission to each

others hearts, reserve, no doubt, is thrown aside; but in exploring each others natures there is ever present to their minds, I imagine, the sense of the new, the unfamiliar, the curious, the unforeseen, the incalculable; and no finer injunction has ever been addressed to lovers than that of La Fontaine:—

"Soyez l'un pour l'autre un monde toujours beau

Toujours divers, toujours nouveau."

In proportion as the dissimilarity of their modes of thought and feeling is manifested, will the attachment of the lovers be genuine. Uniformity is fatal. Men never get on well with "mannish" women; and women are often unable to understand what it is that attracts men to some "designing creature" who has no charm in the eyes of her own sex. To this mysterious quality of sex, from the male point of view, Goethe has given the name of the ewig-Weibliche; but there is also an "eternal-masculine" awaiting definition by a female poet.

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As for the possibility of cordial friendship existing between women, I should say the thing was so rare as practically to be non-existent; and that for a reason which is entirely to the credit of women, or which, at least, I am very far from putting forward to their disparagement. I do not accuse; I do not defend; I merely verify, after the manner of M. Zola's ideal naturaliste. In principle, women ought to be perfectly capable of generosity and loyalty in friendship; but for good or evil they are far more under the influence of sex than men who have to fight the battle of life, and, unconsciously, that warps their best intentions. Every woman sees, feels, or divines in every other a possible rival, except where age may interpose its Statute of Limitations, and frankly I am not sure that she is not right. She does well to be on her guard. For this reason it may be asserted that the better kind of friendship between women is most likely to be found where the dangers of rivalry are smallest; which is not, let me add, in the ordinary, but rather in the exceptional, relations of life.

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Of course I am prepared to be asked why this fear of rivalry does not exercise an equal influence upon the relations of men. The answer is that men feel far more confidence in the fidelity of their womenkind than the latter are justified in extending to them in return. Despite the dictum of the poet, it is not in the least true that every woman is at heart a rake. The woman's part in love is a passive one, and in the rare cases where her instincts may take an aggressive turn she is schooled and checked by the consciousness that such anomalous action is more apt to repel than attract. At the first glance it may appear that, even so, the chances of infidelity ought to be equal as between the sexes since every offender has necessarily an accomplice; but the fact remains that as the result of moral forces which are as old as monogamy itself, the coups de canif dans le contrat are more likely to come from the husband's side than the wife's, if only because on his part they entail consequences so infinitely less vital to the purity and welfare of the family.

duct the male and female codes of honour differ so widely, it is not surprising that there should be almost no single point of contact between them if we run over the whole gamut of morals. Men and women, it will be said, are alike bound to speak the truth. No doubt! And yet there are different ways of speaking the truth, some of which are distinctively feminine. Let us suppose that a hostess wishes to show

ingénue style that she may adopt. With

There is the

you particular attention.

Seeing that in the primary rules of con-

artless simplicity she may hang upon your words, enquire with eagerness when your next poem or novel may be looked for, and retail your epigrams (if any) to the other guests, and make you feel, if you don't happen to know better, that here at least you have one truly appreciative disciple. Or, knowing your temperament to be of the sombre and introspective order, she may cultivate a charming mysticism for your special behoof, discuss Buddhism with you, listen with rapt attention to your exposition of the same, and agree with you that life would have a better chance of being worth living if one could be a goat on the Himalayas. All this until it suited your versatile enchantress to talk arbitration with A, or the South African market with B, your fellow-guests. all the truth, of course, but then one should expect it in quite a different form, somehow, from the lady's husband.

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As to honesty, debts of honour, and the like, the points of view of the two sexes are as far apart as the Poles. The women who could take such a thing as a bet seriously, who would think of selling their jewellery, for instance, to pay up when they lose, are And let no husband tell his wife that Mr. So-and-So has asked him, in connection with some affair, to accept a little something which he knows perfectly well to be a bribe! Her answer in nine cases out of ten will be, "You take it, my dear! If you don't, somebody else will." The sense of honour, peculiar to the man in business-matters, is in the woman of the same education and social rank practically non-existent. I wonder how many women, either, would think it shocking to cheat at cards, or if not cheat for sordid ends, let us say assist blind chance in securing them an agreeable advantage!

The truth is that the centre of gravity of honour differs so much in the two sexes as hardly to allow of a fair comparison being made between them. On the points with regard to which women are scrupulous, men are not; and vice versa. Broadly, it will be found that the characteristics of women are those of a class or a race which holds its own by ruse and cajolery rather than strength, and which is always more or less on the defensive. Their perceptions of danger are as keen as those of a deer. On the other hand, they are loth to part with any material advantage, howsoever obtained. Even their Gothic virtue, on analysis, reduces itself to an instinctive selfinterest, as does likewise the action of the men who exact from their womenkind a morality which they do not find it needful themselves to practise. At bottom, perhaps, it will be found that all natural morality-I do not speak of that inculcated by the churches—is crystallised expediency.

Whatever women are, therefore, strong where men are weak, and weak where men are strong, that they are by force of circumstances. And let them not complain of men either; for men are as they have made them. It is said that every country has the Tews it deserves. With as much truth it may be argued that women have the men they deserve, or, at least, the men which it has been the interest of the sex to mould and fashion from the Neolithic age upward. Above all, it is well for both to remember that on their present working basis the attractively feminine and the attractively masculine must always be distinct. It is only on such terms that the sexes will continue to find themselves mutually interesting. The masculine woman is as great a monstrosity as the feminine man. And not alone in morals is this so; the principle extends to latchkeys, cigarettes, ties, waistcoats, Newmarket coats, and the divided skirt-I am not sure that it does not cover wranglerships and university degrees.

Quite recently a doleful set of statistics was published as to the number of Girton

and Newnham girls who fail in life. These prodigies become everything but wives and mothers. In the all-important matter of marriage, the victims of the new-fangled Higher Education for Women are far surpassed by the unsophisticated shop-girl and waitress, gifted by Nature with the priceless charm of helplessness, dependence, and trust. For the learned woman there is no demand in the matrimonial market; and I presume the same strange aberration of modern thought, which gives us women in trousers and bowler hats, is responsible for the notion that we want to make love to an expert in mathematics.

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One of our inconsistencies or illogicalities as a nation, I observe, has just struck the official mind. There is a Government Bill now before Parliament making it contempt of court in a newspaper to publish indecent evidence given in divorce cases and the like. If you invent anything half so improper as an ordinary divorce case, and publish it in book-form at six shillings, the law is down upon you as a malefactor of the worst description, the assumption being that you are engaged in debauching the public mind, but there is nothing in the way of indecency that you may not report in a newspaper, and retail at a penny or a halfpenny, as the case may be. Such is the law, which assumes that an obscenity is harmless if true, but subversive to morality if fictitious. Of course this is absurd. If a distinction is to be made at all between the two cases, it is obviously the fiction that ought to be tolerated, the more so that the invention, or, at least, the hardihood, of a French novelist falls short of such domestic combinations as are almost daily unravelled in the divorce court. Looking at our national practice in dealing with such matters, the Frenchman may be pardoned for murmuring, "Sont-ils drôles, ces Anglais?" The inconsistency I do not defend. Let the book and the newspaper be placed on the same level by all means.

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What I should like to ascertain in this connection, however, is whether anything is really gained by our officially ignoring, hushing up, or disguising in print the depravities of human nature. For my own part, I do not remember ever having learnt from a newspaper or a book anything of a more vicious character than passes current in the smoking-room of a West End club, or for the matter of that among boys at school; and I cannot imagine that my education in this respect has been exceptional. The public, it is known, buy up with avidity the newspapers containing accounts of indecent trials; but it is surely idle to assume that they are in quest of instruction, or that reports, however faithful, exceed in crudity the habitual conversation, or at least the unspoken thoughts of their eager readers. It is a very deplorable state of things, of course; but to ignore it, to assume that the portion of the public which runs after "indecent evidence" is a naturally pure-minded and virtuous body corrupted by wicked newspapers, is to mistake the symptom for the disease.

We hear less nowadays than formerly of the time-honoured principle of the regulating the supply. demand seems to be held in high places that the supply say of indecent literature, journalistic or otherwise, regulates the demand. But if so, why not flood the market with such books and periodicals as might be depended upon to brace up our moral tone! As an educational measure, let us try the public with blue-books. Nobody, of course, thinks this would be anything but a wilful waste of blue-books. Yet there is understood to be no danger of the newspaper throwing away its columns of indecent evidence upon an unheeding crowd. The fact is we are rather too fond as a nation of shutting our eyes and fancying that some undesirable feature of human nature thereby ceases to exists. Our Continental neighbours have long ago spotted this peculiarity for which we have ourselves with a touch of inspiration devised the untranslatable names of Cant and Humbug. With regard to the publishing of indecent evidence, and every other form of license, the true measure of toleration is that of public taste. is no advantage in legislating either above that mark or below it.



## CITIES OF THE FUTURE.

BY F. L. OSWALD.

ILLUSTRATED BY HAL HURST.



HE main secret of weather prophecies is the plan to ascertain the drift of clouds and winds, and then calculate the probable result of their movements in a

given time. It has often occurred to me that the same method might be applied to all sorts of other predictions.

It would, indeed, not be difficult to trace the progress of scientific discoveries in certain directions, and to foresee, for instance, a time when railway-trains will cross the American continent in forty-eight hours, even through the snow-drifts of a northern winter, and when our dwelling-houses will be artificially cooled in July as easily as we now warm them in January.

About thirty years ago a French engineer devised a plan to moderate the summer heat in the Government arsenal of Toulon by filling a basement vault with ice, and pumping the cold air into the workshops of the upper stories. Numbers of idlers offered to make themselves useful at the smallest wages, merely to "enjoy the luxury of breathing October air in the dog days."

By means of air-tubes and force-ventilators the temperature of large halls in the third story could be reduced in ten minutes from 95 to 65 degrees Fahrenheit, and even lower—low enough to chill flies and cover the windows with condensed vapour.

The same plan was successfully tried in several Paris opera houses, and soon after in the Washington capital, for instance, and the custom-houses of American Gulfcoast cities; then in all kinds of private establishments, hotels, boarding schools, concert halls, and especially in hospitals,

after a Spanish doctor of Santiago de Cuba had proved the possibility of curing desperate cases of yellow fever in iceair sanitarium.

"Nature," said that ingenious physician, "has given us a plain hint by sending winter-frosts that put a stop to all sorts of climatic diseases. On cool, high tablelands, too, chills and fever are unknown, and it puzzles me unspeakably that the knowledge of these facts has not yearsnay centuries ago-suggested the idea of curing diseases by means of artificial The only similar instance of shiftlessness is that story about that tribe of North American Indians who shivered miserably in a winter-camp within half a mile of a coal-pit where they could have got all the free fuel they wanted. Ice is so cheap that there is no excuse for dogday complaints."

It is, indeed, not probable that in a hundred years from now a hotel without ice-air facilities will have a chance of patronage in midsummer. All the large American cities up to Halifax—where the summer weather is quite as sultry as in Washington, D.C.—will have Refrigerator Companies and ice-air generators with a network of cold-air tubes running from house to house.

Large factories and Government buildings will manufacture their own "October weather," as that Toulon wag called it, and the hardware stores will sell ice-air refrigerators and parlour refrigerators. Ice can even now be manufactured at one-third of a cent per pound, and there is no reason why the summer heat of a four-roomed cottage should not be tempered at a dollar a week.

Artificial warmth, too, will probably get much cheaper in the course of the

next fifty years. Several manufacturing towns of southern Belgium have successfully tried the plan of buying coal at wholesale prices and retailing it at a trifling advance to the members of a mutual benefit association. Some of these Belgian societies own coal mines, tramways and all, while other city artizans have to pay the profits of half-a-dozen middlemen before they can buy a ton of coal.

Our methods of burning that coal are, however, still more wasteful. In a common chimney fire with an open grate we waste—now stop to guess what percentage of the heat. One-half? three-fourths? No; try again. Give it up? Well, eighty-five to eighty-eight per cent! In other words, nine-tenths nearly of the warmth generated in an open fireplace escape through the flue and benefit nobody but the sparrows that have sense enough to gather about the chimney-pots in cold weather.

Stoves are a little more economical, but still admit of manifold improvements. The traveller, Bischoff, in his account of a trip to the interior of Iceland, speaks of a lava bank that retained its heat more than a year, and the North Holland farmers have brick stoves that resemble a brick factory and keep warm all night, after having once been heated with a few pennies' worth of dried turf. A mixture of sand and chalk retains heat six times as long as iron, and the cities of the twentieth century will abound with contrivances for warming a room for six-pence a day.

Nor is it unlikely that the Japanese plan will be tried in North America before long. The artizans of Yokohama are much too thrifty to burn a large share of their scant wages. They just buy fuel enough to keep their pots boiling, and when the weather gets cold put on linen blouses enough to weather a Siberian snowstorm, and feel quite comfortable in a draught-proof workshop.

Writing or sketching might seem diffi-

cult under such circumstances, but a few years ago a Vienna schoolmaster invented a writing-desk that can be filled with hot sand and warms the feet and knees, as well as the hands of its proprietor.

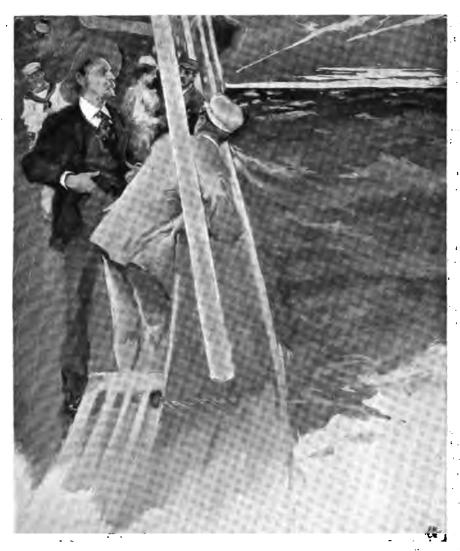
In the monster cities of the next century building sites will be so valuable that no considerations of safety will prevent speculators from building houses as high as a shot tower; but at the same time the progress of sanitary common-sense will draw thousands of private families into garden suburbs, and philanthropists like the founder of Saltaire, will probably earn the gratitude of their fellow-citizens by establishing free railway lines connecting such suburbs with the business quarters of each large city.

Even the development of the advertising enterprise might lead to a result of that sort. In Paris more than one dry-goods palace keeps free omnibuses a-going between their next neighbourhood and the principal parks and passenger-depôts; and it is likely enough, too, the merchants of the future will run free tramway-lines for a share of the advertisement space.

In that respect, America will probably keep its start of other countries. In Pittsburg, Boston, and Chicago, there are even now newspapers that can be bought on the street for a cent a copy, though the paper they are printed on alone costs the publishers a cent and a half—not to mention printer's ink, printer's pay, reporter's pay, office rent, and the cost of telegrams. How in the world can they afford it, and besides allow a newsboy a discount of fifty per cent.?

The advertisement manager can answer that question, and the time is near when metropolitan papers, full of good illustrations, entertaining stories, and news from all parts of the civilised world, will be distributed *free*, merely on the change of attracting the reader's attention to the advertisement columns.

In the ardour of competition, rival publishers will go even further, and furnish



"WHAT WOULD YOU CALL THAT LIGHT OVER YONDER?"

free files and free carriers to distribute their papers to hotel-keepers, barbers, grocers, and depôt-managers, who agree to display free copies in conspicuous places. Advertisements will flutter from the tree-tops of free pleasure resorts, and from the mastheads of free excursion boats, and even the clouds of the firmament will be pressed into the service of the placard agencies.

"What would you call that light over

yonder?" a Spanish passenger will ask his Yankee travelling companion, as their steamer approaches the coast of the American continent, in the evening twilight of a November day. "Can that be a thunderstorm at this time of the year?"

"That flickering on those low clouds? No, that's the light of an electric reflector," says the Yankee. "Our enterprising business men use that method to advertise

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their bargains in the neighbourhood of a large city."

"What city can that be?"

"Savannah, I think," says the American, after consulting his watch. "Yes, either Savannah or Charleston. We are nearly on time, and shall reach New York harbour about daybreak."

Before the dawn of the next morning the foreigner will get a chance to study the electric advertisements at close range. The New York police regulations have not entirely suppressed the smoke nuisance of the great city, and on the screen of the dusky atmosphere an insurance company has painted a phœnix, while Isidore Ironcheek & Bros. advertise their "Superb Neckwear" on a tongue of flame closely resembling a fluttering necktie. Under a really superlative imitation of a rainbow the "Universal Peace Association " announces the time and place of the next meeting. Advertisement gondolas dart across the bay, and the morning sky is dotted with advertise ment balloons.

Captain Ritterfield of the Austrian engineers and the learned president of a California academy agree that the problem of aërial navigation is in certain respects almost as the project of perpetual motion. Balloons will always be either too heavy to rise or too light to resist the pressure of a gale; but it is more than probable that the construction of navigable fair-weather air-ships will be accomplished before the end of the next twenty years, and that in the cities of the future balloon-hacks, mail-balloons, messenger-balloons, and even restaurantballoons will become as familiar objects as aërial advertisements.

Air-ships equipped with parachute and electric fan-propellers will hover about top-story letter-boxes and peddle refreshments from balcony to balcony of towerhigh tenements, but at the first alarm-signal of an approaching storm they will dodge for shelter like a flock of frightened birds.

Lord Byron predicts a time when the cities of Christendom "will see wondrous engines spinning," and it is probable that still more marvellous machines will be heard telephoning and shooting.

What contrivances will be displayed in the arsenals and gunsmith shops of the twentieth century! Torpedoes that can be propelled with the accuracy of a Palliser target-shell, and on contact with a solid obstacle will explode with force sufficient to shatter a granite ledge—sufficient also, probably, to make wanton wars extremely unpopular. All our seaport towns will thus be rendered almost Armada-proof, and the boom of experimental stations will be held all along our coasts on both sides of the continent.

But only faint echoes of those explosions will reach the cities. In all countries of the world the progress of culture is marked by an increasing appreciation of what the poet Campbell called the "luxury of silence." Even our indifference to smoke and dust will not astonish the citizens of the twentieth century as much as our tolerance of earsplitting noises.

Savages actually enjoy that nuisance. I remember the glee of a young Mexican Indian who accompanied me to Los Angeles, California, and fairly danced at my side in the hubbub of the traffic.

"Oh, isn't this fun! Isn't this fun!" he cried, again and again.

"Fun !-what?" I finally asked.

"Oh, this racket all around. It almost deafens a fellow, as if they were beating big kettledrums—vaya/—go it!—isn't it fun?"

People who have to use their brains for reflection come to consider the thing less funny, and to the ear of a person of sensitive nerves continuous noise is as annoying as continuous blasts of irritating dust would be to his eyes.

In fifty years from now an engineer who should try to break the midnight slumber of a whole city with a forty-wild-



restaurant balloons will become as pamiliar objects as afrial advertisements.

cat power screech of his steam whistle will be arrested on the suspicion of madness or drunkenness. Bawling pedlars will attract constables instead of customers, and steamers with plenty of waterroom will content themselves with such signals as electric flashes, forecastle flags, or muffled gongs.

The shooting galleries of the larger cities will vary the amusement of their visitors with those mechanical imitations of a fluttering bird which I once saw in a French toy-shop, and their repeating rifles

will keep up a shower of small bullets, fired in such rapid succession that the series of reports will resemble the clicking of a swiftly-turning cog-wheel.

Target-practice at live birds, it is to be hoped, will go out of fashion, though not, perhaps, before American cities have been freed from that ugliest of all assisted emigrants, the bluebird-killing English sparrow. Storks and pet swallows will hover about the housetops, and the city parks will resound with the melodies of the robin redbreast and the nightingale.



# THE CHRONICLES OF ELVIRA HOUSE.

BY HERBERT KEEN.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. DEWAR.

No. III. THE TIN BOX.



F I were you, Perkins," said Mr. Booth one evening in the smoking-room, "I should take care what I was about with that little widow."

"You mean Mrs. Williams?" I enquired.
"Oh! Is that her name?" remarked
my friend, carelessly, refilling his pipe with
deliberation.

"Why, you know it is!" I returned, rather sharply.

"I have a bad memory for names," said Mr. Booth, with a slight shrug; "you seem to be getting quite intimate."

"I'm decently civil to her," I replied, significantly.

"And I have avoided her? Yes; that's quite true," said Mr Booth, smiling. "Perhaps I instinctively share Mr. Weller senior's antipathy to widows. Anyhow, I don't like the face of this one."

I was astonished and rather disturbed at this. I had great confidence in my friend's judgment, but when I recalled to mind the refined and delicate features, the soft trustful brown eyes, the gentle voice, and the timid shrinking manner of the unfortunate lady he referred to, I was filled with indignation at his cynical attitude. Mrs. Williams had resided at Elvira House for about a week or ten days, with her only child, a pretty little girl of five years old, and, owing to the accident of being placed next to her at the dinner-table, I had struck up an acquaintance with her. But she was neither remarkably good-looking nor particularly young, and my predilection was rather due to sympathy and good-nature than to admiration for her personal charms. Besides, she was apparently the

last person to court attention, for her whole thoughts seemed centred upon her child, whom she evidently adored.

"I fancy she manœuvred a little to get put next to you at table," said Mr. Booth, watching me quietly.

"You wouldn't say that if you knew her better," I retorted, hotly.

"You think it was an accident? Well, perhaps!" said my companion, in his enigmatical way.

"I'm sure of it," I said, emphatically. "Mrs. Nix arranged it."

"All right, old fellow. It's no concern of mine," said Mr. Booth, good-humouredly. "Only I shouldn't lend her any more money if I were you."

"How do you know I have done so?" I enquired, reddening.

"You asked me to change you a cheque the other day. It is a mere guess, but putting two and two together—"

"You happen to be right for once," I interrupted, with some vexation. "I lent her ten pounds, till her dividends fall due on Tuesday next. I suppose you are going to suggest that the money is lost?"

"It depends upon her circumstances," he replied, nodding his head.

"Well, do you know anything about her? Come, Booth! Out with it!" I exclaimed, irritably.

"I? How should I?" said he, raising his eyebrows. "I've never seen her before in my life."

"She is the widow of a Mr. John Williams, who died about two years ago. He lived at Gateshead, and was a wholesale tobacconist. He left everything to her by his will," I explained, to show that I was not wholly ignorant of the lady's affairs.

"How do you know?" enquired Mr. Booth.

"She showed me a probate," I replied.
"I didn't ask her, but when she requested me to accommodate her with that trifle of money, she volunteered to explain how she was situated."

"I see," observed Mr. Booth, apparently impressed.

"Unfortunately the poor lady was left very badly off," I went on, mollified by the change in my friend's manner, which was now more sympathetic, "and that is what now brings her up to town. She has a fixed belief that her husband, who seems to have been somewhat eccentric in his later days, deposited some money or securities at some bank in London or elsewhere."

"Has she any clue?" enquired Mr. Booth, manifestly interested.

"Not that I know of. She is very reticent," I replied.

"She hasn't asked your assistance then?" said my friend.

"No. Of course I should be pleased to help if I could," I said, with a touch of defiance in my tone.

Mr. Booth did not gainsay me this time; either he was tired of the subject or else he perceived that I rather resented his interference. At all events he relapsed into one of those silent moods in which he was wont to indulge, and sat puffing at his pipe with his eyes fixed on the fire for the remainder of the evening, without joining in the general conversation which presently ensued as other guests strolled in.

I was annoyed with him because I thought that his opinion of poor little Mrs. Williams was unreasonably prejudiced and very unjust; nevertheless, his warning was not quite thrown away upon me, for I determined to observe her with closer attention. The only result of this, however, was to convince me more firmly than ever of her absolute goodfaith, though I confess that I began to

realise that her refinement of speech and manner was partly assumed. In unguarded moments, she occasionally dropped an aspirate, and when she grew a little excited in speaking of her efforts to trace her husband's missing estate, she sometimes made use of expressions which were suggestive of a humble origin.

But these slight solecisms were hardly perceptible, and of course a defective education is, at most, a misfortune. For the rest, she continued to interest me greatly and when, punctually on the appointed day, she repaid me the ten pounds with many fervent expressions of gratitude, I could not forbear exulting over my friend.

"That is all right," he said, laughingly, on hearing the news, but looking a little shame-faced, as I thought. "You needn't tell her I gave you a friendly warning."

"Of course not," I replied, indignantly.

"Any news about her husband's property?" he asked, carelessly.

"None. She has looked up all his London friends, and done everything she can," I answered.

"Why doesn't she advertise in the newspapers?"

"She did so more than a year ago in *The Times* and other journals. Have you anything to suggest?" I enquired, anxiously.

"No. Don't for goodness' sake, my dear fellow, ask me to mix myself up in the lady's affairs," he said, with more temper than he usually displayed. "I would rather you didn't even tell her you have consulted me about them."

I promised this the more readily because I suddenly remembered having once suggested to Mrs. Williams that she should ask the advice of a friend of mine—having Mr. Booth in my mind—in her difficulty, and had been met by a decided and emphatic refusal. The incident had made no impression on me at the time,



but the idea now occurred to me that perhaps Mrs. Williams had guessed whom I referred to, and had been moved by resentment at the marked coldness which Mr. Booth always displayed towards her.

I had assured him, quite truthfully, that Mrs. Williams had never asked me to assist her in her search, nor had I foreseen that she would do so. But a few mornings afterwards, the youth who did the valeting of the male portion of the establishment, entered my room while I was shaving with an urgent message from the lady that she was waiting for me in the drawing-room, and would be obliged if I would descend there as soon as possible.

I found the little widow looking very pale and excited, with an open letter in her hand, which had arrived by the early post. Directly I appeared she flourished triumphantly a slip of blue paper, exclaiming eagerly:

"See, Mr. Perkins, what I have received this morning! My sister, who is taking charge of my house at Gateshead, found it between the leaves of a book, Loswell's Life of Johnson, which she took out quite by chance from the book-case in the dining-room. My poor husband was devoted to that work, and was constantly reading it during his illness. I am not much of a reader myself, and if it hadn't been for my sister, the paper might have remained undiscovered for years."

While Mrs. Williams was thus breathlessly explaining, I glanced at the document, which was a form of receipt or acknowledgment from Messrs. Drake, Crump & Co., Bankers, of Fleet Street, for a tin box deposited with them by her husband for safe custody on a specified date.

"I congratulate you," I replied, thinking how attractive she looked in her excitement. "It is indeed a fortunate discovery."

"I knew it! I was sure that he had

done something of the kind!" exclaimed Mrs. Williams, joyfully. "But he was very secretive about his affairs latterly—it became quite a mania with him—I shouldn't be surprised to find the box contains property of great value."

"The receipt, I see, is dated about six months before your husband died," I observed.

"Yes. We were up in town then, staying in lodgings in Edwardes Square, Kensington," replied Mrs. Williams, reflectively. "I brought him up to see a physician, though nobody suspected at the time the serious nature of his symptoms. He used irrequently to go out alone; and I suppose he got the box from his brokers or from some lawyer."

"Anyhow, he deposited it with Drake, Crump & Co.; there is no doubt about that," I remarked, feeling quite carried away by the widow's satisfaction. "I suppose you will call upon them and claim it at once?"

"Yes, unless—I really feel quite ashamed to ask such a favour of you, Mr. Perkins—but I was going to say, unless you would mind calling upon them in the first instance? The fact is, my little girl is not very well to-day, and besides, this delightful surprise has rather upset me; my head aches dreadfully," said Mrs. Williams, putting her white hand to her brow, but smiling bravely.

"Oh! I shall be very pleased," I answered, readily. "You had better give me the probate of your husband's will. The bankers will probably want to see that."

"Certainly, I will go and fetch it. I am so very much obliged to you, Mr. Perkins," said the widow, grasping my hand as she left the room.

Our interview thus terminated. Mrs. Williams brought down the official parchment, and armed with this, I hastened after breakfast to call upon Messrs. Drake, Crump & Co., feeling quite interested and excited about the affair. I did not have



SHE FLOURISHED TRIUMPHANTLY A SLIP OF BLUE PAPER.

an opportunity of telling Mr. Booth of my errand; he was late for breakfast, I remember, and I was impatient to be off so as to look in at the bank on my way to business. I merely mention this because, as will appear later, he afterwards blamed me for not having confided in him at this juncture.

The banking establishment of Messrs. Drake, Crump & Co., was a small private concern which has long since been absorbed by one of the big joint-stock undertakings. In those days its affairs were conducted in a dingy old house with barred windows about halfway down Fleet Street, in a leisurely, sleepy kind of way. The cashier's office was in the front room, the staff consisting of only three or four elderly clerks, and on presenting my card I was ushered into a gloomy little apartment at the back, where sat a quaint white-headed old gentleman in knee-

breeches, who was evidently one of the partners.

"Dear me! That is very strange," he exclaimed, when I had explained my business. "Mr. Williams is dead, is he? Well, well, we were wondering! We haven't heard anything of himfor quite a long time."

"He has been dead more than two years," I replied.

"Two years, eh? Let me see," he observed, as he rang a hand-bell upon the table. "Mr. Jameson," he added, as a clerk appeared, "when did we last hear from Mr. John Williams?"

"He has not drawn on his account for upwards of two years. His pass-book is here," answered the Clerk.

"Oh! then he had a current account as well?" I exclaimed.

"A small one—yes," replied the old gentleman. "What is the balance, Mr. Jameson?"

"About £130," said the clerk.

"You see, the pass-book being here, and the receipt for the box mislaid, his widow had no clue," I explained, eagerly.

"Quite so! Quite so! And this is the probate of his will, eh?" said the old gentleman, taking it up, and holding it close to his nose.

"I wonder you didn't see the advertisements in the papers," I remarked. "His widow knew he had property somewhere, and she advertised."

"Extraordinary that they should have escaped us. We always keep a look-out," said the old gentleman, glancing through the probate. "When did the advertisements appear?"

"I cannot tell you the date. Mrs. Williams will," I answered.

"And you are a friend of the widow's," enquired the old gentleman, looking at me pretty keenly over his spectacles.

"Yes."

"H'm! The probate seems all right. She is the sole executrix, I see. Of course, if she wants to withdraw the money and take away the box, she must attend in person. You can identify her, I suppose, and verify her signature?"

"Certainly."

"H'm! You are Mr. John Perkins, of the Monarchy Insurance Office?" he said, scrutinising my card. "Who is your present manager?"

"Mr. Middleton."

"To be sure. I have the pleasure of knowing him. Make him my compliments," said the old gentleman, quaintly.

"I will. I suppose Mrs. Williams can draw on the account, and have access to the box when she chooses?" I enquired.

"H'm! H'm! I see the testator was described in his will as of Gateshead," said the old gentleman, doubtfully. "That isn't the address in our books."

"He lived there, and his widow lives there still," I replied. "Mrs. Williams tells me that at the date of that deposit receipt they were residing in lodgings in Edwardes Square, Kensington."

"Quite right. That is the address he gave. Well, sir," he added, replying to my former question; "as everything seems satisfactory, if you will leave the probate for registration, and call here with the lady any time after twelve o'clock to-morrow, the box can be given up. Good morning!"

I was very pleased, for Mrs. Williams' sake, to find that everything was straightforward; and the fact of there being a substantial sum of money to the dead man's credit, which the widow evidently knew nothing about, would, I thought, be some compensation in case the contents of the box should turn out to be less valuable than she anticipated. Later in the day, my chief, Mr. Middleton, surprised me by coming up to my desk at the office, and saying:

"Mr. Perkins, I have just answered an enquiry about you."

"An enquiry!" I exclaimed, rather startled.

"Yes, from Messrs. Drake, Crump & Co., of Fleet Street. Have you some private business with them?" he asked, curiously.

"Not of my own, sir. A lady in whose affairs I am interested——"

"All right, Mr. Perkins. I don't wish to enquire details," he said, smiling at my embarrassment. "I was of course pleased to vouch for your respectability and integrity."

"Thank you, sir," I replied, secretly annoyed at the banker's inquisitiveness.

I now perceived that I had been of more service to Mrs. Williams than I had anticipated, having unconsciously acted as a sort of reference for her, and thereby saved her, perhaps, some little trouble with regard to identification. This gave an additional zest to the pleasure of being able to make such a satisfactory report to her on my return, and I am bound to say that the widow was duly grateful. She

overwhelmed me with expressions of thanks, and was really disposed to exaggerate my small civility. I wrote a letter, at her request, to Messrs. Drake, Crump & Co., fixing an appointment with them for two o'clock on the following afternoon, and appending a specimen of Mrs. Williams' signature; and of course I rapidly agreed to accompany her.

When I told Mr. Booth all this, he manifested considerable irritation which, in my surprise, I was foolish enough to attribute to a sort of jealousy, since I could imagine no other possible cause for his ill-humour.

"What the deuce do you want to go meddling with this woman's affairs for, Perkins?" he said, sharply.

"What harm have I done!" I exclaimed.

"Harm! H'm! That remains to be seen," he growled, puffing angrily at his pipe.

"I cannot understand your prejudice against this poor lady" I said, getting angry in my turn.

"I take no interest in her whatever," said Mr. Booth.

"That's no reason why I shouldn't," I retorted.

"Oh! Go your own way, only remember that I warned you," said Mr. Booth, dismissing the subject with an impatient shrug.

We might almost have quarrelled, but I was really more amused than angry, and my friend soon recovered his temper. Nothing more was said between us about Mrs. Williams, and I attached so little importance to Mr. Booth's vague warnings, that it never even occurred to me to cancel the appointment I had made.

Accordingly the next day, at two o'clock, I was waiting for the widow at the door of Messrs. Drake, Crump & Co.'s bank as arranged, and, being rather pressed to get back to my office, I began to grow impatient as she did not appear. Ten, twenty, forty minutes passed without any

sign of her, and I was on the point of leaving, thinking the lady had made some mistake, when I suddenly espied her on the opposite side of the way, coming up the street from the direction of St. Paul's. She looked pale and fatigued, and, as I hastened to her assistance, I saw her glance nervously over her shoulder at a slouching, white-bearded, ragged old beggar man who appeared to be following her.

"What is the matter? Has anything happened?" I enquired.

"Oh no! I lost my way, that's all," said Mrs. Williams, with a nervous laugh:

"Has that fellow been annoying you?"
I asked, lowering my voice as the old beggar slunk by hurriedly.

"That man!" exclaimed Mrs. Williams, glancing after him, "Oh no! I hadn't noticed him."

I gave her my arm, and escorted her across the crowded road into the bank. In the parlour at the back we found old Mr. Crump awaiting us, and on a side table was a good-sized tin box with Mrs. Williams' name inscribed upon it on a paper label.

"There it is," exclaimed the widow, as her eyes sparkled. "I remember it now! I always wondered what had become of it."

"Have you the key, madam?" enquired Mr. Crump, after greeting us with old-fashioned courtesy, and bowing very low to my companion.

"I think so; at least I have one or two keys here, which I haven't been able to account for," said Mrs. Williams, producing her purse eagerly.

She selected one of the keys, and, crossing over to the box, succeeded in opening it immediately. I only had a glimpse of the contents before Mrs. Williams shut down the lid and relocked it; and as they were done up in brown paper parcels or packages I could form no idea of their nature or value.

"I have prepared a cheque so that you

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can draw out the money if you wish," said Mr. Crump.

"Thank you," replied Mrs. Williams, seating herself at his desk, and affixing her signature to the draft.

"Will you take it in cash?" asked Mr. Crump.

"Yes, please. In notes and £20 in gold," said the widow, with business-like promptitude, as she drew on her glove again.

Mr. Crump summoned a cashier, to whom he handed the draft, with the necessary directions, to which I added a request that the porter might be permitted to call a cab. During the absence of the clerk, Mr. Crump observed, in course of conversation which naturally turned on the late Mr. Williams' eccentric conduct with regard to his property:

"By the way, I've looked through the files of *The Times* for the advertisement but I couldn't find it."

"What advertisement?" enquired Mrs. Williams.

"I understood from Mr. Perkins that you had advertised in the papers for information about your husband's missing estate," said Mr. Crump, looking at me.

"Oh, yes, so I did," answered the widow, colouring slightly.

"What was the date?" asked Mr. Crump.

"Really, I cannot at the moment recollect. I can send you a copy of it when I get back, if it is of any moment," said Mrs. Williams, rather sharply.

"It is of no consequence, of course," replied the old gentleman, evidently perturbed at seeing that the lady showed signs of resentment. "I merely asked out of curiosity."

Mrs. Williams appeared, from her manner, to resent Mr. Crump's enquiry as insinuating some doubt upon the accuracy of her statement, but, fortunately, the return of the cashier with her money caused a welcome diversion. While she was stowing away the notes and gold in

her purse, the cashier looked at me and said:

"There is a cab at the door, sir. Shall I ask the porter to carry the box down?"

"I think I can manage it; it is not heavy," I replied, as I prepared to lift it.

"I've been thinking, Mr. Perkins," said Mrs. Williams, reflectively, while putting her purse away, "that perhaps it would be wiser to leave the box here for a day or two till I return to Gateshead. That is," she added, turning to the old gentleman with her pleasantest smile, "if Mr. Crump will kindly allow me?"

"You are welcome to leave it, madam, —at your own risk, of course," replied Mr. Crump, a little stiffly.

"You see, I have nowhere to keep it while I am in town," the lady explained. "It would be safer here."

"It is a little irregular, as you are no longer a customer," said Mr. Crump; "but still——"

"Oh! but if I find I can afford it I shall probably come to live in London, and in that case I should certainly keep my account here," interrupted Mrs. Williams, graciously.

"In any case I am very pleased to oblige you, madam," said the old gentleman, more politely.

Though surprised that Mrs. Williams was able to restrain her curiosity about the contents of the box, it was obvious that her suggestion was prudent, and, therefore, we left the box in charge Mr. Crump bowed us of the bank. out of his room very civilly, and the porter ushered us to the street door, in front of which was a four-wheeled cab. Just as we reached it the old grey-bearded beggar man, whom I had before noticed, rushed forward and obsequiously turned the handle. Mrs. Williams sprang lightly into the vehicle, and again, I thought, she glanced nervously at the cadging old rascal.

"Here, you be off, my man," I said to him, sharply.



"HAS THAT FELLOW BEEN ANNOYING YOU?" I ASKED.

"No, no! Here, my poor fellow, is something for you," said Mrs. Williams, and before I could prevent her she put her hand over my shoulder and gave the beggar a sixpence.

"You shouldn't be so foolish," I said, laughing, as the old fellow shuffled off with his prize.

"Think of my good luck, Mr. Perkins," laughed the widow.

I gave the cabman the address of Elvira House, and lifted my hat to Mrs. Williams from the pavement as she drove away, little imagining that she would have left London before I returned in the evening. But so it happened, for when I reached Elvira House at the end of the day, I learnt that the widow had received a telegram an hour or so previously summoning

her down to Bath on account of the illness of her mother.

"She left many kind messages for you," added Mrs. Nix, when she gave me the information. "She said she would write to you in the course of a day or two. She was dreadfully upset, poor thing, at the sad news."

"I did not even know she had a mother living," I remarked.

"You were the only person she confided in," said Mrs. Nix, playfully.

"I suppose the little girl has gone too?" I observed, a trifle abashed.

"Yes. A sweet child. Everyone is so sorry to lose them. Mrs. Williams was a universal favourite," said Mrs. Nix.

This was evidently the case, to judge from the expressions of regret which were uttered at the dinner-table when her departure became generally known. had rather a reduced company that evening, there being several vacant places. The Major had gone to attend some races at York, whither Mr. Booth was understood to have accompanied him; and two or three of our guests were dining out. I was surprised to hear of my friend having yielded to the Major's persuasions, for when the latter had broached the subject of the expedition in the smoking-room on the previous evening, Mr. Booth had flatly refused the invitation. But horse-racing was a form of sport which seemed to possess extraordinary attractions for him; and I supposed he had been partly influenced by the desire to keep his companion out of mischief.

I must confess that I felt a little depressed at the widow's unexpected absence. It was quite untrue that I admired her, but her confidences had heightened my platonic regard, and her personality undoubtedly attracted me. I therefore awaited the promised letter with some impatience, and she was good enough not to leave me long in suspense, for by the next evening's post I received from her the following epistle, dated from Lower Pultenay Street, Bath.

#### MY DEAR MR. PERKINS,

"Alas! my poor dear mother is dying! So shocking, and so totally unexpected! Of course I must remain by her side till the end, and she may yet linger for some weeks, the doctor says!

"I hope Mrs. Nix gave you my message. I can never thank you sufficiently for all you kindness, dear Mr. Perkins, and yet I have a further

favour to ask of you!

"You know what sick people are! I told my dear mother, who is perfectly conscious, about the box at the bank. Nothing will satisfy her but to know what it contains, as she is anxious to be assured that my little girl and I are sufficiently provided for.

"How I regret that I did not examine the contents that day at the bank! And now, what am I to do? I dare not leave my poor mother, even for an hour. I wonder whether you would undertake a journey here and being the box with you?

"I know it is 100 much to ask, yet I have ventured to write to the bank to say that you might call. I am sure your kind heart will prompt you to do this if you possibly can."

"Yours most faithfully and sincerely, Dear Mr. Perkins,"

### "AMBLIA WILLIAMS."

I was rather startled by this request, and yet—well, in short, I decided to comply with it. I wonder at myself now; most of us have experienced similar astonishment at past foolish actions.

My chief objection, at the time, was that I could not very well get away from the office. However, on consulting a railway time-table, I found that Bath was a much more accessible place than I had imagined. A half-holiday would be all that I required, for I could travel down there and return the same evening. The next day was a Saturday, so that all the indulgence I need ask of my employers was a single hour in order that I might get to the bank before two o'clock to obtain the box.

I therefore wrote immediately to Mrs. Williams to say that I would travel down by the train which left Paddington at 3 o'clock, arriving at Bath at 5.15, and that I should return by the express which would bring me back to town about nine. I had no reason for remaining at Bath, and I thought I might accomplish my journey before Mr. Booth came back. I think I must have had a vague idea of keeping my trip a secret, both from him and from the other guests, for I was a little sensitive of remarks which had been made about my attentions to the widow.

I duly carried out my programme; the box was handed over to me at the bank without the slightest demur, in consequence of a letter they had received from Mrs. Williams; and I arrived at Bath punctually at the time named. I hired a fly, and drove straight to the widow's address in Lower Pultenay Street, but the servant who opened the door said, to my surprise, that the lady was out, and handed to me a brief pencilled note from

her, saying that she had been called away unexpectedly owing to her mother's condition, and asking me to leave the box.

"The poor old lady is not in the house, then," I remarked, casually.

"What old lady, sir?" enquired the girl, opening her eyes.

"Mrs. Williams' mother. Do you know where she lives?"

"No, sir, I don't. Never heard her mention she had a mother here, in Bath, sir," added the girl.

"But Mrs. Williams is in constant attendance upon her mother, who is dying," I exclaimed.

"Mrs. Williams has hardly left the house since she has been here, sir," said the girl, evidently struck by my surprise. "She and her little girl went for a drive in a fly about an hour ago. I don't know where they went to. She said if a gentleman came and left a tin box, I was to take great care of it."

"Did Mrs. Williams say when she would return?" I enquired, with an uneasy feeling.

"She said I was to have tea ready at six o'clock, sir," replied the girl, glancing back at the clock.

"I will come in and wait," I said, with sudden resolution, as I stepped inside the hall.

The servant, whose good faith was manifest, ushered me into a neat parlour, and then left me, after again asseverating, in answer to pressing enquiries, that Mrs. Williams was certainly not in attendance on an invalid. Indeed, it was impossible to doubt, from the girl's detailed account of the widow's movements since her arrival in Bath, that the story of the dying mother was a complete fiction.

I felt very much like a person who has unexpectedly received a douche of cold water. At first sight it seemed as though the story had been merely a device to work upon my feelings in order to induce me to bring the box down to Bath. Even so, however, it was extraordinary behaviour on Mrs. Williams' part to absent herself just at the hour of my arrival. She had evidently counted upon my leaving the box, and returning at once to London, as I had planned; but why this sudden reluctance to meet me, to say nothing of the ungrateful discourtesy?

I grimly resolved to await an explanation, and when I recalled to mind that Mrs. Williams had given the alleged illness of her mother as an excuse for a hurried departure from Elvira House, my mystification increased. The repeated warnings of Mr. Booth rose unpleasantly to my mind, and I had worked myself into a state of mingled indignation and resentment, when a ring at the street door bell announced, as I imagined, the return of Mrs. Williams.

I awaited her with considerable trepidation, for I felt that my position was both painful and embarrassing. I heard the servant respond to the summons, and the next moment the room door was thrown open, and who should walk in but—Mr. Booth!

I started, and stared at him as though I had seen a ghost; while he seemed equally surprised at seeing me, though he recovered himself quickly. He glanced at the box on the table, and his eyes twinkled.

"Hullo! I thought you were at York!" I gasped.

"And I thought you were in London," he said, smiling at my astonishment.

"I'm waiting to see Mrs. Williams," I explained.

"She's a very clever little woman," he said emphatically. "You came down by the 5.15 train, I suppose, with that?"

"Yes."

"While she, to put me off the scent, seeks to lead me a wild goose chase, so as to leave the ooast clear," he added, nodding his head.

"I found a note from her asking me to leave the box," I said resentfully.

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"Yes. She didn't mean to be impolite to you," said Mr. Booth, slyly. "The fact is, she has been so closely shadowed that if she had stayed at home for you, your arrival with the box would have been noticed. I suspected a trick, though I must own that my calling here in her absence was nothing short of an inspiration,"he added with great satisfaction.

We had better clear out before she returns."

"But the box belongs to Mrs. Williams!" I exclaimed, horrified.

"Well, it does and it doesn't! I'll explain going along. Meanwhile, possession is nine points of the law," he said, putting the box under his arm and moving to the door.



I STARED AT HIM AS UF I HAD SEEN A GHOST.

"Perhaps you'll kindly explain it all," I exclaimed, with a show of indignation which was intended to disguise my increasing confusion.

"Not now," he said, coolly taking possession of the box, "unless you want an awkward scene with the woman which might end in my having to call in the police. In that case, my friend, you would figure somewhat unpleasantly before the public, as an innocent accomplice in an awkward affair.

I was scared by the suggestion of a public scandal, and I had complete faith in my friend. I, therefore, put on my hat and followed him, and by rushing through the streets until we met a fly which drove us at full speed to the station, we just contrived to catch the 6.5 train back to town as it was beginning to move away.

"Well?" I enquired eagerly, as soon as I had recovered my breath.

We had, fortunately, and quite by



WE HAD SECURED AN EMPTY FIRST-CLASS COMPARTMENT.

chance, secured an empty first-class compartment. Mr. Booth was leaning back with an air of calm triumph, lighting a cigar, with his feet resting on the tin box.

"Mrs. Williams," he said quietly, "is the wife of an accomplished forger and swell-mobsman, who is at present undergoing the felicity of fourteen years penal servitude."

"The wife!" I gasped.

"Yes; his real name is Bolton, but he called himself Williams among other aliases. In that name he opened an account at Drake's Bank, and deposited the box, a few months before he was arrested."

"It was her husband's property then?" I exclaimed, slightly relieved.

"It contains the proceeds of a very ingenious robbery in Hatton Garden. He was known to have hidden a good bit away somewhere, but he kept his mouth shut, and the police were non-

plussed. So was his clever little wife, whose ingenuity and pluck I can't help admiring."

"Didn't he tell her?" I enquired, interested in spite of my unenviable feelings.

"Yes; but she couldn't get at it. It was lodged at the bank in the name of Williams for safety, and she dared not claim it. But she bided her time, and at length she heard of the death of a Mr. John Williams at Gateshead, which showed her husband's prudence in having adopted a common name. Of course, this was her opportunity. The dead man, a complete stranger, was made to represent the actual depositor, and Mrs. Williams pretended to be the widow."

"How did she get hold of the probate of another man's will?" I asked.

"Probably bribed the clerk of the solicitor who had the custody of it. You see, probates are no good when once an estate is wound up. This one was

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probably kicking about the office, and wouldn't be missed."

"What of the real Mrs. Williams of Gateshead?"

"She is dead."

"And the advertisements said to have been inserted in the papers?"

"All a lie. There were no advertisements. My dear fellow, she made you serve her purpose beautifully," laughed Mr. Booth.

"It was very unfriendly of you not to have given me a hint," I exclaimed, furiously indignant.

"My dear Perkins, didn't I warn you over and over again?"

"Yes, but you didn't tell me what you knew."

"Because at first I knew absolutely nothing. I simply mistrusted her from a kind of instinct. But when you told me the woman's story I went round to Scotland Yard, where I have a friend," said Mr. Booth, delicately flicking the ash from his cigar with his little finger, "and was shown some photographs. That same evening you told me you had been to the bank on her behalf. You may remember that I was annoyed with you?"

"Even then you might have been more explicit," I replied angrily.

"Well, the fact is, my dear Perkins, as you had already committed yourself, I couldn't resist the temptation of undertaking this little coup. You played into my hands as it were. But there is no harm done," he added, laughing at my discomfiture. "It is entirely a private venture of my own, carried out single-handed."

"Why didn't she take the box away from the bank that day?" I enquired, after a sulky silence.

"Because she discovered she was being watched," replied Mr. Booth, with imperturbable good-humour. "Do vou remember an old grey-bearded man?"

"Yes."

"She spotted him, and that sent her out of London."

"You followed, I suppose?"

"Yes; I knew she would contrive to get the box sent down to her. I thought she would probably have it brought down by one of the bank messengers. I never thought she would have the cheek to——" Mr. Booth checked himself abruptly, evidently out of consideration for my feelings; then, after puffing at his cigar for a few moments, he added in a conciliatory tone, "You mustn't mind, my dear fellow. Only two people besides yourself will ever have even a suspicion of how it has all come about. I shan't tell, and you may be sure she won't."

"You forget the grey-bearded man," I

groaned despondently.

"True! Yes, I forgot him," said Mr. Booth, smiling; "but I'll answer for his discretion as I would for my own."

"I wouldn't have had it happen for a thousand pounds!" I exclaimed in deep dejection, after we had travelled for twenty miles in complete silence.

Mr. Booth looked at me for a few moments with friendly concern; then he leant forward and touched me lightly on the arm.

"My dear fellow, since it has happened, I can offer you half the sum you mention as compensation.

"What do you mean?"

"The owner of the property in this box will no doubt be glad to pay me £500 as a reward. I am sufficiently repaid by the satisfaction of having accomplished a very neat job, entirely off my own bat. As a matter of fact, I owe my success entirely to you."

"Thanks, no! I'm not a detective," I interrupted, more rudely I dare say than I was conscious of.

"At least let me offer you a little memento to hang on your watch chain." he said, wincing at the rebuff but not the least resenting it.

He produced as he spoke, from his

pocket, a six-penny piece, and handed it to me.

"What is this?" I asked.

"The identical coin which the fair widow bestowed upon the grey-bearded beggar," he replied.

"How did you come by it, then?" I asked.

But Mr. Booth only smiled, and I then recollected how he had boasted that he had managed his part of the business single-handed.

I have only to add that though my friend always declared that the "widow" did not entertain the least suspicion of his identity, she never came to Elvira House again, nor even wrote a line of remonstrance or enquiry to me; and as I have heard nothing whatever from that day to this, I conclude she made no complaint but accepted philosophically her bitter disappointment, probably considering herself lucky to have escaped worse consequences.



## PRESENTATIONS AT COURT.

BY W. PETT RIDGE.

#### ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST GOODWIN.

London Police Court, 10.30 a.m. One or two bare-headed policemen lounge in stalls; reporter in stage-box adjusts his carbonic baper; stout usher with pen over ear prepares to introduce applicants. Crowd for



"AND THEY CALL THIS 'APPY ENGLAND. THE OME

pit not yet admitted. Magistrate. genial youngish person, enters.

MAGISTRATE (breezily). Morning! morning! Now then, Barton, let's have the applications. Many of them?

(Seats himself on chair, and crosses legs comfortably.)

Usher. Only a few, your worship. Plenty of the fair sect as usual. (To door-wuy) Come along, ma'am, you first.

(Dusty lady in crape bonnet with bald fur hand-bag enters.)

DUSTY LADY. Good morning, your worship, its queer sort of weather we're 'aving, isn't it, and it does somehow play the very—well, (apologetically) I was going to say devil, but I musn't—with my poor chest, and if I get anything the leastest bit——

USHER (persuasively). Now, tell the magistrate what you want, there's a good soul.

DUSTY LADY (coldly). Pardon me, young man. (Shivers with pride.) I'm addressing myself to the judge, not to you. Speak when you're spoke to is what my poor mother used to say, and a very good motto it is, too, and—

USHER. Never you mind about mottoes. Put your question to his worship.

DUSTY LADY. Well, me lord, what I wanted to ask was this. I want a summons against a person—I can't call her a woman—she's nothing more or less than a person—and she's been taking my character away like anything and (banging witness-box with dilapidated hand-bag) I'm going to put a stop to it if I 'ave to go to the 'Ouse of Lords to do it.

MAGISTRATE. What has she been saying?

DUSTY I.ADY (indignant). What hasn't she been saying you ought to ask. I can assure you, sir — I mean, your honour, the words that woman puts her tongue to I wouldn't lower meself by repeating (shocked). I never knew there was such language till I 'eard her start. And I've made up my mind that I won't stand it any longer, and so long as there's a law left in England—

MAGISTRATE. What is the other

woman's name? (Dusty lady gives information with a snap.)

SERGEANT (stepping forward). Pardon me, your worship. Both parties been here before. Live in the same house, and always slanging each other. This old lady's rather the worse of the two.

DUSTY LADY (explosively). Oh, you adjective liar. I've never in all me life

MAGISTRATE (sternly). Go away at once. Don't come before me with your quarrels, or else I shall punish the whole lot of you.

DUSTY LADY (bitterly, gathering up bag and parcel). And they call this 'appy England, the 'ome of the free. If anybody asks me, I should say it was the——

USHER (definitely). Now, then ! Tell 'em outside. Next please. Come along, miss.

(Bonnetless, breathless damsel enters.)

Breathless Damsel. You'll pardon me, your worship, takin' up your time, but my landlady wants to get rid of me and I don't want to leave where I am because——

MAGISTRATE. What is her reason?

Breathless Damsel. Gaud in 'Eaven only knows, your worship, I'm sure I don't. I've always been amyble enough with the woman, and lent her a tea-cup when she's wanted it and all that, but (vaguely) somehow she's took a dislike to me, and now nothing will satisfy her but that I must go, and it's very 'ard—

MAGISTRATE. Sure there's no reason?

Breathless Damsel. Well, sir, I should be the first to acknowledge if there was the leastest cause, but——

MAGISTRATE (sharply). Have you paid up your rent?

BREATHLESS DAMSEL. As a matter of fact (frankly), I aw a bit behind 'and, sir, with me rent; there's about two months and a 'alf owing—not more, I'll take my solim oath, and she ought to know the money's right enough because——

MAGISTRATE (deliberately). If you don't

pay your rent, my good woman, she can turn you out, and you deserve it. Go along.

(Breathless damsel goes along grumbling. Confused man with slight hiccough enters.)

Confused Man. I want word of 'vice, your worship, 'bout this wife of mine. She's very orty in her manners and she don't give me—hic—no peace at 'ome and she's always gassin about her Uncle This and her Aunt That, and I've got jest 'bout tired of it, and what a frenermine suggest' was that I might get a—hic—sepration p'raps and—

MAGISTRATE. Nonsense! Separations are not granted for things like that. Do you drink?

CONFUSED MAN. Well—I like me glass as well's anyone and——

MAGISTRATE (with candour). You look it. Be off and keep sober, and work hard and make the best you can of it. I should say it was your fault principally.

CONFUSED MAN (complaining to Usher, sotto voce). And this is what you get by coming to ask word of vice. If I'd known that 'pon me soul if I'd—

USHER. That'll do. Shunt!
(He shunts. Large muscular Irish lady
arrives.)

IRISH LADY. I'll trouble ye to make some anquiry concerning me husband, sorr. The little blaiguard left home—and a good home it's always been for him, the scoundrel—last Tuesday week, and I've niver set eyes on the hoombug since. (Hits ledge of witness-box very hard.) His name's Samuel, but he's a coward and a heartless man for all that, and I don't suppose I'll ever see him again and—(weeps, and rubs her eyes with torn apron).

MAGISTRATE (kindly). Come, come, my good woman, cheer up. I dare say it's not so bad as all that. We'll get the reporter to mention it, and it may lead to his discovery.

IRISH LADY. His discovery? Be gor, if he's discovered I'll—I'll whipe the floor with him. I'll teach him to go off and



"I'M ONLY A POOR WAKE IRISHWOMAN, BUT WHEN I GET EXCITED I CAN MAKE ME MARRUK AS WELL AS ANYONE."

leave me an onprotected married woman, with a brother in the armyout at Cawnpore, and a sister kaping a dirty greengrocer's shop in Hoxton. (With increasing vigour.)

I'll learn him, I say, to——

MAGISTRATE (suavely). Perhaps we had better not mention that. Give a full description of him to this gentleman (waves to reporter) and let us see if it has any result.

IRISH LADY. Ye'll want no description of him, sorr. He's a little five foot two atom of a man, and I'd niver have married him if it hadn't been for his carneying

ways, and if he's dead—(weeps)—I'll give him the three pun ten funeral at West Ham, and (with a return to explosive manner) if he's living I'll break every bone in his dirty little body.

MAGISTRATE. Had he any marks by which he can be identified?

IRISH LADY. Had he anny marruks? Be gor, ye may well ask that! (Exultantly.) I gave him some marruks just before he wint away that'll last him for a few weeks. (With increased satisfaction.) I'm only a poor wake Irishwoman, but when I get excited, and there's a good

shtick handy, I can make me marruk as; well as anyone. He'd a scar over his eye; he'd wan on—

MAGISTRATE (to Usher). Let her tell the reporter all about it. (Politely to Irish lady.) I hope you will succeed in finding your husband.

IRISH LADY. If I don't (weeps again) I'll—I'll be a lone, miserable woman (sniffs) for the rest of me natural life. He was the only man I ever lost me



"SEEPOSING I WAS TO GO SO FAR AS TO GIVE YOU A CLIP SIDE THE HEAD."

hearrut to, and now to think that he's gone from me sight like a——

(Goes across to reporter's box. Apologetic old man presents himself.)

APOLOGETIC. I shan't take more than half-a-second, sir, (Magistrate sighs) well not for more than two seconds, anyway. This was what I wanted to ask, sir, if you don't mind paying attention, just for one moment.

MAGISTRATE. Well, well!

APOLOGETIC. Seeposing I was to meet you in the street, and I was to stop you and ask you for money that you owed me, and you got abusive and told me to go to——

MAGISTRATE. What does this refer to?
APOLOGETIC (protesting). No, no. You
must let me explain it me own way or else
we shall never get on well together.
Furthermore (with elaborate care), furthermore, seeposing I was to catch hold of
you by the collar of your coat and give
you a jolly good shaking—see?—should
I be breaking the law?

MAGISTRATE. Have you done this to anybody?

APOLOGETIC. And, seeposing I was to go so far as to give you a clip side the head and tell you just what I thought of you, should I be liable——

MAGISTRATE. But, my good man, do stop. Am I to understand that you have done this?

APOLOGETIC. Oh no, sir.

MAGISTRATE. But you think of doing it to some one?

APOLOGETIC. No (vaguely), I can't say that exactly. I only thought it would be nice to know in case at any time——

MAGISTRATE. Listen! You mustn't catch hold of people's collars, and you mustn't hit them.

USHER (urgently). Come on, Guv'nor.
APOLOGETIC. That's all I wanted to
know, thank you. I don't want any
further information; I only wanted just
to find out how the law actually stood,
so that if it should by chance happen
that——

USHER. Oh, get on. You'll jaw away all the morning if you're not careful. (*To Magistrate.*) That's the lot, your worship.

MAGISTRATE (with feeling). Thank goodness!

### WANDERINGS IN BOOKLAND.

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.



OME twenty odd volumes are at my side, a chaos of fiction, fact, and those various combinations of both which go

to the making of literature. Out of this chaos to make a world !-- a world of five thousand words. If it takes all sorts to make a world, as they say, I should be happy, for here indeed are all sorts with a vengeance. I will begin with the novels. I confess that, with the exception of the novels of two or three great novelists, nothing bores me so painfully as the reading of novels. The fact saddens me, for all great men have been great readers of novels. When Mill's housemaid burned the manuscript of The French Revolution, Carlyle solaced himself with Captain Marryat. Mr. Gladstone has made the fortune of innumerable tenth-rate novelists, and Mr. Balfour would not be such a force in the House were it not for his appetite for bad novels. Well, I cannot help it! I must be content to be great, or little, in my own way; and my way is to avoid the average novel as I would avoid every other long-winded, not to say flatulent, form of human expression. Length in literature is only justified by depth. There is no excuse for it in fiction but subtlety of character-drawing, or such constant rip-rap of incident as we find in Reade's Cloister and the Hearth. Guy de Maupassant and Rudyard Kipling have lived in vain if the tired reviewer may not take advantage of their new formulæ for the expression of human drama. Is there any story, any character, I ask myself, among the five novels before me which Mr. Kipling could not have told or depicted in a dozen or so pages? I'm afraid there isn't-with perhaps one exception, and that is The Wood of the Brambles (Lane), by Mr.

Frank Mathew. This book carries the rare stamp of a temperament. It is true that the temperament is an expansive one, as one expects the Irish temperament to be. In fact Mr. Mathews' temperament is expansive to the tune of some 460 pages. Of literary law and order he is as careless as his countrymen are apt to be. His story is as straggling and formless as the wood of brambles from which it takes its title, or as one of those interminable Irish epics in which, declares the Irish Literary Society, lies buried the greatest poetical treasures in the world. I never knew a man take so long to tell a short story, and yet, oddly enough, I wouldn't have minded if The Wood of the Brambles had been twice as long, which is saying a very great deal indeed. charm of Mr. Mathews' book is mainly in its atmosphere-and you need a good deal of space for a satisfactory atmosphere. He brings you a whole world, the quaint, pathetic, and yet noble and gallant world of Ireland at the end of the last century; and he draws several types of that world with a sure and sympathetic hand. His vivid picture of old four bottle Sir Malachi makes the first part of his book by far the most striking. But, as example is better than precept, quotation is more convincing than criticism, so here is a page of Sir Malachi:

"Sir Malachi and his visitors spent the mornings on horseback, and most of their other hours in the dining-room; for no-body used the bedrooms much, as it was always considered more sociable to sleep at the table or under it; and the dinner began at four; and was followed by sipping claret, till supper at nine would give the signal for drinking. The servants were sent away about midnight, after they had loaded the sideboard; and my grand-father finished his four bottles a sitting.

even in his age, but the memory of the feats of his youth is lost to his country, for the tales are incredible. Certain it is that the footmen going into the room, in the fresh hours, would find Sir Malachi scber and singing at the head of the table. Often then I was roused by his singing and his calls for the chorus. If there was no answer, because his friends were limp in their chairs, or stretched at ease on the carpet, he gave the chorus himself; and then, while the servants awoke the others, or carried away obstinate sleepers by the head and the heels, he would stride out to the hall, and clap his three-cornered hat on the back of his wig, and saunter off to the farm with the dogs; and I would turn on the pillow in my narrow bedroom, and doze, as his song died in the distance and blended with the barks and the drowsy lowing of cattle."

Here is another glimpse of Sir Malachi, and of the manner in which the old Irish nobleman used to travel en prince:

"In spite of all his extravagance in the dining-room, he used to be thrifty and was hard with his tenants. It was true he made a show when he journeyed with his throng of retainers in their moth-eaten liveries; but he had to do that, for a traveller of pretension would take enough wine and lemons and food for himself and the strangers he might meet, and perhaps bedding besides, as the only thing that was sure to be good upon the road was the whiskey, and the fare at the inns would be hardly fit for the servants. No one looked for more than a shelter and a fire and a drop of whiskey at an inn by the road, seeing that there was nothing to pay for the room, because the landlord would scorn to put a trifle like that in a bill, if a gentleman had ordered his servants to drink heavily for the good of the house. That was a duty the servants would perform without flinching. Of course, a traveller paying nothing for his room would be bound to enrich the inn by his fees and to lavish gold for the liquor. The bill was paid by

the servant who had the purse; and it was seldom a master was so mean as to look at it. But Sir Malachi would examine the bill, as soon as he was away on the road; and if it was more absurdly unjust than usual, he was careful to shun that house for the future. He was able to fling a penny with a look that would make every one believe it was gold. I used to see the beggars pick up his bounty with unlimited blessings; and then gape aghast at the coin, as if they fancied the Devil had transformed it to copper."

To experts in the history of Irish rebellion no doubt the book will have interest chiefly for the characteristic picture it gives of the odd parody of the French Revolution which was enacted in the "Republic of Ireland" towards the end of the last century. Here is a charming glimpse of a "Tribunal of the People":

"A man was begging for mercy. He was one of my tenants, Joicey of the Farm on the Hill, a sturdy man with red hair. I scarcely knew him, because he was so altered and hoarse.

"'For the merciful God's sake,' he was crying, 'gentlemen, be changin' your verdict. Though I am an Orangeman, that is all I have done. I appeal to the gentlemen shtandin' by to declare I was friendly and honest, an' hurt nobody durin' the nine years I was yonder. I appeal to you, General Harragan, wasn't I your friend an' good neighbour?'

"'You were, Tom, you were,' said Shamus, who was one of the judges.

"'Didn't I save your brother when he was in prison for killin' Prancin' Dromeen at the fightin', although he never hit him at all?'

"'You did, dear, you did,' said Shamus soothingly.

"'Didn't I sit up wid you, when you were down with a heavy load of the fever?'

"'You did, dear,' said Shamus, 'an' you are the fitter to die.'

"Joicey was dragged away by the rebels.
"'What'll we do with him, Captain?'
said a fellow to Shamus.

"' Pike him, Agra.'"

Nothing succeeds nowadays like local colour. Witness Barrie, Ian Maclaren, Crockett, Hall Caine, Kipling, Gilbert Parker, and Thomas Hardy, to recall no others, and not to speak of wicked Russians and Scandinavians. To the latterday novelist it is a misfortune to be born a plain Englishman. It is so easy

same name. Indeed, that poor "Mrs. Tregaskiss's" life lay all remote from books and those various "civilising" influences which no doubt had helped to give her that tiresome "neurotic" temperament of hers, so out of colour amid the cattle-ranches and sheep-farms of her unadopted home. Her husband was the usual Viking sort of man, six foot odd, fourteen stone or so, and blond, that wins one's sympathies in the new woman novel. He drank more than was good for him-

self et suis, it is true, but he was no bad sort after all. and there came at length a moment in Mrs. Tregaskiss's life (near the end of the third volume, need I say?) when "she began to wonder dimly whether, in truth, there were depths in poor Tregaskiss's nature which she had ne-

ver sounded."



"HE SWEEPS ALONG UNDER THE OVERHANGING FOLIAGE."

FROM "IN HAUNTS OF WILD GAME." BY F. V. KIRBY (BLACKWOOD).

to be famous if you are Welsh, or otherwise outlandish. And now, of course, is the very moment for a South African novel. Will Miss Olive Schreiner oblige? I regret that I have no South African novel among my five. The nearest I can offer is a really fine story of Australian life by Mrs. Campbell Praed, entitled Mrs. Tregaskiss (Chatto & Windus). Mrs. Tregaskis, of "The Caxton Head," Holborn, the famous bookseller, asks me to state that she spells her name with only one "s," and has no connection with Mrs. Campbell Praed's creation of the

Woman has long prated of her "instincts" as endowments superior to the masculine intellect, and in that, no doubt, she has been well inspired, yet she never seems to reflect that there are men, too, with similar "instincts," great, tender, quivering centres of nerves, who are poor hands at fine phrases and the customary pretty ways of sentimental expression—yet, like the lady in the music-hall poem, they "get there all the same," get there, indeed, ever so much more certainly, and sometimes tragically, than their superior

little lyrical wives. Tregaskiss was one of these poor dumb animals of men, and I don't think one could go far wrong in saying that the difference between the real, instinctive, elemental love, and the showy sentimental love of the "new woman," is truly, if roughly, illustrated by the difference between his love for the wife who despised him, and her love for Dr. Geneste. What is the difference between the New Woman and the True Woman?—between the Eternal Feminine and the Woman of the Moment? I give it up, but this is Mrs. Campbell Praed's contribution to the problem:

"She is an odd study, the modern woman—a queer mixture of sensuousness and cold-bloodedness, and of idealism and hard-and-fast logic; of morbid nervetissue and ferocious determination not to knock under."

Fru Laura Markholm Hansson discusses the subject at much greater length, though hardly to better advantage, in her book on Modern Women (Lane), which Miss Hermione Ramsden has just translated with no little skill. Fru Markholm Hansson is the husband—I mean the wife-of the Swedish author, Ola Hansson, whose Ofeg's Ditties our "George Egerton " has translated. She is evidently a "new journalist" of the "advanced" sensational type, with a good deal of intelligence and some insight, and with a plentiful display of the cheap jewellery of literary expression. Her opening sentence is a triumph of the oracular, and this is the way she writes of "Keynotes": "The early blossoms of the cherry-tree shudder beneath the cold rain burst their scales,—this which has shudder is the deepest vibration in Mrs. Egerton's book." She may well ask in the next sentence, "What is the subject?" As a philosopher she ranks with the "theosophical" order of mind, she is up in pseudo-science, is a little hysterical, and a little vulgar. She takes six women as her types: "The Learned WomanSonia Kovalevsky"; "Neurotic Keynotes-George Egerton"; "The Modern Woman on the Stage—Eleonora Duse"; "The Woman Naturalist — Amalie Skram"; "A Young Girl's Tragedy-Marie Bashkirtseff"; "The Woman's Right's Woman-A. Ch. Edgren-Leffler." From these examples, however, she endeavours to deduce a principle to which one cannot expect the masculine mind to take exception, the law, briefly stated, that Woman cannot do without Man. "There is," she says, "only one point I should like to emphasise in these six types of modern womanhood, and that is the manifestation of their womanly feelings. I want to show how it asserts itself in spite of everything-in spite of the theories on which they built their lives, in spite of the opinions of which they were the teachers, and in spite of the success which crowned their efforts. . . ." One hears a good deal in Fru Hansson's book of the huge Viking husband "so loved, and yet so wearisome," and the little wild-cat of a wife that pets and despises him at the same time-and one marvels at the courage which inspires a writer to make such confident generalisations. Fru Hansson says that the average woman is the "Keynotes" woman, the woman with the wildcat in her. Of course it may be so, and maybe the average woman is a sphinx whom the average man is too dull to understand; yet, if so, she certainly keeps her secret with remarkable success. Most men, I fancy, would be glad to find the women possessing this wonderful "wild-But, unfortunately, it is just this ness." touch of "wildness" that most women The average woman is hopelessly She has no sport in her. Hansson has a happy knack of hitting off a personality or a characteristic in a phrase or two, but whether she is always to be relied upon is another matter. For example, she speaks of one of "George Egerton's" women sitting "like a true Englishwoman, with her fishing-rod."

angling a characteristic sport of English women? I had no idea of it, and had, indeed, always thought that it was the one sport women did not patronise. For women usually take to those sports which bring them most into the society of men, and angling is a solitary recreation—though, indeed, it offers exceptional facilities for the solitude à deux. A woman in search of a husband might do worse

than go a-fishing for men along a streamside just sociably sprinkled with anglers. When Fru Hansson's propositions are not misleading they are apt to be self-evident. Indeed, her main proposition, that woman cannot do without man is, after all, but the other side of the ancient truth that man cannot do without woman. "Male and female created He them." It



" A DETACHMENT OF THE SALVATION ARMY."

FROM "TARTARIN." BY ALPHONSE DAUDET (J. M. DENT AND CO.).

is true that man can work certain mighty works without her aid. He can discovernew lands, annex new territories, and realise many a pompous ambition—but ask any novelist and he will tell you that all such achievement is dust and ashes without a woman to achieve it for, and that the old bachelor is just as much an uncompleted human half as the old maid. Of course, man left to himself has a more varied répertoire of amusements than woman left to herself—as two books on my list re-

mind me. He may go hunting Hittite inscriptions in Asia Minor, like Mr. Hogarth's Wandering Scholar in the Levant (Murray), or he may hunt still wilder game with Mr. Fred. V. Kirby in South Africa. Both may seem curious pastimes for grown-up people, but they seem to give a great deal of pleasure, and they make most interesting books. I'm afraid as one stands amid the neatly classified trays and

cases of ancient coins in the British Museum, or before some uncouth lettered stone, brought from some remote land and a remoter past, that one seldom gives a thought to the devoted enthusiasm which has placed them there, or to the ecstacy of the antiquary to whom each tiniest coin was once a breathless find. "Oh gods, what love, what

yearning, contributed to this!" Someone should write the romance of a great museum—but probably the romance of a little one would make a sufficiently big book. Mr. Hogarth's pleasant rambling chapters are a delightful contribution towards it. This is the kind of experience you may expect if you have given your heart to an ancient stone in the Far East. Its owner guards it as though it belonged to his harem, and Romeo going to meet Juliet hardly runs

more risk than the antiquary who would fain get a look at—and a snap-shot of—his beloved. At a certain little town called Bor, Mr. Hogarth and his friend had discovered the top half of a valuable inscribed stone, and had managed to get it away and deposit it in the Imperial Museum at Stamboul. Then they got wind of the lower half, and so posted back to Bor.

"But the situation had changed: the authorities had made hue and cry for the second stone, and its owner would not reveal his identity unless I pledged myself solemnly to have no dealings with the Government in the matter. I was forced to promise, though I knew that on mountain roads we could not convey secretly anything heavy. When all was dark in the bazar a messenger appeared, and my companion and myself crept out of the khan. Feeling our way along the walls, we groped through the deep shadow of a labyrinth of unlighted alleys: here we stumbled over a sleeping man, there kicked up a protesting dog, but our European dress passed unnoticed in the dark, and no one followed. We seemed to have been stumbling thus for miles, when the guide halted before a window in a long blank wall. We clambered through and found the scene changed to a luxuriant garden: the hot night air was heavy with the scent of flowering shrubs, through which we brushed to a small plot of grass beside a well, where a courteous Turk was expecting us. Bidding us be seated, he offered grapes and paid the usual compliments, and for nearly half an hour nothing but what was indifferent was said, while we waited, oppressed by the scents and the stillness. At last the host rose silently and, producing a lantern, signed to us to follow to the opposite side of the well. We did so, and there saw shining wet in the small circle of light a black stone. It was indeed the lower half of our stele. The figure of a man from the neck downwards, clad in a richly

embroidered robe, and shod with upturned shoes, stood out in bold relief; and at each side of him and below his feet were "Hittite" symbols. The owner hardly allowed a second look before extinguishing his lantern. I offered money for leave to copy the sculpture and inscription, but he would not accept it. must take this dangerous thing, which robbed him of sleep, right away, or he would sink it again in the well. means of persuasion were tried, even to threats of informing the Government; but these availed nothing, for he knew that I was ignorant of his identity, and, as I guessed, we had not been led to the garden by any direct road. I could not undertake to smuggle the stone away: he would listen to no other suggestion; and, after long dispute under the stars, we took leave in sorrow rather than anger, and dropped through the window again into the dark lane."

But Mr. Hogarth had an eye for men as well as stones during his wanderings, and he makes some observations on the character of the Turk (whom he evidently likes), and on the Armenian Question, which being the evidence at first hand of a man apparently accustomed to "size up" men and things, in an independent common-sense fashion, have considerable interest and value at the present time. Here is his opinion of Ottoman officialdom:

"I have suffered many things at the hands of Ottoman provincial governors, and more perhaps than I know; but still I will maintain that, taken one with another, their personalities have been singularly superior to the system they administer. I have encountered not a few who are venal, some who were fanatical and cruel, and many who were stupid, but very few who shirked their work, and fewer who were weak. And, all things considered, their courtesy to a European is conspicuous. . . ."

And here is a quotation from Mr.

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Hogarth's contribution to the Armenian problem. Is Lord Salisbury right after all?

"The Armenian, for all his ineffaceable nationalism, his passion for plotting and his fanatical intolerance, would be a negligeable thorn in the Ottoman side did nical treason by becoming members of such societies at some period of their lives), it sees the Kurd, and behind the Kurd the Russian; or, looking west, it espies through the ceaseless sporadic propaganda of the agitators Exeter Hall and the Armenian Committees.

"AN IMPROMPTU DANCE."
FROM "IN HAUNTS OF WILD GAME." BY F. V. KIRBY (BLACKWOOD).

he stand alone. The Porte knows very well that while Armenian Christians are Gregorian, Catholic, and Protestant, each sect bitterly intolerant of the others, and moreover while commerce and usury are all in Armenian hands, it can divide and rule secure; but behind the Armenian secret societies (and there are few Armenians who have not committed tech-

"In my own experience of western Armenia, extending more or less over four years up to 1804. I have seen no signs of a Reign of Terror. I have noted severe repression of national sentiment, amounting to a minor state of siege, but not certain evidence of more than a dozen distinct wanton outrages committed by Moslems on Christians, and no evidence at all that such as really occurred were inspired by a fanatical motive. In Armenia Christian as well as Moslem lives in a wild mountain land a wild life with fierce passions unbridled: are we to expect in the struggle for existence no acts of cruelty or lust? Life in Christian villages has not

shown itself outwardly to me as being very different from life in the villages of Islam, nor the trade and property of Armenians in towns to be less secure than those of the Moslems. There was till lately no visible sign, for all the whispered sedition on the spot or the violent utterances of nationalists in Europe, of that stagnant abject terror which should go with the state of things

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so constantly credited in Exeter Hall. There was tension, there was friction, there was a condition of mutual suspicion as to which Armenians have said to me again and again, "If only the patriots would

Kirby, massacres of the bush-pig, the hill-leopard, and the giraffe, as vividly related in his book *In Haunts of Wild Game* (Blackwood). Mr. Kirby seems a little ashamed of his prowess on the



"I HAD JUST FINISHED BREAKFASTING ON THE LAWN."

FROM "ROBERT HELMONT." BY ALPHONSE DAUDET (J. M. DENT AND CO.).

leave us to trade and to till!" If the Kurdish Question could be settled by a vigorous Marshal, and the Porte secured against irresponsible European support of sedition, I believe that the Armenians would not have much more to complain of, like the Athenian Allies of old, than the fact of subjection—a fact be it noted of very long standing; for the Turk rules by right of five hundred years' possession, and before his day the Kurd, the Byzantine, the Persian, the Parthian, Roman preceded each other as overlords of Greater Armenia back to the misty days of the first Tigranes. Turk claims certain rights in this matter -the right to safeguard his own existence, the right to smoke out such hornets' nests as Zeitun, which has annihilated for centuries past the trade of the Eastern Taurus, the right to remain dominant by all means not outrageous."

From the Armenian massacres we turn to the massacres of Mr. Frederick Vaughan

poor giraffe. There is, he says, a "pleading helplessness" about him that goes to the true sportsman's heart, and he protests against the exterminating slaughter of giraffes which goes on in certain parts of South Africa. "It is terrible to think about such slaughter," he quaintly adds. One loves these subtle distinctions of the sportsman. But lions and leopards, of course, are another matter, as you will find if you read of some of Mr. Kirby's thrilling encounters, or even only look at Mr. Whymper's illustrations. On the whole I think book-hunting is safer. It is at all events the only sport on which I can speak with any authority. That, however, has not prevented my reading Mr. Kirby's book with intense fascination, and I am sorry that space does not allow me to quote any of his vividly-told exploits.

There are many good stories of a more peaceful kind in Mr. Walter Goodman's gossipy book on *The Keeleys* (Bentley & Son). Mr. Goodman painted Mrs. Keeley,

and a photogravure of his portrait of her charming old face which forms the frontispiece is alone worth the price of the book. One rare quality belongs to Mrs. Keeley, and no doubt largely accounts for her popularity—that though she is indeed a woman with a past, she is not frightened or jealous of the younger generation knocking at the door. She has lived long

"My dear Mrs. Keeley,
D'ye want to go reely
To see 'Black Eyed Susin?'
There is no refusin'
Your gentle request.
Box B is the best,
This you understand?
Yours, F. C. BURNAND."

Mr. Burnand is not included among Mr. W. S. Lilly's Four English Humourists

of the Nine!eenth Century (Murray), but he certainly comes under Mr. Lilly's admirable definition of a humourist as "an artist who playfully gives us his intuition of the world and human life." Mr. Lilly's book is made up of his Royal Institution lectures, and though it would have been more like literature had he written his lectures beforehand instead of merely speaking them from shorthand notes (a method needing a very rare oratorical gift for successindeed, most great orators have "prepared" every word of their speeches), yet it is a very interesting book, and has the merit of an individual standpoint. Mr. Lilly's four humourists are-Dickens. "the Humourist as Democrat"; Thackeray, "the Humourist Philosopher"; George



"THE WATCH."

FROM "ROBERT HELMONT." BY ALPHONSE DAUDET (J. M. DENT AND CO.).

enough to be young again, and her relations with the actors and authors of to-day are as genial and affectionate as her memories of actors and authors of the past are constant. Here is what Mr. Burnand once wrote to her when she wanted a box for Black-Eyed Susan:

Eliot, "the Humourist as Poet"; and Carlyle, "the Humourist as Prophet." He is rather hard on Dickens, but perhaps, on the whole, he is just. "From the point of view of literary art," he says, "Dickens is the least important of the four. The spell of his strong magnetic personality

has now vanished, and it must be allowed that his personages are mostly insignificant, his incidents mostly vulgar; that much of his thought is crude, that much of his diction is inept. The fact is, that his manner is hopelessly common. . . . Yet he possessed vigour and originality in a singular degree. His violent and lurid imagination invested his characters with vivid reality. . . . He excelled equally in burlesque, in caricature, and in pathos. . . His special work was to democratise the novel." Pickwick Mr. Lilly thinks his masterpiece, and certainly it is the novel most typical of the peculiar Dickensonian characteristics. Mr. Lilly thinks a great deal of Thackeray and Carlyle - Thackeray's "good people" are not contemptible and uninteresting, he says-but his opinion of George Eliot is quite extraordinary. His choice of her as "poet," a sufficiently original classification, is not enough; she is, Mr. Lilly thinks, "the great tragic poet of our age." "She was to her day and generation what Euripides was to his." These will seem dark sayings to many who, quite willing to accept George Eliot, the humourist, cannot, for the life of them, realise George Eliot, "the poet." Professor Raleigh, in a dialogue in the new Yellow Book, makes an à propos remark to the effect that George Eliot wrote verse much in the same way as Hume or Buckle would try to write poetry—and much in the same way, I fancy, as Mr. W. S. Lilly reads it. Over and over one meets with this pathetic longing of the prose-writer to be crowned with the laurel of verse. greatest prose fame doesn't seem enough. Mr. Lecky, for example, not content with being our only living historian, and not to speak of his being the greatest pallbearer of his age, must a few months back publish his poems which, in his wiser youth, he suppressed; and other examples are legion.

Mr. Gladstone is one of them, as one has long surmised, and as is proved by a

touching little confession in a letter to the late Mr. Romanes, printed in the Life and Letters of George John Romanes, written and edited by his Wife (Longmans & Co.). "I do not think I possess," says Mr. Gladstone, acknowledging a copy of Romanes' verses, "though I have always coveted, the gift of song, and I am not a qualified judge of those who have it." Romanes, it will be gathered from this, was another example of the prose-man who would be a poet. And, indeed, to a certain extent a poet he was, for some of his religious verse, in its quiet gentle way, has the real animating "touch." "Religious?" Yes, for it is the special significance of Romanes that he was a biologist of original importance, a poet, and a religious mystic in one. The "medusa" did not satisfy him, and it is because of his combination of such characteristics seldom found together that his death is something more than a loss to science. was," indeed, as Mr. Gladstone said, in a letter to Mrs. Romanes, "one of the men whom the age specially requires for the investigation and solution of its especial difficulties, and for the conciliation and harmony of interests between which a factitious rivalry has been created." life, admirably written by his widow, is particularly interesting, after its own proper interest, for the many glimpses it gives us of Darwin, and here is a glimpse of two very different personalities, from Romanes' journal for January, 1888: "Met Mr. Burne-Jones at the Humphrey Wards', and had much interesting talk anent Rossetti. Burne-Jones said Rossetti was like an emperor; his voice was that of a king who could quell his sub-Also that he had a wonderful memory for metre, but that Swinburne's is better still, inasmuch as he can remember prose. On one occasion Swinburne recited to Burne-Jones several pages of Milton's prose, which he had read once twenty years previously. Burne - Jones went on to say that Rossetti worked a great deal at his poetry, and added, 'That's what you can do with words, worry them as much as you like, but you can't *tease* a picture.'" I suppose the nearest to that would be teasing a painter, of which diversion Mr. Whistler might be taken as an example.

Talking of Rossetti, Mr. W. M. Rossetti has just enriched lovers of poetry by a

The date of each piece is accurately recorded. At first the handwriting is that of an elder sister, Maria; it is only on 17th November, 1847, when she was close on seventeen years of age, that Christina began trusting to her own extremely neat but (for several years) rather timid and formal script." There are few poets, one cannot but think, who have recorded the



"SHE SPRANG ON A LARGE ROCK, CARRYING A CUB IN HER MOUTH."
FROM ' IN HAUNTS OF WILD GAME," BY F. V. KIRBY (BLACKWOOD).

stout volume of New Poems by Christina Rossetti, hitherto unpublished or uncollected (Macmillan & Co.). He prefaces the volume with some notes on his sister's poetical development and method. Here is an interesting extract: "As soon as Christina began writing verse, 27th April, 1842, her compositions were copied into little note-books. These are seventeen in number, going on to 11th June, 1866.

exact day when they "began writing verse," but in the Rossetti family genius seems to have been watched for, and systematically nurtured. How unlike other families, where it is as systematically repressed.

These new verses are singularly "uniform" in every way with the collected poems. Themes and treatment are precisely the same—there are the same sad love-songs of farewell, the same pretty

little nature pictures, the same dwelling upon the thought of death, the same mystical piety. The volume brings nothing but replicas of the old poems, but it is a multiplication of precious things. Here is a new example of the song Miss Rossetti was never tired of singing, nor we of hearing:

"I toiled on, but thou
Wast weary of the way,
And so we parted: now
Who shall say
Which is happier—I or thou?

"I am weary now
On the solitary way:
But art thou rested, thou?
Who shall say
Which of us is calmer now?

"Still my heart's love, thou,
In thy secret way,
Art still remembered now:
Who shall say—
Still rememberest thou?"

But I forgot that I had no right to speak of poetry till all my novels were disposed of, and four remain. In Phyllis of Philistia (Hutchinson), Mr. Frankfort Moore adds another portrait to his lengthening gallery of modern feminine types, and at least a thousand more epigrams to the book of his wit and wisdom. "Marriage means all your eggs in one basket," he begins on the first page, and "marriage is the picturesque gateway leading to a commonplace estate" he concludes on his last. Mr. Seton Merriman is not a phrase-maker. He probably despises what Mr. Frankfort Moore calls "the bric-a-brac of phrases," He is all for dramatic action and intrigue, and his fine novel The Sowers (Smith, Elder & Co.), a story of modern Russian "diplomacy," justifies him in his choice of weapons. There is a fine masculine grip about the story from end to end. Mr. Merriman evidently knows every inch of his ground, and of his dramatis personæ. His opening description of the lonely steppes gives one a very impressive sense of vastness, and his characterisation of Steinmetz is par-

ticularly clever. It is only when he drops into oracular asides that Mr. Merriman is not quite at home, and his very natural admiration for the British type of gentleman leads him on one occasion into this rather quaint definition: "He had little education and highly developed muscles that is to say, he was no scholar, but essentially a gentleman—a good enough education in its way, and long may Britons seek it." There is no doubt that "little education and highly developed muscles" certainly does describe the great majority of young English gentlemen; but Mr. Merriman, I fancy, hardly means it ironically.

How different from Mr. Merriman's muscular and six-chambered revolver style is Mr. De Vere Stacpoole's fanciful, elusive Pierrot, with which Mr. Lane opens his "Pierrot Library." One must stay to compliment Mr. Lane - and Mr. Aubrey Beardsley-on the delightful format, particularly on those charming illustrated end-papers. To have illustrated end-papers is quite a new idea, but then the Bodley Head was once the home of new ideas. Of the story itself I can hope to give but a vague impression, day-dream as it is, a day-dream blent so subtly with the supernatural, the day-dream of a little lonely French aristocrat who is left by himself with but an old servant or two in his château outside Paris just before and during the siege. Two loves were his, one unearthly and inexplicable, of whom the reader must read for himself, the other, little Ambre Noir, charmingly He met her at a masqued ball to which he had stolen out of his loneliness, and very sprightly and charming is Mr. Stacpoole's description of their first meeting, and all Ambre Noir's wild and The book is so good, that witty ways. one is disappointed that is is not better -which is like a reader's ingratitude. Pierrot's unearthly love appeared to him once as a maid dressed in the attire of a soldier, a lieutenant, indeed,

of the German forces. In this she resembles the star of Mr. Lang's idolatry, at last revealed in the full glory of his passion in The Monk of Fife (Longmans). Scholars have been known to become possessed with a sort of nympholepsy for the "dear, dead women" of fame. I know a man who cannot bear to look at a portrait of the Duchess of Hamilton, inspiring him as it does with so hopeless a passion. Mr. Lang has long been known to have a similar devotion to Joan of Arc, and at last he gives it expression in a historical novel, supposed to be the chronicle of one Norman Leslie, a Scotsman, whose good fortune brought him near to "the Maid" at some most important crisis of her life. After her martyrdom Norman Leslie married, but his wife dying, he retired into a monastery, and wrote his chronicle. And a fine stirring romance it makes. I come to it, the better able to judge and the more critical, from a rereading of that masterly picture of the Middle Ages, The Cloister and the Hearth, one of Mr. Lang's favourite novels. Mr.

Lang will ask no higher praise than to be compared with that, and, indeed, his "Noiroufle," that villainous Friar Thomas, whose crucifix was but the handle of his dagger, is a creation worthy either of Reade or Scott. One rather regrets the archaic type in which the book is printed and the archaic illustrations by Mr. Selwyn Image (admirable as are both in their way) for the book is too much "of the centre" to be handicapped with such Wardour Street affectation.

Messrs. Dent & Co. are about to add another to their already numerous handsome sets of great novelists.

Having acquired from Messrs. G. Routledge & Sons the copyright of the illustrated editions of the novels of Alphonse Daudet, they will issue shortly the first volume of a new edition. The French illustrations of Rossi, De Myrbach, and others, will be produced on a smooth deckle-edged paper which has been specially prepared for this edition, and the binding has been designed by Mr. H. Granville Fell.



FROM "TARTARIN." BY ALPHONSE DAUDET (J. M. DENT AND CO.).

## THE PRICE OF A PROSELYTE.

BY HEADON HILL.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. O. BOWMAN.

WAS sitting with my friend Carleton, Inspector of the British South Africa Company's Police, in the verandah of his house at Fort Salisbury, when a man entered the compound from the road and made his way towards us along the avenue. of white-thorn acacias. I spotted the stranger at once as a European "loafer." The threadbare coat, buttoned high to hide the lack of shirt, the patched and frayed trousers, and bulging, broken boots were sign enough without looking further for the other badges of vagrancy. As a matter of course I did look further, and equally as a matter of course I found what I expected—the drink-sodden, unshorn face, the furtive, hungry eyes, the tangled

locks which stamp with a universal hall-mark such of our fellow-countrymen as fall from the ranks abroad. But I found something more, which in these white wastrels is all uncommon—a look of unutterable sadness, born not altogether of present misery, but rather of abiding, soul-gnawing remorse, and so deeply graven that it could only die with its possessor.

I turned an enquiring eye on Carleton – strong, brown-bearded, booted and spurred, fresh from his morning ride. I knew that he hated this kind of cattle as fervently as they hated him, and I apprehended an explosion. But no; at the first sight of the battered waysarer he started up with an impatient snort, and then sank



I SPOTTED THE STRANGER AT ONCE AS AN EUROPEAN "LOAFER."

back into his lounge-chair, sighing a sigh pregnant with sympathetic recognition.

"So you are round these parts again, Ramsay," said Carleton. "Well," as the man began to clear his husky throat to speak, "you needn't pitch any of the old lies to me, you know. Here's a trifle for you, and if you go round to the back you can tell my nigger I said you were to have a go of brandy. Then you had better clear out of the township before I come across you in an official capacity. I mightn't be quite so lenient then."

The man mumbled a few words of sheepish thanks, and shambled round to the back of the house with a feeble eagerness that showed painfully how much the promised drink meant to him. I could hardly believe my eyes and ears. "trifle" which Carleton had put into the grimy hand was a sovereign, and the tone he used to the wretched wayfarer was one of almost kindly tolerance-a little contemptuous, perhaps, but far removed from the lurid language the District Inspector was wont to hold toward loafers. the weird figure had passed out of sight I could not repress my surprise.

"Are things what they seem, or are visions about?" I exclaimed. "First, a loafer dares set foot in the compound of the most inveterate foe to the species, and then, instead of being abused or cast into chowky, he is hospitably entertained, and bidden to depart in peace. What does it all mean, Carleton?"

My host gave me a queer look, and said, shortly: "He was a missionary once—that poor devil."

Now this, coming from Carleton, was absurd, and I laughed outright. He knew perfectly well that I was aware of an antipathy on his part to missionaries, even greater than that which he entertained towards loafers. He was an officer of very wide experience.

"I do not refer to his late calling as a reason for my treatment of him; I merely state it as a fact," Carleton proceeded. "Missionary or no missionary, that man's load of misery is so great that the devils of the lowest hell would pity him—if they knew what I know. There he comes, round the house. Wait till he is out of earshot, and I will tell you his history."

As he spoke the uncanny stranger rounded the corner of the house, paused at the end of the verandah to doff a shapeless hat in humble salute, and then went slowly down the path, to disappear through the entrance-gate by the way he had come. He walked wearily, shuffling rather than lifting the dilapidated boots.

"He won't last much longer; even drink is no help to him now," said Carleton, when he had watched his late guest off the premises with a critical eye. "You know me well enough to acquit me of anything like softness," he proceeded, "but hang it! light another pipe and listen to the man's record. Then tell me if you would care to be hard on him yourself.

"Fifteen years ago, Ramsay-the Reverend Charles Ramsay he is entitled to call himself-came out, full of youth and cocksureness, to evangelise the niggers. He wasn't attached to any of the big societies, but drew the sinews of war from a small local affair—Bradford or Birmingham, I forget where exactly-which was more avid of the black man's soul than the C.M.S. and the S.P.G. combined. was the kind of institution that subsists on the feminine proneness to afternoon tea and gossip, the funds being chiefly collected by means of working-parties and bazaars, while the astute busybodies who promoted it had the handling of the cash, and slipped into snug secretarial berths.

"The bulk of the money being wanted for the payment of these self-appointed officials at home there was but a small margin over and above for the actual mission work. In vulgar parlance, it didn't run to more than a single missionary, and

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Ramsay was the man. He was selected by the wire-pullers because he was a favourite with the good ladies whom it was necessary to keep wound up to working-party and bazaar pitch.

"The field of labour chosen was Bechuanaland, it being left to Ramsay to settle on the particular locality to be attacked after he had had an opportunity of personally judging where there would be most scope for his services. He came out, as I have said, full of fire and zeal, and after a three months' tour of inspection unearthed a kraal among the foothills of the Volksberg which had been given up in despair by emissaries of nearly all the big societies in turn. This just suited Ramsay's rather vain temperament, for he had the chance of succeeding where others had failed; and, there being no fear of trouble through his poaching on other sportsmen's preserves, he sat down to tackle his job.

"It was a bigger one than he had bargained for. The natives were civil enough from first to last; they supplied him with produce, took his money, and as soon as he had learned their lingo listened to what he had to say. An old hand at the game would have told him that this was a bad sign—that converts are most plentiful where there is fanatical opposition—but Ramsay had no experience and no training, and he plodded on, always confident that he was on the point of a capture. However, the niggers never got beyond the stage of listening; they continued to supply him with provisions at remunerative rates, and remained staunch to their own faith.

"My duties in this country have made me conversant with the ways of missionaries, and I imagine that Ramsay's reports to his patrons at home as to the progress of the mission were rather more rosy than circumstances warranted. Anyhow, the Society showed no sign of dissatisfaction, and remitted his salary in punctual instalments, together with a supply of literature for the "enquirers" whom he always mentioned by name in a schedule to his report. This he did at the instigation of one of the aforesaid wire-pullers, who foresaw that the names of such seekers after truth as Mankorobama and Ramathlawayo would give a realistic and dollar-drawing fillip to the old ladies who worked at the sewing parties.

"So matters went on for five years, and then Ramsay went home on six months' leave, married a girl of no particular use to him, and returned to Molopi with his bride. During his stay in England he was subjected to much hero-worship by the supporters of the Society, among whom he was as popular as ever; but, before his departure, he received a private intimation from the Secretary and Treasurer that he would do well to put himself in a position to report a convert or two. "Enquirers" were all very well for a beginning, but the prestige of the Society -Anglice its banking account—demanded more definite results from Mr. Ramsay's undoubted efforts.

"With this gentle hint ringing in his ears Ramsay set himself to ransack Molopi for the requisite article. was no doubt about the man's industry. He certainly wanted to make a convert, though why he wanted to make one is another matter upon which I won't pass opinion. Possibly, mixed motives urged him-a spice of genuine missionary enterprise, a dash of vanity, and the necessity, from an £, s. d. point of view, of obeying the Secretary's injunction. Anyway, he moved heaven and earth to gain his object, and at the expiration of six months from his return he was successful. He broke the Molopi record and made a Christain convert.

"The conversion didn't amount to much, but it served the purposes of the quarterly report. The proselyte was an orphan-boy about nine years old, whose parents were swept off in one night by small-pox. Ramsay heard of the deaths, and with a spark of real heroism nipped

ments of religion — and

M'banta—that was the boy's name—was

an adaptable little chap, and soon learned

how to save Mrs. Ramsay trouble in a

hundred ways, so that, indirectly, by the

housework.

into the plague-stricken hut and bore the youngster off to his own house, regardless of infection for himself and his wife. boy had no other relatives, and conversion followed—the next day, I think.

"There was great joy in the Society at

raised salary, and directly by his manual home when the report came to hand, and services, he proved the main-stay of the He had an intrinsic mission-house. value besides, for Ramsay was a bit of a mathematician and calculated that the conversion of M'banta had cost in round figures something like ten thousand pounds. The Bechuanas, who tolerated Ramsay in their midst for the sake of selling him beefand vegetables, tumbled to the joke of the thing. and used to grin when they saw the boy

the Secretaries set the old ladies to work harder than ever to provide funds for building the church which it was now foreseen would be required. The finances were soon in such a flourishing condition that the heads of the Society felt justified in raising Ramsay's salary—and their own as well—but on the whole it was felt that the building of the church would be a little premature.

RAMSAY BECKONED M'BANTA TO FOLLOW HISE.

"At Molopi things went on pretty much as before for another year, the only difference in Ramsay's life being that he had to instruct the convert in the elehewing wood and drawing water for his spiritual chief.

"Touching the same beef and vegetables-it was there that the trouble that brought Ramsay low began. Molopi was a none too prosperous kraal at any time, being placed in the midst of a sterile tract far away to the northward, and hundreds of miles from the nearest limit of civilisation. The district, though Ramsay knew it not when he settled there, was

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stand him liquor and allow him to pass on. A lot of rot is talked about missionaries being eaten by the heathen, and there would have been no great harm in the boot being on the other leg for once. No; the pathos of it all is that he squandered his ten-thousand-pound convert for the sake of a beast of a woman who deserted him at the first opportunity. He would have had no difficulty in pushing on to the kraal if he had been alone with the boy, and I am sure he would never have made such a sacrifice on his own account. He is not a cruel man, or a bad fellow at heart. They made their way—he and his wife—

to the settlements, where she took up with a prosperous gold prospector, and left Ramsay to become what you see him now."

"What a wretch!" was my only possible comment.

"Yes, but even that is not quite all," concluded Carleton. "Before she went, a rumour got about pretty plainly pointing to what Ramsay had done, and when she left him she gave this rumour as a reason for not being able to live with him any longer. Rough, wasn't it—seeing that the allegation could only have come from her?"



## THE HORRORS OF LONDON.

BY ALLEN UPWARD.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. H. GOODWIN.

' III.—CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.



LEOPATRA'S NEEDLE is It possesses every quality which a respectable needle

ought not to possess. They manufacture better needles in the Cannibal Islands. Robinson Crusoe would have refused this needle as a gift.

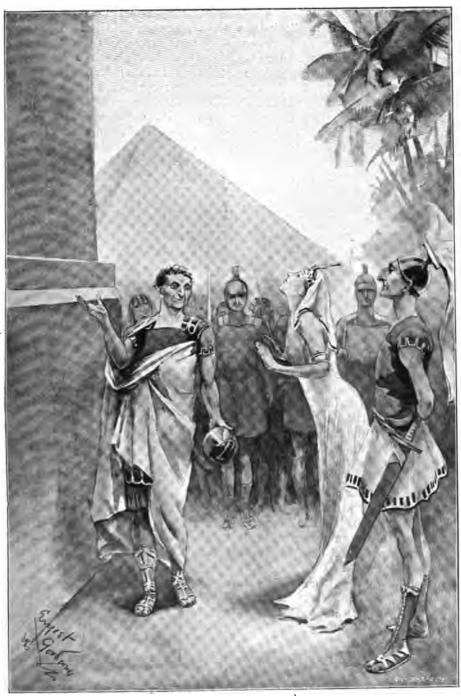
It is claimed that this is the biggest needse in the world. But my point is that it is too large, inconveniently large.

It is difficult to imagine the work on the worst needle in the world. which this needle could be usefully employed. It would not hem a potato-sack. Its size would be out of place in a bodkin, and disagreeable in a dagger. A camel would smile at passing through the eye of this needle-if it had an eye. It might take a thin elephant.

> But it has no eye. That is just one of its failings. It is a badly-made needle. And it has got a point like a marling-



CLEOPATRA CAUSED THESE BIRDS AND CRAWLYWIGS TO BE SCULPTURED ON HER NEEDLE.



IT IS MORE THAN LIKELY THAT MARK ANTONY GAVE IT TO CLEOPATRA.

spike. It must have been impossible to do fine-stitching with such a needle, and difficult to darn carpets.

In the face of this needle it is useless for serious historians to sneer at Cleopatra as a woman with a past. It is offensive of Macaulay to allude to her as the Egyptian Mrs. Tanqueray. A needle like this would have demoralised the patient Griselda. Such things are enough to crush the spirit of domesticity out of any woman; they are a positive incitement to worldliness. If Cleopatra had to choose between the society of this needle and Mark Antony, all that is regrettable in her conduct may be easily explained.

The enemies of Cleopatra have sedulously passed over this element in her career. Cæsar, in his Commentaries, pointedly ignores this needle. Mr. Lecky, in his History of European Morals, has deliberately shut his eyes to it. It is easy to chuck stones at a woman who has met with misfortunes. It is not so easy to keep straight with a needle like this.

It is, of course, pretended by some that Cleopatra had herself to thank for this needle, that it was her own extravagant ambition which led her to acquire it. In proof of this, they point to the engravings round the sides of the thing. They say that Cleopatra caused these birds and crawlywigs to be sculptured on her needle. But has this been proved? What evidence does Gibbon offer of this assertion? None whatever. He does not try to prove it. And why? Because it cannot be proved.

As a matter of fact these carvings must have added to the difficulty of using the needle. They even render it improbable that it ever was used. The whole thing is fantastic, *bizarre*.

The fact is that no well-balanced mind would dream of taking this needle seriously. It is extremely doubtful whether Cleopatra herself ever did so. The prob-

abilities are that it was intended merely for show, like the monster carved meerschaums in the tobacconists' shops. If Cleopatra ever did really use this needle she must have been no ordinary woman. She must have been six miles high, and have had the muscles of a dynamo.

These considerations account for the expression on the faces of the sphinxes on each side of the needle. These intelligent birds know all about it. It is no use to give this article to them as a needle. They know that it is no more a needle than a haystack.

It is no compliment to the intelligence of the London public that the Government should put this thing before them as a serious specimen of Egyptian hardware. If they have no better excuse than this for the occupation of that country the French Press may well be exasperated to frenzy. It is an insult to the civilised world to call this object Cleopatra's needle. They might as well call it Cleopatra's carving-knife, or her fan, or her umbrella, or anything that was hers.

Personally, I do not believe in this needle. I prefer to think it was a mere ruse of Cleopatra's to impose on the superstitious Roman soldiery. It would be well to know what Mark Antony thought of this needle. It is more than likely that he gave it to Cleopatra. That is just the sort of thing that would occur to him to do. He always was a man of large ideas.

After all, there is something pathetic about these relics of departed royalty. Cleopatra is dead. The asp is dead, too, —perhaps it tried to bite the needle. Her royal garments have long ago crumbled to dust; her very mummy has disappeared in the stokehole of a Nile steamboat. But this little touching trifle, redolent of her romantic personality, has drifted down to us across the wrecks of time, just as it must have been in the days when its fair mistress stitched her first sampler at old King Ptolemy's knee.

It is a shame that the Government do not take more care of it. They ought to keep it under glass. They have no right to leave it lying about on the Embankment for anyone to take away. The sphinxes are no protection. Everyone can see that they are stuffed. The kleptomaniac is not to be baffled in this

artless fashion. There ought to be real live sphinxes—chained, of course—sphinxes that have been trained to bark at strangers.

But it would be far more decent to take it away altogether. I consider it neither clever nor funny. And it is neealess.



#### LETTERS TO CLORINDA.\*



Y DEAR CLORINDA,—I met Moore on Tuesday in Pall Mall, and asked him how his wife was. He said he did not know, he had not

seen her for ten days.

"Dear me," I said, "and you used to be so fond of one another. Can nothing be done?"

"Nothing," he groaned. I walked with him a little way, pondering how to advise him.

"Do you know where she is?" I asked.

"I am not certain," he replied, "but I expect"—he took out his watch and looked at it. It was five minutes past eleven—"I expect she's in Battersea Park."

"It's not very far," I said. "Why don't you go and fetch her out?"

"It would be no good," he argued, "she wouldn't come."

I glanced at him sharply. I began to fear that he was what Arthur Roberts would call "dotty on the bun." His pale set face belied my suspicions, however, so I spoke kindly to him.

"Why don't you go down," I urged, "and see what can be done? You have only been married eighteen months. She can't have ceased to care for you altogether."

"I have been," he answered. "I followed her for miles. Don't ask me to go again, I can't bear it."

The New Woman is difficult to fathom. You have to be prepared for everything. I could understand her running away from a loving husband after a few months of wedded bliss, but why to Battersea Park! It seemed an inadequate place as a refuge for a disappointed woman. I was curious on the subject.

"What was she doing there?" I asked.

The man's whole frame seemed torn by emotion. "She's there," he replied hoarsely, "with a man named McGunnis. They walk slowly up and down with their arms round each other's waists. In moments of deep feeling she flings her arms round his neck, and cries to him before all the spectators not to desert her. He takes her in his arms and comforts her with tender, reassuring words."

We had reached the Reform Club. Moore leant against the stuccoed balustrade for support.

"And it's not always McGunnis," he continued. "On Mondays and Wednesdays it's a man named Stendall. He's a married man with eight children; anything does for her. This thing is undermining the femininity of the nation."

I began to comprehend the matter; Moore views life from a serious standpoint.

"Oh, come," I said, "you mustn't take on about it; they all do it."

"I know they all do it," he replied fiercely; "does that make it any the better? Aunt Jane does it—you know Aunt Jane?"

I replied that I did. I must confess it surprised me to hear that his Aunt Jane did it. She is a heavily-built, elderly lady of strongly pronounced evangelical views. She is not the sort of person one would imagine giving way to it.

"She goes out late at night with a fellow named Hockey," said Moore; "she's old enough to be his mother. They pick out all the darkest streets. Of course they have a lamp, but it's only half a candle power, and all the light is in front. It's impossible to see what goes on behind it. I call it disgraceful."

I took him into the club and gave him a brandy and soda. He confided to me that he had lost four pairs of trousers in the last fortnight.



"They wear them underneath their skirts," he explained; "but'that is only for practice. You mark my words, there will come a day when they will wear them openly. I tell you this thing is interfering with religion." He drew his chair closer, and whispered to me,

"Can you imagine Aunt Jane in rationals?"

"She has hardly the figure for it," I replied.

"Hardly!" he cried. "How much more do you think she wants? She wears them in the house to get used to them, and if Providence in its mercy doesn't interfere and kill her off quietly in a dark street—about which I have hopes—you will see her riding in them in Hyde Park!"

I tried to chaff him into taking a lighter view of the matter, but without success. Outside the club steps was a lady's bicycle, propped up against a lamp-post. I left him standing before it silently cursing it. His expression was prophetic, and the bicycle—it was a poor specimen—struck me as looking shamed.

The next afternoon I met little Rogers, of *The Standard*, with a black eye. The cricket season not having commenced, I felt justified in asking for an explanation.

"I have been teaching the wife bicycling," he said.

"But why did she hit you in the eye?" I enquired; "you were doing your best, weren't you?"

"She did it with the bicycle," he said.

"Yes, it looks a nasty one," I answered, "Are you going to summons her?"

"Oh, no," he replied meekly; "it was quite an accident. It was really my fault. I fell down, and she rode over me."

"She seems pretty expert," I said.

"Oh, yes," he agreed; "she's getting on nicely. She will be finished soon."

"Well, take care you're not finished first," I advised him, "it seems a dangerous job."

"It is ticklish work," he assented, "but

I am getting more careful. The great thing," he explained "is to be there when you're wanted, and not to be there when you're not wanted, if you understand."

I said I thought I did, and left him.

Every woman in London, apparently, is learning to ride the bicycle. The streets and parks echo to the cries of "I'm going, I'm going, hold me back!"—"You're all right, I've got you."—"Oh, don't leave me, I can't."—"Yes you can, mind the kerb. Don't look at your feet, you can't fall."—"Oh dear, what's happened?"—"It's all right."—"There you are, I knew it!"—"Oh, that's nothing, you'll get used to that. Jump up."

Mingled with the women are many middle-aged and elderly gentlemen, short of wind but earnest of purpose. From enquiries I have made, I gather that, taking the average, a person can learn the bicycle in six months, provided they don't miss a single day. The lessons last about half an hour, and the charge is from half-acrown to five shillings. Indeed, I have serious thoughts of abandoning literature and journalism, and becoming a bicycle instructor. I calculate that with fees and tips-and I am told that good-looking men, possessed of agreeable manners and a knowledge of flirtation receive a good deal in the way of tips—and the lending of machines worth five pounds to the English aristocracy at three shillings an hour, I can secure an income of from thirty to forty thousand a year. Promenading a park, with my arm round a pretty girl's waist is, I feel, the vocation for which nature intended me. The business would be less harassing than my present employment. The only thing I should miss would be the criticism. Next time I write to you, I shall probably address my letter from "The To-day Bicycling School," or from the office of "The Idler Bicycling Club for Young Ladies."

In the days when I learnt bicycling ah, you were a little golden-haired girl in

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those days, with the prettiest legs I have ever seen. I loved you very dearly, but you always preferred Harry Bates; you had not much taste at that age. Do you remember the party at the Lancaster's? I waited for him in the cloak-room, and punched his head. That was the last time I ever saw him. I wished I hadn't five years ago, when I read his name among the list of the killed——But I am wandering. Let me get back to my bicycle.

In my time, three lessons at the most were considered necessary to a would-be rider. The bicycle—a depressed looking machine, hired at the rate of sixpence for the first hour and threepence for every hour afterwards—was led in triumph from its shed. You scrambled up on to it, and Tom on one side, and Dick on the other pushed you gently along towards the crown of the hill. Our instructors did not assure us that they would not let us go, that they would hold us up at all hazards and keep us safe. They said—

"Now we're going to give you a shove, so look out," and they did it, and down the hill one went, shouting, "I'll punch your head, Tommy Steggles, when I get you." "All right, Dickey Jones, you'll be sorry for this." But the only response we obtained was the sound of laughter growing fainter, mingled with such encouraging cries as "Go it, legs! Have you got any sticking-plaster?"

At the bottom of the hill there lay grass, upon which a gentleman might fall with ease and comfort, comparatively speaking, and in the distance, one solitary heap of stones. You might have thought it difficult for an inexperienced rider to make direct for those stones. You might think he would have fallen before he reached them. There must have been magnets in some of them, or there must have existed a secret understanding between them and the bicycle. At one moment it looked as if the rider might get past them, but the stones would call to him, "This way,

please, you have got to come. Better get it over." And then with a quick and clever turn he would dash towards them.

But as I said, on the third morning he could ride.

I am almost glad to hear you confess that at times you feel sad, and long for the lights and voices of London. We want to have you back among us one of these days. It is good to hear you miss us. You are wrong; we miss you nearly as much as, at the bottom of your heart, you hope we do. Friends seem to me to be the strings from which we draw whatever music there may be in life. Occasionally to the keyboard we add another note, but there is no replacing any that have fallen out, and ever afterwards the harmony is incomplete. We wait for the note that is missing; we form fresh chords and combinations, but the old melodies are impossible: we hear them only in our dreams. Of course, as you say, your work keeps you cheerful. I wonder if we quite understand the blessing that work is. You remember Carlyle's line? "There is always hope for the man who works." We are never happy outside it: we leave our cares and our fears without when we close the door and settle down to the bench. The more I see of the world, the more I know that the happiest lives are those spent in the quiet doing of a daily task. We pant after enjoyment and pleasure, we dream of luck and fortune. We sweat and strain to make riches, and all the while, here at the desk or in the workshop, at the bench or in the field, our real life stands waiting for us with the gifts of sweetness and contentment in either hand.

I suppose I fuss around as much as most men, and all the while I curse myself for a fool. I know that up in my study peace is ever waiting for me; that when I will I can leave all worries and anxieties behind me. Yet I waste my life with them. Friends call it ambition and energy, but I know it is folly. There

was a friend I had-you would know his name. He lived with his wife, a sweet little woman, in a small house in the suburbs. He worked for twelve hours a day, and made an income of about £150 a year. I would often drop in to see him of an evening, and we would sit and talk of our plans and aims. Here he had succeeded, there he had failed; of this he had hopes, of that he was not so sure. But of the final result he had no doubt; he would make his name known, he would win his position. They were jolly evenings; we were all young-the whole world was young. He planned and dreamed and worked and loved.

I meet him now and then. If he is not a millionaire he is very near it. His wife's doings are recorded in *The Morning Post*, and she paints—herself, I mean. The man is old and worried. He has no time for friendship, only for society. He has few hopes and many fears; his hours are spent not in working, but in scheming. He thinks he has done something clever; he has simply spoiled his life.

God fashioned man a working animal, saying to him, "Do this thy work that is given thee to do and it shall be a joy." But it generally takes a man his life to learn the lesson.

There are times when one asks oneself, For what purpose is this work? Why are we given this instinct to strive and strain—to lift ourselves? All our other instincts we possess in common with the brutes. Our loves, our affections, our delight in play, our desire towards ease and comfort, our liking for sleep, for eating and for drinking, they are one and all mere variations of the elemental brute instincts.

One instinct, and one alone, do we possess, distinguishing us from the other animals: the desire towards work for its own sake. Out of that springs our religion and our art. To toil that we may live! the meanest insect shares that with us.

We learn such husbandry from the ant and bee. But the highest among us is he who does his work, not for the reward it brings his body, but for the satisfaction it affords to his soul.

Perhaps I am wrong in claiming this instinct for humanity alone. Why does the lark beat out his heart in song against the sky? We are told he does it to attract his mate; but when they are already married why should he worry himself to please her further? And might not an extra supply of worms towards the family larder be a more practical form of devotion? Perhaps he also hears, from afar off, the voice of the Eternal, calling to him for his mite of labour towards the building of the universe.

But then the mystery only deepens, the question still remaining, "For what purpose is it all?" Science explains it so carefully to us. By ages of strife and effort we improve the race. From ether, through the monkey, man is born. So, through the labour of the coming ages, he will free himself still further from the brute. Through sorrow and through struggle, by the sweat of brain and brow, he will lift himself towards the angels. He will come into his kingdom.

But why the building? Why the passing of the countless ages? Why might he not have been born the God he is to become? imbued at birth with all the capabilities his ancestors have died acquiring? Why the Pict and Hun that I may be here? Why me, that a child of my own, to whom I shall seem a savage, shall come after me? Why, if the universe be ordered by a Creator, to whom all things are possible, the protoplasmic cell? Why not the man that is to be? Shall all the generations be so much human waste that he may live? Am I but the soil preparing for him?

Or if our future is in other spheres, then why the need of this world?

But this train of thought leads towards

pessimism, and perhaps it is not wholesome. If every ant came out upon its little hill and asked itself, "Why does the sun set? Why the light and why the darkness?" it would not be good for the ant world. May be, it is better for us to turn our eves downwards to the earth with which we are concerned, and do our work there. May be, we are as school children asking, "Of what use are these lessons? What good will they ever be to us? us play." But there comes a time when a lad understands why he learnt grammar and geography, and when even dates have a meaning for him. But this does not happen till he' has left school and gone out into the world. So perhaps when we are a little more grown up, we too may begin to understand the reason for our tasks.

I shall be half sorry if it prove true that Nansen has discovered the North The world grows so small, and with its shrinkage life grows small, also, to Think what existence must have meant to the lad of two thousand years ago who dared and dreamed. All things were possible to him. What glorious fancies must have come to him as he stood with shaded eyes, watching the red sun sink into the waves, thinking "of that untravelled world, whose margin fades for ever and for ever when he moves." What strange lands lay for him behind the twilight. Strange people lurked for him in every shadow of the woods. The wonderful, the new, were ever waiting for him; his life a story-book without an end.

And now this little world of ours lies planned and mapped before us, and every schoolboy knows it to its uttermost corner, and no new thing shall come to us. Do you remember the month we spent as children in the New Forest? Do you remember when we lost ourselves and how we both sobbed, though I tried hard to keep the tears back, and pulled your hair because you said I was crying when I said I wasn't, for we thought that we should never see home and friends again? Do you remem-

ber the bears and wolves that we saw lurking among the trees, and how one even-, ing, creeping through the undergrowth, we caught a glimpse of the wicked old man who used to lure children into his cave so as to kill them and eat them? Do you remember the moonlit glen where we watched for the fairies, and the pathway-how very muddy it always wasthat led to the enchanted castle we knew was there but could never find? I spent a week there last autumn. The witches were charcoal-burners to whom I gave tobacco, and the bears and wolves were only pigs. The enchanted path led to a public-house, for the which, it being a warm day, I was glad; and in the fairy glen the grass was long and I caught a cold.

This little world of ours must have been full of wonders in the days when humanity was young, but now we are grown up, and it seems small and commonplace. The fairies are dead and the dragons are flown away. The one-eved wizards have deserted us. We have built electric lighthouses where the Loreleys once sang, and the home of the mountain sprites is pierced by our cable tramways. No maiden cries to us from donjon keep. She merely asks us what our income is. We know there is no island of Avalon, it is not on our charts. The Holy Grail is but a pewter cup; it would not draw our eyes away for a moment from the share-list. Why should we trouble ourselves concerning wrong, seeing there are the law courts? We will vote for the right if it belong to our party. The world is growing old and we are growing old with it. We are tired of it.

I wonder will there ever come a day when, by the help of science, we of this planet will speak to those of another! How it would stir our thinning blood, some message from Mars or Venus. How we should run from one to another crying, "Have you heard?" "Have you seen?" Such an event would open the long-closed doors of human hope and thought.

"So the universe is not merely this

tiny planet we have become weary of, a new thing has come to us."

I imagine they will be creatures very different to ourselves. We know that in many of the stars, life such as we understand it, could not exist. But nature does not waste her spaces. In the sea, in the air there is life; in the sun itself there would be beings—strange flaming creatures, to whom existence on this earth would be impossible. What will they tell us when they speak to us? What new thoughts will they give to us?

I have left much of your letter unanswered, but it will keep for next month. Young Mathew has given birth to his first novel, but I have not had time to read it yet. Wells is pushing rapidly to the front. In some of his shorter stories he is as good as Kipling at his best. The sex novel is unpopular for the moment, and we are crying for romance. For the last decade, our novelists have been analysing the poor human soul. We have come to the wise conclusion that the poor human soul at its best is somewhat uninteresting—certainly that part of it which gets into books. Our school-girls are, in consequence, resting from their labours, and desire is for the moment towards pirates and brigands, fighting heroes and able-bodied villains. I will talk more about these things next time.

Yours ever,

JEROME K. JEROME.





GOLF. THE ID**EA**L. By Alan Wright



GOLF.
THE REAL.

v Gro. Hutchinson,



BY JEROME K. JEROME, EVELYN SHARP, BARRY PAIN, PETT RIDGE; AND W. W. JACOBS. ILLUSTRATED BY LEWIS BAUMER.

forced upon him that Newspaper

As the result of experience, I have come to the conclusion that Jerome has had it the greatest fools in the world are the editors—not in our own opinion, of course; personally we consider ourselves rather fine Editors are foolish. fellows; but in the opinion of our friends. An acquaintance meets me in the Strand. I have not seen him for months, and in

my joy I ask him to lunch. He accepts the invitation. While we are waiting for the soup, he lays his hand upon my arm. "Do you know what is ruining your paper?" he whispers confidentially. I tell him that I am not aware that the paper is ruined. "Not yet," he answers reassuringly. "Leave out those political notes of yours, and, you mark



my words, it will go." I thank him for his advice; I mean to be sarcastic. "Oh," he replies genially, "that's all right; I like the paper myself; in fact, I am always defending it. shall be sorry to see it go smash." The rest of that lunch we eat in comparative silence. He comments on my dulness. I tell him it is caused by my being compelled to listen to the well-meant advice of idiots. "Yes," he assents, "you must get a great deal bored with advice. Everybody thinks he can run another man's paper for him. Well, don't forget what I told you about those political pars. Leave them out, and the paper will be all right; don't you worry about that." He shakes hands kindly with me, and leaves me. Returning to the office, I run across another friend, and he links his arm into mine. He also talks about the paper, and he also likes it. "There is just one thing," he continues; "you don't mind my being perfectly frank with you?" I know what is coming, and I do mind; but I can't say so, and, without waiting for per-

mission, he goes on. "Get rid of those Sarah Jane articles," he advises me; "of course I know you must fill up with a certain amount of rubbish, but they are just killing the paper." "Oh," I reply; "I was under the impression that they were the best things in it—next to my own stuff." "You don't really mean that?" he says, staring at me. I assure him that I do. "Well, if you think that," he answers, "I can understand the rest of the paper." And so we part. On my desk I find a letter marked "Private."

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It comes from a man who says that he once met me on a steamboat, though I have no recollection of the occasion. He addresses me as "Dear J.," and adopts a tone towards me that one would resent from one's twin brother. He begins by telling me that on my pet subject I am making an ass of myself. "I know," he goes on in parenthesis, "you will take my remarks in the spirit in which they are intended." He advises me to drop serials, and asks me if I don't think the short story is played out. He tells me to "chuck Club Chatter" (he permits no argument on this point), and to give up Feminine Affairs. He presumes it is impossible for me to obtain the services of a City Editor who knows anything concerning Finance. He considers Interviews a mistake, and begs me to give the British Drama a rest. He concludes by remarking how much he likes the paper. All this takes place on Monday, and the programme is repeated every day of the week. Sundays I set aside for listening to the advice of my family, who are outspoken. If the editor of a newspaper is under any delusion as to his capabilities, it is not the fault of his friends.

A fool is not a person who does foolish things. It would greatly simplify matters if he were, for everyone does foolish things, and the person who does the most would naturally be the biggest fool. A bigger kind of fool than the one who is considered to

Evelyn Sharp says the real fool is not difficult to find:

be a fool is the one who considers himself to be a fool. It is generally rather a young man who says this, and if he is very young indeed he hopes to be contradicted, and, if his audience is not a sister, his hope is sometimes

realised.

"It is all tommy," he says despairingly; "fathers never understand these things; they never understand anything. What are they there for if they're so beastly perfect that their own children aren't good enough for them?"

"What, indeed?" murmurs his audience, which, if it is not a sister,

is evidently a daughter.

"They try to spoof you that they were young once, when they want to make out that Irving isn't in the running with Macready; but I don't believe a word of it, do you? They wouldn't be so down on a chap if they'd ever been sons themselves."

"I'm positive," asserts the audience, "that some fathers were born

fathers and never began by being children at all."

"It's so easy to say I'm a fool because I don't get on. What decent chap could get on in a rotten office full of rotten bounders? Besides, what's he done to help me to get on, I should like to know? Harrow and Oxford, I suppose. What's that? It won't help me to make a pound a week, I know; and then he rots for an hour on end about my neglecting my opportunities. As if I didn't know I'm a fool; I never pretended I was anything else. Seems to forget I'm his beastly son when he tells me that, though! Oh yes, I know I'm a fool right enough."

"I don't think so," says the audience.

"You know you do, all the same. I don't want you to be polite; I don't want anybody to be anything for me. I'm not worth it. I'm a played out fool and I know it—don't interrupt—and it would spoof them all jolly well if——"

"Now, don't do anything rash," says the audience apprehensively.

"Nobody would care if I did, a fool like me. I'm sick of fathers, and offices, and the whole show. If I hadn't been such a fool I shouldn't have gone on as long as I have," &c., &c.

Barry Pain has constructed the greatest fool theoretically:

All fools may be divided roughly, even brutally, into three classes. Of these classes, the first is the wide class of Humorous Fools. The second, also very numerous, is the class of Serious Fools. The third, the class of Intentional Fools, includes every-body who is not in the other two. It will be concluded, there-

fore, that the Greatest Fool in the World is to be found in one or other of these three

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classes. That is, indeed, the only possible and logical conclusion. It is all wrong. I am going to find the Greatest Fool in the World outside these three classes. The really greatest can never be classed. The Greatest Fool in the World has at present no human embodiment; he exists, however, because I have constructed him theoretically. Let me first eliminate the three classes.

The Humorous Fool is the fool who never amuses anybody except himself. To others his fun is a little flat—like most little flats, it is self-contained. He does inconvenient, dangerous, and expensive things. When he is not caught, he calls these things



practical jokes. When he is caught, and consequently kicked, or fined, or imprisoned, he does not talk much, but says vaguely that he is sorry. He sends bogus telegrams, raises the alarm of fire in a crowded theatre, levels a loaded pistol at his own mother, and explains at the inquest that he had only intended to scare her. As a fool he is not without his claims to consideration, but he can never attain real greatness.

The Serious Fool is the fool who is amusing to everybody except himself. He plays no practical jokes on other people. He does not mean to play jokes on himself. He does not want to do it. Yet he continually does do it. He is sanguine yet patient. He is sanguine enough to believe that he is about to make "£10 a week, easily and honourably, no previous knowledge of anything required,

can be done in your spare time." He is sanguine enough to believe that advertisement, to write for particulars, and to forward "the nominal fee of ros. for registration." And when he discovers that he really has been done, badly done, in his spare time, or in some other kind of time, he is too patient to prosecute. Sometimes the Serious Fool is an author, and he writes his little book, and somebody else writes a little contemptuous criticism of it; the Serious Fool sends a long and carefully argued reply to that criticism, a patient and pathetic reply, explaining that the criticism does not affect him in the least, and that he has written a couple of columns in order to make that point quite clear. His career of mistakes, of which he is himself always the victim, comes to an end at last, and it is frequently a violent end. He just takes the usual lighted candle to look for the usual gas-leak, and is then rapidly and effectively distributed. Or he considers that the ice marked "Dangerous" is perfectly safe, and goes on it, and from that day his widow has a prejudice against skating. A really good specimen of this kind well deserves the attention of every collector, but he would be wrong to label it as the Greatest Fool in the World.

The Intentional Fool, or Conscious Fool, is the commonest of all, and the least deleterious. He knows perfectly well that he is committing a folly, but commits it all the same. He will occasionally neglect his doctor's orders, or sit up a few hours too late, or lends money which he knows will not be repaid, or lose his temper, or pay too much for an old book, or make a pun (though he will not print it—only the very degraded, Shakespear and a few others, ever do that). After all, the minor human follies and frailties give human nature almost its only attraction. When we act from emotion instead of from judgment, we almost always act foolishly. Lord Chesterfield told his son that well-bred men never laughed. The perfectly wise man (who is the same as the Greatest Fool in the World) would never laugh, though from different reasons to those which made Lord Chesterfield condemn laughter. He would never laugh because laughter is a disorder of the judgment; so is love—so is hate—so is almost everything that is worth anything.

Briefly, then, the Greatest Fool in the World (who is the same as the perfectly wise man) is the man who has never allowed himself the luxury of a moment's folly.

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(Your scurrile and wanton suggestion, Mr. Sub-Editor, that in my search for the Greatest Fool in the World I might have begun where Charity is supposed to begin, had to be rejected, lest the search should be abbreviated, even as Charity is generally abbreviated. But, considering the month, I pardon you.)

Pass in review first of all one's best and dearest friends. Then a march past of acquaintances. Then swiftly, at a gallop, men who have been encountered rarely and have left memories must each select that recommend them to the present competition. A large regiment is thus made up of eminently deserving candidates, in-

Pett Ridge says we our own fool:

cluding the man who has a grievance against his publisher and says so; tl e man who makes puns on people's names; the man who tells you with elaborate detail all about his affairs of the heart; the man who explains the really very big thing in situations in a comedy that he's got half a mind (only half a mind) to write; the man who-The list is long. And although there is in all these a dead level of excellence, no conspicuous victor in the contest is found.

But there is a victor. It is easy to distinguish him because he always

tells you that he is a man of "sound common-sense."

I know him so well. He gives me advice very freely, and he never gets tired. He says (after the event) that if I had asked him

he should have recommended such and such a course.

"What you want in these matters," he says, and he says it in a voice that awakens distant shores, "is to come to a man of sound commonsense like myself. Perhaps I ought not to say it, but I very seldom go wrong over anything. Give me a few moments for consideration, only a very few, and I'll guarantee that I'll give you the sound common-sense view of the whole affair!" Here he paws me on the shoulder confidentially. "My dear sir," he says, with mystery as one giving away Cabinet secrets, "my good dear sir, I'm no fool!"

I name no names. There is a law of libel, and you never know but that there may be men of sound common-sense on a jury. His identity must therefore be veiled in the way that cautious romancists refer with

restraint and discretion to the town of B— and the charming Countess X— and the delightful river Z— thus evading the penalties of the Act. But all who possess a foolometer will agree that his is the right to wear the chaplet. There be fools and fools, but for the refinement of foolishness none can approach the man of sound commonsense. May he brag on till the end, and at the last show Charon how to row, and offer invaluable tips in regard to landing-places on the river Styx!

There are so many kinds of foolishness in which it is easy



to excel that the question w. w. Jacobs is a somewhat difficult one thinks the question to answer. Of course the a difficult one: spread of education is of

great assistance to the earnest searcher after truth in this direction. Many men would have gone down into honoured graves without anybody even guessing at their deficiencies if education had not given them the means of proclaiming them.

Not wishing to treat so serious a subject carelessly, I sought the advice of my own particular friend upon the matter, one who has known me from childhood, but his answer was so offensively

flippant that I saw at once that nothing was to be gained by wasting time in that quarter. I think we may pass at once over the legion of fools who go to look for



an escape of gas with a light, and, generally speaking, find it, and the other fools who shoot their friends with unloaded guns. Everybody knows these two varieties, and the newspapers have to curtail their Poet's Corner week after week in their favour.

A very common fool nowadays is the hygienic variety. He has strongly advised me, through the columns of an evening paper, to wash my tender limbs with half a raw potato instead of a cake of soap, while the cleansing properties of a piece of lemon

on the half-shell used in the same way, excite him to a pitch of rabid enthusiasm. It is the same man, or his near relative, who advises me to give up steaks and live, instead, upon oranges, which he picturesquely describes as golden globes of health. He has, moreover, mapped our native country out into apple-orchards, by living upon the fruit of which, together with the golden globes aforesaid, the population of these isles will banish doctors and reduce undertakers to a condition of chastened gloom from which they only emerge to tempt the unwary with steaks. As if these labours are not enough for one fool he recommends in addition a sun This consists in putting on a swimming-costume and standing in your back-yard in the sun, carefully selecting your spot lest the dustbin should seek to undo in one direction the benefit you are reaping from another. After standing in this position as long as your neighbours will allow you, you should, according to our enthusiast, go indoors suffused with a beautiful glow, which is not a blush.



Pressing him closely is the man who lives only to collect, who passes his spare time in gumming defaced postage-stamps in a book, or locking up old coins in mahogany cabinets. Or perchance he collects insects, and is the cause of much ill-feeling when the nervous man who has asked him for a light opens the proffered match-box and extracts a two-inch beetle, which, having been in durance vile for some hours, is only concerned in getting out without in the least knowing or caring where it gets to. I have even heard of one man who collected old boots to such an extent that upon his death there were sent to the paper-mills three van-loads. The fatal habit of collecting seduces a man from his friends, and withdraws him from the world at large. I knew one man who was placed almost outside the pale of humanity merely for collecting rates.

A fool of very fair proportions is the man who thinks that he understands women. He boasts about it, poor fool. He sometimes writes novels to prove it, and, having made his straw woman, pulls the stuffing out to show you. But if the novel brings in money he never quite understands the ways and means by which the wife of his

bosom gets hold of it.

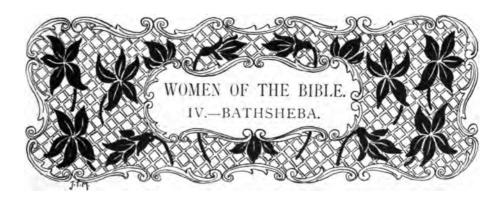


# THE IDLER.

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BY A. J. GOODMAN.

"And it came to pass in an evening-tide, that David arose from off his bed, and walked upon the roof of the king's house: and from the roof he saw a woman washing herself: and the woman was very beautiful to look upon."—Second Book of Samuel, Chapter XI., verse 2.



THE PLACE IN REGENT STREET TO WHICH WE WENT.

# THE STORY OF THE LATE MR. ELVESHAM.

BY H. G. WELLS.

ILLUSTRATED BY MAX COWPER.

I SET this story down, not expecting it will be believed, but, if possible, to prepare a way of escape for the next victim. He, perhaps, may profit by my misfortune. My own case, I know, is hopeless, and I am now in some measure prepared to meet my fate.

My name is Edward George Eden. I was born at Trentham, in Staffordshire, my father being employed in the gardens there. I lost my mother when I was three years old, and my father when I was five, my uncle, George Eden, then adopting me as his own son. He was a single man, self-educated, and well-known in Birmingham as an enterprising journalist; he educated me generously, fired my ambition to succeed in the world, and at his death, which happened four years ago, left me his entire fortune, a matter of about five hundred pounds after all outgoing charges were paid. I was then eighteen. He advised me in his will to expend the money in completing my education. I had already chosen the profession of medicine, and through his posthumous generosity, and my good fortune in a scholarship competition, I became a medical student at University College, London. At the time of the beginning of my story I lodged at 11a, University Street, in a little upper room, very shabbily furnished, and draughty, overlooking the back of Shoolbred's premises. I used this little room both to live in and sleep in, because I was anxious to eke out my means to the very last shillingsworth.

I was taking a pair of shoes to be mended at a shop in the Tottenham Court Road when I first encountered the little old man with the yellow face, with whom my life has now become so inextricably entangled. He was standing on the kerb, and staring at the number on the door in a doubtful way, as I opened it.

His eyes—they were dull grey eyes, and reddish under the rims—fell to my face, and his countenance immediately assumed an expression of corrugated amiability.

"You come," he said, "apt to the moment. I had forgotten the number of your house. How do you do, Mr. Eden?"

I was a little astonished at his familiar address, for I had never set eyes on the man before. I was a little annoyed, too, at his catching me with my boots under my arm. He noticed my lack of cordiality.

"Wonder who the deuce I am, eh? A friend, let me assure you. I have seen you before, though you haven't seen me. Is there anywhere where I can talk to you?"

I hesitated. The shabbiness of my room upstairs was not a matter for every stranger. "Perhaps," said I, "we might walk down the street. I'm unfortunately prevented——" My gesture explained the sentence before I had spoken it.

"The very thing," he said, and faced this way and then that. "The street? Which way shall we go?" I slipped my boots down in the passage. "Look here!" he said, abruptly, "this business of mine is a rigmarole. Come and lunch with me, Mr. Eden. I'm an old man, a very old man, and not good at explanations, and what with my piping voice and the clatter of the traffic——"

He laid a persuasive skinny hand that trembled a little upon my arm.

I was not so old that an old man might not treat me to a lunch. Yet at the same time I was not altogether pleased by this abrupt invitation. "I had rather——" I began. "But I had rather," he said, catching me up, "and a certain civility is surely due to my grey hairs." And so I consented, and went with him.

He took me to Blavitski's; I had to walk slowly to accommodate myself to his paces; and over such a lunch as I had never tasted before, he fended off my leading questions, and I took a better note of his appearance. His clean-shaven face was lean and wrinkled, his shrivelled lips fell over a set of false teeth, and his white hair was thin and rather long; he seemed small to me, though, indeed, most people seemed small to me, and his shoulders were rounded and bent. And watching him I could not help but observe that he too was taking note of me, running his eyes with a curious touch of greed in them over me, from my broad shoulders to my sun-tanned hands, and up to my freckled face again. "And now," said he, as we lit our cigarettes, "I must tell you of the business in hand.

"I must tell you, then, that I am an old man, a very old man." He paused momentarily. "And it happens that I have money that I must presently be leaving, and never a child have I to leave it to." I thought of the confidence trick. and resolved I would be on the alert for the vestiges of my five hundred pounds. He proceeded to enlarge on his loneliness, and the trouble he had to find a proper "I have disposition of his money. weighed this plan and that plan, charities, institutions, and scholarships, and libraries, and I have come to this conclusion at last "-he fixed his eyes on my face-" that I will find some young fellow, ambitious, pure-minded, and poor, healthy in body and healthy in mind, and, in short, make him my heir, give him all that I have." He repeated, "Give him all that I have. So that he will suddenly be lifted out of all the trouble and struggle in which his sympathies have been educated, to freedom and influence."

I tried to seem disinterested. With a transparent hypocrisy, I said, "And you want my help, my professional services, maybe, to find that person."

He smiled, and looked at me over his

cigarette, and I laughed at his quiet exposure of my modest pretence.

"What a career such a man might have!" he said. "It fills me with envy, to think how I have accumulated that another man may spend——

"But there are conditions, of course, burthens to be imposed. He must, for instance, take my name. You cannot expect everything, without some return. And I must go into all the circumstances of his life, before I can accept him. He must be sound. I must know his heredity, how his parents and grandparents died, have the strictest enquiries made into his private morals—"

This modified my secret congratulations a little. "And do I understand," said I, "that I——?"

"Yes," he said, almost fiercely. "You. You."

I answered never a word. My imagination was dancing wildly, my innate scepticism was useless to modify its transports. There was not a particle of gratitude in my mind, I did not know what to say nor how to say it. "But why me in particular?" I said at last.

He had chanced to hear of me from Professor Haslar, he said, as a typically sound and sane young man, and he wished, as far as possible, to leave his money where health and integrity were assured.

That was my first meeting with the little old man. He was mysterious about himself, he would not give his name yet, he said, and after I had answered some questions of his, he left me at the Blavitski portal. I noticed that he drew a handful of gold coins from his pocket when it came to paying for the lunch. His insistence upon bodily health was curious. In accordance with an arrangement we had made I applied that day for a life policy in the Loyal Insurance Company for a large sum, and I was exhaustively overhauled by the medical advisers of that company in the subsequent week.

Even that did not satisfy him, and he insisted I must be re-examined by the great Doctor Henderson. It was Friday in Whitsun week, before he came to a decision. He called me down, quite late in the evening—nearly nine it was—from cramming chemical equations for my Preliminary Scientific examination. He was standing in the passage under the feeble gas-lamp, and his face was a grotesque interplay of shadows. He seemed more bowed than when I had first seen him, and his cheeks had sunk in a little.

His voice shook with emotion. "Everything is satisfactory, Mr. Eden," he said "Everything is quite, quite satisfactory. And this night of all nights, you must dine with me and celebrate your—accession." He was interrupted by a cough. "You won't have long to wait, either," he said, wiping his handkerchief across his lips, and gripping my hand with his long bony claw that was disengaged. "Certainly not very long to wait."

We went into the street and called a cab. I remember every incident of that drive vividly, the swift easy motion, the vivid contrast of gas, and oil, and electric light, the crowds of people in the streets, the place in Regent Street to which we went, and the sumptuous dinner we were served there. I was disconcerted at first by the well-dressed waiters' glances at my rough clothes, bothered by the stones of the olives, but as the champagne warmed my blood my confidence revived. first the old man talked of himself. He had already told me his name in the cab; he was Egbert Elvesham, the great philosopher, whose name I had known since I was a lad at school. It seemed incredible to me that this man, whose intelligence had so early dominated mine, this great abstraction, should suddenly realise itself as this decrepit familiar figure. I dare say every young fellow who has suddenly fallen among celebrities has felt something of my disappointment. He told me now of the future that the feeble streams of his life would presently leave dry for me, houses, copyrights, investments; I had never suspected that philosophers were so rich. He watched me drink and eat with a touch of envy. "What a capacity for living you have!" he said, and then with a sigh, a sigh of relief I could have thought it, "it will not be long."

"Aye," said I, my head swimming now with champagne, "I have a future perhaps—of a passing agreeable sort, thanks to you. I shall now have the honour of your name. But you have a past. Such a past as is worth all my future."

He shook his head and smiled, as I thought, with half sad appreciation of my flattering admiration. "That future," he said, "would you in truth change it?" The waiter came with liqueurs. "You will not perhaps mind taking my name, taking my position, but would you indeed—willingly—take my years?"

"With your achievements," said I, gallantly.

He smiled again. "Kummell—both," he said to the waiter, and turned his attention to a little paper-packet he had taken from his pocket. "This hour," said he, "this after-dinner hour is the hour of small things. Here is a scrap of my unpublished wisdom." He opened the packet with his shaking yellow fingers, and showed a little pinkish powder on the paper. "This," said he—"well, you must guess what it is. But Kummel—put but a dash of this powder in it—is Himmel." His large greyish eyes watched mine with an inscrutable expression.

It was a bit of a shock to me to find this great teacher gave his mind to the flavour of liqueurs. However, I feigned a great interest in his weakness, for I was drunk enough for such small sycophancy.

He parted the powder between the little glasses, and, rising suddenly with a strange unexpected dignity, held out his hand towards me. I imitiated his action, and the glasses rang. "To a quick succession," said he, and raised his glass towards his lips.

"Not that," I said, hastily. "Not that." He paused, with the liqueur at the level of his chin, and his eye blazing into mine. "To a long life," said I.

He hesitated. "To a long life," said he, with a sudden bark of laughter, and with eyes fixed on one another we tilted the little glasses. His eyes looked straight into mine, and as I drained the stuff off I felt a curiously intense sensation. The first touch of it set my brain in a furious tumult, I seemed to feel an actual physical stirring in my skull, and a seething humming filled my ears. I did not notice the flavour in my mouth, the aroma that filled my throat, I saw only the grey intensity of his gaze that burnt into mine. The draught, the mental confusion, the noise and stirring in my head, seemed to last an interminable time. vague impressions of half-forgotten things danced and vanished on the edge of my consciousness. At last he broke the spell. With a sudden explosive sigh he put down his glass.

"Well?" he said.

"It's glorious," said I, though I had not tasted the stuff.

My head was spinning, I sat down. My brain was chaos. Then my perception grew clear and minute as though I saw things in a concave mirror. His manner seemed to have changed into something nervous and hasty. He pulled out his watch and grimaced at it. "Eleven, seven! And to-night I must-Seventwenty-five. Waterloo! I must go at once." He called for the bill and struggled with his coat. Officious waiters came to our assistance. In another moment I was wishing him good-bye, over the apron of a cab, and still with an absurd feeling of minute distinctness as though-how can I express it?-I not only saw but felt through an inverted opera-glass.

"That stuff," he said. He put his hand to his forehead. "I ought not to have given it to you. It will make your head split to-morrow. Wait a minute. Here." He handed me out a little flat thing like a seidlitz-powder. "Take that in water as you are going to bed. The other thing was a drug. Not till you're ready to go to bed, mind. It will clear your head. That's all. One more shake—Futurus!"

I gripped his shrivelled claw. "Goodbye," he said, and by the droop of his eyelids I judged he too was a little under the influence of that brain-twisting cordial.

He recollected something else with a start, felt in his breast-pocket and produced another packet, this time a cylinder the size and shape of a shaving-stick. "Here," said he. "I'd almost forgotten. Don't open this until I come to-morrow—But take it now."

It was so heavy that I well nigh dropped it. "All ri!" said I, and he grinned at me through the cab window as the cabman flicked his horse into wakefulness. It was a white packet he had given me, with red seals at either end and along its edge. "If this isn't money," said I, "it's platinum or lead."

I stuck it with elaborate care into my pocket, and with a whirling brain walked home through the Regent Street loiterers and the dark back streets beyond Portland Road. I remember the sensations of that walk very vividly, strange as they were. I was still so far myself that I could notice my strange mental state, and wonder whether this stuff I had had was opiuma drug beyond my experience. It is hard now to describe the peculiarity of my mental strangeness, mental doubling vaguely expresses it. As I was walking up Regent Street I found in my mind a queer persuasion that it was Waterloo Station, and had an odd impulse to get into the Polytechnic as a man might get into a train. I put a knuckle in my eye, and it was Regent Street. How can I express it? You see a skilful actor looking quietly at you, he pulls a grimace, and lo! -another person. Is it too extravagant if I tell you that it seemed to me as if Regent Street had, for the moment, done Then, being persuaded it was that? Regent Street again, I was oddly muddled about some fantastic reminiscences that cropped up. "Thirty years ago," thought I, "it was here that I quarrelled with my brother." Then I burst out laughing, to the astonishment and encouragement of a group of night prowlers. Thirty years ago I did not exist, and never in my life had I boasted a brother. The stuff was surely liquid folly, for the poignant regret for that lost brother still clung to me. Along Portland Road the madness took another turn. I began to recall vanished shops, and to compare the street with what it used to be. Confused, troubled, thinking is comprehensible enough after the drink I had taken, but what puzzled me were these curiously vivid phantasm memories that had crept into my mind, and not only the memories that had crept in, but also the memories that had slipped out. I stopped opposite Stevens', the natural history dealers, and cudgelled my brains to think what he had to do with me. A bus went by, and sounded exactly like the rumbling of a train. I seemed to be dipped into some dark, remote pit for the recollection. "Of course," said I, at last, "he has promised me three frogs to-morrow. Odd I should have forgotten."

Do they still show children dissolving views? In those I remember one view would begin like a faint ghost, and grow and oust another. In just that way it seemed to me that a ghostly set of new sensations was struggling with those of my ordinary self.

I went on through Euston Road to Tottenham Court Road, puzzled, and a little frightened, and scarcely noticed the unusual way I was taking, for commonly I used to cut through the intervening network of back streets. I turned into University Street to discover that I had forgotten my number. Only by a strong effort did I recall 11a, and even then it seemed to me that it was a thing some forgotten person had told me. I tried to steady my mind by recalling the incidents of the dinner, and for the life of me I could conjure up no picture of my host's face. I saw him only as a shadowy outline, as one might see oneself reflected in a window through which one was looking. his place, however, I had a curious exterior vision of myself sitting at a table, flushed, bright-eyed, and talkative.

"I must take this other powder," said I. "This is getting impossible."

I tried the wrong side of the hall for my candle and the matches, and had a doubt of which landing my room might be on. "I'm drunk," I said, "that's certain," and blundered needlessly on the staircase to sustain the proposition.

At the first glance my room seemed unfamiliar. "What rot!" I said, and stared about me. I seemed to bring myself back by the effort, and the odd phantasmal quality passed into the concrete familiar. There was the old glass still, with my notes on the albumens stuck in the corner of the frame, my old everyday suit of clothes pitched about the floor. And vet it was not so real after all. felt an idiotic persuasion trying to creep into my mind, as it were, that I was in a railway carriage in a train just stopping, that I was peering out of the window at some unknown station. I gripped the bed-rail firmly to reassure myself. "It's clairvoyance, perhaps," I said. "I must write to the Psychical Research Society."

I put the rouleau on my dressing-table, sat on my bed and began to take off my boots. It was as if the picture of my present sensations was painted over some other picture that was trying to show through. "Curse it," said I, "my wits are going, or am I in two places at once?" Half undressed, I tossed the powder into

a glass and drank it off. It effervesced, and became a fluorescent amber colour. Before I was in bed my mind was already tranquillised. I felt the pillow at my cheek, and thereupon I must have fallen asleep.

I awoke abruptly out of a dream of strange beasts, and found myself lying on my back. Probably everyone knows that dismal, emotional dream from which one escapes awake indeed, but strangely cowed. There was a curious taste in my mouth, a tired feeling in my limbs, a sense of cutaneous discomfort. I lay with my head motionless on my pillow, expecting that my feeling of strangeness and terror would probably pass away, and that I should then doze off again to sleep. But instead of that my uncanny sensations increased. At first I could perceive nothing wrong about me. There was a faint light in the room, so faint that it was the very next thing to darkness, and the furniture stood out in it as vague blots of absolute darkness. I stared with my eyes just over the bed-clothes.

It came into my mind that someone had entered the room to rob me of my rouleau of money, but after lying for some moments, breathing regularly to sirrulate sleep, I realised this was mere fancy. Nevertheless, the uneasy assurance of something wrong kept fast hold of me. With an effort I raised my head from the pillow, and peered about me at the dark. What it was I could not conceive. looked at the dim shapes around me, the greater and lesser darknesses that indicated curtains, table, fireplace, bookshelves, and so forth. Then I began to perceive something unfamiliar in the forms of the darkness. Had the bed turned Yonder should be the bookshelves, and something shrouded and pallid rose there, something that would not answer to the bookshelves however I looked at it. It was far to big too be my shirt thrown on a chair.

Overcoming a childish terror, I threw back the bed-clothes and thrust my leg out of bed. Instead of coming out of my truckle-bed upon the floor, I found my foot scarcely reached the edge of the mattress. I made another step as it were, and sat up on the edge of the bed. By the side of my bed should be the candle, and the matches upon the broken chair. I put out my hand and touched-nothing. I waved my hand in the darkness, and it came against some heavy hanging, soft and thick in texture, which gave a rustling noise at my touch. I grasped this and pulled it; it appeared to be a curtain suspended over the head of my bed.

I was now thoroughly awake, and beginning to realise that I was in a strange room. I was puzzled. I tried to recall the overnight circumstances, and I found them now, curiously enough, vivid in my memory; the supper, my reception of the little packages, my wonder whether I was intoxicated, my slow undressing, the coolness to my flushed face of my pillow. I felt a sudden distrust. Was that last night, or the night before? At any rate this room was strange to me, and I could not imagine how I had got into it. The dim, pallid outline was growing paler, and i perceived it was a window, with the dark shape of an oval toilet-glass against the weak intimation of the dawn that filtered through the blind. I stood up, and was surprised by a curious feeling of weakness and unsteadiness. With trembling hands outstretched I walked slowly towards the window, getting, nevertheless, a bruise on the knee from a chair by the way. fumbled round the glass, which was large with handsome brass sconces, to find the I could not find any. chance I took hold of the tassel, and with the click of a spring the blind ran up.

I found myself looking out upon a scene that was altogether strange to me. The night was overcast, and through the flocculent grey of the heaped clouds there filtered a faint half light of dawn. Just

at the edge of the sky, the cloud-canopy had a blood-red rim. Below everything was dark and indistinct, dim hills in the distance, a vague mass of buildings running up into pinnacles, trees like spilt ink, and below the window a tracery of black bushes and pale grey paths. It was so unfamiliar that for the moment I thought myself still dreaming. I felt the toilettable, it appeared to be made of some polished wood, and was rather elaborately furnished, there were little cut-glass bottles, and a brush upon it. There was also a queer little object, horse-shoe-shaped it felt, with smooth, hard projections, lying in a saucer. I could find no matches nor candlestick.

I turned my eyes to the room again. Now the blind was up, faint spectres of its furnishing came out of the darkness. There was a huge curtained bed, and the fireplace at its foot had a large white mantel with something of the shimmer of marble.

I leant against the toilet-table, shut my eyes and opened them again, and tried to The whole thing was far too real for dreaming. I was inclined to imagine there was still some hiatus in my memory, as a consequence of my draught of that strange liqueur; that I had come into my inheritance perhaps, and suddenly lost my recollection of everything since my good fortune had been announced. Perhaps if I waited a little things would be clearer to me again. Yet my dinner with old Elvesham was now singularly vivid and recent. The champagne, the observant waiters, the powder, and the liqueurs-I could have staked my soul it all happened a few hours ago.

And then occurred a thing so trivial and yet so terrible to me that I shiver now to think of that moment. I spoke aloud. I said, "How the devil did I get here?" . . . And the voice was not my own.

It was not my own, it was thin, the articulation was slurred, the resonance of

my facial bones was different. Then to reassure myself I ran one hand over the other, and felt loose folds of skin, the bony laxity of age. "Surely," I said, in that horrible voice that had somehow established itself in my throat, "surely this thing is a dream!" Almost as quickly as if I did it involuntarily I thrust my fingers into my mouth. My teeth had gone. My finger-tips ran on the flaccid surface of an even row of shrivelled gums. I was sick with dismay and disgust.

I felt then a passionate desire to see myself, to realise at once in its full horror the ghastly change that had come upon me. I tottered to the mantle, and felt along it for matches. As I did so a barking cough sprang up in my throat, and I clutched the thick flannel night-dress I found about me. There were no matches there, and I suddenly realised that my extremities were cold. Sniffing and coughing, whimpering, a little, perhaps, I fumbled back to bed. "It is surely a dream," I whimpered to myself as I clambered back, "surely a dream." It was a senile repetition. I pulled the bedclothes over my shoulders, over my ears, I thrust my withered hand under the pillow, and determined to compose myself to sleep. Of course it was a dream. In the morning the dream would be over, and I should wake up strong and vigorous again to my youth and studies. I shut my eyes, breathed regularly, and, finding myself wakeful, began to count slowly through the powers of three.

But the thing I desired would not come. I could not get to sleep. And the persuasion of the inexorable reality of the change that had happened to me grew steadily. Presently I found myself with my eyes wide open, the powers of three forgotten, and my skinny fingers upon my shrivelled gums. I was, indeed, suddenly and abruptly, an old man. I had in some unaccountable manner fallen through my life and come to old age, in

some way I had been cheated of all the best of my life, of love, of struggle, of strength, and hope. I grovelled into the pillow and tried to persuade myself that such hallucination was possible. Imperceptibly, steadily, the dawn grew clearer.

At last, despairing of further sleep, I sat up in bed and looked about me. chill twilight rendered the whole chamber visible. It was spacious and well-furnished, better furnished than any room I had ever slept in before. A candle and matches became dimly visible upon a little pedestal in a recess. I threw back the bed-clothes, and shivering with the rawness of the early morning, albeit it was summer time, I got out and lit the candle. Then, trembling horribly so that the extinguisher rattled on its spike, I tottered to the glass and saw-Elvesham's face! It was none the less horrible because I had already dimly feared as much. He had already seemed physically weak and pitiful to me, but seen now, dressed only in a coarse flannel nightdress that fell apart and showed the stringy neck, seen now as my own body, I cannot describe its desolate decrepitude. hollow cheeks, the straggling tail of dirty grey hair, the rheumy bleared eyes, the quivering, shrivelled lips, the lower displaying a gleam of the pink interior lining, and those horrible dark gums showing. You who are mind and body together, at your natural years, cannot imagine what this fiendish imprisonment meant to me. To be young and full of the desire and energy of youth, and to be caught, and presently to be crushed in this tottering ruin of a body.

But I wander from the course of my story. For some time I must have been stunned at this change that had come upon me. It was daylight when I did so far gather myself together as to think. In some inexplicable way I had been changed, though how, short of magic, the thing had been done, I could not say. And as I thought, the diabolical ingenuity of Elve-

sham came home to me. It seemed plain to me that as I found myself in his, so he must be in possession of my body, of my strength, that is, and my future. But how to prove it? Then as I thought, the thing became so incredible even to me, that my mind reeled, and I had to pinch myself, to feel my toothless gums, to see myself in the glass, and touch the things about me, before I could steady myself to face the facts again. Was all life hallucination? Was I indeed Elvesham, and he me? Had I been dreaming of Eden overnight? Was there any Eden? But if I was Elvesham I should remember where I was on the previous morning, the name of the town in which I lived, what happened before the dream began. I struggled with my thoughts. I recalled the queer doubleness of my memories overnight. But now my mind was clear. Not the ghost of any memories but those proper to Eden could I raise.

"This way lies insanity!" I cried in my piping voice. I staggered to my feet, dragged my feeble heavy limbs to the washhand-stand, and plunged my grey head into a basin of cold water. Then towelling myself, I tried again. It was no good. I felt beyond all question that I was indeed Eden, not Elvesham. But Eden in Elvesham's body!

Had I been a man of any other age I might have given myself up to my fate as one enchanted. But in these sceptical days miracles do not pass current. was some trick of psychology. drug and a steady stare could do, a drug and a steady stare, or some similar treatment, could surely undo. Men have lost their memories before. But to exchange memories as one does umbrellas! I laughed. Alas! not a healthy laugh, but a wheezing senile titter. I could have fancied old Elvesham laughing at my plight, and a gust of petulant anger, unusual to me, swept across my feelings. I began dressing eagerly in the clothes I found lying about on the floor, and only realised when I was dressed that it was an evening suit I had assumed. I opened the wardrobe and found some more ordinary clothes, a pair of plaid trousers, and an old-fashioned dressing-gown. I put a venerable smoking-cap on my venerable head, and, coughing a little from my exertions, tottered out upon the landing.

It was then, perhaps, a quarter to six, and the blinds were closely drawn, and the house quite silent. The landing was a spacious one, a broad richly-carpeted staircase went down into the darkness of the hall below, and before me a door ajar showed me a writing-desk, a revolving book-case, the back of a study chair, and a fine array of bound books, shelf upon shelf.

"My study," I mumbled, and walked across the landing. Then at the sound of my voice a thought struck me, and I went back to the bedroom and put in the set of false teeth. They slipped in with the ease of old habit. "That's better," said I, gnashing them, and so returned to the study.

The drawers of the writing-desk were locked. Its revolving top was also locked. I could see no indications of the keys, and there were none in the pockets of my trousers. I shuffled back at once to the bedroom, and went through the dress suit, and afterwards the pockets of all the garments I could find. I was very eager, and one might have imagined that burglars had been at work, to see my room when I had done. Not only were there no keys to be found, but not a coin, nor a scrap of paper—save only the receipted bill of the over-night dinner.

A curious weariness asserted itself. I sat down and stared at the garments flung here and there, their pockets turned inside out. My first frenzy had already flickered out. Every moment I was beginning to realise the immense intelligence of the plans of my enemy, to see more and more clearly the hopelessness of my position. With an effort I rose and hurried hobbling

into the study again. On the staircase was a housemaid pulling up the blinds. She stared, I think, at the expression of my face. I shut the door of the study behind me, and, seizing a poker, began an attack upon the desk. That is how they found me. The cover of the desk was split, the lock smashed, the letters torn out of the pigeon-holes and tossed about the room. In my senile rage I had flung about the pens and other such light stationery, and overturned the ink. Moreover, a large vase upon the mantel had got broken-I do not know how. I could find no cheque-book, no money, no indications of the slightest use for the recovery of my body. I was battering madly at the drawers, when the butler, backed by two women-servants, intruded upon me.

That simply is the story of my change. No one will believe my frantic assertions. I am treated as one demented, and even at this moment I am under restraint. But I am sane, absolutely sane, and to prove it I have sat down to write this story minutely as the things happened to me. I appeal to the reader, whether there is any trace of insanity in the style or method of the story he has been reading. I am a young man locked away in an old man's body. But the clear fact is incredible to everyone. Naturally I appear demented to those who will not believe this, naturally I do not know the names of my secretaries, of the doctors who come to see me, of my servants and neighbours, of this town (wherever it is) where I find myself. Naturally I lose myself in my own house, and suffer inconveniences of every sort. Naturally I ask the oddest questions. Naturally I weep and cry out, and have paroxysms of despair. I have no money and no cheque-book. The bank will not recognise my signature, for I suppose that, allowing for the feeble muscles I now have, my handwriting is still Eden's. These people about me will not let me go

to the bank personally. It seems indeed that there is no bank in this town and that I have an account in some part of London. It seems that Elvesham kept the name of his solicitor secret from all his household—I can ascertain nothing. Elvesham was of course a profound student of mental science, and all my declarations of the facts of the case merely confirm the theory that my insanity is the outcome of over much brooding upon Dreams of the personal psychology. identity indeed! Two days ago I was a healthy youngster with all life before me; now I am a furious old man, unkempt, and desperate, and miserable, prowling about a great luxurious strange house, watched, feared, and avoided as a lunatic by everyone about me. And in London is Elvesham beginning life again in a vigorous body, and with all the accumulated knowledge and wisdom of three score and ten. He has stolen my life.

What has happened I do not clearly In the study are volumes of know. manuscript notes referring chiefly to the psychology of memory, and parts of what may be either calculations or ciphers in symbols absolutely strange to me. In some passages there are indications that he was also occupied with the philosophy of mathematics. I take it he has transferred the whole of his memories, the accumulation that makes up his personality, from this old withered brain of his to mine, and, similarly, that he has transferred mine to his discarded tenement. Practically. that is, he has changed bodies. such a change may be possible is without the range of my philosophy. I have been a materialist for all my thinking life, but here suddenly is a clear case of man's detachability from matter.

One desperate experiment I am about to try. I sit writing here before putting the matter to issue. This morning, with the help of a table-knife that I had secreted at breakfast, I succeeded in breaking open a fairly obvious secret

drawer in this wrecked writing-desk. I discovered nothing save a little green glass phial containing a white powder. Round the neck of the phial was a label, and thereon was written this one word "Release." This may be -is most prob-I can understand Elveably, poison. sham placing poison in my way, and I should be sure that it was his intention so to get rid of the only living witness against him, were it not for this careful concealment. The man has practically solved the problem of immortality. Save for the spite of chance, he will live in my body until it has aged, and then, again, throwing that aside, he will assume some other victim's youth and strength. When one remembers his heartlessness, it is terrible to think of the ever-growing experience, that . . . How long has he been leaping from body to body? . . But I tire of writing. The powder appears to be soluble in water. The taste is not unpleasant.

There the narrative found upon Mr. Elvesham's desk ends. His dead body lay between the desk and the chair. The latter had been pushed back, probably by his last convulsions. The story was written in pencil, and in a crazy hand, quite unlike his usual minute characters. There remain only two curious facts to record. Indisputably there was some connection between Eden and Elvesham, since the whole of Elvesham's property was bequeathed to the young man. But he never inherited. When Elvesham committed suicide Eden was, strangely enough, already dead. Twenty-four hours before he had been knocked down by a cab and killed instantly, at the crowded crossing at the intersection of Gower Street and Euston Road. So that the only human being who could have thrown light upon this fantastic narrative is beyond the reach of questions. Without further comment I leave this extraordinary matter to the reader's individual judgment.



Dorothy.—" Look what a lovely bracelet Jack has sent me."

Ethel.—" Yes, dear, it's the same he sent me, and Ma wouldn't let me have it."

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LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIE

By St. (



MR EDWARD T. REED.

(From a photo by Alex. Bassano, Old Bond Street.)

# A CHAT WITH MR. E. T. REED.

BY ROY COMPTON.

In the first place I should like to describe Mr. Reed's house. It was very æsthetic in tone, and eminently comfortable as regards habitation. Punch was everywhere, in fact, the way in which he insisted on being "to the front" was a trifle appalling. Outside the building resembled an ordinary English house of picturesque architecture, with sufficient smoke issuing from the chimneys to make a small and early Kensington fog.

I was invited into a room, which was a pleasing study in green, relieved by "Remembrances" from fellow-pencillers; and indulged in a leisurely saunter round the room, examining the burlesque of Mr. Bearsdley's mannerisms and a black-and-white by Mr. Dudley Hardy, whilst everywhere were quaint conceits from Japan and other lands where the caricaturist had wandered. And then he appeared,

apparently unconcerned, and declared himself glad to see me, when I, as an Old World Mahatma, had heard him five minutes previously exclaim, "Here, nurse, take baby; I suppose I must go and talk to that confounded *Idler* fellow."

And he looked as happy as a man generally does when he knows you have come to pry into his private life and concerns; ask a hundred and one impudent questions, and insist politely on having them answered; criticise his work with the sang froid of a man who does not know a straight line from an angle, and then calmly investigate his household cupboard, and rejoice if you can unearth a stray ghost, and accurately describe him for the benefit of the public.

Personally, I was keen on "ghosts." I felt that a man who professed to be so "chummy" with William the Conqueror



PRIMEVAL BILLIARUS. SOLE REQUIREMENTS—A CHALK PIT, SOME STONES, AND BRANCHES.

By permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."

and his little ways, and had witnessed the "goings on" of Elizabeth and Shakespeare and other well-known personages who have figured conspicuously in our English history, must at least have been intimate with their ghosts to have gained such supernatural knowledge; and, besides, I had come there by request of the "Prehistorics" to ask his right to unearth them

and other playthings necessary apparently to the happiness of a Prehistoric.

- "None at all," replied the artist briskly. "Came all alone, and said *Punch* had provided his outfit; in fact, we are anxious he should be godfather."
  - "And how will Punch like it?"
- "Pleased as Punch, of course. What a ridiculous question."



By permission of the Proprietors.

when they were comfortably given over to the "worms," and to libel them in public. The situation, I felt, was serious, and with due gravity I asked the artist,

"How is your little child-son, the latest Prehistoric?"

"Oh! doing very well, thanks; at present it is pretty quiet."

"Did it bring much luggage?" I queried, thinking of the billiard-tables and balls Seeing Mr. E. T. Reed was inclined to be frivolous, I assumed my judicial bearing, and said, with great dignity, "It is time the trial commenced. I am about to put you through your facings for unearthing our primeval ancestors in the pages of *Punch*."

"Very well, whenever you like," he replied flippantly. "Come into the studio. We can soon knock up a judicial bench

PREHISTORIC PREPS. "A QUIET NICHT IN THE PRIMEVAL FARLIAMENT."

By permission of the Proprietors of "Panch."



LEGAL EXPRESSIONS. A SKETCH IN COURT.

By permission of the Proprietors of "The Sketch."

and witness-box there." As he spoke, he ran lightly up a flight of stairs facing the dining-room.

I followed slowly, and took copious notes of all the various works from his clever pencil, the "first proofs" of which, framed in the most æsthetic manner, covered the wall of the staircase. For in England it is customary, before a man is tried, that the papers should collect all the evidence possible for and against him, and then when the public is sufficiently biassed by a "paper verdict" we try him legally, and call it "English justice;" and therefore I determined that Mr. E. T. Reed, however great his libel on the "Prehis-

torics," and their artful games and artless little ways, should have full justice. I persuaded the kindly artist to lend me a few of his sketches for *The Idler*, so that there should be no question as to the justice of my verdict; and I felt sure they would be interesting. We came at last to the studio.

Mr. Reed is not ancient. Oh! dear no. He has barely passed the meridian of thirty. Brown-haired, with a great charm of manner, he has inherited a keen sense of humour of the out-of-theway type; and he is clever enough to be intensely quaint and comical, without ever touching on the vulgar side of life. Like



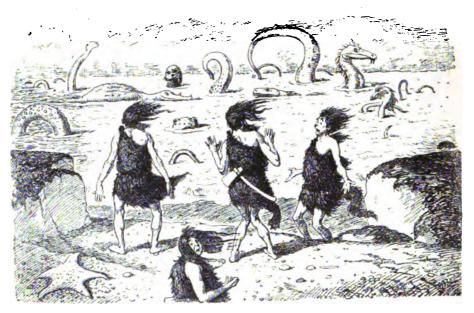
dritannia  $\lambda$  la beardsley. By our 'yellow" decadent, By fermission of the Froprietors of 'Punch."

Punch, his fun is unique, for he is, undoubtedly, one of the most capable burlesquers and most critical caricaturists of the nineteenth century.

The studio is a long room, admirably lighted by an enormous window facing north. The sides of the room are covered by the artist's own pencil, interspersed here and there with photographs of "great ships," for, a son of Sir Edward Reed, the

dug up in the Cromwell Road—date uncertain; but to my mind it looked a very suitable, if draughty, conveyance for primeval man.

Then we come to the sketches for *Punch's Almanack*—the eight events of unrecorded history, which must cheer the heart of a schoolboy, they are so inexpressibly funny. Especially amusing is the landing of William the Conqueror with



PREHISTORIC PEEPS. "NO BATHING TO-DAY!"

By permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."

well-known naval constructor, the artist takes a keen interest in naval matters. There is also a splendid portrait of the Kaiser.

"A wonderful man that," remarks Mr. Reed, as I paused to examine the likeness. "'Smart', would hardly describe him. My father was struck by his wonderful knowledge and keen insight into all subjects connected with the navy—he is alive to his finger tips."

I am next attracted by the sketch of a hansom cab in a hopelessly dilapidated condition, which the unorthodox mind of some artist has represented as having been his followers at Hastings, whilst on the bathing-machines, in large letters, is the exhilarating information, "1s. All the way to Bath."

On a table close by is the bound volume of *Prehistoric Peeps*, which Messrs. Bradbury & Agnew have most suitably clothed to suit the subject and the public who prefer to look at "Time" through the right end of the telescope.

On gazing at the sketch of our forefathers, whom he has represented having a quiet game of billiards in their rude and simple way, Mr. Reed says:

"A few days ago, I had a letter from a



NORD LEGIC BRI RESSIONS.

By permission of the Proprietors of "The Sketch."

firm of billiard-table makers in America, saying doubtless I would be glad to know that they had made use of this sketch as an advertisement for their firm. What do you think of that for unadulterated Yankee cheek?" and Mr. Reed looks a trifle wild at such a liberty being taken, even with a Prehistoric.

And then there is Parliament, comparatively quiet, but on every seat and stone is a face that bears some faint resemblance to our M.P.'s of to-day, and there are forty in number. And they all look so jocund and unconcerned. The clock on the tower close by is striking the hour, and although Mr. E. T. Reed prefers to live backwards, I have yet to "go to the front."

So I only give a passing glance to the photographs of *Punch's* dinner-party, noticing amongst his guests Mr. Burnand, Mr. Lucy, Sir John Tenniel, and my host and many other distinguished draughtsmen, the old staff and the new recruits, of both of which *Punch* may well be proud.

"The trial will now commence," said I solemnly.

"Very well; by the time you have on your wig and gown, I shall have climbed into the witness-box," replies Mr. Reed.

"We commence with your career. Your date?"

"As far as I can remember," replied

the witness nervously, "it was somewhere in the '60's (sixties), probably 1860."

"Your first impressions?"

"Rather dressy. A great deal of embroidery and superfluous adjuncts of fine muslin."

"Then?—be careful as to facts."

"A heavily-braided period followed the embroidery, commencing with a tunic, and ending in knickerbockers."

"Followed by swallow-tails and Har-

row, where you distinguished yourself?"

"Yes, at football mainly."

"And you took an interest in art?"

"Well, on leaving Harrow, I amused myself by sketching. I really had decided on the Bar for a profession; but gave that up and went to Japan with my father. Then I re-



E. T. REED AND BERNARD PARTRIDGE.

Photo by A. F. Mackenzic, Binnam, N.B.

turned at 22, and wondered what to do next."

"And then you went to Cameron's?"

"Yes! and afterwards studied with Burne-Jones. Perhaps you don't know he is a very clever caricaturist?"

I made a note of this, as there was a certain amount of novelty in the idea.

"Then you were introduced to *Punch?*" I continued.

"Yes, almost by accident, in 1890. Blake Weyman, in talking to Linley Sambourne, said *Punch* wanted fresh

blood, and advised me to send in a drawing. I did. It was a drawing of an abnormally developed bicyclist, and I called it 'A Warning to Bicyclists.' Burnand approved, and I have worked regularly for *Punch* since. Within a month I was on the regular staff."

"And in time you stepped into Harry Furniss's shoes?"

"Yes, and I found them uncommonly difficult to walk in, after he had worn

them with so much public popularity, and was so well known in every land."

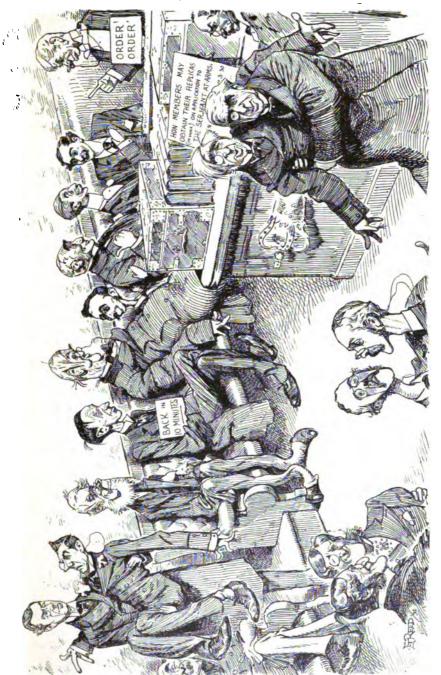
"Why?"

"Because the public had learnt to know by heart his method of reproducing his Parliamentary characters, and I had my own code to establish. I had for months to study every member most carefully! I remembermy first experi-

ence in the Press Gallery. I was allowed a seat there once a week, when I went as a new recruit; I was a stranger to its occupants and customs, and was cruising about modestly, looking for a good seat, when a man came out of one of the front boxes, and said most cordially,

"'You know me? Mr. Reed, I believe? If you care to go into my box for the next twenty minutes you are welcome to do so.'

"'Thanks, very much,' I replied, profusely grateful. He made over the box



# IMPROVEMENTS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Why not keep on the premises carefully executed portable replicas (in wax) of all Members which would keep the places hon. Members during any temporary absence from the House!

I'y fermission of the Proprietors of " Punch."

to me in the most magnanimous manner; and I congratulated myself on my stroke of good luck and made my sketch. I told the pleasurable incident to Mr. Lucy when I met him in the lobby, and——"

" And----?"

"He laughed outrageously, and told me the man had no right to the box whatever, and probably had he stopped



A RECENT SKETCH OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

there himself would have been turned out."

"And you have a grievance?"

"Yes; I find it so difficult having only one night a week in the Press Gallery as a weekly paper artist to keep pace with the daily papers. We have to do our work late in the week to keep up with daily comics. I do my sketches Tuesday, and Friday we go to press, five days late. If before Friday I see my subject represented elsewhere, I have immediately to make a fresh sketch, as it would never do for it to be said that *Punch* copied another paper; besides, I consider Parliamentary

artists should be allowed a certain freedom in the House, for from the gallery it is only possible to get a partial sketch of a personality. There is my latest of Mr. Chamberlain," and Mr. Reed produces his note-book, and I demand the sketch, which he very kindly tears out to lend me.

"And where do you obtain your weird ideas?"

"Impossible to say. My only justification is, that when a man insists on living a thousand years previous, there must be something wrong with his brain which is not sufficiently marked to have him put under restraint."

Knowing well Mr. Reed's keen wit, I refuse to accept this justification.

" And your unrecorded history?"

"Brought me an invitation from the Royal Institute to give a Friday evening lecture on my work, which, unfortunately, I was unable to accept, owing to my eyesight, which I had overstrained. I am glad to say I am now all right."

"And the 'Prehistorics'?"

"Were created on the spur of the moment. I found the 'new line' was favoured by the public, and I like looking into the far distant past. What we might have been! I do a little interviewing myself sometimes."

"And your method of work?"

"I have one model, an Italian man, whom I can pose as a lay figure, and who luckily has no ideas as to how he should stand. And I am always very fidgety when working, and dislike being unnecessarily disturbed. One of my favourite studies is a 'wig'; it has such possibilities, and the different Courts make charming backgrounds and foregrounds, and—"

At this moment an interruption occurs, and Mr. Reed disappears.

## SIMPLE SIMON.

BY GEORGE GISSING.

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS GUNNIS.



T a vegetarian restaurant, in a room set apart for those who took the sixpenny dinner (two courses and dessert), a pair

of friends sat shoulder to shoulder consuming lentil soup. With rare omissions they had sat thus every day for two years; a previous twelvemonth of vis-à-vis proximity having led them gently from the nod and the casual remark, by cautious grades of acquaintance, to cordial brother-They were young men, and of hood. means as slender as their persons; clerks by calling, not unimpeachable in the article of grammar, and alike in the fervour of their devotion to abstinent ideals. Each wore a blue ribbon in the button-hole; each had closely-cropped hair and a meagre moustache; on taking a seat, they invariably hitched up their trousers at the knee.

Their names were Simon Mooney and Samuel Figg. Rugged features, a severe eye, and a trenchant mode of speech proclaimed the character which gave Figg an ascendancy over his companion. He criticised the world with sarcasm, and even in friendship was prone to righteous admonition. Mooney had a mild and pleasing countenance, a frequent smile, a soft conciliatory voice; his good-nature and lack of readiness in retort made him something of a martyr among his fellow-clerks, who called him Simple Simon.

Like the majority of their table-associates, they were thin-faced and colourless; plainly suffering from poverty of diet. But Simon was the less unhealthy of the two. He ate with appetite, and talked cheerfully; whilst his friend, who for a long time had been losing flesh and accumulating bile, struggled with the unpalatable dish, and kept a morose silence.

"I feel bad," whispered Samuel, presently; and thereupon left the room.

For some days he was unable to go to business. Simon called to see him each evening, rich in sympathy and eager to aid. Yet at this moment Simon had grave trouble of his own, and felt as sick in spirit as his friend in body. For a year the difficulty had been the subject of discussion between them. Simon was in love, and, alas, with the daughter of a licensed victualler-an eater of flesh, a drinker of ale, a female Gallio in regard to her lover's enthusiasms. Yet a good girl, for all that, and not indisposed to favour Simon's suit would he but waive the conditions on which he had hitherto insisted. They had long known each other, and regularly every week Simon ran down to St. Albans, where Barbara, an only child, abode with her well-to-do parents and assisted in their nefarious traffic. The publican thought well of Mr. Mooney, and had no objection to teetotalism (in this instance), but held for roast-beef. Barbara would renounce neither beef nor ale. So matters stood, and, as the girl's suitors were numerous, poor Simon lived in dread of learning some dark day that his hopes had vanished.

Samuel Figg, even on his bed of sickness, held fiercely to the ideal.

"Now, mind what I tell you, Simon! You're in danger—I can see it. The devil's tempting you to sell your soul. Break it off! Have done with her! If you fall, I'll never speak to you again."

Simon felt the menace keenly.

"I hope I shall never so disgrace myself," he murmured, with downcast eyes and twitching lips. "I've been reading the Temperance Herald, and I find strength in it. But—oh, Figg!" And the poor fellow turned away to groan.

When Samuel Figg returned to business, he had an air of mystery. The friends met once more at the vegetarian table, but they no longer conversed as of old. Figg had become strangely reticent on the great matters of their common interest; he preferred to talk of things indifferent; chiefly of international politics. Of Barbara he made no mention; and Simon, his native spirits direfully overcast, found it difficult to speak of anything at all, for he interpreted his friend's manner as a dignified rebuke.

"I'm holding firm," he whispered one day, as they left the restaurant.

Figg rewarded him with a smile of unusual brightness.

"It's your duty to mankind, Simon."

Now as the despairing lover sank from depth to depth, his friend exhibited a wondrous improvement in state of body and mind. Samuel began to pick up flesh; his eye grew bright and clear; he walked with a lighter step; occasionally, he even laughed. Simon, absorbed in his miseries, hardly observed this change; but, one day, when Figg positively clapped him on the shoulder, and bade him "Cheer



"AND I MYSELF AM ONE OF THEM."

up, old boy!" he stared through his smile.

"Thank you, Figg. You're doing your best to keep me up. I'm grateful to you, but—oh, Figg!"

"If you only knew," replied Samuel, "you'd be more encouraged." He frowned and sighed. "What you're going through, Simon, is nothing to what I have to endure. But I bear up—I bear up." He ground his teeth. "Come to my lodgings to-night, and I'll tell you something." He laughed sardonically.

Oppressed by a new anxiety, Simon kept the appointment. He found his friend comfortably seated by the fireside, reading an anti-tobacco tractate. This supplied Figg with matter for half-an-hour's discourse; he wrought himself to a pitch of ferocity in railing against smokers.

"No one has ever yet pretended that smoking is a necessity of health," he said, at length. "In that, it differs from flesheating and the taking of stimulants. Now, there are cases"—he glowered—" where vegetarianism and total abstinence are practically impossible. Yes!" His voice rose as if in contention. "There are such cases, Simon!"

The listener was appalled.

"You really think so?" he stammered. "I thought—you used to——"

A roar interrupted him.

"There are such cases; and I—I my-self—am one of them."

There was a fearful silence. Thereupon Samuel Figg made known that his improvement in health came from his obeying the doctor who had recently attended him. "Eat and drink like other men, or die!" The painful secret could not be for ever kept. But what it cost him to purchase his life by such concession!

"I shall tell no one but you, Simon. I take meat and beer at a little place where no one knows me; and mind, I can still, with a good conscience, support the great principles. My case goes for nothing; it

is exceptional; it doesn't apply to one man in fifty thousand. When I am thoroughly established in health, I shall go back to the right way."

Simon went home and lay awake all oppressed with strange, new night, thoughts. If his friend Figg had been plucked from fatal illness by a change of diet, why, were not Barbara and her father and all the rest of the world plainly right in their refusal of asceticism? Barbara, now so rosy of cheek, so round and supple of form, oh! oh! might not the dear girl's health be dependent upon the sustenance he had insisted she should renounce? And he himself? Might he not be twice the man he was if he followed Figg's unwilling example? He knew himself a poor, bloodless creature. He had not the pluck to punch a fellow's head when the nickname "Simple Simon" was thrown at him. Oh! for the blood, and muscle, and courage! Oh, for love and Barbara!

For a week he wrestled with worse temptation than he had ever yet known. Then, in the middle of a sleepless night, he got up and indited a long letter to Samuel. Timorously, circuitously, he approached the awful admission that it seemed doubtful to him whether he ought to make Barbara's conversion a sine qua non of their marriage. Personally, he would remain staunch, but why should he seek to imperil Barbara's health? He implored his friend to bear with him, to abstain from wrath.

This letter was posted, and the next day Simon did not go to business. He feared Samuel Figg, and, indeed, felt very unwell. In the evening he had a letter from Samuel, a forcible composition which at first shook him with shame, but, in the end, fired self-respect, and made him think of the writer as he never had before. No; if it came to calling names, he wouldn't submit; what right had Samuel Figg to use this imperative tone with him? Driven to bay by persecuting cir-



SHE MUST HAVE MUCH MORE TIME TO THINK ABOUT IT.

cumstance, Simon took a reckless resolve. To-morrow, Sunday, he would go down to St. Albans, and tell Barbara that he resigned all pretension of dictating to her in matters of food and drink; he would offer himself humbly, as a lover should, seeking only for the same liberty of concience that he allowed her.

He did so, and Barbara smiled upon him—but "without prejudice"; she took counsel of dignity, but none the less answered the summons.

On entering Figg's room he was aware of a strange odour, nay, of blended odours. such as made him doubt the evidence of his nostrils. His eyes completed the shock, and he stood aghast. On the horse-hair sofa reclined Samuel Figg, puffing at a cigar; on the table stood a whiskey bottle, and a glass of steaming grog.



HIS EYES COMPLETED THE SHOCK, AND HE STOOD AGHAST.

feared they could not live together harmoniously. She must have much more time to think about it. In brief, the damsel made it clear that she would savour her triumph whilst holding herself quite free from tender obligations. And Simon Mooney returned to town full of the darkest imaginings.

He forsook the familiar restaurant, and kept out of the way of Samuel Figg. The two saw nothing of each other for a fortnight. Then came a letter from Samuel, a brief request that his old friend would call upon him that evening, as he had a grave matter for talk. Simon hesitated,

With obvious effort, Samuel rose to his feet, grinning fatuously, and speaking in a thick voice.

"How do, Shimon?—S'prised, eh?—Doctor's orders; can't help it—no harm in it.—One case in fifty—thousand——"

"But, Figg, you're—you're—"

Simon could not utter the terrible word. Rocking to and fro, Figg glared at him.

"I'm what?—No, no; d—don't say it, Simon! All a m'shake. What the devil d'you mean? I'm sober's you are, and a good deal more."

With involuntary steadiness, Simon kept his eye upon the iallen man, and

the result of his reproachful look was unexpected. Suddenly Figg dropped from a tone of bluster to one of abject self-rebuke. Yes, he was intoxicated; he was vilely, vulgarly drunk; he was fit only to be trodden upon and cast among swine. How had it come about? As such things always did—by the damnable way of so-called moderate indulgence.

And Samuel tumbled together on the sofa.

For a minute there was silence. Then Simon lifted up his voice, and spoke, for once, like a man.

"Figg, I'm utterly ashamed of you. I'm to take warning by you, am I? Not Because you can't help I, indeed! making a beast of yourself, you think I'm likely to do the same. Very well; we'll see. So far from taking your advice -your advice, indeed-I shall just do Here"-he flung up his the opposite. arm-"here goes vegetarianism! Here" -he repeated the gesture-"here goes total abstinence! I'll give in to Barbara in every single thing, and we'll see who knows best, her or you. I'll do it just to shame you, that I will, after all the names you've called me. It's you that ought to take warning, Figg, and I warn you solemnly. Mind what you are about, and when you're sober think of what I've said."

"Simon! Simon!" shouted the other man; but it was too late. Winged with an indignant purpose, Simon Mooney had sped from the house.

It was yet early in the evening. He made straight for the railway-station, and by nine o'clock was at St. Albans. There, with an energy which transfigured him he told the whole story to Barbara, and proclaimed himself a liberated man. In proof of it, he supped with the family, ate largely of cold pork, and drank a bottle of Bass, then passed the night under the same hospitable roof.

Reaching town in time for business, he was surprised to encounter Figg, who stood waiting for him at the office door.

"Why didn't you stop, last night?" said Figg, in his ordinary voice. "I stood at the door of your lodgings till one o clock. Simon, do you really think I was drunk?"

"Of course you were," replied the other, with newly-acquired decision and severity.

"Then I tell you I was not. The cigar and the whiskey were just a get-up. I acted a part, Simon. I pretended to have fallen so low just to terrify you by my example. I knew that you couldn't do with safety what I could. But you took it in a way I never expected."

Incredulous for some minutes, Simon understood at length the veracity and the gigantic conceit of his quondam brother in Pythagoras.

"It's all right," he said, quietly. "You did me a greater kindness than you thought. And—be careful, Figg."

Samuel turned on his heels, and fronted the day's clerkdom with a brow of night.





FIVE O'CLOCK TEA. BY ALAN WRIGHT.

## ARE ANIMALS MORAL?

BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.



DO not put the difficult question which forms the title of this article to selfsatisfied philosophers, or to dogmatical people who

believe that without language there can be no thought, no conscience, and therefore no virtue, no progress, and no reasonable outlook of a future life. I put it to those who love and observe animals unscientifically; and especially to the youthful of both sexes, in whom there is almost always an instinctive affection for the creatures called "dumb," and a ready-made familiarity with them. Dumb, forsooth! As if a baby did not begin its human life by being "dumb" in the sense of having no distinct conversation, although the mother understands what it babbles without a dictionary! Animals, on their side, are naturally fond of children, finding many qualities which they gladly understand in the ways, and words, and doings, of boys and girls, who ought therefore never to be cruel to any living creature, if it were only by reason of this extreme readiness of birds and beasts to make friends with them. It is the soured, grown-up, grim metaphysicians, who have rashly styled our silent comrades "beasts that perish,' "lower creatures," and all the other depreciatory terms. It is the pitiless professors of materialism, who do not care how many gentle and helpless four-footed or four-handed beings they torture in the defamed name of science, that deny the very relationship which they teach. Young minds come readily into contact with this wonderful public of speechless life upon our planet, whereto we men and women stand as gods, very often, alas! granting to them none of the mercy which we our-

selves implore from heaven, and much too habitually despising and neglecting the furred and feathered companions of our destiny, who help us so greatly to enjoy life, and are so glad to live in amity I, who admire almost all living things, and greatly love many among them, am not going to argue metaphysically here, with anybody, about the morality of animals, in which, however, I believe as firmly as in the morality of bishops and I am only proposing to recall and review a few of the more striking things which birds and beasts do, in order to ask myself and the readers of The Idler whether we human animals are nearly respectful enough to these marvellous associates of man's existence; and, if possible, by my citations to promote what I earnestly hope for, a better and a more just and tender treatment of them, as beings in whom reason is probably of the same kind as with us.

All Christian peoples stand for the most part a sadly long way behind those of the East in their conduct to animals. Good Buddhists never intentionally take away life at all. The modern Hindoos of any good caste, borrowing from Buddha his noble regard for the right of everything to live, never touch meat as food-seldom even fish. The strongest men I ever saw in the world were soldiers of an Indian regiment, Mahratta Brahmans of the 3rd Bombay Cavalry, and all of them had all their lives subsisted only on pulse and cakes. The Mohammedans, on the other hand, are great flesh-eaters, although they will not touch pork; but by a single decree of their Prophet, the whole of Islam acts thousands times more nobly and kindly to animals than Christendom. One day a Meccan peasant brought to Mohammed two young pigeons which the fond feathered mother had followed all

the way from the nest. "See!" he said, "she has more courage than the stoutest of my spearmen! She braves instant death for her younglings! Do you dream Allah created the heart of a dove like this that ye should carelessly spill the love and life forth from it at your fancy? I bid ye give back her couplets to that motherbird; and henceforth never shall any true believer presume to slay a bird or a beast for food, without first asking pardon from God, and patience for the victim, repeating these words: bism' Allah al Kerim-"in the Name of God, the Compassionate!" And nowhere in the world since that day has any devout Mussulman tasted the flesh of bird or beast, over which the hallal has not thus been pronounced. What sportsman, or butcher, or scientific experimentalist of Europe or America is a hundredth part so considerate?

Is not bird-courage, indeed, and are not the parental affections of birds, signal elements of morality? I saw lately, on my own lawn in Essex, a hen strolling about with a brood of small guinea-fowls. They had been duly hatched by her from transferred eggs, and she troubled herself with no question about their odd little ways and general dissimilitude to herself. She was their nurse and motherthat was enough. Suddenly one of my ferrets which had escaped from its hutch, crept out of a laurel bush and made straight for the brood. Imagine a London nursemaid or some rural matron in a village, abruptly confronted with a fiery or a foaming tigress, or a murderess with naked knife, or a real live ogre with yellow fangs and red hair, making plainly to devour their babies. Their terror would paralyse them. They could and would probably do nothing but scream. But this fussy, foolish little Dame Partlet, though she had never before even seen such a fiendish creature, and only knew by guess that it was a horrible monster and meant blood-sucking and general destruction to her foster children, fluffed out her gallant plumage, and went for the ferret so vigorously, pecking and kicking and bewildering him, that all the little ones were safely perched in a small fir-tree before the dangerous beast had filled his wicked mouth with her feathers, and angrily given up the chase. Our glorious order of the Victoria Cross has been awarded for deeds which were merest child's play compared to the true proportions of the valour manifested by that heroic pullet.

This I myself witnessed, and here is a parallel case of a hen killing a rat, which I take from *The Field*, out of the letter of Mr. W. H. Cobb, of Oswaldkirk, York.

"It was market day at Helmsley, and most of the household were away; a few pigs were basking on their sides in the sun, and, except the hum of insects, not a sound was to be heard. Taking advantage of the silence, a large rat ran out from his hiding-place, and was making across the fold-yard, when a black barndoor hen, in charge of a family of ten chickens, spied the dangerous neighbour, and instantly 'went for it.' thought she was merely going to drive it off, but I was astonished to see her springing repeatedly into the air, confusing the rat with the flapping of her wings, pouncing upon it with the rapidity of lightning, and striking it with all her might with her beak. The rat sprang at her, and tried to get hold of her, but she was too quick for him, and, after giving him from fifteen to twenty blows, killed him outright; and then, collecting her brood with a few clucks, drew them off unhurt in triumph."

Here again is an authentic instance of parental fidelity joined with splendid boldness, from the September number of *Science Gossip*. "In repairing the farm buildings at Broadstone Lodge, near Penistone, the other day, it was necessary to remove an old spout, and in doing this a martin's nest was destroyed. The young birds were taken out by the workmen and

placed upon the roof, where they were fed by the parents for the rest of the day. Next morning the old birds commenced to build a new nest, into which they removed the young ones before night." Now imagine a human family displaying such heroic traits! How we should applaud the dauntless parents, who in presence of a broken domicile and the attack of terrible pirates not only continued to look after the comforts of their little ones, but at the first chance built a new home for them! Or compare any ordinary legend of martial valour-say the story of Horatius and the Bridge-with the following perfectly true account, verified by name and date, of the superb self-devotion of a squirrel. "On April 20th," relates Mr. Loyd, of Carclew, "I was walking by Restronguet Creek, Cornwall, looking for nests. Passing a holly bush, I saw a large round nest, rather like that of a wren, but much larger, and not so neat. I climbed up to it, and put my fingers through the little round hole, the only entrance. Feeling something warm and soft, I withdrew my fingers, when out came two young squirrels. They immediately began to squeal, and that brought their mother to the spot. rushed up the tree and flew at my throat. After a struggle I succeeded in knocking her into a stream, over which the tree hung. She came up a second time, but I knocked her back again, when she swam a little way down the stream and ran By this time she had torn open the front of the cricketing shirt I was wearing, and scratched my chest. One of the young ones had run away when they first came out, but the other was still hanging on to the tree. I leant over to take hold of it, but overbalanced myself and fell into the stream. I got off luckily, however, with only a few scratches and a slight bite on my hand."

In this amazing exhibition of "love stronger than death," and of courage careless about dreadful disparity of size, the squirrel was actually the victress! And all for the sake of those two tiny brown velvet balls, which she adored just as ardently as the human mother does her pink twins! Why, then, should hers be styled "virtue," and the poor little brave, "dumb" creature's perfect valour dismissed as only "instinct"?

Is it true, I wonder, about crows, that, when they cannot deliver their young from captivity, they will go so far as to bring them poisoned food? In many parts of England such a story at all events is firmly believed by the country boys, who are close observers; and here is a letter from an Ontario proprietor on the subject. Mr. John Burd, of The Pines, Cobourg, Ontario, writes: "A week ago my boys caught two young crows, just out of the nest, and for two days we kept them in the coach-house in a large cage. We then placed them outside; they were quite well, eating worms and meat. The morning after they were put out, the old crows came round. I and the boys were away for about two hours in the afternoon, and when we returned both the young birds were dead." The able editor of the paper from which this is culled observes, and I think with reason, that in this case it seems that the young birds may have died from starvation. The evidence is incomplete. There should have been a post-mortem examination to ascertain the cause of death. That high authority, Mr. W. B. Tegetmeier, also disbelieves the idea. Yet this is only one bit of testimony out of very many which I have seen, and, if confirmed, it exhibits a new aspect of fearlessness and affection. How, indeed, should we distinguish such a stern proof of love from that of the cup of poison sent to Sophonisba by her kingly husband, when he had no hope of resisting the Romans, and begged his queen to pledge him in that deadly drink rather than fall into the hands of the conqueror? The story is in Livy, finely narrated, and one of our poets has versioned it, giving Sophonisba's haughty and sad answer of compliance:

"Tell him I would it had come yesterday,
For then it had not been his marriage gift!"

What clever and resourceful traits, as well as unselfish devotion, this parental love of animals can exhibit! I had often read of how sitting partridges would cajole a passer-by away from their nests, but hardly believed it until one day, upon a piece of moorland which I had bought in Surrey, I startled up a hatching hen-bird. She did not know that I had actually seen her eggs, a clutch of mottled russet treasures cradled under the bank. one idea was to tempt me away from them with the apparent offer of her own kind little self, and, instead of rising on the wing, the small sweet hypocrite blundered out of the grass with a lame flight for about fifteen yards and then fell, inimitably acting the part of a winged or wounded thing. She suffered me to approach so close that I could see her bright quick eye, nicely taking my distance in, and, just as I might actually have grasped her, she was off again in the same apparently half-helpless manner, but for a rather longer interval, in the end again tumbling head over heels upon the heather, seemingly the most exhausted bird in the world. At this juncture she managed by running to get me a good hundred yards away from the sacred spot, and once more taking to wing she once more dropped; this time it really appeared quite spent. If I had not seen her eggs I could have sworn she was a badly injured bird, and should have pursued her to save her from a lingering death. I well knew I was being fooled, and gladly lent myself to the pretty farce which had its loving plot in that small motherly heart. When I pretended to grasp at her again-albeit, I would not have hurt her for a hundred guineas-the small brown mother rose with a chuckle of happy scorn, and calmly sailed away a quarter of a mile down wind; and if I ventured to

translate partridge language I should believe she exclaimed, "There, you stupid man-monster! find my nest again if you can!" You pretend this is only "instinct!" But these birds are so clever that they know their own young from French partridge chicks. Mr. Cotterell, of Lindfield, writes: "I have several times taken the eggs of the French partridge away and replaced them with the English birds' eggs. The result has been that the birds hatch them out, but then kill everyone by pecking their heads."

As to the intelligence of quadrupeds, I myself have witnessed what Sir John Lubbock was able to achieve with his dog Van. He tried experiments with a black He made two slips of cardboard poodle. on one of which he wrote the word "food," and the other he left blank, and placed them on two saucers, one containing bread and milk, the other empty. ten days the dog had learnt to distinguish between the two saucers. Afterwards the cards were placed on the floor, and he was told to bring one, receiving food when he brought the right one and nothing when he brought the blank one, and in a month he had learnt the difference. Who knows the range to which such education of the lower animals might go.

The Chinese and Japanese, as is well known, train cormorants to catch fish for them. In a little book, Farm Vermin, just issued by Rider & Son, Mr. John Watson, F.L.S., states that at Bassenthwaite a man and his son trained a pair of otters to fish in the lake. They would return when called upon, or follow their master home when the fishing was over. Instances of the otter being tamed and taught to catch fish for its master were not previously unknown in this country, and what a wonderful step in advance it appears to him who knows the shy ways of the solitary river-dog!

Many and many a good mother and father toil hard enough, Heaven knows, for their children, obeying that mysterious law of altruism by which the Universe lives. But how can we completely shut out from the same divine consecration which attends such affection the case of those two thrushes described in Macgillivrays' British Birds?

"He tells us that, in order to ascertain how often the young of the thrush are fed, he erected a hut of spruce and fir branches close by a nest, and took possession of it on June 8th, at a quarter past one in the morning, for the purpose of making observations on the habits of the birds. At half-past two they commenced feeding their young, and from that time to four o'clock they fed them fourteen times. From four to half-past five they fed them twenty-two times. At this hour one of the young birds, when dressing its feathers, lost its balance and fell to the ground. The old ones set up the most doleful lamentations until Mr. Weir replaced it in the nest. He then returned to his retreat; but the old birds having seen him do so, were aware of his proximity, and would not feed their young again until he came out. So he went home for his boy, who, after Mr. Weir had gone into the hut again, carefully covered up the entrance and went away. The departure of the boy was noticed by the birds, who followed him for a considerable distance, then returned, and, without suspicion, commenced feeding their young again; but, of course, some time had thus been lost.

"Between the last observation, at half-past five, and seven o'clock, the parent birds fed the young ones twenty-four times; from seven to eight they fed them sixteen times; and from eight to nine eleven times. By this time, the zealous observer writes that he was nearly benumbed with cold, the wind blowing boisterously from the east, so that he was cramped with remaining in one position, and nothing but the strongest resolution would have kept him at his post, especially as he became exceedingly sleepy. Between nine and ten he kept the birds away from the nest to see if, during the succeeding hour, they would feed the young more frequently. This, however, they did not do, and from ten to eleven they fed them ten times, and from one to two o'clock eight times; from three to four six times; and from four to six eleven times. At the approach of night, apparently with some prevision of the long fast that was to ensue, the old birds fed their young more frequently; from six to seven twelve times; from seven to eight, thirteen times; and from eight to half-past nine seventeen times. Then they ceased their labours, having fed their young brood no less than 206 times in the day, in spite of the interruptions to which they had been subiected."

The tediousness of this must be forgiven for its tale of sublime devotion and ceaseless vigilance. Is it wanted to make such action "virtue" that they should talk and think and have a conscience? I, at least, firmly believe such elaborately developed creatures have their own speech and reason and self-judgment. As for talking, birds indubitably do talk to each other! The late Miss Hayward, in her Bird Notes, writes:

"I have often heard two, and even three, robins, perched on different garden walls and answering each other, each time with a different strain, and evidently trying to out-do each other. I have also seen a blackcap and a whitethroat sing at each other, perched on two boughs of the same tree. Each appeared to be trying to sing the louder till at last they flew at each other like two angry dogs."

"Last winter," she also tells us, "a robin, accustomed to be fed on my window-sill with bits of bacon, invented a note by which it called me to the window to feed it. It was quite a peculiar note, hushed, muttered, short; the object seemed to be to reach my ear, and not that of rival birds. I always found it waiting for the opening of the window and putting out of the food; it would then take a very few little bits, look gratefully into my face, and fly away till it was hungry again; and so da capo."

And, then, the migration of birds? Deeply considered, there is in this annual miracle of the so-called "creatures" the germ and essence of our human feeling of "Home." All these migrants breed at the northern limit of their yearly journey, for the reason that the original source of avi-fauna life was almost certainly the far north. At the Poles the molten globe first cooled down enough for animal life to become possible; and the winged beings go for ever back thither where the first eggs

were laid. Year after year the knot and the curlew-sandpiper travel half the world over to build nests within the Arctic Circle. "Some idea," says a good observer, "of the force of this feeling for migration may be gathered from the fact that swallows have been known to perish in the flames rather than forsake their young during a conflagration; while the same birds, when the mysterious passion seizes them to move southward, will actually desert their callow offspring, which have been hatched late." This same strange and sudden desire to make pilgrimage extends from birds and rodents like the lemming, to butterflies. numbers of the green and gold and black Vanessa are to be seen at certain seasons crossing the Isthmus of Panama, and the phenomenon occurs also with us. An old Chronicler, a burgess of Calais, named Richard Turpyn, has recorded how, "On the 23rd of Henry the 7th, the 9th July being relyke Sunday, there was sene at Caleys an innumerable swarme of white butterflyes coming out of the north este and flyenge south esterwarde, as thick as flakes of snow, that men being a shutynge in Saint Peter's filde, without the town of Caleys, could not see the toune at foure of the cloke in the aftarnone, they flew so highe and so thicke." Nav, this "homing" habit, which takes the breeding birds to the place of feeding and pairing, has been traced down to the lowly limpet. Some time ago, in Nature, Professor Davis described observations he had made on the habit of the limpet. Marked individuals were found to return from their excursions, extending to a distance of some three feet, and to settle down on the spot which is their permanent home. By excision of the tentacles in two individuals, Professor Davis was led to conclude that it is not by these organs the limpit finds its way back to its own particular scar. The sense of smell then suggested itself. With a view to test this, the space between a wandering limpet and its scar, with the scar itself, was carefully washed again and again with seawater. In spite of this, the limpet in question readily found its way back again. Mr. C. Lloyd Morgan since wrote to Nature: "Last summer I had some opportunities of making observations at Mewps Bay, near Lulworth, in Dorsetshire. The method I adopted was to remove the limpets from the rock and affix them at various distances from their scars. This can be done without difficulty or injury if one catches them as they are moving. Observations are contained in the following table:

No. removed.	Distance in inches.	In two tides.	No. returned in four tides.	Later.
25	6	21	-	-
21	12	13	5	_
21	18	10	6	2
36	24	1	I	3

After this it seems no longer quite impossible that an oyster may be "crossed in love."

Birds, of course, are far more intelligent and precise. Marked swifts have been known to build in the same chimney seven years in succession. Birds have a marvellous faculty for calculating time, as is proved by the fact that some species arrive and take their departure to a day, and this without reference to the weather, although they dislike a following-wind as much as a head-wind, on account of the disarrangement it causes among their flying and steering feathers. Birds are wonderfully conservative in their migratory routes, the quails pursuing the same course to-day as when they "came up and covered the camp of the Israelites." The great aërial highways are neither the nearest nor the safest to and from their winter resorts, according to man's judgment; but there is a strong geological authority for supposing that their fardistant progenitors flew over narrow necks of land where water now exists.

Intense, indeed, must be the pre-natal impressions upon these aërial travellers; and closely allied in origin, nature, and impulse, to those feelings of patriotism and love of home which in human beings we call "virtues," largely instinctive though they appear.

Is there not, however, ratiocination behind these wonderful traits of parental love, of devoted courage, of memory, of resource, of emulation, of self-sacrifice, and all the other qualities which I have adduced or could adduce? Can anybody live much with animals and doubt whether they think and reason? Here is a little case of conscientiousness in a dog. Nicol, of Sunderland, writes, to The New castle Leader: "I have a rough-haired fox-terrier dog, by name Sam, who can do all sorts of tricks. He shuts the door, jumps through a hoop over a stick, lies down "dead" at the word of command, sits up, tosses a piece of biscuit from his nose and catches it in his mouth, takes a message on a piece of paper in his mouth to anyone in the house, laughs, and can say 'Mama' as plainly as any human Sam sits at the front window every morning watching for the postman. To-day he saw him as usual and ran off for the letters. He returned with one in his mouth, brought it to me, and went and lay down again, while I resumed reading my book. In two or three minutes he rose up, went out of the room and came back with three other letters, a post-card, and a newspaper in his mouth. His conscience seemingly had chided him at not completing his work, and would not let him rest until he had brought the other letters."

If there be a bird anywhere with a bad character, whose care for its offspring even is attributed to base and selfish instincts, that bird is the cuckoo. We all thought the worthless wife of that monotonous singer, whose one merit was that he heralded the spring, simply dropped her eggs in any bird's nest she could find, from sheer laziness. But here is somebody, who for the first time has seen cuckoos at the breeding season, and look how

thoughtful and anxious they really are. Mr. G. Malcolm Yeats, of Malvern, writes to *The Field*:

"I was resting under a tree on the outskirts of a wood near Malvern on the 4th of this month, when I noticed a pair of cuckoos in the tree under which I was sitting, and, as I take a good deal of interest in natural history, I thought that I would watch the birds. After waiting some time the cock flew to the ground, and appeared to be taking a dust bath, but I saw afterwards that it was really making a nest, if it can be so called, of loose earth, which having completed it called to its mate, who was still in the The hen-bird then flew down, and appeared to do as much as her mate had done, scratching the loose ground for some time, and then sat quite still for perhaps ten minutes. In the meantime the cock-bird was apparently very anxious, flying round an elm-tree about thirty feet distant from where I sat. After a time the hen stood up, and, as soon as the cock-bird had completed his survey of the tree, he flew to her. The hen then took the egg, which she must have laid in the dust nest, in her beak; and they both flew to the tree round which the cock-bird had been flying, where I saw the hen distinctly place the egg in a nest of the wren, which was about five feet from the base of the tree, after doing which they both flew away. There were no eggs in the nest beside that of the cuckoo, which was quite warm when I looked at it. I also examined the place where the egg was laid, which was merely an old horse-shoe print, the earth in the centre of which had evidently been loosened by the cock-bird's efforts."

There is nothing heedless or reckless here! For, doubtless perfectly good cuckoo-reasons of their own, these birds build no nests for themselves, but take as much trouble as if they did, and are clearly not destitute of the universal virtue.

Now my point in all this is that the possession of gifts so clearly akin to human feelings, duties, and virtues ought to render animals dearer and more sacred to us all than they are. I doubt whether we have the right, knowing all we know, to murder wholesale the stately elephants of Africa, killing for billiard-balls and for paper-knives what Heaven designed to be the carrier-beast of the Dark Continent; to extirpate from another Continent the noble North American bison; to slaughter tame pheasants for sport; to inflict upon oxen the ghastly tortures of the Atlantic passage; and generally to treat these living, sentient beings as if they were automatic property without rights, or relationship to ourselves. While we regard them as enemies they naturally retaliate. A recent official paper issued by the Government of India shows that the number of deaths attributed to wild beasts last year was 2,804, Bengal claiming no fewer than 1,600 of the victims. From snake bits, 18,540 persons are reported to have died, the figure being much higher than in the previous year. There was a vast destruction of cattle. Tigers killed 12,840 head of cattle in Assam, and 8,716 in Bengal, and leopards almost as many. On the other side of the account mention is made of the killing of 15,300 wild beasts. including 1,267 tigers, and 4,088 leopards, and of 117,120 deadly snakes.

Yet, how glad they would all be—aye, even the fiercest, to become friendly with man. There is none among them "untameable," positively not any. I brought up in my Indian house two hyæna cubs, of the species called "untameable," which grew to be the gentlest and most amusing play-fellows, long after they could crush a shank bone with their great white teeth. I have had friendly snakes who would come daily to breakfast with me, and, creeping fearlessly among the plates and dishes, eat eggs and drink out of my milkjug. They would all like, if they could,

to be better understood and more mercifully entreated by man, to whom the sovereignty of the world has been granted. Consider the little honey-guide, Indicator minor, as one example. There is no feathered creature more friendly, or more useful, to a man in a wild country, than this small bird well-known in South Africa. Wild honey is plentiful; and the honey-guide is well aware of its existence, but is incapable of opening up a rich store, and, what it most prefers, the grubs found in the comb. It, therefore, having discovered a nest of honey, immediately seeks the aid of some human beingblack or white. The honey-guide seems to have no sort of fear of human beings, and, having found the nearest man, it proceeds by every means in its power, to attract his attention. Fluttering restlessly about him, the little yellowish-brown bird utters loudly and shrilly its chiding cry of "chiken, chiken, chik churr, churr!" Every African native knows this invitation perfectly well, and at once follows. So soon as it sees the man following, the little bird flutters delightedly through forest and bush, sometimes halting upon a branch to wait for the slow oncoming biped, uttering the while its sharp cry. Very often the native replies to the bird by a reassuring whistle, which the little creature seems readily to comprehend. At length the honey-guide reaches the hollow tree in which the honey is deposited. Its task is done, and, upon a tree or bush near, it waits the assured result of its labours. The native, meanwhile, with his hatchet or assegai, opens up the nest, and extracts the comb. Usually he breaks off a piece containing the larvæ which the bird loves, and places it on the ground, by way of tribute to his feathered friend. Or he will leave a portion of the comb so exposed in the nest that the honey-guide can help itself.

The natives have many curious stories about these honey-guides. They will tell you that, if once disappointed of its share

of the spoil, the bird will conduct the next man it meets to the lair of some lion, or leopard, or other dangerous beast or reptile. But this is libel; only men are as spiteful as that! Livingstone carefully examined 114 natives upon this point during his early travels, and learned that out of this number only one man had been led by the honey-guide to an animal (an elephant) and not to a hive.

Untameable? Only last year a hill shepherd, in destroying a litter of foxes, took it into his head to rear one as a pet. He did so, and the animal has not only become very tame, but is a most useful ally. It and a collie, hunting together, kill rabbits to a miracle. They work very much in the same way as two lurchers. The collie goes out and hunts the rabbits among the fern and heather of the braes, or the rushes and long grasses of the stacks, while Reynard all the time sneaks about the holes and picks them up as they come in. They understand their respective parts perfectly. The collie seems to know that it is not his business to kill, and the fox is never under the slightest temptation to bolt out and give chase.

If a hill fox can thus be educated, what are not the capacities for progress of

these natures hidden under the transitory mask of fur and feather! I have a list before me of over one hundred different birds observed from time to time at Wimbledon, near London, but only mention it to show how willing, nay, eager, these gentle-winged and four-footed beings are to draw near to man, not daunted even by the proximity of vast and noisy cities. For my part, I believe the time has come when the legislature of civilised nations should take new note of the animal world. We ought not to be contented with the efforts of private societies to do them justice, and to protect We ought not to regard them simply from the point of view of our own convenience, luxury, or amusement. The mystery of their existence is profound; the long silence of their patience may cover solemn and terrible accusations which they will some day make against us, before the Judgment Seat of the Universal Life. There is, I think, in the United States, an official whose duty it is to be the guardian of the Indian tribes. I should like to see in all Christian Governments, a Minister of State charged with the interests of the Birds, Beasts, and Fishes.



## THE SEMI-FINAL.

BY E. S. GREW.

### ILLUSTRATED BY G. H. SIME.



E came out of the rolling fog of the suburban station into the circle of dim light where I

was trying to read the evening paper.

"Mister," he said, "dost tha want any naydles?"

"Any what?" I asked.

"Naydles," he repeated, pressing on my attention a thin packet in dark paper.

"Needles," I corrected. "No. What do you think I want needles for?"

"Yo'd as well have them," he said. He did not appear very anxious about it.

"Well, what are they worth?"

"Worth?" he said. Why, dom it!—nowt!" And with that he flung the packet away on the line.

"Well, you won't get much for them now," I remarked.

"Ah always was a dom'd fule," he confessed." "Have yo' got the price of a drink about you?"

"I've got it about me."

"Well, ah could do with it. Ah've coom up from Birmingham, Mister."

"Well, how do you come to be at a Great Eastern station, then?"

"Kid," he said. "I walked. And ah'm sick o' walkin'. Ah've got four-pence, and ah'm gooin' to goo as far as it'll tek me. Happen it'll tek me as far as Stratford."

And then—I got out of him—he was going on to London to find work. It looked a forlorn hope; for there is not much demand for needle-grinders in London, especially when their habits are as erratic as I suspected those of my casual acquaintance to be. But he thought he should get something; because as well as a needle-grinder he had been a fighting chap; and he believed one or two of his old boxing friends would give him a hand.

"Ah could do with a soop o' beer," he interrupted his narrative to remark.

"Better get something to eat, I should think."

"I dunna want nowt to eat," he said.
"Chap as 'as got as much beer in 'im as ah've got, ay don't want any grub. But ah could do with a drop more beer."

However there was neither meat nor drink to be had at the station, and the train was due; so having settled something about his fare to Stratford, and advised him to go and get a ticket, I was about to bid him good-night, when he asked me if I was going on. I was. "Well, then, ah'll coom oop with you as far I goo," he said, with an amiable confidence in his attractions as a travelling companion which it would have been cruel to dispel. So we got into a carriage together. He did not get a ticket.

He talked like a man who was glad to have someone to talk to, and he had soon told me all about his early life as a fighter.

"M'appen you've heard o' my name," he said. "It's 'Ezekiah 'All."

"Well, you were a bit before my time," I suggested.

"Ah, kid," he agreed. "Happen ah was. But if yo' ask any feytin' chaps if they know 'Ezekiah they'll tell ye. 'Ezekiah,' they'll say, 'ah know him. 'Ezekiah, ah, ay's a moog.' And I have been a moog. I never could keep off the beer, and who's goin' to back you if you get drunk before a fight. Who?"

I had no reply to make.

"A chap ay says to me," went on Hezekiah, "'Give oop the beer,' ay says, 'and I'll make a champion of ye.' Dom it,' ah says, 'ah shan't gie it oop. Ah'm took to the taste on it. A drop o' beer,' ah says, 'never did none no 'arm.'

So I stoock to the beer, and I got licked. They'll any on 'em tell ye. 'Ezekiah,' they'll say, 'I know him. Ah, ay's a moog!'"

Presently he brightened up a little.

"But ah was a clever young chap when



" WHO'S GOING TO BACK YOU IF YOU GET DRUNK BEFORE A FIGHT?

ah were a lad. Ah tell ye, kid, when ah was clobbered oop on a Saturday neet ah could do owt with the gells. An' ah could fight above a bit. Kid, how old d'ye think I am?"

He might be forty, I thought.

"Ah'm thuttywan. Thirty-wan. But ah've been knocked about a bit. Ah, kid," he said. "Tha dost-na know owt. Feel on 'ere and 'ere.——" and he passed the flat of my hand over his knotty ribs.

"How did you get those lumps?" I asked.

"Yo' 'ave to get 'it to get them. Ah've 'ad ma ribs brokken twice."

The train was slackening speed now as it banged over the points of Stratford Junction.

"But what you've got to do," he continued, "if you're going to mek a fighter is to swaller ranker."

"Swallow what?"

"Swallow ranker," he repeated, with distinctness. "Swaller ranker. Yo' must na mind bein' hit. But yo' must shut your fist tight and hit 'ard yoursen. Swaller ranker and shoot your fist tight," he emphasised his points with a bony fist on my knee, "and hit 'ard: and hit straight. And hit first!"

"I'll bear it in mind," I said.
"But here we are, Hezekiah.
This is your station. Mind how
you get out."

But he did not seem very anxious to get out.

"Ah, is it?" he responded. "Ah, suppose yo're goin' on?"

"Yes; I'm going on to Liverpool Street."

"Well, then, dom it," he said, recklessly. "Ah'll come with you, kid, I like your coompany."

So we went on together, and he told me his history again. When we arrived at Liverpool Street, he was still loth to leave me.

But, at last, after resisting an offer of his to stand me a drink—("Name it, kid," he said. "Yo' shall 'ave what you like.")— we said good-bye finally. "And ah wish you good loock, kid," he added, "wherever you goo! Good loock, and if yo' want a chap as can feyt, yo' coom and find me——" and then he was swallowed up in the black fog of the city.

Well, I used to look for him at the boxing competitions to which my business sometimes took me, and I often wondered whether he had gone under. And at last I did see him again. It was at the big

professional tournament of the year, a meeting which is the half-way-house of the boxer, since if he wins a competition here, he will probably find backers for a big match, whence are to be derived both glory and profit.

It was the third or fourth evening of the tournament; the semi-finals were approaching; there were a few preliminary bouts to be fought off. The preliminary bouts did not furnish very good boxing. The most entertaining of them was the last, in which a very short, very sturdy boxer, with the shoulders and chest of a big man, but with short thick arms and legs like a practical joke, was taking a beating from an opponent very much his superior in science. " Pocket Knifton," the gallery called the little man, and they encouraged him noisily whenever he got a blow in. But this was seldom, and the decision of the judges at the end of the third round was instantly and inevitably given against him. winner went over to Knifton's corner to shake hands with rather a shamefaced air, as if sorry for what he had done. Knifton blinked cheerily at him out of his uninjured eye, and the two went out together much applauded.

Then the dapper master of the ceremonies stepped into the ring.

"Order, order, gentlemen, if you please," he said to the gallery "Next contest, semi-final, the 10 stone 4 lb. competition. Bill Ramplin of Lambeth, Hezekiah Hall of Birmingham. Bill Ramplin," repeated the M.C., as that young man stepped inside the ropes. "Hezekiah Hall," as Hezekiah sat down in his corner, leant his head against the ropes, and put out his tongue to be sponged.

Hazekiah looked younger. He confirmed the impression of leanness which I had had of him; but beneath his dark skin the muscles were clean and long; and they lay thickly at the back of his loose shoulders. His opponent was younger, thicker and heavier. The gallery sometimes called him "Ginger."

"Seconds out of the ring," said the timekeeper. "Time!" The two men advanced to the middle of the ring, shook hands and crossed over—as if about to go through the ladies chain—and began. From the first you couldn't doubt which was the boxer. Hezekiah was surprisingly clever especially on his legs. He stepped the boards as deftly as if he were giving a lesson, and Bill Ramplin's rushes, occasionally chequered by a tap from Hezekiah's persistent left, had little other effect than that of blowing Ramplin.

The gallery didn't like it at all.

"Nah then," they adjured Hezekiah, "don't dawnce! Fight!'—and as a further hint they presently began sarcastically to whistle the bars of the *Pas de Quatre*. But Hezekiah's second seemed as well satisfied as Hezekiah himself.

"Be clever me son," he murmured hoarsely across the ring. "That'll beat 'im. Strite left. Be clever. You'll tire him aht." And Ramplin's friends as if in rejoinder shouted, "At 'im Ginger! you're doin' all the work. 'IT 'im" (they implored) "'e can't 'urt yer!"

However, it was certain that Ginger did not hurt Hezekiah—in whose favour the round ended. Up to a certain point the second round repeated the first; but suddenly its aspect changed; for Ramplin's determination was rewarded at last, and Hezekiah went reeling back to the ropes from a heavy blow over the heart. The gallery yelled.

"That's done 'im," they shouted to Ramplin. "Don't let 'im get away!" as Hezekiah slipped towards the middle of the ring again. "Out 'im!"

Hezekiah swallowed rancour He spun round. He could hit hard; he could hit straight; he did hit first—and the pursuing Ramplin suddenly found himself brought up by an onslaught as determined and far more bitter than his own.

Hezekiah's left was as persistent as ever; it was now supplemented by a cruelly effective right. For the rest of the round

Ginger's most strenuous partisans could not have claimed that he was doing all the work; he was most of the time on the ropes; and when the timekeeper's call of



THE GALLERY VELLED.

"Time!" made itself heard above the roar of the gallery, Ramplin was as nearly as possible knocked out.

Hezekiah's second sponged him with a new expression.

"Don't kill him," he said, with grim admiration. "Just let your right go over your left, and that'll do 'im."

As the men stood up for the last round

the M.C. stepped again into the ring to address the gallery, which was showing signs of a returning animation.

"Here," he said. "We don't want quite so much row up there. Not so much of it y'know."

"Aw right, guvnor," returned the gallery, respectfully. "We was only whispering."

"Well, shut it," rejoined the M.C. "Time!"

Hezekiah began where he had left off, and Ginger Ramplin's brow puckered anxiously over his deepset eyes. The fickle adherence of the gallery soon transferred itself to the more successful man.

"Go it old 'un," they whispered. "Shove it in! 'It 'im again: that's the plyce! 'E don't like that" (which seemed very probable). "Nah then, 'Ezekier, down't let'im lie on yer"- as Ramplin tried to save himself by clinching-" punch 'im away. Don't " (suggested the whisperers) "don't be bloomin' kind to 'im!"-for Hezekiah, as indifferent to suggestion as ever, had resumed his earlier methods, and Ramplin, warned by one nasty counter that this was due to no weakness on Hezekiah's part, showed no disposition to try and rush his superior again.

So, in spite of the gallery's appeals the match ended quite tamely; but of course in favour of my friend Hezekiah. Hezekiah shook hands with his adversary with great heartiness, the gallery

ironically advising that he should give him a kiss—and the two went off to give place to other combatants.

I thought I should like to hear how my man had been getting on —if he had not forgotten me —so I went off upstairs to the professional's dressing-room. It was situate behind the gallery, and the way to it led along a narrow passage, at the

entrance to which stood three or four girls waiting for their "fellers" and exchanging heavy repartee with some of the boxers whose turns were over. I pushed my way along the crowded passage

but paused at the entrance to the room, which was too stuffy to invite a visitor. Boxers in various stages of dressing or undressing were sitting about it. I noticed that Pocket Knifton had not yet gone home; he seemed to be waiting for Hezekiah, who was nearly dressed Ramplin was still being rubbed down, and was seeking consolation for his recent defeat by making some severe comments on the judge's decision and on Hezekiah's methods.

"Call that fightin'," he said, to a rather apathetic audience. "Why 'e can't fight for nuts. It's tap, tap, tap, with that blimey left of 'is. Fightin', fightin'"—Mr. Ramplin spat on the floor.

"Well, I won, didn't I," said Hezekiah, apologetically.

"Won!" repeated Ginger

Ramplin. "Won! Wot, with that judgin'. Call them judges! 'Oo did all the work?"

"'Ere,' ere, 'ere, come young feller," interposed Pocket Knifton. "Wot's the use o' grumblin' when the judges give it aginst yer? They give it aginst me; and I could have shot 'em for it."

"Who arst you?" demanded Ramplin, still further annoyed by the laughter which encouraged this sally.

"Robbed aht of it I was," continued Pocket Knifton. "They was bribed to give it aginst me."

"Coom lad," added Hezekiah, "I've often been beat. Tha mun swaller ranker. Coom and 'ave summat to drink."

But Ramplin was not yet at that stage. "Well, I shall," said Hezekiah. "Ah canna remember the time since ah've had owt to drink. Art coomin', lad?" he asked Pocket Knifton.



AT THE LITTLE GALLERY BAR.

"Well, I'd rather have that than one over the heart," responded Pocket, and the two came out together.

I followed them into the light.

"Well, Hezekiah," I said. "Have you got any needles?"

He recognised me at once.

"Well, now, who'd iver ha' thowt it," he said. "Kid, ah'm right glad to see ye. Ah'm reet glad. Coom now, yo'll have a drink wi' me. Ah've got soom brass."

But I didn't want to see him drink.

"Well, the fact is --- "I began.

"Nay, nay, lad," he interrupted. "What's it to be?"

"Well, look here, Hezekiah," I said. "I think you'll do best without drinking. You've got another fight to-morrow night. Give it up."

"Ah shall not gie it oop," said Hezekiah. "Ah've gone without since I dunno when."

"Ah," I said, in the tongue of Hezekiah's county and my own, "ay allus was a mug, was Hezekiah."

"Ah shanna gie it oop," he repeated, as if it was his response in a litany. "A soop o' beer never did none no 'arm."

I cast about for fresh persuasion, and I suddenly received an unexpected ally. A woman joined us where we stood at the little gallery bar, deserted while the fights were in progress.

She was a little woman, with sharp black eyes and a high forehead; very, very compact; very upright.

"'Zekiah, lad," said she, "it's about time as yo' come home."

Hezekiah's face fell. Pocket Knifton said, "Lordelpus."

"Well, yo' can wait a minute, ma wench," said Hezekiah, after a pause. "Ah'm goin' to have a drink o' beer," he added, without very much conviction in his tones.

"You'll have no beer to-night, ma lad," retorted the little woman.

Pocket Knifton assumed a sudden interest in the backs of the yelling gallery, who were craning over one another in their eagerness to watch the fight below.

"Why, Hezekiah," I said, "I didn't know you had a missus. You never spoke to me about her."

"Ah didna' need to," he returned. "I reckon as she can speak for 'ersen."

"And a good job as I can speak for mysen," she rejoined. "Ah should na' get much from yo', if I had to look to yo' as spends all your time with idle, lazy good-for-nowts!" her eyes fell on the abstracted Pocket.

"Oh, shoot up!" said Hezekiah. "Yo' don't want to talk through the top o' yoor head."

"Talk through the top o' my head," answered the little woman, her voice and temper rising. "If I had to depend on you ah shouldn't have neither 'ouse nor 'ome over my 'ead. Talk through the top o' my yed, indade, while you go and spend every copper as I can scrape, yo'—yo' worthless rip! Ah must work and slave while yo' hidle and drink, yo'"—she choked—"yo' hidle, good-for-nothin' craw!!"

I've no idea what she meant, but that's what she called him—"a hidle, good-for-nothin' crawl"; and there was a good deal that was descriptive in the term as a few moments later, with a mumbled excuse to me—(he cut Pocket)—he followed her out of the hall. The little woman walked erect, her head back, not saying a word. Hezekiah shambled.

Pocket Knifton turned round from his contemplation of the backs of the yelling gallery and looked after the retreating figures.

"Ah," he observed reflectively to the rafters, "a soop o' beer won't 'ave the chawnce to do 'im no 'arm to-night."

His uninjured eye veered round until it rested somewhere between the barman and me.

"I could ha' done with a drink myself," he remarked—perhaps to the barman.

I smiled

Pocket Knifton's eye dwelt hopefully upon me for a moment.

"I s'y, guv'nor," he said; "I shouldn't be angry with yer, not if you was to orfer to stand me one."



Bv Geo. Hutchinson.

A BAR-BAROUS IDEA.

Elsie.—"Mamma, dear, aren't followers of Mr. Gladstone called Gladstonians?"

Mamma.—"Yes, darling; why do you ask?"

Elsie.—"Well, then, Mr. Makley must be a barbarian because he is always following Aunt Barbary."

## REVELATIONS OF AN ALBUM.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE.

BY JOSEPH HATTON.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. MARGETSON.

IV.

A BIT OF EGOTISM AND A DEAL OF FRIENDSHIP.



Y acquaintance with Shirley Brooks began at the happiest period of my life. Young, ambitious, enthusiastic, appreciative, rejoicing in the

friendship of distinguished men whom I respected and admired, the world might have been made on purpose for my enjoyment, it was delightful in so many ways. Not that I led the lazy life that is the aim of so many to realise, well provided with a heavy balance in the bank, and an unclouded future. I worked all the time; conducted my own journal in Worcester, wrote novels, edited The Gentleman's Magazine in London, was a Town Councillor, a Hospital Governor, and half-a-dozen other things; lived in Worcester, in view of the Malvern Hills, had chambers in Bedford Street, within the odoriferous atmosphere of Covent Garden; travelled up and down on the "gentleman's line," the comfortable Great Western, between the "Faithful City" and Paddington, and frequently in excellent company, for Worcester was always a popular residential county.

If I seem to exaggerate the pleasure that association with such men as Shirley Brooks would give to a young fellow at the outset of his fight with the world, the reader will be indulgent, sitting by my side over this album of notes and pictures, and looking back with me from the foothills of a partial realisation of the summit of one's hopes along a winding valley dotted with cathedral cities. How well I know them! Durham, Worcester, Lincoln, Bristol, Wells, York, and the rest! If Trollope had written Christopher Kenrick, which is a story of Worcester, the

critics would never have tired of saying how well he understood the clerical life, how faithfully he described it! Yes, I say this of my own work, because after all these years I can stand outside it and estimate it by comparison with "standard values." Shirley Brooks shook my hand warmly and offered me his heartiest congratulations on Christopher Kenrick. The anonymous writer in The London Review, who found in it a theme entirely sympathetic to his critical purview turned out to be William Black; and America, as I have said, gave the book a very flattering reception. But "something too much of this", a book that might take the town at one time could easily fall flat at another. Christopher Kenrick did neither one nor the other; it was fairly remunerative in a commercial sense, and made a distinctly good artistic impression. merits or demerits I think this is all I shall probably have to say about my books. Christopher Kenrick is a favourite child, and Shirley Brooks's letters and the happy time to which they belong revive memories of this particular novel that get into my pen and my ink-pot, do what I may to keep them out.

I spoke of the literary charm of Shirley Brooks's epistolary style. Now that I look over his letters, I find hardly any that I feel justified in publishing, for the reason that should I give them to the world they are of too personal a character to free me from the charge of self-But there is one which glorification. contains matter of more moment than It has a touch of domestic sentiment, that was not foreign to his published work, and which is not absent in the fiction that a certain hypercriticism of the time professed to regard as a reflection upon the morals of religious

society. At the same time the letter has an historical interest that is sufficient excuse for its publication.

"6, Kent Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W. "February 26, 1869.

#### "MY DEAR HATTON,

"Place aux dames.—I beg you to present our united compliments to Mrs. Hatton, and to say that we thank her cordially for so kind a message, and hope for the pleasure of making her personal acquaintance very soon, and of improving it in Kent Terrace or Lansdowne, or-better-in both. The photograph, however, I claim. It gives me a very good reason why the Editor of the G. M. is always so ready to return to Worcester. I have nothing good to send in exchange; my wife does not 'take' well-these medallions are not very like, but give a sort of idea of the partner of my expenses, as Mark Lemon irreverently says. The original envies you the coming happiness. We have done with so few babies, and done without any for so long, that I was perfectly afraid to handle one to which I was sponsor (mamma a niece of Lemon's) the other day. We hope for good news-if you want anything looked at, or seen to, tell me. I am a reasonably good editor, and should be happy to save you a run up.

"My old friend, Robert Carruthers, of The Inverness Courier, one of the best men I know, and a ripe scholar (moreover he wrote a life of Pope, and found out things about the Blounts, etc., that had baffled the editors. Murray should have given him the work Elwyn will never do) writes to me on this. William Laidlaw was, as you remember, Walter Scott's factotum, and about his best and latest friend. To Laidlaw, Scott was always writing-small notes, but characteristic. Laidlaw's daughter married one of Carruthers' sons. I knew her-a pleasant body, as the Scots Carruthers, the elder, has been going through Laidlaw's papers, and has compounded an article out of fragments, and to-day he sends me this, to be read, and if I think it might suit the G. M. I am to hand it to the editor, and if not, to W. J. Thoms, to be used fragmentarily, in Notes and Queries. I can't read it till Sunday, but whatever I think, I shall send it to you, that you may have the refusal thereof. This I think you will like. Carruthers, though fond of the small things in biography and criticism, is no twaddler, and I shall be surprised if he have not made a readable paper.

"A paragraph about the tales from the O. D. appears in *Home News*—read all over India and all the Colonies—says that the G. M. has 'taken a new lease of life, and is highly prosperous.' I cut it out, but can't find it, of course.

"But what talk we of literature and rubbish on the Eve of the great sacrifice to 'the hearts of an affectionate people.' Take down old Quarles' School of the Heart, and look at Ode 27 and picture, for the real way to put a Saxon 'hand to the plough' for 'them Kelts.'

"I will do the next T. O. D. earlier, so that I can have elbow room; I could have made this one longer, and at one time thought of dividing it, only comic interest is not strong enough for a wait.

## " Ever yours faithfully,

"SHIRLEY BROOKS."

I wonder who reads Quarles nowadays. Fancy Brooks trifling with nonsense rhymes, and the troubles of "the Nagletons," not to mention his weekly story of Parliament, which in his hands became a current bit of classic history. Fancy Brooks with Quarles as a chamber book; for I questioned him about the strange old "Emblems," and, so far as I remember, discovered that they were among his favourite reading. The metaphorical plough, that runs through the Ode which he quotes in his letter, may indeed be applied to stiffer soil than that of the heart to which Quarles commends

"Apply the plough betime; now, now begin To furrow up my stiff and starvy heart; No matter for the smart; Although it roar when it is rent, Let not thine hand relent."

#### V.

### CRITICISM AND SHAKESPEARE.

The medallions were of his wife, a quartette of studies. Mrs. Brooks did "take" well. She was a hospitable and handsome woman, whose likeness was strikingly reproduced in her eldest son. He and his brother were their only children. They devoted themselves, the one to journalism, the other to publishing, but did not live long enough to fulfil their early promise of great success. The kindly intimation of his capacity to edit The Gentleman's Magazine for me, if I chose to remain away from town, was destined to be more speedily tested in another direction than he desired or

expected; and while I am writing these words. I come upon a tribute to his editorship of *Punch*, in *Blackwood's Magazine* for December, 1895, that conveys an exact idea of the character of his work and the pleasantness than shines through his private letters. "It was not so much" says *Blackwood*, "that any

sonal charm which for nearly twenty years informed his *Essence of Parliament*. His brilliant narrative of the doings of Parliament is instinct with candour, sympathy, and moderation; it is touched off with the lightest hand, and is the best



THE HOUSE OF SHIRLEY BROOKS IN KENT TERRACE.

new and unexpected talent. It was rather that he enveloped the paper as it were in an indescribably benignant and cheerful atmosphere, and that the general letterpress was unusually excellent. Somehow or other he managed to impart to the reading matter a share of the mingled shrewdness, good-nature and per-

reading imaginable. The Moderate Whig cause had never so engaging an advocate as Shirley Brooks." Apropos of this, in an earlier letter than the one I have quoted, he says, "Do you know, I didn't know you were a Conservative? Mark Lemon said you were a Radical. I am an old Whig. So is Satan. What a

tricky Budget—sort of thing L'Homme qui Rit might have done. He may well say magic, only it's 'hanqui-panqui' rather."

The "T. O. D." refers to his Tales of the Old Dramatists, a subject I suggested to him, and which he wrote con amore. They are characterised by a subtle and refreshing humour. While engaged upon this brief series of papers he relieved his pen of the monotony of narrative by an excursion into the region of satire, which brought me Shake-scene's New Tragedy, to which was added a note, playfully taking it for granted that "readers of the old drama are aware that William Shakespeare was the object of much of the malevolence that pursues a successful 'Your only Shake-scene' is a phrase which will be remembered by the student." The article purported to have been written immediately after the production of Hamlet, and certainly embodies the spirit in which a smart and shallow critic would address himself to his task; "and though the language and construction of the sentences seem too modern," as Brooks writes in a few prefatory words, "to permit us to regard the article as genuine, it may be accepted as typical of what pleased a certain class in the poet's day, and would please a portion of the present generation which holds that 'if one of Shakespeare's plays were produced now it would be hissed." The article is what would be considered in these days a full and ample criticism of a first-night performance. The opening paragraph is characteristic of the writer's light touch, and is not inapt as a skit on some critical methods of the moment:-

"The production of a new play by Mr. Shakespeare (if that be the way that it pleases him to spell his name at present) of course drew a distinguished as well as crowded audience. The Author has no ground to complain of a want of what is called 'patronage,' which indeed demonstrated itself so markedly during yesterday's performance as to make some persons ask, with more or less of a smile, what might be the value of

approbation bestowed so lavishly as to be undiscriminating. We may say at once that the new tragedy, if we may so call a composition in which foul murders are mixed up with broad farce, was a success as things go, but whether we should be justified in predicting for Hamlet Prince of Denmark any long career, may be decided by our readers, when they have perused the brief account which we shall give of Mr. Shakespeare's latest achievement. . . . The author has not departed from his time-honoured, if not particularly honourable custom, of building his hous: upon foundations laid by others. Indeed, we might almost say that he has rather refurnished an old Danish house than done much in the way of architecture. Every school-boy knows the story on which Hamlet is founded. We shall not delay our readers by instituting a comparison between the ancient narrative of Amlet and the play which has been concocted therefrom; suffice it to say that Mr. Shakespeare, of whose faults timidity and respect for his predecessors are not two (as his brother dramatists can testify), has not to our minds made the fable more dramatic by innovations, while he has certainly lost some striking points which seemed to lie patent to him. But a writer is sometimes the best judge of his own strength, and Mr. Shakespeare may have felt that his own style with its conceits and prettinesses (to use his own words) was fitted to illustrate a milder scene than the rough one whence he has not very adroitly hewn his ideas."

### VI.

#### RHYME AND REASON.

I need hardly say that I accepted the contribution from Mr. Carruthers. appeared in two numbers of the magazine under the title of "Abbotsford Notanda," and proved, as it deserved, a distinct attraction. In those days the Gentleman's had a special staff of its own that included some of the foremost writers of the time. They did not leave much space to be filled by the outsider, and it is the maintenance of established names and familiar writers as regular contributors that makes for prosperity in the leading American magazines, that gave to Blackwood and Frazer their cachets, made the Cornhill delightful and popular in Thackeray's time, and gave to the first shilling series of the Gentleman's a distinction and a popularity that would have lasted, had I

not been tempted to assist in its withdrawal from the firm of Bradbury and Evans, which I ever afterwards regretted.

The Carruthers papers had all the charm of detail which Brooks commended in the author's biographical method. The essayist's simple but graphic description of Scott's suffering from cramp of the stomach and jaundice, lying on a sofa and dictating to Ballantyne or William Laidlaw, I have never forgotten. "Sometimes, in his most humorous or elevated scenes he would break off with a groan of torture as the cramp seized him, but when the visitation was passed he was ever ready gaily to take up the broken thread of his narrative and proceed currente calamo. It was evident to Laidlaw that before he arrived at Abbotsford (generally about ten o'clock), the novelist had arranged his scenes for the day, and settled in his mind the course of the narrative. language was left to the inspiration of the moment; there was no picking of words, no studied curious felicities of expression. Even the imagery seemed spontaneous. Laidlaw abjured with some warmth the old-wife exclamations which Lockhart ascribes to him, as 'Gude keep us a'!'-'the like o' that!' -- 'eh, sirs, eh, But he admitted that while he held the pen he was at times so deeply interested in the scene or in the development of the plot that he could not help exclaiming, 'Get on, Mr. Scott, get on!' on which the novelist would smilingly reply, 'Softly, Willy, you know I have to make the story." It certainly is one of the most extraordinary facts in literary history, that Scott, suffering at intervals the keenest physical pain, under these circumstances wrote the greater part of The Bride of Lammermoor, the whole of The Legend of Montrose, and almost the whole of Ivanhoe.

Shirley Brooks frequently sent me in his letters bits of *Punch* proofs of his current work, more particularly anything in the shape of what he called his nonsense rhymes! Pasted beneath his portrait, in this album which we are discussing, is one of these, and written in the margin, "For a piece of idiocy I commend my latest poem to you;" it was headed with a large "&" which was apostrophised in half-a-dozen stanzas, beginning

"Of all the types in a printer's hand,
Commend me to the Amperzand,
For he's the gentleman (seems to me)
Of the typographical companie.
O, my nice Amperzand,
My graceful, swanlike Amperzand.
Nothing that Cadmus ever planned
Equals my elegant Amperzand!"

His genial and graceful touch was never absent, even in his wildest fooling; as, for example, in these lines:—

"But he is dear in old friendship's call,
Or when love is laughing through lady-scrawl;
'Come & dine, & have bachelor's fare.'
'Come, & I'll keep you a round & square.'
Yes, my nice little Amperzand
Never must into a word expand.
Gentle sign of affection stand
My kind familiar Amperzand."

The lines are not unworthy of Alice of Wonderland, a book which elicited the warmest admiration of Shirley Brooks, who made frequent references to it in Punch. He had no jealousies. There was no man readier to acknowledge and applaud talent whenever he met it. Many an author, actor, and artist can testify to this, in encouraging letters written to them by one of the most genial and charming of correspondents.

Mr. Brocks was a regular attendant at the *Punch* dinners. His ready wit and humour, his keen observation and journalistic acumen, were frequently of great service in settling the subject of the cartoon. It is well known that this matter forms the chief discussion of the weekly meeting at Whitefriars. When any difficulty arises the final decision is invariably left in the hands of the editor. Perhaps one of the happiest of the subjects which



MARK LEMON.

Mr. Shirley Brooks suggested was that, during a certain lively dispute with America depicting Jonathan as a "possum up a tree," with Mr. John Bull standing at the foot ready to fire, the 'possum expressing its intention of coming down, Mr. Bull being in earnest. It may be mentioned, in passing, that although the

In addition to his *Punch* work, Shirley Brooks was a general and miscellaneous contributor to newspapers and to periodical literature. For many years he wrote the first article in the *Illustrated London News*, and also contributed to that journal a charming chatty column, called "Nothing in the Papers." He wrote the intro-



SIR WALTER SCOTT. AFTER THE SKETCH BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER

Punch men have now and then let fly a shaft at Jonathan, they have on many occasions exhibited an intense and affectionate sympathy for America. To visit the United States was an unrealised dream of Mark Lemon's lite, and at one time Shirley Brooks encouraged a vague hope that he might go over and tell our brothers across the Atlantic his story of the British House of Commons.

ductory verses which heralded the commencement of *Once a Week*. The poem was illustrated by the author's friend Mr. John Leech.

"The world is too much with us for resistance
To importunities that never cease;
Yet may we bid it keep its distance,
And leave us hours for holier thoughts and
peace;



For quiet wanderings where the woodbine flowers.

And for the Altar, with its teachings meek; Such is the lesson of this page of ours,
Such are the morals of our Once a Week."

In the palmy days of that excellent periodical Shirley Brooks was a constant contributor; he wrote occasionally for London Society, and was the author of the poetic lines of encouragement and hope addressed to Edmund Yates, that were printed on the first page of Tinsley's Magazine. For a time he edited the Literary Gazette, and during the short career of Echoes of the Clubs contributed to its pages several of the most graceful articles, and for many years was editor of the Home News.

Edmund Yates very properly credited him with having raised the character of London correspondents by his admirable letters in the Inverness Courier and the Calcutta Englishman; but one of his most racy and characteristic letters was contributed some thirtytwo years ago to the Bath Chronicle during Mr. Tom D. Taylor's editorship of that paper; and his best leaders were written at the same period, during my editorship of the Bristol Mirror. There is no knowing how much work of this kind Shirley Brooks got through during his long and arduous career; but it cannot be said that he ever wrote, anonymously or otherwise, a really biting, bitter, or cruel line. He was a satirist and a critic, but he wrote with a keen sense of responsibility, always giving his reasons for anything that he might condemn, and never forgetting that mere personality is not the true essence of successful satire.

What a remarkable set of men have lived, and do live, in the regions of St. John's Wood. Some call it Regent's Park, some Portland Town, as if they desired to escape from a name which at one time was associated with the bad reputation of a bad street or two behind on the canal banks. Jerrold, Landseer, Dickens, and George Eliot were familiar residents of the District, and to-day Tadema, Toole, Gilbert, Macbeth, Pinero, H. A. Jones, Alfred East, McWhirter, and no end of other men of note regard it as the pleasantest of London districts. Brooks lived in Kent terrace, Park Road, a comfortable terrace house, cut off from the jar of omnibus traffic by a strip of garden ground that in the spring is radiant with lilac, laburnam, and the white and red blossoms of the hawthorn, as are most of the gardens that fringe the main roadway to Lords. Brooks considered Kent Terrace just far enough from Charing Cross to be secure from the too frequent callers who made Lemon's house in town a social and business head centre, and eventually drove him to the reposeful village of Crawley.

"I like to be within an easy cab-fare of Fleet Street," Shirley would say. "I should not work as comfortably if I knew that I was separated from Temple Bar by a railway journey." While Dr. Johnson lives in the memory of many a Londoner chiefly in the oft-quoted line, "Let us take a walk down Fleet Street," Shirley Brooks, who revelled in Johnsonian highways and bye-laws, said, "A walk from Temple Bar to St. Paul's is a liberal education."



## AN EXPERIMENT.

BY B. A. CLARKE.

#### ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST GOODWIN.



HAD been shaved, and the lady in the front shop was counting out my change. The proprietor, who had followed

a customer to the door, came back, rubbing his hands. "That makes the fifth bottle of the 'Nicaragua' this morning," he said, addressing the saleswoman. "Things are looking up."

"Was it a gentleman with a single eyeglass?" enquired one of the assistants. "I was speaking to him yesterday about the Nicaragua for his side-whiskers. He seemed a good deal impressed."

The complacent expression on the proprietor's face faded. His jaw dropped. "You have been recommending the Nicaragua." Consternation seemed for the moment to deprive him of the command of words. At this juncture I caught the eye of the saleswoman, and, rather abjectly, allowed myself to be driven from the shop. It is true there was no pretext for remaining; but a strong character, I fancy, would have braved the accusation of eavesdropping and seen the episode to its end.

I had taken stock, though, of the assistant, and was careful the next morning to place myself under his hands.

"What is this Nicaragua?" I enquired, innocently.

"Unless you are determined to buy a bottle," said the man, earnestly, " I entreat you to say nothing about it."

For answer I produced a half-crown and laid it upon the arm of my chair.

"The Nicaragua Hair Tonic," said the assistant, plunging into the subject and speaking rapidly as though to stave off comment, "is a discovery of the governor's, an absolute specific for diseases of the hair, never failing to counteract thinning, greyness, and baldness from whatever

causes, and ensuring, even in cases of lifelong deprivation, a complete and speedy cure. Prepared under special arrangement with the Republic of Nicaragua, in whose——"

"Yes," I said, "I can read the label. What I want to know is why your employer should have been so concerned at your making his discovery known."

"You see, sir, the governor is hoping to do a lot with it. He was afraid that I had been giving it away."

"He could have counted the bottles," said I.

"Turning it into ridicule, I mean."

"How?"

The barber laughed mirthlessly, and pointed to the crown of his head.

The retailer of the infallible hair restorer was totally bald.

I whistled softly.

"I am forbidden to recommend any of these things now," he continued, gloomily. "The berth was none too good before. How I shall pull through with nothing coming in from commission, I am sure I can't think."

When I went away the man thanked me, though I had not given him a tip. I suppose he felt the sympathy I had not been able to put into words. A bald hairdresser! One could scarcely conceive a more perfect example of dramatic irony.

Every morning after that I endeavoured to secure this man's services; but the proportion of failures at first was somewhat remarkable. He had, I found, a following of his own, that refused point blank to be attended by anyone else. As time went on I found myself falling into the same habit. More than once I fancied that those of us who formed this little circle were connected by some impalpable bond, and it is a fact that, though

otherwise strangers, we used to nod and speak to one another in the street.

The barber neither did nor said anything to show he was conscious of his popularity. If he noticed our fidelity, it had no effect in increasing his selfesteem. His manner as he went about his duties was habitually chastened; though this was relieved at times by a vein of mild cheerfulness. Like other men, he was visited by unreasonable hopes, and I shall not forget entering the shop one March morning (even along Cornhill spring was unmistakably in the air), and catching him in front of a mirror with a spray of Florida water playing upon the top of his head. Alas! for that desert the returning season would do nothing.

A week or so after that, on my way home one evening, I was caught umbrellaless in a heavy storm. 'Buses passed; but the conductors shook their heads, and I thought myself fortunate at last to secure a seat in a tram that went two-thirds of my way. When I had settled down I found that my right hand neighbour was the bald assistant. In his outdoor things he appeared almost a young man. My first impression was that he had not recognised me. His mouth was drawn, and he was gazing steadily at the floor.

"It has come at last, sir," he remarked, suddenly.

"What has come?" I enquired, mystified.

" The sack."

I expressed surprise (it was quite genuine) that his employer should be getting rid of his best hand.

"You see, sir, it was a matter of conscience. The governor had scruples about advertising a remedy as infallible when there was one in his own employment whose case it could not cure.

"As a man of principle, he said, he had no option but to give me the sack, and I had to admit, when he put it on that ground, that he was quite right. Today is my wedding day, and I am taking home this piece of news as a surprise for my wife."

"I am very sorry," I said. It was not a brilliant remark; but it exhausted the possibilities. On the whole I was relieved when the time came for me to alight. The rain, if possible, was coming down harder than before. The barber also prepared to descend.

"Won't you come with me?" he said. "My home is within a few yards, and it is no joke being out in weather like this."

I was about to decline when he laid a hand on my arm.

"As a favour to me. The fact is I want an excuse for putting off telling the wife."

"I shall be very pleased to come," I replied. "It will probably save me a bad chill."

Turning up our collars we made a bolt across the road, and into the gloom of a side turning. At the tenth house my guide stopped abruptly. Before he had time to lift the knocker the door was flung open, and a finer girl than one would have given such a neighbourhood credit for flung herself upon his neck. For an appreciable time I stood forgotten, with the water from an inadequate gutter splashing down upon my top hat. Then the barber apologised, and made me His passage was not an ideal known. place for an introduction. Placed anywise but longitudinally, one would have hesitated before venturing a bow, and the parlour, when I entered it, looked like a section of the passage bu'lt up at either There had been an attempt at end. decoration, and on the chimney-piece were photographs of the bride and bridegroom at different periods in their careers. In one, the latter appeared as a shockheaded youth, with a hand thrust oratorically into the bosom of his frock-coat.

"If I had kept a head like that," he said, following my gaze, "it isn't in a

room like this I should be receiving my friends.

"It seems strange now," he continued, taking the portrait down and examining it closely, "but there was a time when the subject of that was talked of as a coming man."

The young woman was looking into the fire.

"Things might have turned out differently," she said, "if you hadn't taken a fancy to me. Over and over again after your trouble had begun I let you spend evenings at our house when you might have been at home singeing yourself and rubbing in remedies."

"I don't suppose it made any difference," said the barber, stoutly. "If it did, the good time I had was worth the price."

"The steps you started taking were given up to humour my whims."

"It was only a notion of my own I stopped using. You remarked, on one occasion, that I smelt like a collection of butterflies. I went home and poured the rest of my preparation down the sink. That was its right place. There was camphor in it. Camphor is quite wrong."

The conversation became general, with a tendency to revert to the associations of the day. I obtained, fragmentarily, a notion of a certain ceremony, and gathered that the bridegroom had distinguished himself in the matter of necktie. The bride's coiffure was the handiwork of her husband from an original design.

"The best thing I ever did," he exclaimed, proudly. "I never repeated the idea, though more than one great lady would have paid for it handsomely."

"When Edward was at Treadgold's in Piccadilly," explained his wife, "the West End folk used often to send for him. My little sisters," she went on, "knew this, and when he came to court me, if it happened to be the night of their dancing-class, they would drag him up to mamma's bedroom, and keep him, sometimes a

couple of hours, arranging their hair in the grand way. The class was generally half over before they got there, but of course that was nothing. Edward never let them see that he was making any sacrifice."

"They were so keen," said the barber, apologetically.

"I used to get mad, sometimes, at the demands the family made upon him; but it was not easy to say anything. They were all so proud of the connection with a professional man. Papa never mentioned Edward to our friends without the title of 'Professor.'"

"I thought he was only anticipating," said the hairdresser. "I quite expected to live to see the day when my name would be on the hoardings over an announcement of the long-sought specific."

There it seemed had come the rub. When the young man's fortunes had begun to recede with his hair, the father-in-law had demanded an accomplishment of these dreams.

"You are becoming bald,—good—" (the expression was rhetorical, simply). "What you have to do is to sit down and think out a remedy for the disease."

"I am disappointed in you, Edward," he said, on another occasion; "you don't seem to be able to bring yourself to face the situation. Your wife's whole future depends upon you making a few simple discoveries, and you lack the energy to accomplish the task."

What rankled most in my host's mind (though I could not find that it had ever brought him in a penny), was the withdrawal of the family connection. "Even the little girls have lost faith in me," he said, bitterly.

"I can't understand it," said the young woman, thoughtfully. "I have known my husband all along, and much prefer him as he is to-day. I should have thought others would have felt the same."

"They do," I said, emphatically. "You will soon see it."

That moment had witnessed the birth of a great idea.

I rose to go, taking no notice of the barber's pitiful appeal. At the door I whispered that there was no necessity now for him to disturb his wife's peace of mind. I had thought of something. His position had been improved rather than injured, by the events of the day.

I had, in truth, conceived not only a great, but a very feasible scheme, and my first step was to acquaint the members of our circle. The news that the bald barber was leaving, caused general consternation. "In future, I shall cut my hair, myself," said an old gentleman, and although this position was regarded as extreme, all were sufficiently concerned to welcome my suggestion. On condition of receiving, in advance, a certain number of annual subscriptions I undertook to establish our friend in a business to be run upon entirely novel lines. With the money forthcoming from this source, the man's own savings, and the little I could afford to advance, I calculated upon raising something under fifty pounds. The premises, I had already in my mind's eye, —a largish shop, the sole one in a passage that connected the court wherein my office was situated with an unimportant lane. Here, within a couple of years, had failed a hosier and a cigar merchant, and a man who sold a sixpenny beef-steak pudding had departed without leaving For the past five months any address. the shop had been without a tenant. The position was as bad as could well be; but it was dirt cheap, and that, I believed, was all that need be considered. the advantages we shall offer, the business would flourish in a coal cellar," I said to one who had ventured to demur.

When I had obtained a firm offer from the landlord I visited the barber at his private address. I found him in the depths of despondency. The contagion of my optimism had worn off, and he was looking forward to the end of the week with something like despair. He was wildly excited on hearing what I had done. There were practical difficulties that had not occurred to me; but these, he prophesied, would be overcome. The conditions I laid down he accepted readily, though not, I thought, as if he appreciated their value. The first detail discussed was the question of assistants. Four was the number I had decided upon; but the hundreds of interviews involved in their selection I was afraid to calculate. barber solved this problem by an expedient of Gideon-like simplicity. Let us advertise, he said, in the great "Dailies," and throw into the fire every letter in which the applicant offered to call. there were four men of the sort we wanted in London, they would be found amongst the remnant who wanted things arranged through the post. The plan worked like a charm. We had only seven candidates to consider, and from these we managed to select a very creditable quartette. They did not, it is true, come up to my ideal. I had pictured a hairdresser's with not a living hair upon the premises, except those adorning the customers; but, although this standard was not attained, there was quite as large a surface of baldness distributed between the four helpers as I had any right to expect. There were many other details to be seen to; but these I left to the person principally interested.

It was nearly a fortnight before we were ready to open, and during that period I went through a good many alternations of hopes and fears. Belief is the effect of custom, and because my line of thought was novel, the conclusion appeared open to doubt. The word "fantastic" would occur to me in the night watches, and my whole logical edifice seem to have no more stability than a house of cards. Then I would review my reasoning, apprehensively, step by step. The immense number of persons who were losing their hair and feared to be told of it; the in-



ALL DAY LONG THE ESTABLISHMENT WAS CROWDED.

considerate bluntness of all who felt personally secure; and the large sum, therefore, the average sufferer would give to have his hairdresser (argumentatively) at his feet—here there was nothing at which it was possible to cavil. I had seen already the confidence a single bald barber could inspire; with a shopful we should attract the whole section of the community that the ordinary establishments had frightened away.

My doubt was scotched only, not killed, and I awoke on our opening morning with the five bald hairdressers weighing upon me like a bad dream! When I got to town there was little to allay my anxiety. Some of the subscribers had put in an appearance, and spoken encouragingly; but the few chance customers who had dropped in had expressed disappointment at finding themselves charged the ordinary I was relieved on my way home to learn that the novelty had begun to catch Several very strange men, the attendants said, had visited the establishment, and one had enquired the price of a subscription for life.

An incident occurred while I was in the shop that seemed full of promise. A young man in a white comforter rose from one of the chairs.

"I shall keep that five shillings in my pocket," he said, aggressively. "The moment I set eyes on you chaps I made up my mind to that."

The attendant understood the allusion, and flushed painfully.

He explained that there was nothing upon the premises to sell.

The young man looked incredulously round the shop. At last he was satisfied that he had been told the truth.

"I thought," he said, "that if I entered a barber's without spending five shillings it would mean losing all my hair. That's why I let it get so long."

I went away in good spirits.

The impression of unreality that of late had haunted me in connection

with the undertaking had been removed.

It was not until the third day that the tide really set in; by the end of the week it threatened to submerge us. Men drove up in hansoms from club-land to wait side by side with poor fellows who had trudged it from the remoter suburbs. The staff was at its wit's end. All day long the establishment was crowded, and when it closed, angry customers were turned away. Fortunately, two out of the three unselected candidates were still available, and these were installed the next morning in a room the landlord let me have on the first floor.

To a student of life a day in our shop would have been worth a fortune. Of the things that came under my own observation the most striking was the case of a young man in an Inverness cape. His hair, as he sat waiting, was almost on to his shoulders, and under his arm he carried a soft hat. When the operation was over he surveyed his closely-shorn head in the glass, complacently.

"Now," he said, "I shall be able to wear a covert-coat and spats."

The whole world was changed to him.

In its essentials his case was that of many. It was almost incredible the number whom dread of the barber had driven into a mild Bohemianism. Suspected by their friends, on account of their untidy locks, of artistic tendencies (on slighter grounds people are adjudged artistic and literary every day of the week), they had felt bound in honour to sustain an unpopular part. It was more than payment for all my trouble to notice the relief with which these worthy folk resumed the conventional garb.

One matter I must refer to because it has been regarded (wrongly) as an argument against what has been advanced. It happened frequently that customers asked if they were losing their hair; more, they would seem to take an actual pleasure in establishing the worst.



THE RELIEF WITH WHICH THEY RESUMED THE CONVENTIONAL GARB

"I shall be bald in a couple of years, and nothing can prevent it," a man said to me, quite cheerfully, as together we came out of the shop. This was one who, before we opened, had not ventured into a hairdresser's for more than a twelvemonth. There was nothing inconsistent in his attitude. He could bow to a stroke of fate; what he feared to be told was that it was avertable by a remedy which he knew from experience he should forget to use.

It is not my intention to record the details of our triumph. Uninterrupted prosperity makes dull reading; and when it takes the form of successive enlargements of staff and premises it is apt to bore even those who are interested financially. It is sufficient to say that my

money was repaid within a fortnight, and that, before the quarter was out, the barber found himself in a position that exceeded his youthful dreams. My reward took the form of praise, and of this I received sufficient to keep me modest for the remainder of my days. The opinion has been ventured by those not accustomed to speak without warrant, that in demonstrating the desirability of bald barbers I have brought to light a principle that will receive a much wider application. On this I will say nothing; personally, I do not entirely understand what is meant. If there is anything more in my notion than appears upon the surface, time will make it manifest. What I accomplished was undertaken, almost solely, for the benefit of two persons, and to them, in closing, I should like to refer. I helped the barber and his wife to spend their last Saturday afternoon in the old house. We were at tea when the postman came to the door. The lady of the house ran out, and returned with sparkling eyes (they were always very bright), and a letter whereon I read the words "Professor" and "Edward" in a large sprawling hand. The barber tore open the envelope, and read aloud its contents. His father-in-law was willing to let bygones be bygones and for him to resume his position in the family upon the old terms. A postscript conveyed the news that Sophie and Agnes (the sisters-in-law) were going that evening to their first ball.

"I wonder," said the barber, "whether it would be thought a liberty if I went round to do up their hair?"

"I believe, dear, father *means* you to said the young woman, delighted to bring such a piece of magnanimity to the surface.

My host lost no time in getting on his outdoor things. "I shall find you here when I come back," he said, pressing my "There are things I have been wanting to say, but could never find the right words." I promised to remain. His wife and I watched him from the window as he strode away, with the top of a scissors-case peeping from a pocket of his great-coat, the blithest and most confident figure that ever passed along that depressing street. At the corner he turned to wave. It is this picture that comes to my mind when people tell me that my experiment has been an unqualified success.





MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL AS "MILITZA."

(From a Photo by W. and D. Downey, 57, Ebury Street.)

## THE PLAY OF THE MONTH.

BY ADDISON BRIGHT.

IV .- "FOR THE CROWN."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, AND DORNAC.

"AH, Love and Death are one!
That's all I know." In tones
thrilling with tenderness, the fatalistic
formula has been recited for the last time.
The thirsty dagger of Militza has drunk

deep of the blood of her hapless Prince. In quavering accents the Bishop-King has solemnly pronounced the closing words:

"Shall not the Judge of all the Earth do right! Let us respect the dead,"

The craning crowds of Balkan warriors and Balkan loafers have obediently knelt in prayer around the bodies of these starcrossed lovers. And the greenbaize curtain has descended like a pall.

Of the sun-lit Square of Widdin

(and surely it were better that these two freed souls winged their flight at sun-down—not at the garish noon!), of Constantine crucified at his father's feet, of Militza, the wanderer, at last at rest, of the clamorous throng superbly incredulous, owlishly blind to the tragedy that stares them in the face, and of that towering mail-clad figure, the arch-traitor Michael, in his habit as he lived, armed cap-à-pie, and with uplifted arm majestically

menacing the stars—of all this, what remains? Nothing but a memory: nothing but eyes still a little dim, and a strange sob of pity, strangled in the throat, and a rare enrapturing feeling of

wonderment and admiration. Nothing but a memory and, perhaps, a burning desire to see more of the poetical enchanters and their enchantingly poetic spells.

Have you that desire? Then come with me. Across the stalls, to your left. Out into the lobby. No, leave the stairs for the luckless unprivileged to ascend. and follow through this door upon your right. Now you are at the back of the "stage boxes," and here (we are in luck) is Mr. Forbes Robertson himself, breath-



MR. CHARLES DALTON AS "PRINCE MICHAEL BRANCOMIR."

(From a photo by W. and D. Downey, 57, Ebury Street.)

lessly conversing with their obviously distinguished occupants. A minute ago he was hanging strung up to the statue by cords, a prey to remorse, torn by the torture of existence; Constantine, a parricide, a thing loathed and abhorred, an ignominious criminal. Here, still in his green-gold shirt of mail, he is, allowance being made for the severity of his recent ordeal, fairly composed and calm. His heavy exertions have left him pale and

a little breathless, and see, he is bleeding at the shoulder. For Strafford himself was not more "thorough" in his policy than Mrs. Patrick Campbell; and her "trick" dagger has been driven home with wounding point to-night. But we can only murmur our commiseration and pass on.

Did you hear that as we squeezed by? Mr. Forbes Robertson's question was, "Does our mounting please you as much as the original?" His visitor was a famous French critic; and the answer came pat, "Oh, it is much the same!" Oh, belle France, what fibs are told to brighten thy fair fame! But of this more, in a moment.

The exiguous doorway now in front of you marks the magic threshold. Beyond lies that wonderland, that world of angels and of demi-gods—"Behind the scenes." Here Sir Henry Irving stands, upon first nights, hundredth nights, and every other night furnishing an excuse for fashionable high jinks and (intellectual) jollity. Here he stands and greets in person the beaming "Lights" o' London. If you are very stout, you must stand edgeways, like Bob Acres, and sidle through. Now, up three steps and behold the fairyland! A wilderness could scarce be emptier, barer, drearier!

No, not even that accursed land to the south of El-Khalil, which mediæval tradition identifies with the scene of Adam's creation, but my cursory inspection enables me to pronounce considerably less like the Garden of Eden than any other place on earth. Aching sterility on every hand, and as far as the eye can reach! And thereabouts the wretched children of Israel wandered, seeking their promised land, making history, and peopling that hideous desert with men and deeds now as familiar to us as the gossip of the hour to-day. So, here, over this quarter acre of bare boards, the Children of Thespis toil, chasing immortality.

You look in vain for traces of the marvels that, a bare half-hour ago, fed bountifully both your heart and brain. Trajan's Arch, magnificent, imposing, a veritable Arc de Triomphe, through which Othorgul was to lead his Muslim hosts! Whither has it vanished? And the giant range of snow-capped Balkans, miles upon miles they stretched, and of a dizzy height that pierced the ice-blue starry skies! Gone, as by sorcery. And gone; too, luxurious, insatiate Bazilide's barbaric home. Not a vestige left, save one. There in the corner—look—the equestrian statue of Michael Brancomir.

"Ah, haughty rider, sprinkled with my blood, You still may front the morning unashamed."

How grandly Mr. Forbes Robertson's melodious deep tones rolled the sonorous admonition heavenward. Examine the haughty rider. He fired your imagination from the other side of the footlights. He will scarce do less now, though seen close to: so admirable is the modelling, so splendidly dramatic the sculptor's feeling. Built up of tow and plaster upon an iron frame, this statue is, however, no "property" in the ordinary stage sense. It was modelled by Signor Andrea Lucchesi, whose work (not in plaster and tow) finds a place every year in the sculpture galleries at the Academy. A solitary sentinel, this mounted Michael, even when the play is done, continues to betray his trust. For, but for him, you would at once accept the place for what it is, the scrupulously simple and quiet, but inspiring abode of imagination. is the one thing that solidly endures. All else exists only when the curtain is up and the audience is in front. Citadel. mountains, spies, renegades, self - less slave and patriot, parricide—all become corporeal, real, as did Cinderella's finery and equipage, at the appointed hour: only to vanish again, precisely as at her fairy's bidding, before midnight knell.

See, here comes Mrs. Patrick Campbell

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MR. FORBES ROBERTSON AS "CONSTANTINE BRANCOMIR."

(From a Photo by W. and D. Downey, 57, Ebury Street.)



FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.
(From a photo by Dornac, Paris.)

down the stairs leading from her dressing-Militza's very self an hour ago. But what trace can you find of Militza here? Ah, in the voice, a music which strikes barren words into the sweetest flowers. But what else, in this vivacious wit, who sparkles under all conditions save those of an uncongenial "study"? Well, there is her imagination. Ah, to catch a nearer and more intimate glimpse of that than Militza affords! Can it be done? With Puck's aid we might follow her carriage as it speeds down the Strand and away toward Westminster. But all in good time. There is the imagination of the writer to be considered first. He sets the other minds in motion. Let us make for him, then. On Fancy's wings up, up, and across the channel in mid-air (so much the pleasanter way to go) and down, down, upon the gilded dome of Napoleon's Tomb. Now we are within a stone's throw of the author of Pour la Follow the Boulevard des Invalides, turn to the left along the Rue Oudinot, and there is the cottage home of M. François Coppée.

"Judge a man by his books," it is said. But how if they be in an unknown tongue! Then by the seal he has set upon his home. In M. Coppée's case, it is easy to decipher that. Neatly packed away at the end of a great courtyard, bastioned by higher walls than agile Romeo with love's light wings o'erperched, and ringed around with convent gardens and with orchards that Normandy itself would not disdain, the retreat proclaims the man. Reserve, humility, the poet's shrinking nature, are at once betrayed. But the home is in the very heart of Paris. it must be of Paris and its people that he chiefly writes? Did you not know?

A peep into M. Coppée's study will tell you all you want to learn. There are "lives" of him, living man though he be; for such honours paid to the living are among the things they do better in France. These lives will tell much—Phomme, la vie, l'auvre, they profess to reveal. But



MR. FORBES ROBERTSON AND MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.

(From a Photo by W. and D. Downey, 57, Ebury Street.)

a rapid glance round the book-furnished room will disclose as much as even a Jules Claretie or a De Lescure.

You will notice first that it is very simple, severely simple, and that the heavy oaken tables and carven chairs, and many of his countless books, speak eloquently of the old world. This you will do well to bear in mind, if you would understand the man; for he is an odd blend of realism and romance. In his contes, en vers, and en prose, he is in choice of subject as upto-date as Kipling. In a mason's yard, in a druggist's shop, at a dinner table, in a garret in the Quartier Latin, all the materials he needs lie ready to his hands. A Parisian of Parisians, his studies of life, in the city of his choice, appeal with an air of convincing truth. But the treatment is all his own. There is no touch of the Kipling-there is no seeing eye to eye with any other author-here. And, in the treatment, you shall read the articles of his artistic creed.

"In the heart of the speaker," said Carlyle, "there ought to be some kind of tidings burning till it be uttered." François Coppée is never without tidings to bring-" glad tidings of great joy "tidings of the heroism of humanity. A miniaturist rather than a painter, his studies are "Cosways" in pen and ink; and he lavishes strokes, the most delicate and beautiful, upon a mere sempstress, a thief, a would-be suicide. His is not the method of a Zola, a Bourget, or a De Goncourt, who flings something or somebody on the dissecting table. Rather is it that of a man who sees in every human being a creature of high destiny. And it is his utter joy in romance that makes him this: inevitably an idealist in aim, an incorrigible true believer in the triumph of humanity.

That such a man—a worshipper, moreover, of Sir Walter Scott from his boyhood's days—should seek refuge in the past from the cruel conditions of the present, is scarcely surprising; and several historical plays stand to his name. Of these, however, we in England know practically nothing. One charming little bit of poetry, Le Luthier de Crémone, (produced at the Français in 1877), was, through Mr. Jerome's skilful adaption, Fennel, introduced to our stage, and so famous an actor as Mr. Willard played the self-sacrificing violin-maker in yet another Then Mdme, Sarah Bernhardt won a striking triumph over here as the vagrant boy-minstrel of Le Passant, a oneact idyll, first seen at the Odéon in 1869. But that is all we have been privileged to get a glimpse of; and it has remained for Pour la Couronne to achieve as wide a popularity in London as in Paris, and to carry its brilliant author's name from end to end of the land.

The play has a strange history. the stranger when one remembers that its writer was an "Immortal," a member of the Académie Française, and a dramatist of established reputation. It was written for the Odéon several years ago. happily it.did not please. Alterations were required. The author did not see his way to make them. The play was withdrawn. And M. Coppée sought solace of a kind in reading scenes from it in various Swiss towns. More enlightened there than in the sanctum of Parisian managers, his hearers were delighted with this fifteenth century tragedy of the However it might affect the Balkans. delicate digestions of French experts clamouring for "actuality in art," it left his Swiss audiences unoppressed. The struggle of the Crescent with the Cross was to their taste. The treachery of Prince Michael, and his slaughter by a too patriotic son, proved none too dire a dish of horrors. And M. Coppée was strengthened in his resolve to stick to his guns. Presently the Comédie Française heard of it, and wished to put it on. But delays occurred. The outlook seemed not very hopeful; and eventually the drama returned to the Odéon, there to be produced on the 19th January, last year.

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"They do these things better in France!" Do they? Some of the criers up of French management and criers down of English, should have seen this production, which ran 200 nights and drew some thirty odd thousand pounds.

Small wonder that M. Coppée has indulged in many a sly dig at the sordid ways of managers and their hostility towards poetical plays! As a spectacle, what was this colourful picture of barbaric life in the Balkans? Well, something that Mr. Vincent Crummles might perhaps have gloried in, but that we have long outgrown. And even Crummles would have found something to improve upon. He would certainly have put a real statue in the marketplace in the last scene, and he would have been right. Even a pot-bellied mayor in a full-bottomed wig would have looked more imposing than a canvas "profile" which, like a jelly, "wobbled when shook." However, Paris thought it good, and

that's enough. Only, as Mrs. Poyser said, "A maggot must be born i' the rotten cheese to like it, I reckon."

The acting, too, was no more than what merciful critics call "adequate." Bazilide, a radiant beauty of but five-and-twenty, an irresistible compound of Hetty Sorrel and Lady Macbeth, was entrusted to Mdme. Tessandier, a nineteenth century Mrs. Siddons. The Militza was a pretty amateur, a Polish lady who had played, they say, but twice before. And Constantine, soldier, patriot, and remorseful



MISS WINIFRED EMERY AS "BAZILIDE."

(From a photo by W. and D. Downey, 57, Ebury Street.)

parricide, fell to a plump eupeptic gentleman, who vainly strove to combine excessive sentiment with superabundant adiposity. Oh, how he rolled his handsome eyes to heaven! and how he strained his lovely slave to a very comfortably covered chest with all the perfervid *abandon* of a lachrymose French leading man! "Horrible, horrible, most horrible," as Hamlet said when he heard of the murder. And "murder" most foul, strange, and unnatural this also was, as everyone may tell who has seen Mr. Forbes Robertson's nobly

sed and fettered—"in the valley," as he puts it. But here he is "right on the mountain-top." And the play delighted him, captivated him, from the very first, Mr. Forbes Robertson avers.

"It must be a year and more ago," he

says, "since I had news of it. One morning came a letter from Paris, telling me of a new drama, likely to appeal to me. Coppée, of course, I knew, and that his romantic vein swelled, so to speak, with rich poetical and human blood. I had, too, full confidence in the judgment of my friend. Away I went, down into Regent Street. Had they a copy of Pour la Couronne? They had. Away went I with my prize; read it that afternoon; and that evening wrote to Coppée, saying how glad I should be to arrange for English rights. Within ten days it was all signed and sealed, and I was sure of one strong card to play, at any rate.

"Did I recognise its possibilities at once? Yes, and

thought them almost illimitable. The play completely carried me away. I was enthusiastic — quite in love with it from the first reading. There were all kinds of things to discourage one, too. Everybody's ludicrous mistrust of 'the poetic drama.' That was number



MR. FORBES ROBERTSON AS "CONSTANTINE BRANCOMIR."

(From a photo by W. and D. Downey, 57, Ebury Street.)

imaginative treatment of the play and part. But the English stage has out-distanced the French. Let us hasten back to our Lyceum actors. Place aux "jeunes." The manager first. He is radiant, of course. Romance is always what he thoroughly enjoys. In modern drama he feels oppres-

one. But I knew it for an old woman's cry, however. It has been shouted, droned, and shudderingly whispered into my ears, periodically, ever since I came upon the stage. 'The public doesn't want poetic drama.' Rubbish! The

public doesn't want bad plays, heavy plays, dull plays. But anything really good the public does want, label it what you will. So that didn't frighten me.

"Then there was the question of adapter. Think of the awful difficulty. To take a play in rhymed verse, and in a foreign tongue, and so soak yourself in the spirit of it, and know it inside and out. that you can re-cast it in blank verse shape. I turned naturally to Mr. Swinburne. It hardly seemed a compliment to ask one who has sung such divine songs to interpret the thoughts of another; but I felt sure he would understand our eagerness to enjoy the honour of presenting work that was in any sense his, and so I ventured. The hope was too flattering fair to be realised. Swinburne could not

undertake it. Then I invited Mr. John Davidson. His work had often struck me as finely dramatic, and I was further influenced by Mr. Pinero's warm praise of it. What a volume of splendid lines he has given us to speak, sonorous, ringing, notable — you have heard. I was

anxious to make a book of his version, and did have it printed—partly because I cannot study comfortably either from MS., or, worse still, that dreadful type-writing. But I found that my contract with Coppée forbade publication of any kind



MR. CHARLES DALTON AND MISS WINIFRED EMERY.

(From a photo by W. and D. Downey, 57, Ebury Street.)

—so in that pious design I was baulked!"
The play, it seems, took but five weeks to prepare. Another was in contemplation. Perhaps it was Tess—who knows?—and, for reasons of State, priggish Angel Clare became impossible as an immediate successor to pitiful Parson Michael. Five

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weeks, however, were the utmost; and it resolved itself into everyone's working for dear life, Nathan's receiving the barest outline instructions for costumes, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell adventurously undertaking the designing and making of her at the receipt of custom? And now what remains for you to see? Something of the unfathomable actress whose exquisite Militza has wooed fortune back to the house from which Michael and his Shocking Angel banished it?

MR. FORBES ROBERTSON AND MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.

(From a photo by W. and D. Downey, 57. Ebury Street.)

own. What marvels were wrought in those five weeks, and how the most poetical and loftily imaginative production seen even on Lyceum boards was perfected—is it not written in the columns of the Press, and confirmed by those infallible books of the portly Sibyl who sits

Come then and learn first that she is of imagination all compact. With that you will have plucked out the heart of her mystery, and may venture even to peep behind the veil. Lift it a little, just a tiny corner, and look in. Is it midnight? and a play in preparation? Then you shall see her gliding swiftly to and fro, and, as Charlotte Cushman did, speaking her part aloud, and so developing in full hearing of herself the character she is presently to represent. Perhaps the mood will be difficult to seize. Then music will be pressed into her service. Or, perhaps, a book. And. if a book, then most probably a work of poetry. For know that Poetry and Mrs. Patrick Campbell are You think one. "prose"? Ah, you surely are not of

those shallow folk who sit in judgment, and every time this creature of imagination comes before them, cry sternly, "Mrs. Tanqueray!" Oh, blind, and worse than blind, not to see that, in that strange and eerie incarnation of a human spirit not her own, this gifted woman was employing

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unmatched imaginative powers upon the lower slopes—and that by whole worlds of instinct, aspiration, impulse, that haunting wreck of passion was removed from this Militza, upon whom the purity of a very child has set its seal.

Can you wonder that sometimes come hours when the memory of that magnificent creation of Mr. Pinero is positively hateful? when, if the chance were to be offered again, and the reputation made afresh, the choice would be different? "Have I failed? have I succeeded?" this was the only phrase her lips could form on that eventful night three years—is it only three years?--ago, when the St. James's curtain had fallen, and the lights were out, and the theatre shrouded in the holland draperies, and nothing remained but to go home and feverishly toss the night through, in dreadful dreams of the verdict of the morning. Sometimes now, when not even a child-Juliet, nor a Militza, a thing of pure fantasy, can pass muster without scientific measurement beside the haunting Tanqueray, would you marvel were you told that her temptation is great to wish that failure, not triumph, had been its utterance?

But there is Miss Winifred Emery to congratulate, and to condole with too, for . Bazilide is a thankless part. Strong to play, no doubt, and showily effective. But theatrical in the unworthier sense, and asking qualities for which we shall have to sacrifice the beauty, sensibility, refinement of her who made of Clarissa Harlowe a deathless memory, and Theophila Frazer "the" modern woman of the stage. What a tribute, by the way, to the power of Pinero, that in the case of the three leading players now at the Lyceum, the crowning triumphs each has won are instantly associated with him. Patrick Campbell, Miss Emery, Forbes Robertson-The Profligate, Mrs. Tanqueray, Mrs. Ebbsmith, The Benefit of the Doubt; and in the case of a fourth, Mr. Mackintosh, The Squire, The Rector, The Magistrate, and The Money Spinner. With such proved players, stars in one firmament, and the poetical romance barometer pointing to "Set Fair," why should not the most versatile of dramatists extend the compass of his versatility, and provide a poetical romance for the Lyceum-for the Crown!





er J.

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# PHROSO: A ROMANCE.\*

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. MILLAR.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SECRET OF THE STEFANOPOULOI.



AS this a pantomime? For a moment I declared angrily that it was no better; but the next instant changed the cur-

rent of my feelings, transforming irritation into alarm and perplexity into the strangest excitement. For Phroso's laugh ended—ended as a laugh ends that is suddenly cut short in its career of mirth—and there was a second of absolute stillness. Then from the front of the house, and from the back, came the sharp sound of shots—three in rapid succession in front, four behind. Denny rushed out from the kitchen, rifle in hand.

"They're at us on both sides!" he cried, leaping to his perch at the window and cautiously peering round. "Hogvardt and Watkins are ready at the back; they're firing from the wood," he went on. Then he fired. "Missed, confound it!" he muttered. "Well, they don't come any nearer, I'll see to that."

Denny was a sure defence in front. I turned towards the kitchen, for more shots came from that direction, and although it was difficult to do worse than harass us from there, our perpendicular bank of rock being a difficult obstacle to pass in face of revolver-fire, I wanted to see that all was well and to make the best disposition against this unexpected onset. Yet I did not reach the kitchen; half-way to the door that led to it I was arrested by a cry of distress. Phroso's laugh had gone, but the voice was again hers. "Help!" she cried, "Help!" Then came a chuckle from Denny at the window, and a triumphant, "Winged him, by Jove!" And then from Phroso again, "Help!"and at last an enlightening word, "Help! Under the staircase! Help!"

At this summons I left my friends to sustain the attack or the feigned attack; for I began to suspect that it was no more than a diversion, and that the real centre of operations was "under the staircase"; thither I ran. The stairs rose from the centre of the right side of the hall, and led up to the gallery; they rose steeply, and a man could stand upright up to within four feet of the spot where the staircase sprang from the level floor. was there now; and under me I heard no longer voices, but a kind of scuffle. The pick was in my hand, and I struck savagely again and again at the boards; for I did not doubt now that there was a trap-door, and I was in no mind to spend my time seeking for its cunning machinery. And yet when knowledge failed, chance came to my help; at the fifth or sixth blow I must have touched the spring, for the boards yawned, leaving a space of about three inches. Dropping the pick, I fell on my knees and seized the edge nearest me. With all my strength I tugged and pulled. But I must be wrong, for Phroso had not my strength, and she had worked the spring in an instant, silently, and, as it appeared, without difficulty. It must be the other side. That was it. At the slightest touch the boards rolled away, seeming to curl themselves up under the base of the staircase; and there was revealed to me an aperture four feet long by three broad, and a flight of stone steps. I seized my pick again, and took a step downwards. I heard nothing except the noise of retreating feet. I went on. Down six steps I went, then the steps ended, and I was on an incline. At that moment I heard again, but a few yards from me, "Help!" I sprang forward. A loud curse rang out, and a shot whistled by me. The open

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A SHOT WHISTIED BY ME.

trap-door gave a glimmer of light. I was in a narrow passage, and a man was coming at me. I did not know where Phroso was, but I took the risk. I fired straight at him, having shifted my pick to the left hand. The aim was true, he fell prone on his face before me. I jumped on and



WATKINS CHEERFULLY EMPTYING HIS REVOLVER INTO SPACE.

over his body, and ran along the dark passage: for I still heard retreating steps. But then came a voice I knew—the voice of Vlacho the innkeeper. "Then stay where you are, curse you!" he cried savagely. There was a thud, as though someone fell heavily to the ground, a cry of pain, and then the rapid running of feet that fled now at full pace and unen. Vlacho the innkeeper had heard my shot, and had no stomach for fighting in that rat-run, with a girl in his arms to boot! And I, pursuing, was brought up short by the body of Phroso, which lay, white and plain to see, across the narrow passage.

"Are you hurt?" I cried eagerly.

"He flung me down violently," she answered. "But I'm not hurt otherwise."

"Then I'll go after him," I cried.

"No, no, you mustn't. You don't know the way, you don't know the dangers; there may be more of them at the other end."

"True," said I. "What happened?"

"Why, I came down to hide from you, you know. And directly I reached the foot of the steps Vlacho seized me. He was crouching there with Spiro—you know Spiro. And they said, 'Ah, she has saved us the trouble!' and began to drag me away. But I would not go, and I called to you. And I twisted my feet round Vlacho, so that he couldn't go fast; then he told Spiro to catch hold of me, and they were just carrying me off when you came. And Vlacho kept hold of me while Spiro went to meet you and——"

"It seems," I interrupted, "that Constantine was less scrupulous about that oath than you were. Or how did Vlacho and Spiro come here?"

"Yes, he must have told them," she admitted reluctantly.

"Well, come along—come back—I'm wanted," said I; and (without asking leave, I fear) I caught her up in my arms and began to run back. I jumped again over Spiro—friend Spiro had not moved—and regained the hall.

"Stay there—under the stairs; you're



"I THINK THESE MAY BE USEFUL," SAID HOGVARDT.

sheltered there," I said hastily to Phroso. And then I called to Denny, "What cheer, Denny?" Denny turned round with a radiant smile. I don't think he had even noticed my absence.

"Prime," said he. "This is a rare gun of old Constantine's; it carries a good thirty yards farther than any they've got, and I can pick 'em off before they get dangerous. I've got one and winged another, and the rest have retired a little way to talk it over."

Seeing that things were all right in that quarter I ran into the kitchen. was well that I did so. We were indeed in no danger; from that side, at all events, the attack was evidently no more than a feint. There was desultory firing from a safe distance in the wood. I reckoned there must be four or five men hidden behind trees, and emerging every now and then to pay us a compliment. But they had not attempted a rush. The mischief was quite different: being just this, that Watkins, who was not well instructed in the range of fire-arms, was cheerfully emptying his revolver into space, and wasting our precious cartridges at the rate of about two a minute. He was so magnificently happy that it went to my heart to stop him, but I was compelled to seize his arm and command him very peremptorily to wait till there was something to fire at.

"I thought I'd show them that we were ready for them, my lord," said he apologetically.

I turned impatiently to Hogvardt.

"Why did you let him make a fool of himself like that?" I asked.

"He would miss, anyhow, wherever the men were," observed Hogvardt philosophically. "And," he continued, "I was busy myself."

"And what were you doing?" I asked in a scornful tone.

Hogvardt made no answer in words; but he pointed proudly to the table. There I saw a row of five long and strong saplings; to the head of each of these most serviceable lances there was bound strongly, with thick wire wound round again and again, a long, keen, bright knife.

"I think these may be useful," said Hogvardt, rubbing his hands, and rising from his seat with the sigh of a man who had done a good morning's work.

"The cartridges would have been more useful still," said I, severely.

"Yes," he admitted, "if you would have taken them away from Watkins. But you know you wouldn't, my lord. You'd be afraid of hurting his feelings. So he might just as well amuse himself while I made the lances."

I have known Hogvardt for a long while, and I never argue with him. The mischief was done; the cartridges were gone; we had the lances; it was no use wasting more words over it. I shrugged my shoulders.

"Your lordship will find the lances very useful," said Hogvardt, fingering one of them most lovingly.

The attack was dying away now both in front and rear. My impression was amply confirmed. It had been no more than a device for occupying our attention, while those two daring rascals, Vlacho and Spiro, armed with the knowledge of the secret way, made a sudden dash upon us, either in the hope of getting a shot at our backs and finding shelter again before we could retaliate, or with the design of carrying off Phroso.

Her jest had forestalled the former idea, if it had been in their minds, and they had then endeavoured to carry out the latter. Indeed, I found afterwards that it was the latter on which Constantine laid most stress, for a deputation of the islanders had come to him, proposing that he should make terms with me as a means of releasing their Lady. Now, since last night, Constantine, for reasons which he could not disclose to the deputation, was absolutely precluded from treating with me; he was, therefore, driven to make an attempt to get Phroso out of my hands, in order to satisfy her people. This

attempt I had happily frustrated for the moment. But my mind was far from easy. Provisions would soon be gone; ammunition was scanty; against an attack by day our strong position, aided by Denny's coolness and marksmanship, seemed to protect us very effectually; but I could feel no confidence as to the result of a grand assault under the protecting shadow of night. And now that Constantine's hand was being forced by the islanders' anxiety for Phroso, I was afraid that he would not wait long before attempting a decisive stroke.

"I wish we were well out of it," said I, despondently, as I wiped my brow.

All was quiet. Watkins appeared with bread, cheese, and wine,

"Your lordship would not wish to use the cow at luncheon?" he asked, as he passed me on his way to the hall.

"Certainly not, Watkins," I answered, smiling. "We must save the cow."

"There is still a goat, but she is a poor thin creature, my lord."

"We shall come to her in time, Wat-kins," said I.

But if I were depressed, the other three were very merry over their meal. Danger was an idea which found no hospitality in Denny's brain; Hogvardt was as cool a hand as the world held; Watkins could not believe that Providence would deal unkindly with a man of my rank. They toasted our recent success, and listened with engrossed interest to my account of the secret of the Stefanopouloi. Phroso sat a little apart, saying nothing, but at last I turned to her and asked: "Where does the passage lead to?"

She answered readily enough; the secret was out through Constantine's doing, not hers, and the seal was removed from her lips.

"If you follow it to the end, it comes out in a little cave in the rocks on the sea-shore, near the creek where the Cypriote fishermen come." "Ah," I cried, "it might help us to get there!"

She shook her head, answering,

"Constantine is sure to have that end strongly guarded now, because he knows that you have the secret."

"We might force our way."

"There is no room for more than one man to go at a time; and, besides——"She paused.

"Well, what besides?" I asked.

"It would be certain death to try to go in the face of an enemy." she answered.

Denny broke in at this point.

"By the way, what of the fellow you killed? Are we going to leave him there, or must we get him up?"

Spiro had been in my mind; and now I said to Phroso,

"What did they do with the body of Stefan Stefanopoulos? There was not time for them to have taken it to the end of the way, was there?"

"No, they didn't take it to the end of the way," said she. "I will show you if you like. Bring some torches; you must keep behind me, and right in the middle of the path."

I accepted her invitation eagerly, telling Denny to keep guard. He was very anxious to accompany us, but another and more serious attack might be in store, and I would not trust the house to Hogwardt and Watkins alone. So I took a lantern in lieu of a torch and prepared to follow. At the last moment Hogwardt thrust into my hand one of his lances.

"It will very likely be useful," said he "A thing like that is always useful."

I would not disappoint him, and I took the lance. Phroso signed to me to give her the lantern, and preceded me down the flight of stairs.

"We shall be in earshot of the hall?" I asked.

"Yes, for as far as we are going," she answered, and she led the way into the

passage. I prayed her to let me go first, for it was just possible that some of Constantine's ruffians might still be there.

"I don't think so," she said. "He would tell as few as possible. You see, we have always kept the secret from the islanders. I think that, if you had not killed Spiro, he would not have lived long after knowing it."

"The deuce!" I exclaimed. "And Vlacho?"

"Oh, I don't know. Constantine is very fond of Vlacho. Still, perhaps, some day——" The unfinished sentence was expressive enough.

"What use was the secret?" I asked, as we groped our way slowly along, and edged by the body of Spiro that lay, six feet of dead clay, in the path.

"In the first place, we could escape by it," she answered, "if any tumult arose in the island. That was what Stefan tried to do, and would have done, had not his own kindred been against him, and overtaken him here in the passage."

"And in the second place?" I asked. Phroso stopped, turned round, and faced me.

"In the second place," she said, "if any one of the islanders became very powerful—too powerful, you know—then the ruling lord would show him great favour; and, as a crowning mark of his confidence, he would bid him come by night and learn the great secret; and they two would come together down this passage. And the lord would return alone."

" And the other?"

"The body of the other would be found two, three, four days, or a week later, tossing on the shores of the island," answered Phroso. "For look!" and she held the lantern high above her head, so that its light projected in front of us, and I could see fifteen or twenty yards ahead.

"When they reached here, Stefanopoulos and the other," she went on, "Stefanopoulos would stumble, and feign to twist his foot, and he would pray the other to let him lean a little on his shoulder. And thus they would go on, the other a pace in front, the lord leaning on his shoulder; and the lord would hold the torch, but he would not hold it up, as I hold the lantern, but down to the ground, so that it should light no more than a pace or two ahead. And when they came there—do you see, my lord—there?"

"I see," said I; and I believe I shivered a bit.

"When they came there the torch would suddenly show the change, so suddenly that the other would start and be, for an instant, alarmed, and turn his head round to the lord to ask what it meant."

Phroso paused in her recital of the savage, simple, sufficient old trick.

"Yes?" said I. "And at that moment——?"

"The lord's hand on his shoulder," she answered, "that had rested lightly, would grow heavy as lead, and with a great sudden motion the other would be hurled forward, and—the lord would be alone again with the secret, and alone the holder of power on Neopalia."

This was certainly a pretty secret of empire—and none the less although the empire it protected was but nine miles long and five broad. I took the lantern from Phroso's hand, saying, "Let's have a look."

I stepped a pace or two forward, prodding the ground with Hogvardt's lance before I moved my feet: and thus I came to the spot where the Stefanopoulos used, with a sudden great motion, to propel his enemy down. For here the rocks that had hitherto narrowly edged and confined the path, bayed out on either side. The path ran on, a flat rock track about a couple of feet wide, forming the top of an upstanding cliff; but on either side there was an interval of seven or eight feet between the path and the walls of rock, and the path was unfenced. Even had the Stefanopoulos held his hand, and given no treacherous impulse, it would have needed a coolheaded man to walk that path by the dim glimmer of a torch. For, kneeling down, and peering over the side, I saw below me, some seventy feet down, as I

judged, the dark gleam of water, and I heard the low moan of its wash. And Phroso said:

"If the man escaped the sharp rocks he would fall into the water; and then if he could not swim he would sink at once; but if he could swim he would swim round, and round, and round, like a fish in a bowl, till he grew weary, unless he chanced to find the only opening; and if he found that and passed through, he would come to a rapid, where the water runs swiftly, and he would be dashed on the rocks. Only by a miracle could he escape death by one or other of these ways. So I was told when I was of age to know the secret. And it is certain that no man who fell into the water has escaped alive, although their bodies came out."

"Did Stefan's body come out?" I asked, peering at the dark water with a fascinated gaze.

"No, because they tied weights to it before they threw it down, and so with the head. Stefan is there at the bottom. And perhaps another Stefanopoulos is there also: for his body was never found. He was caught by the man he threw down, and the two fell together."

"Well, I'm glad of it," said I with emphasis, as I rose to my feet. "I

wish the same thing had always happened."

"Then," remarked Phroso with a smile, "I should not be here to tell you about it."

"Hum," said I. "At all events I wish it had generally happened. For a more villainous contrivance I never heard of in



THE TWO FELL TOGETHER.

all my life. We English are not accustomed to this sort of thing."

Phroso looked at me for a moment with a strange expression of eagerness, hesitation, and fear. Then she suddenly put out her hand, and laid it on my arm.

"I will not go back to my cousin who has wronged me, if—if I may stay with you," she said.

"If you may stay!" I exclaimed, with a nervous sort of laugh.

"But will you protect me, will you

stand by me? Will you swear not to leave me here alone on the island? If you will, I will tell you another thing—a thing that would certainly bring me death if it were known I had told."

"Whether you tell me, or whether you don't," said I, "I'll do what you ask."

"Then you are not the first Englishman



WE TOOK SPIRO'S BODY AND FLUNG IT DOWN.

who has been here. Seventy years ago there came an Englishman here, a daring man, a lover of our people, and a friend of the great Byron. Orestes Stefanopulos, who ruled here then, loved him very much, and brought him here, and showed him the path and the water under it. And he, the Englishman, came next day with a rope, and fixed the rope at the top, and let himself down. And somehow, I do not know how, he came safe out to the sea, past the rocks and the rapids. But,

alas, he boasted of it! And when the thing became known, all the family came to Orestes, and asked him what he had done. And he said:

"'Dine with me this night, and I will tell you.' For he saw that what he had done was known.

"So they all dined together, and Orestes told them what he had done, and how he did it for love of the Englishman. And they said nothing, but looked sad; for they loved Orestes. But he did not wait for them to kill him, as they were bound to do; but he took a great flagon of wine, and

poured into it the contents of a small flask. And his kindred said: 'Well done, Lord Orestes!' And they all rose to their feet, and drank to him. And he drained the flagon to their good fortune, and went and lay down on his bed, and turned his face to the wall, and died."

I paid less attention to this new episode in the family history of the Stefanopouloi than it perhaps deserved: my thoughts were with the Englishman, not with his too generous friend. Yet the thing was handsomely done—on both sides handsomely done.

"If he got out!" I cried, gazing at Phroso's face.

"Yes, I mean that," said she simply. "But it must be dangerous?"

"It's not exactly safe where we are," I said smiling. "And Constantine will be guarding the proper path. By Jove, we'll try it!"

"And I must come with you. For if you go that way and escape, Constantine will kill me."

"You've just as good a right to kill Constantine."

"Still, he will kill me. You'll take me with you?"

"To be sure I will," said I.

Now when a man pledges his word, he ought, to my thinking, to look straight and honestly in the eyes of the woman to whom he is promising. Yet I did not look into Phroso's eyes, but stared awkwardly over her head at the walls of rock. And then, without any more words, we turned back and went towards the secret door. But I stopped at Spiro's body, and said to Phroso.

"Will you send Denny to me?"

She went, and when Denny came we took Spiro's body and carried it to where the walls bayed, and we flung it down into the dark water below. And I told Denny of the Englishman who had come alive through the perils of the hidden chasm. He listened with eager attention, nodding his head at every point of the story.

"There lies our road, Denny," said I, pointing with my finger. "We'll go along it to-night."

Denny looked down, shook his head, and smiled.

"And the girl?" he asked suddenly.

"She comes too," said I.

We walked back together, Denny being unusually silent and serious. I thought that even his audacious courage was a little dashed by the sight and the associations of that grim place, so I said,

"Cheer up. If that other fellow got through the rocks, we can."

"Oh, hang the rocks!" said Denny scornfully. "I wasn't thinking of them."

"Then what are you so glum about?"

"I was wondering," said Denny, loosing myarm, "how Beatrice Hipgravewould get on with Euphrosyne."

I looked at Denny. I tried to feel angry, or even, if I failed in that, to appear angry. But it was no use. Denny was imperturbable. I took his arm again.

"Thanks, old man," said I. "I'll remember."

For, when I considered the very emphatic assertions that I had made to Denny

before we left England, I could not honestly deny that he was justified in his little reminder.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

#### A KNIFE AT A ROPE.

Some modern thinkers, I believe—or perhaps, to be quite safe, I had better say some modern talkers—profess to estimate the value of life by reference to the number of distinct sensations which it enables them to experience. Judged by a similar standard, my island had been, up to the present time, a brilliant success; it was certainly fulfilling the function, which Mrs. Kennett Hipgrave had appropriated to it, of whiling away the time that must elapse before my marriage with her daughter, and providing occupation for my thoughts during this weary interval. The difficulty was that the island seemed disinclined to restrict itself to this modest sphere of usefulness; it threatened to monopolise me, and to leave very little of me or my friends by the time that it had finished with us. For, although we maintained our cheerfulness, our position was not encouraging. Had matters been anything short of desperate above ground it would have been madness to plunge into that watery hole, whose egress was unknown to us, and to take such a step on the off-chance of finding at the other end the Cypriote fishermen, and obtaining from them either an alliance, or, if that failed, the means of flight. Yet we none of us doubted that to take the plunge was the wiser course. I did not believe in the extreme peril of the passage, for, on further questioning, Phroso told us that the Englishman had come through, not only alive and well, but also dry. Therefore there was a path, and along a path that one man can go four men can go; and Phroso, again attired, at my suggestion, in her serviceable boy's suit, was the equal of any of us. So we left considering whether, and fell to the more profitable work of Hogvardt and Watasking how, to go.

kins went off at once to the point of departure, armed with a pick, a mallet, some stout pegs, and a long length of rope. All save the last were ready on the premises, and that last formed always part of Hogvardt's own equipment; he wore it round his waist, and, I believe, slept in it, like a mediæval ascetic. Meanwhile Denny and I kept watch, and Phroso, who seemed out of humour, disappeared into her own room.

Our idea was to reach the other end of our journey somewhere about eight or nine o'clock in the evening. Phroso told us that this hour was the most favourable for finding the fishermen; they would then be taking a meal before launching their boats for the fishinggrounds. Three hours seemed ample time to allow for the journey, for the way could hardly, however rich it were in windings, be more than three or four miles long. We determined, therefore, to start at five. At four Hogvardt and Watkins returned from the underground passage; they had driven three stout pegs into excavations in the rocky path, and built them securely in with stones and earth. The rope was tied fast and firm round the pegs, and the moistness of it showed its length to be sufficient. I wished to descend first, but I was at once overruled; Denny was to lead, Watkins was to follow; then came Hogvardt, then Phroso, and lastly myself. We arranged all this as we ate a good meal; then each man stowed away a portion of goat—the goat had died the death that morning-and tied a flask of wine about him. It was a quarter to five, and Denny rose to his feet, flinging away his cigarette.

"That's my last!" said he, regretfully regarding his empty case.

His words sounded ominous, but the spirit of action was upon us, and we would not be discouraged. I went to the hall door and fired a shot, and then did the like at the back. Having thus spent two cartridges on advertising our pre-

sence, we made without delay for the passage; and with my own hand I closed the door behind us. The secret of the Stefanopouloi would thus be hidden from profane eyes in the very likely event of the islanders finding their way into the house in the course of the next few hours.

I persuaded Phroso to sit down some little way from the chasm and wait till we were ready for her; and we four went on. Denny was a delightful boy to deal with on such occasions. He wasted no time in preliminaries. He gave one strong pull at the rope; it stood the test; he cast a rapid eye over the wedges; they were strong and strongly imbedded in the rock. He laid hold of the rope.

"Don't come after me till I shout," said he, and he was over the side. The lantern showed me his descending figure, while Hogvardt and Watkins held the rope ready to haul him up in case of need. There was one moment of suspense; then his voice came, distant and cavernous.

"All right—there's a broad ledge—a foot and a half broad—twenty feet above the water, and I can see a glimmer of light that looks like the way out."

"This is almost disappointingly simple," said I.

"Would your lordship desire me to go next?" asked Watkins.

"Yes, fire away, Watkins," said I, now in high good humour.

"Stand from under, sir," called Watkins to Denny, and over he went.

A shout announced his safe arrival. I laid down the lantern and took hold of the rope.

"I must hang on to you, Hog," said I. "You carry flesh, you see."

Hogvardt was calm, smiling, and leisurely.

"When I'm down, my lord," he said, "I'll stand ready to catch the young lady. Give me a call before you start her off."

"All right," I answered. "I'll go and fetch her directly."

Over went old Hogvardt. He groaned

once; I suppose he grazed against the wall; but he descended with perfect safety, and Denny called: "Now we're ready for her, Charley. Lower away!" And I, turning, began to walk back to where I had left Phroso.

My island—and I can hardly resist personifying it in the image of some charming girl, full of tricks and surprises, yet all the while enchanting-had now. behaved well for two hours. The limit of its endurance seemed to be reached. In another five minutes Phroso and I would have been safely down the rope and the party reunited at the bottom, with a fair hope of carrying out at least the first part of the enterprise prosperously. But it was not to be. My eyes had grown accustomed to the gloom, and when I went back I left the lantern standing by the rope. Suddenly, when I was still a few yards from Phroso, I heard a curious noise—a sort of shuffling sound, rather like the noise made by a rug or carpet drawn along the floor. I stood still and listened, turning my head round to the chasm. The noise continued for a minute. I took a step in the direction of Then a thing occurred which looked very strange. The lantern appeared to get up, raise itself a foot or so in the air, keeping its light towards me, and throw itself over the chasm! At the same instant there was a rasp. Heavens, it was a knife on the rope! A cry came from far down in the chasm. darted forward. I rushed to where the walls bayed and the chasm opened. The shuffling sound had begun again; and in the middle of the isolated path, I saw a dark object. It must be the figure of a man-a man who had watched our proceedings, unobserved by us, and seized this chance of separating our party. For a moment—a fatal moment -- I stood aghast, doing nothing. Then I drew my revolver and fired once-twice-thrice. bullets whistled along the path, but the dark figure was no longer to be seen there.

But in an instant there came an answering shot from across the bridge of rock. Denny shouted wildly to me from below. I fired again; there was a groan, but two shots flashed at the very same moment There were two men there, perhaps more. I stood again for a moment undecided; but I could do no good there. I turned and ran fairly and fast. "Come, come," I cried, when I reached Phroso. "Come back, come back! They've cut the rope and they'll be on us directly."

Amazed, she yet rose as I bade her. We heard feet running along the passage. They would be across the bridge now. Would they stop and fire down the chasm? No, they were coming on. And we also went on; a touch of Phroso's practised fingers opened the door for us; I turned, and in wrath gave the pursuers one more shot. Then I ran up the stairs and shut the door behind us. We were in the hall again—but Phroso and I alone.

A hurried story told her all that had happened. Her breath came quick, and her cheek flushed.

"The cowards!" she said. "They dared not attack us when we were all together!"

"They will attack us before very long now," said I, "and we can't possibly hold the house against them. Why, they may open that trap-door any moment."

Phroso stepped quickly towards it, and, stooping for an instant, examined it. "Yes," she said, "they may. I can't fasten it. You spoilt the fastening with your pick."

Hearing this, I stepped close up to the door, reloading my revolver as I went, and I called out, "The first man who looks out is a dead man."

No sound came from below. Either they were too hurt to attempt the attack, or, more probably, they preferred the safer and surer way of surrounding us and overwhelming us by numbers from outside. Indeed, we were at our last gasp now, and I flung myself despon-

dently into a chair; but I kept my finger on my weapon, and my eye on the trapdoor.

"They cannot get back—our friends—and we cannot get to them," said Phroso.

"No," said I. Her simple statement was terribly true.

"And we cannot stay here!" she pursued.

"They'll be at us in an hour or two at most, I'll warrant. Those fellows will carry back the news that we are alone here."

"And if they come?" she said, fixing her eyes on me.

"They won't hurt you, will they?"

"I don't know what Constantine would do; but I don't think the people will let him hurt me, unless——"

"Well, unless what?"

She hesitated, looked at me, looked away again. I believe that my eyes were now guilty of neglecting the trap-door which I ought to have watched.

"Unless what?" I said again. But Phroso grew red, and did not answer.

"Unless you're so foolish as to try to protect me, you mean?" I said. "Unless you refuse to give them back what Constantine offers to win for them—the island?"

"They will not let you have the island," she said, in a low voice. "And I dare not face them and tell them it is yours."

"Do you admit it's mine?" I asked eagerly.

A slow smile dawned on Phroso's face, and she held out her hand to me. Ah, Denny, my conscience, why were you at the bottom of the chasm? I seized her hand and kissed it.

"Between friends," she said softly, there is no thine or mine."

Ah, Denny, where were you? I kissed her hand again—and dropped it like a red-hot coal.

"But I can't say that to my islanders," said Phroso, smiling.

Charming as it was, I wished she had not said it to me. I wished that she would not speak as she spoke, or look as she looked, or be what she was. I forgot all about the trap-door. The island was piling sensations on me.

At last I got up and went to the table. I found there a scrap of paper, on which Denny had drawn a fancy sketch of Constantine (to whom, by the way, he attributed hoofs and a tail). I turned the blank side uppermost, and took my pencil out of my pocket. I was determined to put the thing on a business-like footing; so I began: "Whereas"—which has a cold, legal, business-like sound:

"Whereas," I wrote in English, "this island of Neopalia is mine, I hereby fully, freely, and absolutely give it to the Lady Euphrosyne, niece of Stefan Georgios Stefanopoulos, lately Lord of the said Island-Wheatley." And I made a copy underneath in Greek, and, walking across to Phroso, handed the paper to her, remarking, in a rather disagreeable tone, "There you are; that'll put it all straight, I hope." And I sat down again, feeling out of humour. I did not like giving up my island, even to Phroso. Moreover, I had the strongest doubt whether my surrender would be of the least use in saving my skin.

I do not know that I need relate what Phroso did when I gave her back her island. These southern races have picturesque but extravagant ways. I did not know where to look while she was thanking me, and it was as much as I could do not to call out, "Do stop!" However, presently she did stop, but not because I asked her. She was stayed by a sudden thought that had been in my mind all the while, but now flashed suddenly into hers.

"But Constantine?" she said. "You know his—his secrets. Won't he still try to kill you?"

Of course he would if he valued his own neck. For I had sworn to see him hanged

for one murder, and I knew that he meditated another.

"Oh, don't you bother about that!" said I. "I expect I can manage Constantine."

"Do you think I am going to desert you?" she asked in superb indignation.

"No, no; of course not," I protested, rather in a fright. "I shouldn't think of accusing you of such a thing."

"You know that's what you meant," said Phroso, a world of reproach in her voice.

"My dear lady," said I, "getting you into trouble won't get me out of it, and getting you out may get me out. Take that paper in your hand, and go back to your people. Say nothing about Constantine just now; play with him. You know what I've told you, and you won't be deluded by him. Don't let him see that you know anything of the woman at the cottage. It won't help you, it may hurt me, and it will certainly bring her into greater danger; for, if nothing has happened to her already, yet something may if his suspicions are aroused."

"I am to do all this. And what will you do, my lord?"

"I say, don't call me 'my lord'; we say 'Lord Wheatley.' What am I going to do? I'm going to make a run for it."

"But they'll kill you!"

"Then shall I stay here?"

"Yes, stay here."

"But Constantine's fellows will be here before long."

"You must give yourself up to them, and tell them to bring you to me. They couldn't hurt you then."

Well, I wasn't sure of that, but I pretended to believe it. The truth is that I dared not tell Phroso what I had actually resolved to do. It was a risky job, but it was a chance—and it was more than a chance. It was very like an obligation that a man had no right to shrink from discharging. Here was I, planning to make Phroso comfortable; that was right

enough. And here was I planning to keep my own skin whole; well, a man does no wrong in doing that. But what of that unlucky woman on the hill? I knew friend Constantine would take care that Phroso should not come within speaking distance of her. Was nobody to set her on her guard? Was I to leave her to her blind trust of the ruffian whom she was unfortunate enough to call husband, and of his tool Vlacho? Now I came to think of it, now that I was separated from my friends and had no lingering hope of being able to beat Constantine in fair fight, that seemed hardly the right thing, hardly a thing I should care to talk about or think about, if I did save my own precious skin. Would not Constantine teach his wife the secret of the Stefanopouloi? Urged by these reflections, I made up my mind to play a little trick on Phroso, and feigned to accept her suggestion that I should rely on her to save me. She evidently had great confidence in her influence, now that she held that piece of paper. I had less confidence in it, for it was clear that Constantine wielded immense power over these unruly islanders, and I thought it likely enough that they would demand from Phroso a promise to marry him as the price of obeying her; then, whether Constantine did or not promise me my life. I felt sure that he would do his best to rob me of it.

Well, time pressed. I rose and unbolted the door of the house. Phroso sat still. I looked along the road. I saw nobody, but I heard the blast of the horn that had fallen on my ears once before, and had proved the forerunner of an attack. Phroso also heard it, for she sat up, saying, "Hark, they are summoning all the men to the town! That means they are coming here."

But it meant something else also to me; if the men were summoned, there would be fewer for me to elude in the wood.

"Will they all go?" I asked, as though in mere curiosity.

"All who are not on some duty," she answered.

I had to hope for the best, but Phroso went on in distress,

"It means that they are coming here—here, to take you."

"Then you must lose no time in going," said I, and I took her hand and gently raised her to her feet. She stood there for a moment, looking at me. I had let go her hand, but she took mine again now, and she said with a sudden vehemence, and a rush of rich deep red on her olive cheek:

"If they kill you, they shall kill me too."

The words gushed impetuously from her, but at the end there was a choke in her throat.

"No, no, nonsense," said I. "You've got the island now. You mustn't talk like that."

"I don't care——" she began; and stopped.

"Besides, I shall pull through," said I. She dropped my hand, but she kept her eyes on mine.

"And if you get away?" she asked.
"What will you do? If you get to Rhodes, what will you do?"

"All I shall do is to lay an information against your cousin and the innkeeper. The rest are ignorant fellows, and I bear them no malice. Besides, they are your men now."

"And when you have done that?" she asked gravely.

"Well, that'll be all there is to do," said I, with an attempt at playful gaiety. It was not a very happy attempt.

"Then you'll go home to your own people?"

"I shall go home; I've got no people in particular."

"And shall you ever come to Neopalia again?"

"I don't know. Yes, if you invite me."

She regarded me intently for a full

minute. She seemed to have forgotten the blast of the horn that summoned the islanders. I also had forgotten it; and I saw nothing but the perfect oval face, crowned with clustering hair and framing deep liquid eyes. Then she drew a ring from her finger.

"You have fought for me," she said
"You have risked your life for me. Will
you take this ring from me? And once I
tried to stab you. Do you remember, my
lord?"

I bowed my head, and Phroso set the ring on my finger.

"Wear it till a woman you love gives you one to wear instead," said Phroso, with a little smile. "And then go to the edge of your island—you are an islander too, are you not, so we are brethren?—go to the edge of your island and throw it into the sea; and perhaps, my dear friend, the sea will bring it back, a message from you to me. For I think you will never again come to Neopalia."

I made no answer, and we walked together to the door of the house, and paused again for a moment on the threshold.

"See the blue sea!" said Phroso. "Is it not—is not your island—a beautiful island? If God brings you safe to your own land, my lord, as I will pray Him to do on my knees, think kindly of your island, and of one who dwells there."

The blast of the horn had died away. The setting sun was turning blue to gold on the quiet water. The evening was very still, as we stood looking from the threshold of the door, under the portal of the house that had seen such strange wild doings, and had so swiftly made for itself a place for ever in my life and memory.

I glanced at Phroso's face. Her eyes were set on the sea, her cheek had gone pale again, and her lip was quivering. Suddenly came a loud, sharp note on the horn.

"It is the signal for the start," said she.



"I must go, or they will be here in heat and anger, and I shall not be able to stop them. And they will kill my lord. No, I will say, 'my lord.'"

She moved to leave me. I had answered nothing to all she had said. What was there that an honourable man could say? Was there one thing? I told myself (too eager to tell it to myself) that I had no right to presume to say that. And anything else I would not say.

"God bless you," I said, as she moved away, and I caught her hand and again lightly kissed it. "My homage to the Lady of the Island," I whispered.

Her hand dwelt in mine a moment, briefer than our divisions of time can reckon, fuller than is often the longest of them. Then, with one last look, questioning, appealing, excusing, protesting, confessing, aye, and (for my sins) hoping, she left me, and stepped along the rocky road in the grace and glory of her youth and beauty. And I stood watching her,

forgetting the woman at the cottage, forgetting my own danger, forgetting even the peril she ran whom I watched, forgetting everything save the old that bound me and the new that called me. So I stood till she vanished from my sight; and still I stood, for she was there though the road hid her. And I was roused at last only by a great cry, of surprise, of fierce joy and triumph, that rent the still air of the evening, and echoed back in rumblings from the hill. The Neopalians were greeting their rescued Lady.

Then I turned, snatched up Hogvardt's lance again, and fled through the house to do my errand. For I would save that woman, if I could; and my own life was not mine to lose any more than it was mine to give to whom I would. And I recollect that, as I ran through the kitchen and across the compound, making for the steps in the bank of the rock, I said, "God forgive me!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





Boreham (who will force his company). —"I hear Mahler the RA. is painting your portrait: is it to be life size?"

She. —"Oh no! just about your size!"

## THE HORSELESS FUTURE.

BY G. B. BURGIN.

### A MILE-A-MINUTE MOTOR CYCLES.

PEOPLE fresh from Paris were all talking about the horseless carriages which they had seen moving about in every direction, and wanting to know why we could not have them in London. There really seemed no reason why we should not have horseless carriages in London, or, to speak more correctly, carriages propelled by means of the Daimler Motor; and so, to satisfy my thirst for information, I called upon Mr. Henry J. Lawson, the holder of the English patent rights.

I found him, active, alert, energetic, opening his correspondence, speaking through telephones, and arranging his appointment-book all at one and the same time. He is also the holder, in this country, of about forty patents connected with bicycles and motors, and manages the business on a scale wholly incommensurate with his physical proportions, which are small.

It seemed, however, that he had a preliminary grievance which he was anxious to ventilate. "What I complain of," he said, "is the way in which England is behind every other country in regard to anything new. America and France are always a long way ahead of us. The most striking feature of the whole of this great change in motor traffic is the apathy with which it has been regarded in England. We are continually falling to the rear in such matters as great public inventions, telephones, and so on."

"And the reason?"

"Oh, the reason is that there is not sufficient encouragement for inventors in this country. When a man brings out anything new, the manufacturers will not take it up. I am an inventor of twenty years' standing, and I say that manufacturers discourage inventions mainly because they necessitate alterations in their plant. Somehow or other, the British mind is always against anything new. I have had just the same experience with a bicycle that is now being made in every country in the world. Over ten millions of money are paid annually for this bicycle



of mine; I suppose nearly as many are made in France and other countries. is a British invention which other countries are taking. I invented this bicycle nearly twenty years ago-I was only a youngster then-because I was a little fellow and wanted a machine which would enable me to keep up with the big bicycles then used. My bicycle was the origin of the present 'safety.' That involved all the money I had as a young man (£1,000) and all I could borrow from a friend, who invested another £1,000. We made over forty kinds of bicycles before we got to the one which is now being used; and, to this day, the only hope we have of any reward is that the fact of our invention will be mentioned on our tombstones."

"But about horseless carriages?"

"Well, one leads up to the other. The celebrated engineer, Hughes, of Loughborough, came to see me at Coventry, where I was managing the Rudge Works, and with his assistance, and the assistance of the Petroleum Gas Meter Works in Birmingham, I carried out experiments for a petroleum gas bicycle. I claim that I was the inventor of the petroleum motor cycle machine. The best testimony—a testimony that cannot be disputed—is the fact of my patent, dated fifteen years ago, No. 3,913, 1880, the title of which is:

"'Henry John Lawson, of Coventry, in the county of Warwick, engineer, improvements in velocipedes, and in the application of motive power thereto, such improvements being also applicable to tramcars, traction-engines, and other road locomotives.'"

"We found it would require some thousands of pounds to bring this invention out. Mr. Hughes held a trial run of the first motor tramcar in Nottingham in that year, in which I took part. Every possible discouragement attended the bringing out of this great enterprise."

"What put it into your head?"

"Oh, my invention of the carrier

tricycle in 1879, which had a basket in front; but this was found to involve hard work. I also tried experiments in gas engines. I was then shown in Birmingham, Mr. Muller's petroleum gas-making machine, which I very soon found would do what the Carburetter now does on the new motor carriages, i.e., change the petroleum into gas. Finding this was easily done, it only required attachment to the engine and tricycle; and there you have the idea which is now agitating the public mind."

"But does the present invention mean much of a revolution in traffic?"

"Much of a revolution! It means as great a revolution in traffic as railways ever brought about. Part of this will becaused by the convenience of such motors as the Daimler motor, the Penington, and other patents which have been brought to my notice lately. These, for comparatively a few pounds weight, and a few ha'porths of petroleum, produce several horse-power. The motor bicycle itself is now in this country. I saw and tried it yesterday. It is, of course, absurd to suppose that its full speed can ever be tried in London streets; but I can tell you this: a mile a minute is possible, and can be done on a fair road. The principle objection to this bicycle is not so much the petroleum as the terrific force of the wind; the eyes can hardly stand it. One gentleman who has tried this bicycle wears an isinglass peak to his cap, so that he can lower the peak over his eyes, and thus break the tremendous force of the wind."

"Isn't there a good deal of vibration?"

"Not nearly so much as might be expected at this immense speed, owing to the tyres being pneumatic, and no less than four inches in diameter."

"Aren't they unsightly?"

"That's a matter of taste. Riding on such pudding-bags, you naturally stretch over and absorb all little stones in the same way that an elephant's foot would do. At such a swift rate, you only just touch the tops of the projections. The speed is really terrific, and a sensation will be caused when people discover that hardly any bicycle track is fast enough, it being impossible to turn the corners at such a rate."

"Have you any of the horseless carriages here?"

"Oh, yes. The latest Daimler motor carriage has just arrived for me, with Mons. Gottlieb Daimler's most recent improvements. They are really wonder-

ful. The whole of the vibration from the engine is quite separated. The passengers won't feel it at all. Neither is there any smell or trouble to speak of. I don't think steam can ever be a serious competitor. In one, you see, you have the same engine, but must, for the other, provide fuel, boiler, and care-

ful watching of the water, unless it is the "Serpolette" patent. There are also a good many other contingencies to be guarded against when employing steam. In the motor, you have merely an engine and a small quantity of kerosene. The gas of some of these motors is made in the cylinder without any Carburetter at all, and merely a small battery, weighing a few ounces, which creates the electric sparks. The arrangement of these sparks will form a series of patents which are of enormous importance. The ignition of the sparks at different periods of the stroke of the piston makes all the difference in the results obtained."

"And you think the Daimler motor the best?"

"It and the Penington are far and away in advance of all other motors, and are being widely copied. The Daimler people have over ten years' experience of motors. For over six years many of their motors have been sold in this country, and are well-known."

"But are we really so far behind?"

"Immeasurably. To show you, look at the literature of the subject. There couldn't be a better proof than the magazines of France and America especially



devoted to it. Look at "The Horseless Age," and "The Motocycle," the only English equivalent for which is Mr. Sturmey's "Autocar," which has lately been started."

"Would you mind giving me, just for the information of 'the man who wants to know, you know,' some idea of the scope of each department?"

"Oh, yes. All the following departments, for instance, are separately licensed in the United States under the different patents belonging to these motors: Agricultural Machines, Reaping Machines, Ploughs, Heavy Traffic, such as brewers' drays, Parcels Post, Waggons, Omnibuses, and Horse-cars, and I have even had a visit from an undertaker. I

have just received news of one patent (Penington) in the States where the agricultural rights alone have been purchased for £40,000. Of course, there are other rates for light railways. The most marvellous of all is that they are now making locomotives of 200 horse-power for ordinary railroad traffic, which are much cheaper than steam; there is no fuel, smoke, or dirt. Again, these motors are doing away with all the shafting in workshops and factories. Alittle cylinder is put on each lathe, with a can of petroleum over it, so that what used to be merely the lubricating oil-can, now drives the machine. The theory raised by me at a large meeting in Canron Street that the matter is one of Imperial interest has been realised. We have been invited to the Imperial Institute for the whole of this season, where I hope all kinds of motors and inventions will be seen. This has always been my idea, and is one step towards the goal I hope will be reached when inventions and inventors receive a kind of Victoria Cross of Honour from the hands of Her Majesty, and men who are heroes of the workshop and laboratory reap a well-earned reward."

"Can we get down to figures of the relative cost, as between the expense of ordinary carriages and these horseless ones?"

"Certainly. Where physicians in Paris used to keep four horses, they now use one petroleum motor. That is, of course, taking into account the fact that horses need rest, and meet with accidents. A motor doesn't; it will work all day and all night if need be; you can drive it as long as ever you like. All you have to do is to put in a little more petroleum. You can go fifty miles at a halfpenny a mile; and the arrangement is so simple that, practically, any one can drive it."

"Then you don't want experts?"

"There will soon be an enormous demand for thousands of men who will require only a slight mechanical knowledge, which they can easily acquire in some school for the purpose. At present,

the men I know who are using the machines in this country do their own driving, and their coachmen wash the carriages. Nothing has ever gone wrong with the works any more than with the Daimler motor launches. Our small works at Putney are ample for everything, and we have no bother."

"What would a carriage cost fitted up with a motor?"

"Well, now, I paid 220 guineas some time ago for a landau from Windover. For that price I can get a first-class motor carriage of the same make, only selfaction."

"Can it go up hill pretty fast?"

"A little slower up hill. In towns, a man should not go really fast. On a country road, where everything is clear, you can go as fast as a bicycle. More than ten or twelve miles an hour is unpleasant."

"Can you pull up quickly?"

"In two yards; in fact, almost dead. Every motor has two brakes, one on the axle and the other on the pulleys and engine. The electric ignition requires no getting up. You touch a button and it works straight off; the other method is nearly as quick; a few seconds and you are ready. When you go out you can turn off the motor, and there is no waste of energy until you want to turn it on and go home again. The first time I rode in one of these carriages, a gentleman came up to me, and said, 'I did not think how ugly a horse is in front of a vehicle until I saw how a neat little carriage like that will go careering along the road without any animal in front.' The feeling in riding in one of these carriages is just the same as riding in a train. You feel yourself being propelled, moved through the air, and although, at the first blush, one experiences a sense of insecurity, it wears off in a few moments. It is Paradise itself compared with the anxieties of being in a hansom cab in Leadenhall Street. Just compare the

reliability of a machine which can be steered to a hair's breadth, to the danger of sitting behind a fidgetty, bad-tempered beast that is all over the place. Only the other day, I was coming up Leadenhall Street in a hansom, the shafts broke, the hansom tipped backward, and when I recovered consciousness I found a policeman looking in, and asking, 'Are you 'urt, sir?'"

"And is the business assuming big dimensions?"

"Very big, indeed. We have orders for 150 motors a week for the American market alone. The Americans prefer English workmanship."

"But won't the Locomotive Act bother you a good deal?"

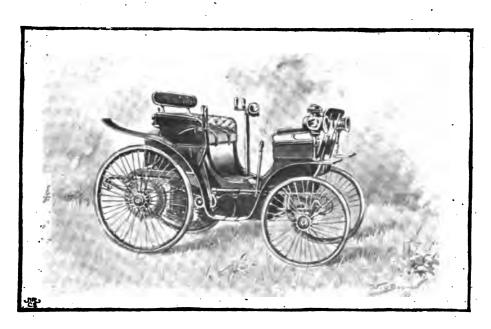
"No; it was only intended to apply to huge traction-engines. The London County Council doesn't interfere at all with the electric 'bus now running, as long as it is properly conducted. The Government will probably bring in a Bill for us. Mr. Chaplin has already said that no deputation need wait upon him, as the

Government is fully alive to the needs of the matter."

"Won't licences be necessary for permission to use these carriages, or something of the sort?"

"Of course; and before the licence is granted a proper inspection should be made of the vehicle. This will avoid all danger of rotten workmanship."

The horse is a noble animal and useful to man; but man, with his customary ingratitude, is trying to do without him—in cities at least. This is distinctly a move in the right direction, for it is simply heart-breaking to witness the appalling brutality with which horses are treated in our great towns. Part of this brutality arises from the slippery streets of asphalte and part from the ignorance of man. It is to be hoped that the horseless carriages will mitigate much animal suffering; there is not the slightest doubt that they will effect a social revolution in England in the next few years, and do away with a great deal of the nervous strain produced by our everyday, noisy traffic.



### THE INFANT PHENOMENON.

BY PETT RIDGE.

#### ILLUSTRATED BY HAL HURST.

(Evening entertainment at West End picture gallery by Miss Lillie Vicke, Talented Child Performer, " At liberty for At Homes and Soirées." Fair audience, with few men; applause is furnished by complimentary tickets in quaint evening dress at back. Lads in Eton suits sell programmes with portrait of pig-tailed Miss Lillie Vicke, and punch each other furtively.)

1.5

Assiduous Damsel (flitting about reserved seats). So sweet of you to come, Miss Mayfield. Mamma takes such an interest in this child, and you know how enthusiastic she gets over everything. Doesn't last long, thank (Hopefully.) goodness. (To youth.) Ah, Mr. Lennox.

MISS MAYFIELD. What was the last complaint?

Assiduous. Thought-reading woman. Told Ma's age one evening, and that spoilt her little game. Sure you are quite comfortable there? Wouldn't you rather come nearer to the platform and sit next to my eldest brother? He's just home

MISS MAYFIELD (definitely). No, thanks. This will do. Good-bye till presently. (Aside to companion.) Do you see that, Mr. Lennox? Wants to sit here herself, Tell me now what you really think of her. The truth, mind!

HE (surveying Assiduous Damsel afar with critical air). Good girl, but-erthin.

MISS MAYFIELD (with great delight). Oh, that's excellent. That's really excellent. I must try and remember that. Do you mind holding my fan, Mr. Lennox? It's such a horrid weight to carry on one's wrist.

HE (spreading fan languidly). What's this fan language nonsense they talk about? Can never get the hang of it.

MISS MAYFIELD. Why, let me explain it to you. If you want to say, "I shall love you always," you hold it like this, and if you want to ask—let me see. I must try to think or else I shall tell you wrongly, and then I shall look a perfect—

AUDIENCE (reprovingly). Hush!

(Miss Lillie Vicke, self-possessed infant girl, steps on platform and eyes room severely until there is perfect silence. Then jerks pig-tail, with scarlet bow, from shoulder.)

MISS LILLIE VICKE (shrilly). My first selection will be an American poem entitled "Bill Danks's Bowie Knife, or the Romance of Goahead Flat."

(Coughs, frowns, and assumes nasal tones.)

" Bill Danks was my pard; a good un was Bill, A dead sort when there was a fight.

At Copping's bar, jest up there on the hill, They'd a list of the pals he'd (she winks) put right.

A Colt or a knife, he was 'andy at both, Ontil little Bess Lowrie came there. A sweet little golden 'aired mite of a girl Whose uncle was Murphy Maclear. Murphy Maclear, whose sister was dead, Gone---"

(Miss Vicke points reverently to an incandescent lamp.)

44 -----to the regions above, Where angels had welcomed --- "

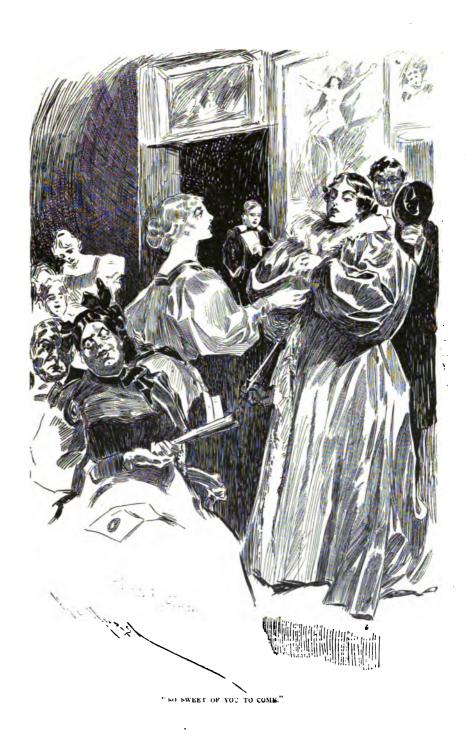
(Describes regions above. Two matrons whisper confidentially behind programmes.)

FIRST MATRON. Charming little dear, isn't she? Well connected, too, I believe. Won't she be dreadfully clever when she grows up?

SECOND MATRON (sniffing). say she was grown up already. I really don't care to see children so smart. Neither of my two are in the least like

FIRST MATRON. Oh, but I think it's

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so clever for children to be—to be—what is the word?—clever. Quite too quaint for anything, really. I expect it's to a great extent hereditary.

SECOND MATRON (severely). I expect it's stupidity. If I had a child who could get up before a lot of people and recite away like this I should feel inclined to punish her and send her off to bed at once. (Shivers with rectitude.) There's nothing like nipping that sort of thing in the bud. I think a child should be a child, and not an old woman, and a good shaking will always take the nonsense out of them At least (hedging) so Pve always found.

FIRST MATRON (excusingly). Ah, well! children will be children, I suppose. One must give and take with the dear little things. Nice lads, the programme boys, aren't they. I always think those large, white collars look so very (vaguely) large and white.

(Nice programme boys outside doorway play furtive games with copper coins.)

FIRST PROGRAMME BOY. Lovely woman.

SECOND PROGRAMME BOY. It's a man, clever; and now let's reckon up, and see just how we stand. Three ha'pence you owe me, mind. You called "woman" twice when it was a man, and before that it was a ha'penny.

FIRST BOY. So are you a ha'penny! We was even the time before last, and you says, "Now then," you says, "let's start again."

SECOND Boy (aggressively). You're a liar!

FIRST Boy. You're another.

SECOND BOY (threateningly). You'll get your head knocked off, that's what'll happen to you. Mark my words.

FIRST BOY (wonderingly). And who's going to do it? (Second boy says that he is.) Ho! And (with great politeness) how many men might you be going to get to help you, may I kindly ask?

SECOND BOY (goaded). Here! Hold

my programmes some one. I'll take this little devil down a peg or two. A man like me can put up with a good deal, but there is a limit.

AUDIENCE (near doorway). Less noise there, please.

MISS LILLIE VICKE (concluding recitation)—

"Bill took little Bess in his arms, and he said, 'God bless you, my child,' and (casually) he died."

And now, if you will give me a few minutes, I shall have pleasure in giving a short sketch, which is, in fact, (with a burst of frankness) a monologue, called "Looking for a Partner."

(Trips off to polite applause. Returns immediately to bow and adjust erratic pigtail, and retires again.)

TALKATIVE YOUNG PERSON (in shoulder-straps, to quiet young person in white). I tell you candidly, dear, I don't believe in Madame Manteau for a single moment. What I mean to say is, I admit her charges are high, very high indeed. Poor Mark grumbled over her last bill till I really thought he'd forgotten how to leave off; but since she's made a name, you know, she has become most abominably careless.

### Quiet. Well, I---

TALKATIVE. And absolutely no style. Ab-so-lutely! Fact of the matter is these creatures get spoilt, you know, by one being pleasant with them; and once they get an idea that you are good-tempered, why (expressive wave of the hands) they simply dress you upside down.

QUIET. I think-

TALKATIVE. My own idea is (confidentially behind fan) that the more one rows with them the better they are. It's hard work at first, I admit, but it soon gets easy. Complain of everything, and, in the name of all that is precious, don't gush. I used to gush, and write warm little notes of thanks, but (futters fan determinedly) never again.

QUIET. I suppose—

I know TALKATIVE (interrupting). I've had what you are going to say. things from Paris, but they have a nasty trick of sending things contre remboursement, and that is so irritating. Looks so distrustful. Besides, I don't like paying

for anything before I get it and fit it on, and ask people's opinion about it.

QUIET (deter-What minedly). I was going to say was-

TALKATIVE. Ah! there I believe you're quite right; I entirely agree with you. If only a few of us would join together and find out a really good woman, we could keep her going without letting outsiders patronise her (approvingly). There's a very great deal in that idea. where can I find friends sensible enough to agree with my proposals? As a rule (acutely) you'll

find one's women friends have a great deal to say and that's about all. Now (persuasively), you must really leave off talking and listen to this. She is such a dear, sweet little thing.

OUIET. Can't recite very well.

TALKATIVE. No (dubiously), perhaps not. But she is so fond of her mother, they tell me.

(Infant Phenomenon re-appears beaming, accompanied by Somebody's Aunt.)

MISS LILLIE VICKE (shrilly). A short comedietta entitled, "Looking for a Partner," by Anon, introducing a dance and song. (Rustle of revived attention.) You will kindly understand (pointing to piano) that there is a fancy dress ball going on

> there. over crowded with couples, and that the orchestra is playing faintly in the distance. (To Somebody's Aunt at piano.) Now then! (Piano plays softly, Miss Vicke adjusts her crimson sash.)

"Sir Loftus has vanished and left me here alone,

'Tis hard to be a wifethus slighted, But (archly) I've an idea this youth must sure be shown Not to neglect one whose troth he's plighted.

But, first of all, I shan't be doing wrong

If I indulge in just one little song."

(Somebody's Aunt takes sheet of music, and plays laborious symphony.)



"AWFUL PIFFLE. THOUGHT THE GIRL WAS GROWN UP."

MISS LILLIE VICKE (sings)—

"Oh, Love is such a tiresome game, it gives a lot of worry

To all of us, to all of us.

When girls essay to change their name they're sometimes in a hurry,

Yes, all of us: yes, all of us. But, if you wish to win a heart --- "

(Two verses of arch semi-humorous Applause at end from back of song. room.)

"And now to chase the lonely time away
Till he returns I'll try another way;
So will I with this mask my features hide,
And dance like no one in this world beside."

(She dances. Looks occasionally over her shoulder at Somebody's Aunt, and mutters "Ouicker!")

ELDERLY Boy. Hullo, Sanders, old chap! What the devil are you doing here? This is no place for us. Silly ass of a show, isn't it?

SANDERS OLD CHAP (aged eighteen if a day). Awful piffle! Thought the girl was grown up. Didn't know she was a kid. (Nervously.) Is—is your eldest sister here?

ELDERLY BOY. Had tickets for the Prince of Wales's at the last moment and gone there. Gone with Captain Burnley. Given up all idea of going into the army, haven't you?

SANDERS OLD CHAP. Rather! (Viciously.) Too many bounders in the army to suit my taste. I like decent society. Thought I understood your sister to say that she was coming here?

ELDERLY BOY (sagely). Oh, you can never depend upon girls, my dear chap. When you've had my experience (adjusts tie with complacent air) you'll find that out. In fact, I've decided to give the whole lot of them the chuck.

SANDERS OLD CHAP (submis. vely.) But they're not all alike.

ELDERLY BOY. Some are worse than others, but they are all footling. When's this kid on the platform going to stop?

(Kid on platform stops. Advances panting to side.)

Miss Lillie Vicke (addresses unseen person)—

"Oh, Loftus, dear, you've been there all the time,

And watched me dancing in the strangest way:
I'll ne'er forgive you—oh, but yes I will,
And if you steal a kiss—(hides coyly behind fan)
—I'll not say nay."

(Applause.) My next will be a French recital, as given with great success by Mademoiselle Kelkun, the celebrated Parisian actress. It is called "Une Aventure," meaning an adventure. (To someone at side.) Where's that hat and stick? Do hurry, please. (Hat and stick are handed up. Miss Lillie Vicke places hat on head, and it comes down well on her ears. She twirls stick rakishly.) "Une Aventure"—

"Tous les fois que je monte dans une voiture. Il m'arrive une petite aventure,
Par le tramway on Ch' min de fer ceinture.
C'est égal!
L'autre jour——"

ELDERLY BOY. I say, Sanders, old chap. This is a bit too thick. Let's scoot.

(They scoot.)



### THE CHRONICLES OF ELVIRA HOUSE.

BY HERBERT KEEN.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. DEWAR.

No. IV. THE WIDOW'S SON.



HESITATED to tell this story; otherwise, as it refers to a period antecedent to my acquaintance with Mr. Booth, I should have related it earlier I only

wish I had had the advice and assistance of my friend at the time, for I have no doubt that he would have solved a certain mystery at once, and thereby saved me a very painful experience. This, of course, is by the way; I have only to add that a death which has occurred since I commenced these reminiscences has removed the scruples of delicacy which caused my reticence.

I once received a letter from the widow of an old schoolfellow, a Mrs. Mountfield, who lived at Carlisle, saying that her eldest son, Walter, was coming up to London for a few days, in order to present himself for examination as a candidate for the Indian Civil Service, and enquiring if I could make arrangements for the lad to reside at Elvira House during his stay. I was, of course, very pleased to do this, and Mrs. Nix, with her usual kindness. put herself to some inconvenience to accommodate the young man. As Walter Mountfield was a stranger to London, I undertook to meet him at the railway terminus on his arrival, and was furnished by his mother with his description and a The latter, unfortunately, photograph. was an old one, taken some years earlier, and the verbal description tallied so little with the portrait that, never having seen the youth, I relied chiefly on his recognising me from the recent photograph of myself which his mother possessed.

His train arrived late in the evening, and carried such a crowd of passengers

that I at once realised how difficult would be the task of identifying anyone. From the moment the engine came to a standstill, the platform was a scene of such bustle and confusion, such hurrying and pushing and shouting and uproar, that I was completely overwhelmed by the rush, and young Mountfield stood as little chance of distinguishing me as I did of recognising him. I was not uneasy, however, for the lad was nineteen or twenty, and he had the address of Elvira House. After waiting about for ten minutes or so, till the crowd had thinned to a comparatively few individuals, none of whom answered to my young friend's description, I stopped one of the guards of the train, and enquired whether, by chance, he had seen anything of him. By a lucky accident I had lighted upon the man who, as I learnt afterwards, had been secretly bribed with a half-crown by the anxious mother to keep an eye on her darling.

"I know who you mean, sir," said the guard briskly. "Tall dark young gentleman from Carlisle; carried a brown leather bag."

"Yes-that is he evidently," I replied.

"I saw him drive away in a hansom, sir, a minute or two ago," said the guard, hurrying off.

I was relieved to hear this, and, thinking the lad might feel embarrassed at not finding me on his arrival at Elvira House, I jumped into the nearest cab and requested the driver to use his best speed. On reaching my destination, however, I learnt that Walter Mountfield had not yet appeared; and though I naturally expected him every moment, he never turned up at all that night.

I was of course, surprised at this, but

merely concluded that, after all, the young man had not travelled by the train I had met. The guard might have referred to some other passenger from Carlisle; in any case it was impossible to imagine that any evil could have befallen a lad of his age. The only thing that disturbed me was that his examination commenced on the morrow, but if he came up by the night train he would yet arrive in time, though perhaps not in the best condition for mental efforts.

But the morning's post brought me a letter from his mother, from which it appeared that the lad had, in fact, started yesterday by the train in question, and this rendered his non-arrival absolutely unaccountable. Mrs. Mountfield's letter had been written after her son's departure. and, thanking me in anticipation for my attention to him, referred to some details about money which she had forgotten to This aroused my apprehenmention. sions, and, though reluctant to cause the poor lady alarm, it seemed to me that I had no alternative but to telegraph the startling news to her. Luckily, before I had made up my mind to do this, a telegram arrived for the lad which, under the circumstances, I felt no scruple about opening. It came from Mrs. Mountfield, and was addressed to her son at Elvira The contents were as follows:-House.

"Thanks for telegraphing safe arrival. Good luck, darling!"

The message had been despatched from Carlisle about an hour previously, and hence I concluded that the telegram it referred to had been received at Carlisle either that morning or too late on the preceding evening to admit of an immediate reply. But the main point was that the young man had reached town safely, and apparently had led his mother to believe that he was at Elvira House.

I consulted with some of my fellowboarders as to what I ought to do in this emergency. The general opinion was that the young man had gone "on the spree," to use an expressive vulgarism; in any case, it seemed unnecessary to frighten his mother at present. The poor lady could do nothing, even if she came up to town; in the meantime I might hear something from the lad. Fortunately the idea occurred to me later of calling at the Institution where the examination was held, and though I did not arrive there until after the entry of the candidates, I had the satisfaction of finding in the list of names of those who were in attendance that of Walter Mountfield. It was evident, therefore, that the young man had come to no harm, and my anxiety turned to resentment at his discourtesy. But I was not permitted to see or to communicate with him in any way, and I had to content myself with writing a few words of enquiry and expostulation on the back of my visiting card, which the porter undertook to deliver to the lad at the end of the day's proceedings.

I expected to find some reply awaiting me on my return to Elvira House in the. evening, even if young Mountfield did not condescend to make his appearance in person. But no answer came, nor any sign of him, and I determined to waylay my gentleman at the door of the examination hall the next morning in order to obtain an explanation. I was irritated, and meant to give him a piece of my mind, but my chief reason for seeking an interview was to enable myself to write to his mother. Of course, Mrs. Mountfield was expecting to hear from me, and at present I did not know what to say about her son.

I took care to reach the hall the following morning before the doors were opened, and watched the candidates arrive. The porter, who assured me that he had delivered my card to the young man the previous evening, undertook to point him out to me, and I stood on the steps as the numerous youths, looking mostly pale, haggard, and anxious, by degrees assembled and filed into the building. After a time,

when the bulk of them had entered and only a few stragglers hurried up and passed in at intervals, the porter joined me with his watch in his hand.

"He'll be late if he don't take care," he said, glancing up and down the street. "It wants less than half a minute now."

"You are sure he has not passed in?" I enquired, feeling anxious.

"Quite certain; I've been looking out for him," was the reply.

"Did he say anything when you gave him my card yesterday?" I asked.

"He looked rather vexed and surprised, that's all," answered the man. "Hullo! Time's up! There's the signal! I must close the doors. Good morning, sir."

I strolled down the steps and waited about for another quarter of an hour, expecting every moment to see the young man hurry up, and speculating uneasily as to whether he had ruined his chances by his tardiness. At length, being overdue at my office, I had to leave, and, feeling no longer any apprehension about young Mountfield's personal safety, I resolved not to write to his mother at all unless she wrote again to me, in which case I would have to tell her what little I knew.

That same evening, after dinner, about 9 o'clock, when I was seated in the smokingroom, the servant came in and said rather mysteriously that there was a man in the hall who wished to see me. Something in the girl's manner impressed me with an ominous foreboding, and I started off with the thought of young Mountfield uppermost in my mind. I found my visitor was a big, ill-favoured man, of the navvy or bricklayer type, with a villainous squint and a ferocious bull-dog expression. He was shuffling about uneasily on the doormat, and as I approached his coarse reatures relaxed into a kind of leer which he meant to be fascinating.

"Are you Mr. John Perkins, sir?" he enquired hoarsely, with a clumsy salutation.

"Yes."

"I'm a pore 'ardworkin' man, and this job's cost me more nor I can afford," he began, in a grumbling tone. "I've lost a day's work and I've tramped up all the way from my place."

"Who are you, and what do you want?" I enquired sharply, thinking he had come to beg.

"'E's pretty bad, my missis says ——"

"Who is?" I interrupted.

"The young gen'leman, and I don't know as it isn't somethin' catchin'. I've a wife and seven kids—a respectable workin' man, I am—and if anything was to happen——"

He produced, as he spoke, what looked like a grimy slip of paper from his waist-coat and handed it to me. It proved to be one of my visiting-cards, and from the blurred writing on the back I recognised the card I had left for Walter Mountfield at the examination hall on the previous day.

"Where did you get this?" I enquired.

"It fell out of his pocket," replied the man gruffly.

"Out of whose pocket? The young gentleman's? Do you say he is lying ill at your house?" I enquired with rising apprehension.

"'E's pretty bad, I'll allow," said the man reluctantly. "That's why I come here. But it's 'ard on me, a respectable working man, with a wife and seven kids——"

"Did Mr. Mountfield send you?" I interrupted.

"Who? The young gen'leman? No, 'e didn't send me. He's pretty bad, I tell you."

"Do you mean that he is insensible?" I exclaimed, considerably startled.

"I'll allow 'e's pretty bad," said the man doggedly. "He's been at my place since last night. Yer see, guv'nor, it was like this; I was a comin' 'ome late acrost the fields from the 'Plume o' Feathers' when I falls over somethin' alying on the path.

'Hullo!' says I, 'what's this?' I says, and I turned 'im over so as to see his face by the moonlight. It was the young gen'leman."

The fellow made a long and involved story of it, which it is unnecessary to repeat, but I gathered from what he said, and from his description of the patient, that he had found Walter Mountfield lying senseless in a deserted spot on the outskirts of the suburb of Acton, and had conveyed him to his own cottage, where he still lay unconscious.

"What does the doctor say?" I enquired, horrified by the recital.

"Doctor! What d'ye mean? I don't want no doctors about my place," said the man, with an oath. "I want the young gen'leman took away, that's what I want, and to be paid for my loss of time—I'm a pore 'ardworkin' man——"

"Good God! man—do you mean to say you've let the poor lad remain without medical attendance since last night!" I exclaimed indignantly. "Here, give me your name and address. I'll come down at once."

But at this point, unfortunately, the man's brutal nature asserted itself. Perhaps my indignation irritated him; at all events, he showed temper and demanded, first, instant refreshment, and, next, compensation on the spot. I was too impatient to argue with him, so I rang the bell for some ale, and while he was consuming it, we parleyed about money. He rejected with scorn my proposal of a future payment, and aggressively persisted in claiming two sovereigns. finally compromised the matter by giving a pound as a sort of preliminary fee, in consideration of which he agreed to conduct me to his "place." He flatly refused to reveal his name, and as regards his address, as far as I could gather his habitation was a shanty situated near some brickfields at which he worked and was not in a public thoroughfare.

I had no alternative, therefore, but to

trust myself to his guidance, and, having put on my great-coat and hat, I hailed a passing hansom. I did not at all relish the prospect before me, but I felt bound to hasten to the young man's assistance, and I decided to procure a doctor on the way. My visitor demurred to the hansom, and intimated that a train would take us to within a short walk of his abode. However, I did not intend to trust myself to his tender mercies more than I could help, and with great reluctance, seeing that I was firm, he consented to my proposal. I was considerably relieved when he elected to make the journey on the step of the cab alongside the driver, instead of riding inside with me.

It was a miserably wet night, cold, dark, and depressing, and we had a long drive through Bayswater, Notting Hill, and Shepherd's Bush. I thought, at one time, of telegraphing to Mountfield's mother, but hoping I should find the lad's condition less serious than I feared, and considering the lateness of the hour, I decided to wait until the morning. It was useless to speculate how young Mountfield had met with his misadventure, or what had taken him to such an outlandish That it was he I could not doubt, not only from my card having been found in his possession, but also because the man's description of the invalid tallied with that of my friend's son. I now understood why the young man had not been able to present himself at the examination hall that day, and reflected that it was a fortunate chance which had led to his identification.

When we reached Acton, in those days quite a small village, I kept a sharp lookout for a doctor's lamp, and, upon perceiving one, I signalled to the driver to
stop. As I emerged from the cab, I
found myself confronted on the footpath
by my undesirable acquaintance, whose
demeanour was distinctly threatening.

"Hullo! guv'nor! what's up?" he demanded, placing himself in front of me.



"YOU WAS RIGHT, SIR, TO PETCH THE DOCTOR,"

"Get out of my way," I said sharply. "I'm going to fetch a doctor."

"I ain't going to 'ave no doctors at my piace," growled the man without moving.

"If I was you, I should take a doctor, sir," interposed the cab-driver significantly.

I did not require this friendly hint to persist in my resolve, for, apart from considerations of humanity, the rascal's manner and aspect suggested the advisability of procuring a companion. I therefore brushed past the fellow, and rang the doctor's bell, with a heartfelt hope Digitized by

that the latter's services might be available. Luckily the doctor was within, a brisk, clean-shaven, resolute-looking young man, who at once consented to accompany me. When we issued forth from the house together, we could hear my guide engaged in a lively altercation with the cabman, doubtless on the subject of the advice which the latter had tendered to me. The doctor, who walked quickly down the garden path in front of me, reached the gate just as my respectable-working-man friend was on the point of putting into execution a threat to pull the cab-driver off his box.

"Hullo, Skates, it's you, is it?" exclaimed the doctor sharply.

The man did not answer, but at the mention of his name, he abruptly stepped into the road behind the cab, and immediately disappeared.

"H'm!" grunted the doctor reflectively, as we stood listening to the man's retreating footsteps. "I know where he lives. I must fetch a lantern. It is no use keeping the cab," he added, as he turned back to the house.

I was by no means reassured by this little scene and the doctor's manner, and when I had settled with the cab-driver, the latter, who was still trembling with excitement, whispered,

"You was right, sir, to fetch the doctor. I wouldn't have trusted myself with that chap alone if I'd been you. It's my belief there's been foul play."

With these parting words he turned his horse's head and drove off before I had time to question him. I concluded, however, that during our journey the cabman had received some account of the business on hand from his outside passenger, and had not been favourably impressed. When I told this to the doctor, who appeared presently with a lighted lantern in one hand and a black leather bag in the other, he merely said,

"I've known the man for some time; a very doubtful character. I've attended

his wife, who would be a comparatively decent woman if it wasn't for the drink. I hope you have thick boots on," he added, laughingly, as he led the way for a few paces, and then plunged down a narrow lane.

"Not particularly," I added ruefully, as my feet sank into a muddy rut of six inches.

"This is nothing," he replied, smiling at my discomfiture. "Wait till we get into the cart-track."

He walked ahead briskly, swinging the lantern, and in a few minutes we found ourselves in the open country. It was pitch dark, pouring with rain, and looking ahead I could not see any sign of a human habitation. I was not then acquainted with the locality, but I have since ascertained that we were traversing a wide expanse of flat open country between Acton and Chiswick. doubt it has been a good deal built over since that time; but then it consisted of brick-fields, waste land, and market-garden grounds. It was utterly desolate at night time, and not a sound broke the stillness. The doctor and I exchanged a few words from time to time, but I had already told him what little I knew about the case, and neither of us felt tempted to indulge in general conversation. For my part, I had become caked with liquid mud up to my coatcollar in the first five minutes, and, in spite of my umbrella, I was wet through and utterly wretched.

After stumbling and wading for a quarter of an hour along the cart-track which the doctor had spoken of, a twinkling light suddenly became visible, and the doctor briefly intimated that we had reached our destination. Presently we came upon a tumble-down wooden structure by the wayside, which, on closer inspection, turned out to consist of an old railway-carriage minus the wheels. How it ever came to be stranded there is a mystery, as there was then no railway line within a mile or two of the spot.

The barking of a dog gave warning of our approach, and a coarse, slatternly, red-faced woman, with a baby in her arms, appeared at the miniature doorway.

"Oh, it's you, doctor!" she exclaimed, as she recognised him, and then looked doubtfully at me.

"How is the patient?" he enquired, at once passing inside.

"Your husband fetched me. I am the

atmosphere nauseous and almost unbearable. There were a few miserable sticks of furniture about the place, also some dilapidated hardware; and at the farther end I made out the heads and outlines of several small children, huddled together on a makeshift sort of bed. But my attention was, of course, directed to the opposite corner, where the doctor, with the woman peering over his shoulder, was making a rapid



"LYING MOTIONLESS ON HIS BACK."

person whose name was on the card," I explained, as the woman showed a disposition to bar my passage.

"Walk in, then," she said, surlily.

The seats and inner partitions of the railway carriage had been cleared away, so that the cabin consisted of a long, low, narrow apartment. It was dimly lighted by a small spluttering petroleum lamp hanging from the blackened ceiling, and giving forth an intolerable stench, which, added to the general closeness, made the

examination of an inanimate form which lay huddled upon a heap of rags and sacking.

"Bring the lamp here, will you?" exclaimed the doctor sharply.

I unhooked it, and advanced with a sickening feeling of horror. The woman and the doctor stepped aside to allow the light to penetrate, and I beheld a young man, evidently a gentleman, of twenty or so, with a livid face and closed purple eyelids, lying motionless on his back, his

dark hair matted with blood, his clothes disordered, and his blue lips rigid.

"Is he dead?" I exclaimed in horror.

"Not yet," said the doctor shortly.

"Bring me some warm water, Mrs.
Skates."

The woman, in a heavy, stupid way, which revealed to me that she was partially intoxicated, proceeded to fill a bowl from a kettle which stood upon the stove, while the doctor, turning back his shirt sleeves, ran his fingers lightly over the patient's head.

"H'm!" he muttered. "Skull fractured, I'm afraid. A serious business. Why on earth didn't you send for me before?" he enquired sharply of the woman.

"My man wouldn't," she replied bluntly, as she shoved the bowl of water unceremoniously into my hands.

"I'm afraid there's not much to be done," murmured the doctor to me, with his fingers on the lad's pulse. "The poor fellow is in a state of collapse. These people are very much to blame. If he dies there'll have to be an inquest."

At these words the woman broke into vehement protestations and excuses, and gave a maudlin account of how her husband had found the lad lying senseless on the ground the previous night. Her version substantially coincided with what the man had told me, except that she laid special stress upon the alleged fact that the poor fellow had evidently been robbed, as his pockets were absolutely empty, and even his collar-studs and sleeve-links were missing.

Meanwhile, the doctor, with such rough appliances as he could contrive, was bathing the poor lad's wounded head to endeavour to ascertain the extent of the injury, while I stood by assisting him. It was a gruesome business, and suddenly, being overcome by the spectacle and by the nauseous atmosphere, I dropped the bowl on the floor and turned faint and sick.

"Hullo!" exclaimed the doctor, dexterously catching the lamp from my hand. "This won't do. Here, come into the air. I must send you on an errand."

He led me to the door of the cabin, and, leaving me to recover myself, tore a leaf from his pocket-book and hastily scribbled a few words.

"All right now, eh?" he said roughly, but not unkindly. "Here, take the lantern and go back to the village. You can't miss the way if you follow the track in that direction. Take this note to my colleague and bring him back with you. His house is close to the church."

I took the note and the lantern, still feeling upset and faint, and started for the village. It was pouring hard, and, not having the doctor to guide me, I fared still worse than on my previous journey. I waded through quagmires, and somehow, in my excitement, contrived to get off the road; and so, through hedges and across ditches and by clambering over fences I at length reached Acton, in a pitiable condition. Even here, however, my troubles were not ended, for, having succeeded with difficulty in discovering the other doctor's house, I was informed that he had been sent for to a patient at the opposite end of the village. My plight can only be imagined by those who have undergone a similar experience, in a strange neighbourhood, in the middle of the night, for the village was absolutely deserted and I could not find a soul to direct me. To make a long story short, upwards of three hours had elapsed before I reappeared at the shanty in the fields, bringing with me my doctor's colleague, and I need hardly say that I was completely done up.

What followed after our arrival I can hardly remember, for I stayed in the doorway, almost afraid to look round. But I knew that the poor patient's condition was desperate, and I believe a critical operation was hastily performed by the doctors as the only chance of saving him.

It failed, however, as I saw they expected it would, and I was at length aroused from my dazed and stupefied state by a voice behind me saying:

"It is all over, poor chap!"

I looked round with a start. The young doctor,—whose name, by-the-bye, was Walford—was drying his hands upon a tattered blood-stained dishcloth, while his colleague was reverently covering the poor lad's body with some pieces of old sacking.

"It shall be removed to the mortuary at once," said Dr. Walford, in answer to some remark of the woman, who was weeping in a hysterical way, with her infant, now wide awake and wailing, still in her arms. "I'll send an ambulance."

I followed Dr. Walford into the muddy footpath, and we were presently joined by the other doctor, a mild, benevolent old gentleman, whose name I forget.

"Oughtn't I to give the poor woman some money?" I enquired, fumbling in my pockets.

Dr. Walford was extinguishing his lantern, for it was now dawn, and in the dim light I observed a grim smile on his resolute face, as he glanced at his colleague on hearing my question.

"No necessity," he said shortly.

"Why!—you don't mean—you don't think——?" I gasped, horrified by his suggestive manner.

"The police must be informed," said the older gentleman in a whisper, as we walked away. "It's their affair, not ours."

The rain had ceased now; the grey twilight of early dawn was stealing over the desolate landscape, faint streaks of pale yellow were appearing on the low horizon. The two doctors walked on ahead, and, after conversing in undertones for a few minutes about their recent operation, they commenced to talk of other matters with professional sang froid. The horrors of the situation, combined with physical fatigue, rendered me almost light-headed,

and I was haunted by the vision of the poor lad's dead face. The thought of him lying there, stark, blood-stained, perhaps foully murdered, with his poor mother waiting anxiously for good news of him at the distant home, produced a strange effect upon my disordered nerves, for I suddenly burst out laughing. The doctors immediately faced about, and, without a word, each caught me by an arm and marched me back to Acton between them almost unconscious.

The next thing I clearly remember was finding myself lying undressed and covered with blankets upon a sofa in Dr. Walford's house. The doctor was bending over me, and by his side was an elderly grey-haired woman, his housekeeper as I afterwards learnt, to whom he said:

"He'll be all right when he has slept for an hour or two. Better leave him here. You must drink this, Mr. Perkins," he added briskly.

I obediently swallowed the contents of the glass which he put to my lips. It was evidently a sleeping-draught, for I presently fell into a deep slumber which lasted many hours. When I at length awoke, feeling invigorated and refreshed, I perceived that it was comparatively late in the day; the bright morning's sun was streaming in through the window. quite myself again, for I at once realised where I was and recalled my recent sad adventure without any exaggerated emo-I was barely awake before there came a knock at the door, and the old housekeeper appeared with a cup of tea in her hand.

"I'm quite well, thank you," I replied in answer to her friendly salutation. "Where is your master?"

"He has had to go out, sir. He told me to say, with his compliments, that you were to do just as you pleased about remaining or going. He cannot say exactly when he will be back. You will find your clothes brushed and dried upon the chair there."

When the good woman had departed, I hastened to dress myself, for I remembered that I had to communicate the dreadful news to the poor lad's mother, and, upon consideration, I resolved not to telegraph to her, but to travel down to Carlisle and break it to her gently. first I resolved to see the police to ascertain their view of the affair and whether they had discovered anything. morning light, I began to hope that the business might be less tragic and dreadful than I had feared, for it would be doubly painful to me to have to inform Mrs. Mountfield that her son had been the victim of foul play.

While making this reflection, I perceived among the contents of my pockets, which lay in a confused heap upon the table, an envelope which Dr. Walford had handed to me during the night, after I had returned from fetching his colleague. I remembered his having mentioned that he had found it in young Mountfield's coat-pocket. In my fatigue and excitement I had contented myself at the time with merely glancing at the inscription, which had conveyed nothing to my mind It bore the name and address "Mrs. Trivett, 9, Magnolia Villas, Hammersmith," written in pencil.

But now that I was in my normal condition of mind the importance of this discovery was manifest to me. It might prove to be the address of the poor lad's lodgings, or at all events it was a clue which might lead to important results. I considered that it should be communicated to the police at once, and as soon as I had completed my toilet, I hurried forth to the Police Station, which happened to be close at hand.

Here, however, as luck would have it, I found nobody but a stupid rural constable, who explained that the inspector and also the sergeant were absent, engaged in investigating the circumstances of poor young Mountfield's death. He could not tell me where I should find them or when

they would be back, and he evidently knew so little about the affair that it would have been waste of time to discuss with him the important clue I had obtained.

I resolved, therefore, in my impatience, to investigate the matter myself, and, telling the constable that I would call and see the inspector later in the day, I engaged a fly to take me to Hammersmith at once.

Magnolia Villas turned out to be a small row of houses near Hammersmith Bridge, mostly let out for lodgings, as testified by the bills in the windows. The door of No. 9 was opened to me, after a long interval, by a little girl in a pinafore, who said, in reply to my enquiry for Mrs. Trivett, that her mother was out. The child was shy and stupid, and when I asked if anything was known there of a gentleman named Mountfield, she only stared at me open-mouthed and grew frightened when I pressed my question.

"Is there no one in the house that I could speak to?" I demanded in despair.

"Mrs. Somers," murmured the child

tremulously.

"Ah! ask the lady if she would kindly let me see her," I said when I at length succeeded in catching the reply "Is Mrs. Somers a lodger?"

"Yes."

"Take her my card then," I said, handing it. "And say that I will not detain her two minutes."

The little girl shuffled off and disappeared up the dark passage into a room at the back, from whence she presently emerged and beckoned me with her finger. I closed the street-door and entered a small apartment furnished as a sittingroom and overlooking a fair-sized garden. A young, rather pretty woman rose with considerable agitation from a chair by the window, and confronted me nervously.

"I must apologise for troubling you," I said, as I bowed to her, "but the land-lady is out and I wished to make some enquiries about a young gentleman named Mountfield."



SHE FELL HEAVILY TO THE FLOOR IN A SWOON.

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"Yes?" she said, twisting my card between her fingers, and speaking with an odd sort of constraint.

"Can you tell me whether he has lodged here?" I enquired vaguely, perturbed by her manner.

"Yes—I mean, I don't know! What do you want with him?" she replied breathlessly; and though her back was turned against the light, I could see that her face was very pale.

"I am sorry to say the poor lad has met with a sad accident—in fact, he is dead," I blurted out, rendered nervous by her unaccountable embarrassment.

"Dead! An accident! When! How!" cried the young woman, lifting her hands to her forehead with an agonised gesture.

"It is a long story. Pray do not agitate yourself," I said, startled and bewildered by the unexpected outburst.

"Dead! Dead!" she wailed, staring at me with distended eyes.

"Yes; but you probably misunderstood. I am speaking of a poor young friend of mine, Walter Mountfield, who lives at Carlisle," I explained emphatically, thinking she had taken a false alarm.

"Oh! my God! he is my husband!" exclaimed the young woman, with a low moaning cry, which went to my heart, and immediately, before I could catch her, she fell heavily on the floor in a swoon.

"Help! Help! I cried at the top of my voice, as I rushed to her side and raised her in my arms.

My excited exclamation brought immediate assistance, for the landlady had just returned, and she hurried into the room in her bonnet and shawl. Together we raised the poor young thing, on whose left hand I noticed a glistening new wedding-ring, and lifted her to a sofa.

"Deary me! Deary me! What has happened? What is the matter?" murmured Mrs. Trivett, as she ministered to the invalid with motherly tenderness.

"I—I was misled by the name. The little girl said she was a Mrs. Somers," I

said, cursing my folly, yet scarce able to realise the sad truth.

"So they both said; but I noticed his linen was marked with a M.," replied Mrs. Trivett, lowering her voice as she sprinkled the poor young lady's forehead with water, which I had procured from a side-table.

"Then he is her husband?" I murmured, in an awe-stricken voice.

"They was married the day before yesterday," whispered the landlady. "Has anything happened?"

"He is dead, poor fellow!" I exclaimed.

"Dead!" gasped Mrs. Trivett, desisting abruptly from her occcupation to gaze at me open-mouthed. "Dead! Why, I passed him not five minutes ago, looking into a shop window in the High Street. And here he is!" she added excitedly, at the sound of the street-door being opened by a latch-key.

The next instant a man's footstep became audible in the passage, and there entered the room a youth, at sight of whom I started violently, for I recognised him instantly from his likeness to my old friend, his father, as the true Walter Mountfield, while, at the same time, in general appearance there was a striking resemblance between him and the poor lad who lay dead in the mortuary over at Acton.

"Hullo!" What's up?" he cried, glancing guiltily at me, and then rushing to his wife's side.

The latter was uttering low moans, and manifesting other signs of returning consciousness; while the landlady was whispering reassuringly into her ear,

"Rouse yourself, my dear, rouse yourself! There is nothing the matter after all. Your husband is alive and well. See —here he is!"

"Yes, Marion, here I am!" exclaimed the young man, bending over her.

At the sound of his voice the poor girl opened her eyes wide, and uttered a cry of relief, which soon lapsed into a fit of screaming hysterics, as she flung her arms round



HE DROPPED HALF-FAINTING INTO THE NEAREST CHAIR

his neck and clung to him convulsively. As soon as she had calmed down a little, young Mountfield, looking very white and scared, disengaged himself gently from her, and signed to me to follow him into the next room.

When we were alone he faced me, half deprecatingly, half defiantly.

"You are Mr. Perkins, of course," he said, "and you have found out that I am married?"

"Yes," I replied, too overwhelmed with bewilderment to manifest my resentment. "But what of that poor young fellow who is dead? Who is he?"

"You—you don't mean Gasquet?" he exclaimed, horror-stricken.

"Someone resembling you in general appearance, and about your age."

"You don't mean to say the poor fellow is dead?" gasped young Mountfield.
"When did it happen? Where? How?"

I explained briefly, and it then transpired that the deceased man was a friend of young Mountfield named Gasquet, some years older than his apparent age, and evidently a dissipated character. Walter Mountfield, who was obviously shocked and greatly upset by Gasquet's sad fate, could throw no light whatever upon the occurrence beyond the fact that the dead youth was accustomed to bouts of intemperance.

"Why he was here the evening before last. He was a little excited, I remember, when he left, but not drunk," concluded young Mountfield with concern.

"How came my card in his possession?" I enquired.

"I—I showed it to him; he must have carried it away by accident," replied Walter Mountfield, becoming suddenly confused.

"When were you married?" I asked

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suddenly, as a strange suspicion flashed across me.

"The day before yesterday," said young Mountfield, sullenly.

"At what hour?" I demanded.

"Between eleven and twelve o'clock. Oh, it is all right. I'll show you the certificate if you like," said the young man, feeling in his pocket, and evidently not appreciating the drift of my question.

"But at the hour you name Walter Mountfield was shut up in the examination hall. I know it, because I called there, and left that card for him," I said, looking him straight in the face.

The young man's eyes fell suddenly before my gaze; he dropped half-fainting into the nearest chair; his hand shook and his forehead became moist with perspiration.

"I suppose this poor fellow, Gasquet, personated you at the examination?" I said sternly.

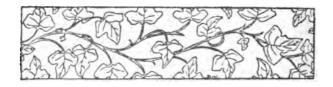
"Hush! Mr. Perkins; for heaven's sake keep my secret. It's—it's punishable, you know," replied the young man, in a hoarse whisper, as he passed his hand-kerchief across his dry lips. "I had no more chance of passing that exam. than a fly," he added hurriedly. "Gasquet, who was a brilliant scholar, and a University man, offered to run the risk for twenty pounds. I wanted to get married, and—and—if it hadn't been for that—if I'd come to you and managed as Gasquet advised—we might never have

been found out! I've been a fool—and worse. . . ."

. . . . . .

When I returned to Acton, I found the police had partially forestalled my discovery, for they had learnt the dead man's real name. But they suspected nothing when I told them how I had been misled as to his identity by my card being found in his possession; and the incident attracted so little attention that it was not referred to at the inquest, so that the dishonourable plot concocted between poor Gasquet and young Mountfield was never publicly exposed. The jury returned a verdict of "Death from misadventure," for want of evidence; but whether the poor fellow was murdered and robbed, or merely robbed while he lay senseless, and whether the man Skates was guilty of either of these crimes, remains an open question to this day. Gasquet was last seen in a low part of Hammersmith on the night of his death, in a condition of helpless intoxication. He may have wandered aimlessly in this state across the fields to the spot where he was found, and the doctors could not positively assert that the injury to his head might not have been caused by a heavy fall.

As for young Mountfield, for his mother's sake I kept his secret, but, as he had married beneath him, he was shortly afterwards sent abroad. He died recently, having come to no good, and his poor mother and wife both predeceased him.



# THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

BY J. F. NISBET.

to enter the learned professions—(and the most hardworking of those)—I am

surprised that they should never have proposed taking Holy Orders. Church seems a very suitable career for the learned woman. That the preaching woman is already with us I am well She is the pillar and mainstay of the Salvation Army, and there are few of the minor sects of Christendom which do not, in an informal way, benefit by the pious exhortations of the sex. But mere preaching is not exactly what I have in my mind. I am thinking of female curates, female vicars, archdeaconesses. To the higher grades of Church dignities and emoluments I do not go, though if I were asked, Why not female bishops and archbishops? I should be puzzled to find a logical reply. It may be urged that there was no actual female disciple in the beginning, but, allowance being made for the circumstances of the time, Martha and Mary must be admitted to have approached very closely to that condition.

Is the tone of the New Testament opposed to women taking part in evangelical affairs? Perhaps so, but then we have departed so widely from the spirit of the gospel in many important particulars that the question would seem to resolve itself into one of mere expediency. If such a fundamental axiom of Christianity as "Sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor" can be entirely set aside and ignored by the most respectable Christians, as we know it is, then assuredly there can be no great harm in considering whether, under modern conditions, the work of the ministry might not in a great measure be confided to female hands. The young lady curate would be an agreeable variant

upon the ordinary blue-stocking of Girton and Newnham, and at five-and-thirty or forty, having taken embony oint and perhaps a husband, there would be no reason why she should not aspire to and fill a living. To the female mind the routine of parish work would be eminently congenial; and as for preaching, there is no doubt but that the lady graduate could acquit herself as satisfactorily as the ordinary clergyman, with whom preaching is notoriously a weak point.

Of course one would expect some opposition to the idea on the part of the young ladies with whom the male curate is so popular. It is difficult to conceive of the female curate being welcomed in all female circles with the same effusion as her male colleague—for the most select sections of human nature are probably more under the influence of the sexual instinct than they imagine. I know of a suburban parish where a magnetic curate (this is not a third variety of the species, but only a curate gifted with special powers of attraction) has within the past few months fired the zeal of the female portion of his congregation in favour of all sorts of good works. The announcement of his presence at the humblest philanthropic meeting in the parish is a sure and certain draw with ladies of all ages. Among the elder spinsters there was a special flutter of interest a short time ago when it became known, I know not how, that if this paragon married at all he would be sure to choose as his companion a lady of mature views.

Doubtless this case is typical of many, and though the lady curate would have precisely the same mission as the other, there might, no doubt, be a certain re-

tardation here and there in the work of the Church if my proposal were carried out. On the other hand, what my scheme of lady clerics lost on the one hand, it might gain on the other. Notoriously, the Church in all countries appeals less to men than to women. Can this be due in any degree, I wonder, to the prevalence of a strictly male ministry? In so far as the Erdgeist may be at work in this matter (of course, unconsciously to the public) the change in the current of sympathy which would be induced by my plan could not fail to be salutary. attractive lady curate might do wonders in the way of filling the pews on Sunday with young men. The stage appears to have benefited enormously in point of popularity by the introduction of actresses who date back little more than two hundred years, and, it is not unreasonable to assume that the Church, which is also a human institution, or, at least, an institution appealing to human nature, might profitably act on the principle of employing one sex to attract the other. At present the Church of England acts upon this principle only in a one-sided way. Yet there are two sexes, each the complement of the other, and both with souls to be saved. I wonder what degree of success would have attended General Booth's mission had he insisted upon enrolling men only in the Salvation Army.

Indirectly the throwing open of the ministry would relieve the eye to a certain extent of that depressing clerical garb which is so much in evidence, and which, as regards the lower ranks of the clergy, cannot be reckoned a thing of beauty. In all Christian countries the clerical garb is undisguisedly ugly. At first sight, it seems strange that, of all the professions, the clerical alone should be expected to wear a distinctive uniform.

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You may, indeed, if you have some experience of the world, tell an artist by his necktie and the cut of his hair, and

distinguish between a fashionable physician and a financier. But in no class, outside the clerical, can there be said to be a compulsory garment of any kind, the greasy swallow-tail coat of the English waiter and the frock-coat of the shopwalker being only partial exceptions. Off duty, the waiter and the shopman can wear what they please, but the clergyman can only divest himself of his uniform when he goes to bed. I apprehend that the female incumbent would not tie herself down to a solemn suit of black, and to that extent the too dreary aspect of English society would be sensibly brightened, though no doubt it would be well for her to wear something, if it were only a ribbon, a flower, or a flounce, to indicate her calling, considering how awkward it would be, say, for an irreverent City man to attempt a flirtation with an attractive young person who might prove to be the curate of his own parish. At bottom, I apprehend, the "cloth" was originally a disciplinary garb intended to impose obligations upon its wearer, and to prevent his succumbing too readily to a passing temptation. In the early centuries of the Christian era, the priest was, for similar reasons, forbidden to walk out at night without a lighted candle. progress of the science of illumination has long rendered that stipulation a dead letter, but the responsibilities of the clerical garb continue to be felt. Naturally they would not in the same degree affect the lady cleric.

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Apart from the question of picturesqueness, any reduction in the total quantity of "cloth" worn in a community, where every sort of opinion is found, would be welcome. Like the red tie of the Socialist, the black coat and the felt hat of the clergyman, in their various styles, are an assertion of a set of opinions, with which one may not be disposed to agree. Supposing you do not seek out the clergyman in his appropriate haunt you are still liable to meet him in a bus or a train,

where, by the very cut of his coat, he may obtrude a special theological view upon your notice. On the part of a Freethinker or a Positivist such an obtrusion of opinion would be hotly resented.

To the adoption of a clerical career, then, by the young lady who is pining for a world to conquer I see no valid objection, while, in some respects, it would be distinctly advantageous, both to the Church and to society. It would, among other effects, add a new zest to convention, and by dint of the fresh interest aroused in Church affairs, stave off disestablishment for another century.

Here prejudice stands in our way, as it does in many matters. For example, while we are waiting for the introduction of the auto-motor car (which will have its own battle to fight) there is a magnificent opportunity of superseding horse-power by man-power for the purposes of street traction, and thus not only solving the problem of the unemployed, but rendering the traffic of our great thoroughfares cleanly and noiseless. This is an idea which we are at liberty to borrow from the Japanese. But I have no doubt the agitators on Tower Hill, and their friends in Parliament, and the Press, would denounce as inhuman any proposal to employ man-power in place of animal-power. The invention of ideas is against it. essentially it can be no more degrading to employ human muscle and sinew for the dragging of a tramcar, an omnibus, or a brewer's dray, than in carrying out the thousand and one other objects in connection with which manual labour is already resorted to. With a little training, four men, I imagine, would be able to do the work of one horse, and in reckoning the cost of the two systems we should bear in mind that with human labour we should save stabling and The leader of the human drivers' wages. team, of course, would be his own driver. There might be some difficulty in getting

a fair amount of work out of all the members of the human team—that is where the man would show himself inferior to the horse. I don't suggest the whip as a remedy. Perhaps the ordinary incentives to industry would suffice.

On economical grounds, it would be extremely interesting to make this experiment. If the ordinary haulage of the streets were considered inhuman at first -though it is only a question of sentiment-what would be said to the appearance in the Park of a smart Victoria drawn by four men in livery! The idea strikes me as quite practicable. Manned with its fleet-footed runners, the new equipage would be merely a sort of express bath-chair, doing its eight miles an hour instead of two. There could be nothing alarming in that. Besides it would be in some sort a reversion to the ideas of our forefathers with whom the sedan-chair stood high in favour. But the proposed system of man traction would stand or fall by its applicability to ordinary Imagine how lightly a team of sailors, sixteen or so, would walk off with a heavy railway-van, and with how little fuss they would get it to its destination! The ordinary street loafer placed in the shafts of a vehicle would not at first I dare say render a particularly good account of himself, but men would get trained to this work as any other; and in many respects the advantage of the proposed new system would be considerable. Sentiment apart, there is nothing more derogatory to the human being in assisting to pull a cart, than in pushing a wheel-barrow, or carrying a parcel.

The new miracle woman who has been serving as intermediary between her friends in the Rue Paradis, Paris, and the Archangel Gabriel, is an old friend in disguise — older than the vulgar spiritualistic medium who charges so much per séance. Mdlle. Conédon, although besieged with pious visitors,

asks nothing for her services. She holds conversations with her celestial friend in all good faith, reporting his opinion as to the most trivial affairs of her consultants. Stocks and shares, the weather, the prospects of trade-nothing comes amiss to the Archangel Gabriel, though it does not appear that his opinion has enabled anyone, so far, to rule the market. The case is one of dual personality—a nerve malady which has long been known to medical science, and which has of late years been studied pretty closely in hypnotism. If it had always been understood that persons of a certain ecstatic temperament could receive messages from on high, and even hold personal communication with spiritual beings, without any conscious fraud, it is doubtful how much would have come down to us of the religions that have so largely moulded human society. Now that the old beliefs are wearing out, and that ecstatic persons like Mdlle. Conédon are treated as invalids, it is perplexing to know where the religions of the future are to come from.

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No religion (save one, which I will. leave the reader to specify, and I don't mind if it is his own) has exercised a more powerful sway in the world than Mahommedanism. It is, at the present moment, the religion of a hundred millions of men or more. Yet it is as certain as anything can be in science that Mahommedanism had the same origin as the hallucinations of Mdlle. Conédon. Curiously enough it was the Archangel Gabriel who was the subject of Mahommed's visions too. Previous to that he was troubled with manifestations of an indecisive character. He thought he was possessed by a djin, or evil spirit, and more than once he attempted suicide. "I hear a sound, I see a light," he said to his wife, Kadyjah. Subsequently the Archangel Gabriel-for Mahommed was penetrated with the ideas of Judaism and

Christianity—appeared to the Arab shepherd, and it was then he was emboldened to declare his prophetic mission. It is curious to think that a modern brain specialist, say, of Mecca, called in to treat Mahommed's case, would have nipped in the bud one of the greatest religious systems in the world.

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Sincerity is an indispensable attribute of every founder of a religion, and so is sanity—that is to say sanity in all the ordinary relations of life. If, under these conditions, the patient is the recipient of spiritual revelations, his mission is always authentic enough to attract adherents. Nothing beyond this somewhat rare combination of phenomena was required, in the Dark Ages, for the launching of a new faith. Very little more is needed now, as is shown by the experience of this young French hallucinée, whose humble abode has been besieged by the masses like a veritable shrine. Perhaps the one condition lacking in such modern examples is mystery. Too much is known about Mdlle. Conédon, as too much was known about Madame Blavatsky, Joseph Smith the Mormon, and Mrs. Girling the Shaker. Enough is known about Mahommed himself to enable a pathologist to classify his case. But the earlier prophets enjoy a congenial obscurity.

The dual personality of Mdlle. Conédon appears to be complete. In her normal state she is a young girl of average intelligence, gentle, frank, honest. The ecstatic state into which she sinks quickens her intelligence so far as the association of ideas and the general lucidity of her mind are concerned, and with that there comes a change of temperament so that she is, in turn, two distinct persons. The case thus throws an interesting light upon questions of character, consciousness, and soul. When all these are solved a good many of our social beliefs will have to be thrown into the melting-pot.

## THE HORRORS OF LONDON.

BY ALLEN UPWARD.

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST GOODWIN.

IV .- THE TOWER.



HE blame for having built the Tower must rest upon Julius Cæsar, or William the Conqueror — it does not much

matter which. One is apt to confuse these two parties. Both of them appear to have been foreigners, bearing at least a doubtful reputation, who made armed incursions into this country in time of peace, without even the excuse that they came to secure legitimate political reforms. Nowadays, such persons would be promptly apprehended, but in those times they seem to have been allowed to go about conquering just as they liked.

But the law is so defective. Even at this hour, conquering is not an indictable offence. If you steal the most trifling thing you are pounced on directly, but if you only conquer they can't touch you.

This Tower is the only fortification which London has to protect it against the alien immigrant. In view of this fact, it is unpleasant to have to report that the Tower is not a good fortification. There are grave defects in the Tower, which call for the earnest attention of the supine authorities of the War Office.

I am well aware that this statement will be denounced as unpatriotic. I shall be told that I am a Little Englander. But the time for secrecy and reserve in this matter has gone by, and it is necessary to speak plainly before it is too late. The inhabitants of London are being deceived. They are being lulled into false security. It is right that someone should warn them. This Tower is no such protection as they fondly imagine. It is not an effective stronghold at all. It is stronger than the Crystal Palace, but it

is not so strong as the Safe Deposit Company's vaults.

The War Office people have gone on blindly relying on their Tower for the last thousand years. But they are in a fool's paradise. The man who built this place was no doubt a competent architect for those days. The Tower is well enough to resist arrows—and peas. But modern warships do not discharge arrows. When the united navies of Europe and America sail up the Thames to bombard the capital, they will not carry pop-guns. What London needs is a Tower that will march with the times.

It is well to be quite outspoken. The fact is that everything about this Tower is antiquated and out of date. The armoury is full of obsolete weapons. Why, there are actually maces and battle-axes in this armoury, things that have not been used since the Crusades! One Maxim gun would be more real use than all the rubbish with which this place is littered.

It is impossible for us to command the respect of other nations by such means as these. I should not mention these facts if they were not already too well known to the enemies of our country. There is too much reason to believe that plans of the Tower have been secretly supplied to the intelligence bureaus of the principal foreign Powers, and that the great strategists of Germany have already devised plans for its successful siege.

The suits of armour which are so fondly hoarded up by the infatuated authorities of the Tower show them in a still more pitiable light. In their blind clinging to the past, they evidently judge of all artillery by their own. It would not take very good armour to resist any weapon



MINGS USED TO INVITE THEIR FRIENDS AND PRESS THEM TO STAY.



they could bring to bear. A ready-made, machine-sewn suit of armour would keep out their clumsy lances; and they have not a blunderbuss or a culverin in the place that would not burst with the smallest charge of real powder.

Are these people really sincere? Do they honestly believe that it is safe and wise to run a fortress in these days on the came lines as in the Dark Ages? Do they think that their fancy dress costumes, and Drury Lane weapons are really enough to protect this metropolis? Or do they in their simplicity rely on the beautiful but impractical sentiment,

"Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just?"

The Tower is not only a fortress, but a residence. In former days it was quite a celebrated resort. The kings of those times used to invite their friends and relatives there, and press them to stay. Many of these persons lived in the place for years. Others died quite shortly after their arrival.

The Tower is said to be unhealthy. Some of the visitors to it have died too abruptly for the matter not to have excited remark. There must have been something wrong with the drains.

In the case of Richard III.'s nephews—two nice little boys—it is well known that the doctor in attendance refused to sign

a certificate. The authorities in consequence would not allow them to be interred in the public burial-ground, and their sorrowing uncle had to dispose of them under the stairs—where the firewood is kept in most modern households.

Memories like this have cast a gloom over the Tower, so much so that various eminent personages have been reluctant to take up their abode in it. There can be no doubt that life in the Tower is dull. This is proved by the conduct of former residents who have disfigured the walls with carvings of their initials and similar pieces of vandalism.

Apologists of the Tower say that Anne Boleyn was beheaded there. But a thing like that is not enough to make a place a real home. You cannot breakfast, and dine, and sup on the beheading of Anne Boleyn.

But that is just like the fogeys who look after this Tower. If it were in the hands of Buffalo Bill, or any really enterprising *impresario*, there would be beheadings still going on, two beheadings a day, at three and eight. But the Tower people cannot

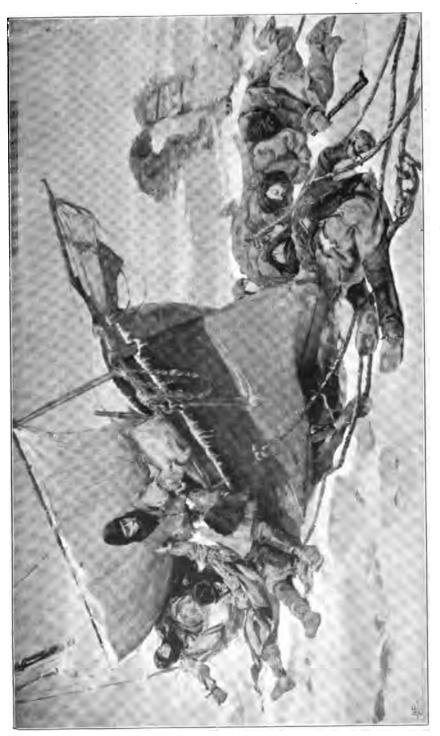
rise to this. They burst out in their one grand effect over Anne Boleyn, and then went to sleep for a few centuries.

And then they complain that the Aquarium has taken away their trade. Let them contrast their own methods with those of the Aquarium. Where are their lady bicyclists? They did try to lure away the Aquarium diver, and tempt him to jump off their Bridge instead, and what was the result? The poor man met his death—like Anne Boleyn and all their other artists.

The only attraction they have besides is a dark and dingy hole which they call the Jewel Room. But the jewels there are too expensive. A million sterling for one crown is extortionate; if I were to buy many articles like that I should become a poor man.

The fact that the Kôh-i-noor is represented merely by a glass model throws a painful light upon the secret troubles and privations which may harass even the Throne. It is a national disgrace that this jewel is not redeemed out of the public purse.





"THEY FORGED THE LAST LINK WITH THEIR LIVES."

The North-West Passage. H.M.S. Erebus and Terror, 1849 and 1850.

From the painting by W. Turner Smith.)

## LETTERS TO CLORINDA.\*



DEAR CLORINDA,—There is much talk over here at present of a horseless future. Our carriages, our coaches, our waggons, and our carts

are to give place everywhere to "motorcars." We shall steer, not drive; and our coachman will be an engineer. Thirty and even fifty miles an hour is suggested as our speed, and I am wondering what England will look like half a century hence. The pleasant turnpike road, with its milestones and its inns, its curves and gradients, will become a mere cart-track for the local farmer. Built up permanent ways, straight as an arrow, level as a billiard table, will run from town to town. They will be bordered on each side by huge advertisement placards of Sunlight Soap and Beecham's Pills. No half-way house will be needed, the towns will be too near, but every twenty miles or so we shall possibly find a water-tank or an oil-stove attached to a repairing forge. smaller market towns and villages will dwindle and disappear. With a twopenny omnibus running between Bath and Bristel; and Manchester brought within three-quarters of an hour of Liverpool by road, they will be needless.

Guildford will become absorbed into South Kensington. Oxford and back will be our favourite drive on a Sunday morning. Cambridge and Colchester will be reckoned as in the East End, and the Isle of Wight in the South-west and Cromer on the North-east will be our outlying suburbs. Our City clerks will live at Margate, and will come to town each morning by the early tram.

This may not happen in our time, but it will come to pass, and it does not require much strength of the imagination to picture further development in the same direction. For the last century, the

energies of the engineering world have been devoted to the decreasing of dis-In the eighteenth century a journey through Europe was the event of a man's life; fifty years ago Switzerland meant a week's travel. To-day one can breakfast in England and sup in Italy. Fifty miles is now a bicycle spin before breakfast. While our humdrum mechanics are thinking of railway-tracks on which locomotives may run with safety one hundred and fifty miles an hour, our more daring thinkers are perfecting in silence their aërial ships. The announcement of Saturday to Monday trips between London and New York will, before long, be removed from the literary columns of the comic papers to take its place in the advertisement pages of our daily journals. Our cheap excursionists have grown tired of Switzerland and Norway, and the globe-trotter wearies of China and Japan. We are using up our little world quickly, and our grandchildren will find it stale.

I fear they will also find it vulgar and unlovely. The lift is already being prepared for Mont Blanc; soon every mountain peak throughout the world will be crowned with its staring hotel; every waterfall illuminated by coloured lights. In our desire to reach the picturesque we make the road by which we travel hideous. In the days when the stagecoach bowled along the village-dotted turnpike, there was little need for the lover of solitude and beauty to travel far from his own home. But in our desire to escape from bricks and mortar we have covered Europe with a network of black rails, and "Roshervilled" the gardens of Nature. Niagara is little else than a watery Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday. Even little Snowdon has its ugly railway (though one hopes that the venture may prove unsuccessful), and the

<sup>.</sup> Copyright, 1896, by Jerome K. Jerome, in the United States of America.

Swiss glaciers are lighted by electricity. It is a curious reflection that humanity's growing appreciation of the beautiful should bring about the annihilation of the picturesque. I passed through Pangbourne-on-the-Thames the other day. Forgive me for reminding you of time, but you and I knew it when it was a sweet, tiny village bordering a dangerous weir and a tumbledown lock. The jerrybuilder is rampant. His roads are staked out through the once pleasant fields and woods. Goring and Pangbourne are growing now into hideous straggling They have their "River Street" of ugly houses, their "Thames Street" of cheap villas. So it is from Kingston to Oxford. Hampton is simply a waterside Brixton; galvanized iron bungalows line the towpath at Maidenhead. The creepercovered inns have made room for gaudy, pretentious hotels. Where the landlord's rosy-cheeked daughter served and chatted with one, there stalks the German waiter in greasy black coat and stained white shirt. What has brought about this hideous change? What has vulgarized the river and taken from it all its charm? Simply the fact that the Londoner has awakened to its beauty. Twenty years ago he hardly knew of its existence, and would not have taken an hour's journey to look at it. It was the property of the few who reached it by toilsome routes, who explored it under difficulties, who paid for their enjoyment of it with labour, and with loss of comfort. Now, the special express takes me to whatever point I may desire, the cab bears me to the landing-stage, where a cushioned boat awaits me; and in the evening the table d'hôte is spread for me. And I would just as soon spend a day on the ornamental waters of the Regent's Park. This is the law of life: that everything has its price.

Nature has her coinage, and demands payment in her own currency. At Nature's shop it is you yourself who have to pay. Your unearned increment, your inherited fortune, your luck, are not legal tenders across her counter.

You want a good appetite so that you can enjoy your dinner. Nature is quite willing to supply you. "Certainly, sir," she replies, "I can do you a very excellent article indeed. I have here a real genuine hunger and thirst that will make your meal a delight to you. You shall eat heartily and with zest, and you shall rise from the table refreshed, invigorated, and cheerful."

"Just the very thing I want," exclaims the gourmet, delightedly.

"The price," continues Mrs. Nature, "is one long day's hard work —work both of brain and body."

The customer's face falls; he handles nervously his heavy purse.

"Cannot I pay for it in money?" he asks. "I don't like work, but I am a rich man, I can afford to keep French cooks, to purchase old wines."

Nature shakes her head.

"I cannot take your cheques, tissue and nerve are my charges. For these I can give you an appetite that will make a rump steak and a tankard of ale more delicious to you than any dinner that the greatest *chef* in Europe could put before you. I can even promise you that a hunk of bread and cheese shall be a banquet to you; but you must pay my price in my money, I do not deal in yours."

And next the Dilettante comes to her, demanding a taste for art and literature, and this also Nature is quite prepared to supply.

"I can give you true delight in all these things," she answers. "Music shall be as wings to you, lifting you above the turmoil of the world. Through Art you shall catch a glimpse of God's meaning. Along the pleasant paths of Literature you shall walk as beside still waters."

"And your charge?" cries the delighted customer.

"These things are somewhat expensive," replies Nature. "I want many years of

thought and study. I want from you plain living and high thinking. You must dismiss from your mind all care for moneymaking. You must cultivate your inner self at the cost of your appetites."

"But you mistake, my dear lady," replies the Dilettante; "I have many friends possessed of taste, and they are men who do not pay this price for it. Their houses are full of beautiful pictures, they rave about nocturnes and symphonies that are to me unintelligible, their criticism of poetry is quite remarkable. Yet they are men of luxury and wealth and fashion. Their thinking may be high—it certainly is most peculiar, but their living most decidedly is not plain. They trouble much concerning the making of money, and Society is their heaven. Cannot I be as one of these?"

Nature's usually calm face flushes for a moment with unaccustomed anger.

"I do not deal in the tricks of apes," she answers coldly; "the culture of these friends of yours is a mere pose, a fashion of the hour, their talk mere parrot-chatter. Yes, you can purchase such culture as this, and pretty cheaply, but a passion for skittles would be of more service to you, and bring you more genuine and wholesome enjoyment. My goods are of a different class, I fear we waste each other's time."

And next there comes the shy boy, asking with a blush for love, and Nature's motherly old heart goes out to him, for it is an article she loves to sell, and she loves those who come to purchase it of her. So she leans across the counter, smiling, and tells him that she has the very thing he wants, and he, trembling with excitement, likewise asks the price.

"It costs a good deal," explains Nature, but in no discouraging tone; "it is the most expensive thing in all my shop."

"I am rich," replies the lad. "My father worked hard and saved, and he has left me all his wealth. I have stocks and shares, and lands and factories; and

will pay any price in reason for this thing."

But Nature, looking graver, lays her hand upon his arm.

"Put by your purse, boy," she says, "my price is not a price in reason, nor is this the metal that I deal in. There are many shops in crooked streets where they keep the thing that you are asking for, and where your bank-notes will be taken in exchange. But, if you will take an old woman's advice, you will not go to them. The thing they will sell you will bring sorrow and do evil to you. It is cheap enough, but, like all cheap things, it is not worth the buying. No man purchases it, only fools."

"And what is the cost of the thing you sell, then?" asks the lad.

"Patience, self-sacrifice, tenderness," answers the old dame; "the love of all things that are good and pure, and the hate of all things that are evil—courage, staunchness, self-respect when dealing with the strong; self-forgetfulness when dealing with the weak; sympathy and chivalry, these things purchase love. Put your purse away, lad, it will serve you in other ways; but it will not buy for you the goods upon my shelves."

"Then am I no better off than a poor man?" argues the lad.

"I know not wealth or poverty as you understand it," replies Nature. "Here, I exchange realities only for realities. You ask for my treasures, I ask for your brain and heart in exchange—yours, boy, not your father's, not another's."

"And this price," he argues, "how shall I obtain it?"

"Go about into the world," answers the great lady. "Labour, suffer, and wait. Come back to me when you have earned this money, and according to how much you bring me so we will do business."

I remember talking to a millionaire once, and his complaint was that he himself gained no advantage from his money.

"These cigars we are smoking," he grumbled, as we sat after dinner in his magnificently furnished smoking den, "they cost me five shillings apiece, taking them by the thousand."

"I can quite believe it," I answered, "they are worth it."

"Yes, to you," he replied, almost savagely. "What do you usually pay for your cigars?"

(We were talking in that half jocular, half serious vein that excuses personalities.)

"Threepence," I answered. "They work out at about twopence three-farthings taken by the box."

"Just so," he growled. "And your twopenny three-farthing cigar gives you precisely the same amount of satisfaction as this five-shilling cigar gives to me. That means four and ninepence farthing wasted every time I smoke. I pay my cook two hundred a year. I don't enjoy my dinner as much as when it used to cost me four shillings, including a quarter flask of Chianti. What's the difference personally to me whether I drive up to my office in a carriage and pair or go on a twopenny bus? I often do go on the bus, it saves me trouble. It is absurd, wasting time, looking for your coachman, when the conductor of an omnibus that passes your own door is hailing you two yards off. When I used to walk to the office every morning I was healthier. irritates me sometimes to think how hard I worked for no earthly benefit to myself. My money pleases a lot of people I don't care two straws about, and who don't care two straws about me. If I could eat a hundred pound dinner myself every night, and enjoy it four hundred times as much as I used to enjoy a five shilling dinner, there would be some sense in it. As it is, the whole thing is a silly game—a damned silly game."

There is but little that is topical to talk about. By the time this reaches you we shall be discussing pictures, and exhibitions, and operas; but, just now, we and the world are a bit dull. It looks as though the theatres were going to be divided between religious drama and musical farce. Of the two I find the religious drama the more exhilarating. I have sat out five musical farces during the past fortnight: which will account to you for many things, this letter included. This quaint entertainment had not taken hold of London before you left; let me sketch one for your guidance.

Curtain rises and discovers chorus, sixteen ladies and sixteen gentlemen, arranged in neat couples, and all smiling. The sixteen gentlemen pat themselves a little below the chest and sing violently, and occasionally in tune. The sixteen ladies are chiefly concerned in seeking their male friends among the audience. At end of each verse chorus shuffle their feet and look arch. They file off in couples, expressing mutual satisfaction with one another.

Short "opening scene" between four chorus girls who don't know how to speak, and the third low comedian who has nothing to say.

Enter two minor characters. They explain the plot of the play, with which they are not concerned, and go off.

Enter popular artiste. She is, generally speaking, a lady who has no voice, but who knows how to use it. She confides to the conductor, as representing the audience, that she is in love with the leading low comedian. She then says she will sing a song, and does so, the first three verses being devoted to a résumé of her early life, and the fourth to a criticism of the German Emperor. She signifies her emotions by a step-dance, and goes off.

Re-enter the two minor characters. They have found a gendarme. They explain to him the plot, with which he has nothing to do. He says he understands it, but evidently doesn't. Minor characters and gendarme sing a trio, dealing

Digitized by GQSXIC

with the conduct of the German Emperor, and dance off.

Enter all the other small people in the cast. They tell each other that the leading low comedian is coming. Everybody shouts.

Enter leading low comedian. Everybody shouts.

L. L. C. sings a song, the first three verses being devoted to explaining who he is, the fourth being a criticism of the conduct of the German Emperor. Great enthusiasm and encore. L. L. C. returns, and sings another verse dealing with the conduct of Dr. Playfair.

Re-enter two minor characters. They explain the plot to L. L. C. The L. L. C., in a gag scene, "spoofs" them. They go off.

Enter second low comedian. The L. L. C., in a gag scene, "spoofs" second low comedian. L. L. C. and second low comedian sing a duet dealing with the conduct of the German Emperor. Second low comedian goes off.

Enter popular artiste. L. L. C., in a gag scene, "spoofs" popular artiste. L. L. C. and popular artiste sing a duet, containing no references to the German Emperor. Excitement amongst audience and indignant encore. L. C. C. returns and sings verse, criticising conduct of German Emperor.

Enter third low comedian. L. L. C., in a gag scene, "spoofs" third low comedian. L. L. C. and third low comedian burlesque something. Everybody says its very clever, but no one is quite sure what is being burlesqued. Exit third low comedian.

L. L. C., in a gag scene, all to himself, "spoofs" the scenery, imitates Irving, bur-

lesques Beerbohm Tree, makes a mock election address, sings a comic song, dances a hornpipe, and goes off to change his clothes, having occupied the stage forty-five minutes, and "spoofed" himself hoarse.

(In case you may be unfamiliar with the word "spoof" I have been at some pains to learn its theatrical significance. To "spoof" anyone, means to gabble gibberish at him for five minutes and then to hustle him off the stage.)

To fill up until the L. L. C. has changed his clothes, enter Lovers. They tell each other the plot. It is evident that they have got it all wrong, and don't understand it. Male lover says he loves female lover, and sings a song about it.

Enter more chorus girls, who cannot speak. They get in each other's way, and talk. Second low comedian enters, and drives them off. They come on again at back.

Enter everybody. They tell each other that they cannot find the leading low comedian. No one has seen him for nearly a minute.

L. L. C. comes on and says he's somebody else.

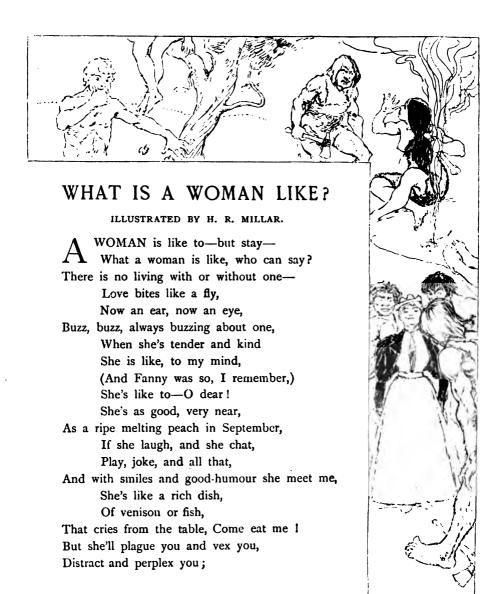
Everybody cheers, and curtain.

That is the end of the first act, and the end of the play. The second act is a go-as-you-please arrangement. Everybody pretends to be somebody else, and "spoofs" everybody else. In the beginning there may have been a "book"; but the author has probably saved his last shred of sanity by flying from the theatre before the first act was out of rehearsal.

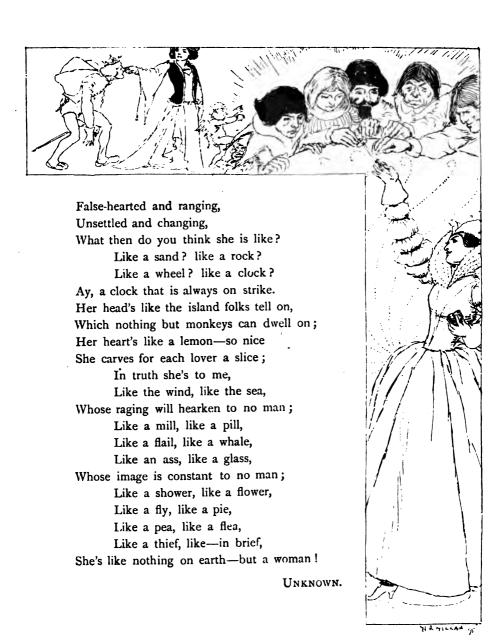
Ever sincerely yours,

JEROME K. JEROME.













CYCLING THE RE

By Walter Bayes.

### THE WEDDING EVE.

#### BY MORLEY ROBERTS.

#### ILLUSTRATED BY HAL HURST.



SHALL be only gone two months, dear, and then——"

She lowered her eyes so that he could not see her

face. But he kissed the back of her neck which was tinted just then with rose.

"And two months is sixty days—Ethel, how many hours?"

"Dear, the hours will be long. You will write often?"

"Always, dear."

"And you won't be able to get my letters travelling so fast and going to so many places. I wish there was no such thing as business."

"You can write every day, and I will read them all when I come back. You can give me one every morning of our honeymoon. But I shan't read them. I shall only kiss you. Dear, it grows late, it must be good-bye."

She rose from her chair and laid her head on his shoulder.

"Teddie, dear, you won't see any beautiful Spanish or Italian woman you will like better?"

"Dear child, I haven't seen any woman at all since I loved you. Good-bye. Good-bye."

And Teddie Lane broke away, and went out half blind. In an hour he was in the night mail for Paris. He buried himself in his corner, and wrapped himself in his rug, and thought of Ethel until the dawn. It was only two months, and he loved her greatly; and she loved him. And she had blood in her veins. He knew that. God bless her warm heart, and might he deserve her.

. . . . .

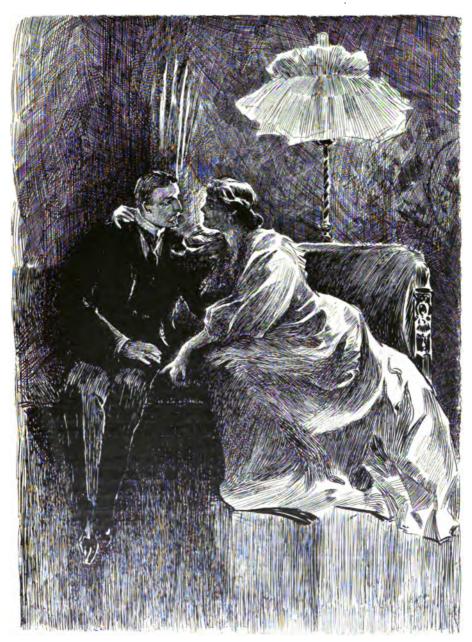
He transacted some business at Parisand then went to Marseilles.

Ethel wrote to him, and missed him

every time. Only once he got a letter at Naples dated a fortnight after his departure. Then he went into Greece, and depending on telegrams for his instructions he had such a time that he never even looked for a letter, knowing she could not tell where he was. His route lay from Greece to Malta and Tripoli, Tangiers, and home through Spain. He knew as he entered France again that he had done good work and justified the opinion that those who were his employers, and would be his partners, had always held of him.

From Madrid, being then two days under two months from home, he took a through ticket to London and crawled in a continental express to Paris. seemed so near London, that his heart beat and passion flushed up in him eagerly He was strong, and brave, and happy. was blowing worse than a gale at Calais, and the boat was delayed. He swore and fumed, and fretted, and wished he could swim the most accursed silver streak. He would have voted for a Channel Tunnel against his most patriotic convictions. But at last, at last, he reached London. It was ten in the morning when he arrived at Victoria, and the skies outside made him wonder how people could live there. Only Ethel could reconcile him to the reeky abominations of a commonly good day after the sunshine of the Peninsula and the Continent. But after all, what did it matter? For this day was his wedding eve; he should sing instead of being depressed.

So his cab rattled towards Kensington. Go to the office at once? No, not for his perpetual choice of climates. He had heard nothing from England for a whole month. Even his firm had not known his address during the last three weeks.



"I HAVEN'T SEEN ANY WOMAN AT ALL SINCE I LOVED YOU."



ETHEL WROTE TO HIM, AND MISSED EVERY TIME.

He would go to Addison Gardens first, or die upon the way.

It was curious, he said, how slow London cabs were. Yet his horse passed many others. He had a great hatred of whipping the poor animals, but he never lifted the trap to remonstrate with this driver. He had a notion that driving was a waste of time. He could have walked as fast.

As he got away from Victoria and into the Hammersmith Road the day cleared a little and the sun shone, dropping splashes of gold upon the wet and muddy way. The people seemed more cheerful: his own spirits rose again. Everything was beautiful, the whole world was glad, and he went round into Addison Road.

Suddenly, without any reason save that his heart was beating so that he could hear it above the rattle of the cab, he changed his directions and ordered the man to drive to his own rooms near Addison Road Station. He would walk the rest of the way. He was too agitated to meet Ethel. The half-mile walk would do him good.

So at half-past ten he got into her street. At the end of it he saw a line of carriages heading the other way. At first he thought it was a wedding but then he noticed that in front of the procession was a more melancholy vehicle.

Some poor chap was dead, said the lover. Or some woman. And here he was, full of health, and strength, and hope. He was very sorry for anyone who was dead and unable to love or be loved, past the joy of life, even past the struggle by which comes victory, and so he walked slower and slower yet.

The funeral procession began to move off before he came within fifty yards.

When he saw it move, another thought came to him. Whose house was it? It must, yes it must, be one of three. And one of the three belonged to Ethel's To-morrow it would cease to be Ethel's. He quickene I his pace for a moment, and then suddenly stopped. He turned very pale. It would cease to be Ethel's home to-morrow. He repeated For he knew now which that twice. house it was. The last carriage was just ahead of that one house. The door was open and inside were the servants dressed in black. He stopped again and caught hold of the railings.

But surely, he said, he was a fool. There was Ethel's father, and her mother, and her brothers, and her younger sisters to die. So he plucked up heart, and ran into the house door. One of the girls there knew him, and screamed.

"Good God! Mr. Lane!" she said and the others fell back.

"Who's dead?" asked Ted, with dry lips and an ashy face. And they did not answer. He prayed it might be all the world but one.

"Who's dead, damn you?" said he, and caught the servant by the wrist.

And he knew before she answered.

"Oh sir, sir, it's poor Miss Ethel."

And he ran out into the road after the funeral procession.

He came up ahead of the hearse and dropped in the muddy road insensible. They took him back into the house, which had ceased to be his love's home five bitter days before this home-coming.

And all that he had of her was a pile of letters. The last was only two words. "Good-bye, my dear, my dear." It was scrawled an hour before she died.





BLIND EONIDES.

A. J. G.od.

## "BLIND MÆONIDES."

BY CHARLES KENNETT BURROW.

PIRST vagabond of verse, divine, austere,
Whose perfect numbers moved in golden state,
Thine was an age of universal ear,
When men with song might parley in the gate,
And there were gods to hear!

Thine was an age when song was born equipped To travel, manlike, in the ways of men,—
A gracious presence, strong and eager-lipped:
But now we dally with a nerveless pen
In dregs of passion dipped.

The times have changed; yet still above the noise Some music sounds from quieter fields of air; For, while the world is full of girls and boys, We sing of lesser Helens, yet how fair, And fall of smaller Troys!

Ah! still Calypso pleads and Circe clings,
And other Heroes fare on other seas;
And still the foam about Thrinacia sings,
And still in Lotus-land sleep-blossomed leas
Dream of perennial springs!

First vagabond of verse, divine, austere, Whose sunward eyes, light-blinded, felt the sun, Down the dim ages, resonant and clear, Thy song comes floating, song sublimely spun Of all true things, save fear!



Miss De Fat (to Younger Sister).—"I think I have made an impression over there." Younger Sister.—"On what, dear, the curate or the cushions?"



# WHO IS THE HANDSOMEST WOMAN IN ENGLAND?

BY JOHN GULICH, HAL HURST, MAX COWPER, AND "CYNICUS."

Gülich doesn't know her name.

Well, I don't know her name or anything about her—but she's a rascal, as my old friend Cyrus (to call him something, poor old chap) would tell you if he were alive.

I first saw her at the Painters' Club—not as one is accustomed to see beautiful women in London, in the grip of the milliner—but there in the holy simplicity of her Creator's own design.

Drapery? Not a thread—not so much as the accustomed wedding-ring of the Figure Model—only her long, red hair, and the creamy, opalescent skin. A divine creation unmarred by human contrivance.

I sat down next to Cyrus and started a careful study, and spent three whole days on it. The rest of the week I made endless pencil sketches.

Cyrus did badly. He seemed off his work, and struck me as being jealous of my better success.

At home, in my studio, I painted out a life-size female figure in a large canvas I had nearly finished, and I determined to replace it with another from the beautiful model at the Club.

With this idea in view, I went down the following week and looked up the man who had posed her.

"She came up to my studio," was his teply to my inquiry respecting her origin,

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"and asked for the sitting, which I naturally gave her on her merits. She said her name was Lydia Winbush, and hailed from some address in Gospel Oak. I entered it in the models' register; you will find it there."

I hunted up the last entry in the book, and, to my astonishment, found in its place a neat erasure, which no one in the club could explain.

It was quite clear the name and address had been entered; but who had so carefully erased it could not be discovered.

Naturally I was annoyed.

There was my month's work or more on my canvas painted out, and no trace of the model I depended on to replace it to be found.

It was no use tramping the whole of north-west London and knocking at every likely door for a Miss Winbush, who was probably no Miss Winbush at all, although I felt uncommonly inclined to start on this errand by way of doing something.

However, all I could do I did.

I hovered around art schools, and pestered art school authorities, but without avail. At last, when it came to mere acquaintances greeting me in the streets with, "Well, have you found the red-haired woman yet?" I thought it time to abandon the quest.

So I did. I turned my picture—which, thank God, is a commission, and not urgent—with its face to the wall, and my mind to other matters.

One day, months later, I met Cyrus.

Simultaneously it dawned on me that I had not seen him since that disquieting week at the Club.

He looked awful.

He was always an untidy, long-haired, anarchical-looking beggar; but under this uninviting exterior beat the heart of a true poet, a true artist, and a true man. To-day I almost felt I ought to apologise for having slapped him on the shoulder.

It was quite clear our meeting greatly disconcerted him. His eyes kept shifting towards a passage off the footway, down which he seemed to me to long to bolt.

When I asked him (and very glad I was to have something ready to say) if by chance he knew anything of the mysterious model, he clasped his hand to his side with a look of intense pain in his face, and exclaimed, "Oh Hell, man!" so loud that people stopped and stared, when he swung round, and hurried in a blind sort of way down the street.

Cyrus, the erased address, and the red-haired model began to assume a troubled shape in my mind.

We had been chums for years, so I made no bones about giving chase, hooking his arm, and imploring him as an old friend for some account of himself.

I penetrated his adamantine reserve, and the sad story flowed freely.

Briefly, he had waylaid the girl after the sittings at the Club; married—yes, married her; lived a few short miserable months with her; spent every cent he possessed on her; abandoned his art, his friends, and himself for her; and now, poor old fellow, the red-haired beauty had abandoned him.

But, Brother Idlers, the incident which makes this gossip a drama comes now. We had wandered into the Park to avoid the crowd. It was now past five o'clock.

We were walking, quite oblivious of our surroundings, in a road away from the people, when suddenly Cyrus looked up, halted, gripped my arm, and then fell with a gasp against the railings.

"Look! She's-she's there!"

Before I could quite grasp what he meant, a four-in-hand rattled past, and I saw at

once, on the box-seat next to the whip, like a scarlet tear against the dark background of trees, a red blotch of hair under a pink silk sunshade.

Well that's all I know. Poor Cyrus has gone. But she remains. I often see her; and I expect most of you know her too.

She's the handsomest woman in England.

• • • • •

Hal Hurst says the one who is seen through love-tinted glasses.

The question is a difficult one, and also delicate, very. We Englishmen, who pride ourselves on belonging to the country that can boast of handsome women—one meets them at all times and all places—must naturally have the hardest task in specifying the handsomest—to think of it, have I met her, seen

her, should I know her if I did?

Would not the long-haired, shut-one-eye, thumb-waggling dilettante tell you emphatically—he generally is emphatic unless cornered, when a shrug of the shoulder and a can't argue any further kind of smile shrivels up the vandalic enquirer—that woman is the most "beautiful" work of God. True, and as the greater includes the lesser, all women must be handsome. It has been said, and the thought is a perfect gem, that the man who creates has kissed the hem of the garment of God. It seems to me that loveliness has been as fortunate, and can lay its claims to the near-divine. Do not men worship it wherever found, that beauty all sublime. It's a short cut to the ridiculous, we hear, which may account for some of the vagaries of beauties we all have known.

If the question—it is bound to be a vexed one—were possible of any unanimity, which Heaven forbid, and the handsomest woman was a dead certainty—why will this sporting phraseology creep into the subject? — would it not be an invidious distinction? And what about the other nine thousand nine hundred and ninetynine in the shade? If you are sceptical, count! Can the being who is described, and justly so, "to one thing constant never," be able to gauge the handsomest? No. Yesterday it was that woman, to-day this, and to-morrow another. And the early age they enter upon these things! How well I remember my first experience. A big, buxom, superb creature, but of the lowly persuasion of the family cook—but what has rank or calling to do with sentiment? The attachment was genuine enough on my side. course the cynic will say pastry-love, but no mere thoughts of tarts and patties entered into my unsophisticated calculations. My one ambition was to kiss her. It was imposs ble to reach that lofty eminence unaided. I possessed my soul in patience, and waited with a chair on which to perch myself when the propitious moment should arrive. It came at last, but fate was against me. I miscalculated the distance, and landed on the dear one's head. She struck out blindly, for I had lodged her cap over one eye; she glared with the other on the fallen foe-lover, I mean-and poured forth a choice selection of language. Collecting myself together, and reviewing the situation, I found I retained a portion of her glorious hair in my hand. I put it next my heart, for I loved her still in spite of what had happened. Her Billingsgate was Greek to me in those days. At night, after saying my prayers, I selected one of the hairs from out the precious bundle, and swallowed it-and every night I swallowed another, till a perverse one went the wrong way and nearly choked me-but it quite checked the love.

One mentally scans the handsome women of Court, Society, and the Stage, in vain

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-Le mot d'énigme cometh not. An inspiration, have I not heaps of English beauties tucked away? Yes; step forth ye dainty, gracious maidens. Reverently and tenderly I place them on chairs, couches, and the floor, anywhere and everywhere, until I am completely surrounded by this happy throng—all eagerly waiting for the verdict which shall place one supreme. A more pleasant task never fell to man's lot. am a modern Paris, and yet methinks an old-time spirit lurks in these goddesses galore; surely if those cabinets were but continued, some fair beauties would be standing here now as Venus stood before—— But what a thought! so base, so vile, my glass reflects a rosy hue my face has donned, most foreign to it; but forward, ye blushing coward, and observe more fully; take this microscope, examine and declare. Yes: 'tis chiffon, a very homoeopathic dose; but can it be that the spirit of "The Altogether" has so affected some? I again look round the group carefully, exactingly, and impartially. Some plead, others inveigle, smile, or cajole; lovely lips and lovelier eyes importune. Ah! yonder is the lady; yon fair maid I select. choice has fallen upon you; you and you alone are the handsomest of all your lovely sisters. Take this apple (where's that apple? No matter, this box will serve as well). Fairest of the fair, loveliest of your sex, take this your first-

"What the deuce is up, old man?—Hamlet soliloquising o'er the graves of departed loves." My sanctum was invaded, my privacy disturbed by this brutal Philistine. Eventured an explanation.

"Bosh! I'll show you i/le very handsomest woman in England; come."

Unresistingly I went.

His hansom awaited; the omen seemed good. To the Park we went to see the sportive damsel on a bike. Anon she came. I saw, but was not conquered.

"What do you think of of her?"

"Marvellous!" was all I could exclaim. A morbid desire for truth compels me to admit now she was not handsome. Yet to him she was perfection, and so it must be that she, and she alone, is the handsomest woman who is seen through love-tinted glasses. Why I once knew a man, a courteous, gallant fellow in all respects, who sang to his ladie fair: "My love she's not a beauty." She wasn't, and he realised it; yet he saw with Cupid's eyes, and she became to him perfection, lovelier by far than the most beautiful woman ever could be—for the time. Why not get an opinion from the sex itself? I did. I sought Clorinda, and propounded my dilemma. It was received with surprised eyes, which said most plainly, "Man, that was solved ages ago, for you——" My aspect did not show conviction; she smiled her best beat-that-if-you-can kind of smile, and, woman-like, turned to observe the effect in the glass—horrors! The curl papers had been forgotten; they were neither becoming nor dignified. I made a precipitate retreat, and am still no nearer the solution of the riddle.

It is no easy task to describe the *most* beautiful woman I ever saw. However, when I come to think, and draw conclusions, there are two, and "How happy could I be with either, were tother dea. charmer away." I am positively unable to decide. Nevertheless, I shall stick to the point, and describe one.

I met her after I had just shuffled away twenty summers of my existence. Twas in a quaint old village in Scotland. I was painting at the time when she crossed my vision, and stood some distance away. I immediately ceased work, the paint-brush dropped to the ground.

"Good heavens!" were the words I muttered as I gazed open-mouthed at the woman before me. "Was she alive?" I queried, "or was I dreaming?" A tall girl, young and particularly well developed. Her shapely figure had seen no Bond Street dressmaker. Her raven hair was unkempt, and waved itself around her Grecian head as only unaided nature could do, finishing off in one sweet curl, which hid the upper portion of that round, marble-coloured forehead. A shimmering shadow was cast over her full hazel eyes. Her face was oval, nose straight, and chiselled to perfection, under which lay lips that in the days of chivalry man would have given his dear life to have them nigh unto his own. No lace or chiffon encircled that maiden's neck. Only the sun and the breezes from heaven played around it. She moved those graceful limbs, turned her eyes upon me, and, with one soul-stirring glance, vanished.

In vain I endeavoured to catch another glimpse of this nymph as she crossed the valley behind the hill.

"Are ye a drawin' me, m'lad, or that bit lass?" said the old man I had engaged to sit for my picture.

• • • • •

"Give me one of those golden-haired, fashionably-dressed, pretty-faced girls of Regent Street," said he.

And so long as there are more men than one in the world each will have his most beautiful woman.

"Cynicus" plumps for Miss Mary
Anderson.

The handsomest woman in the world? Well, if handsome is as handsome does, I suppose we must give the palm to the Baroness Burdett Coutts.

Seriously, this is a very difficult question to answer. There are so many types of beauty. Take the music-hall ideal for instance. Can we truthfully say that the most beautiful woman of the music-halls is the handsomest woman in the world? I think not. And yet, if the matter were put to the popular vote I fully expect that a music-hall beauty would come out at the top of the poll. She has so many admirers, although, personally, I do not think they are capable of forming a correct opinion as to who is beautiful and who isn't.

Again, there is the English ar stocratic type. It has its admirers, of course, but I know of no lady in the "hupper suckles" whom I should call 'the handsomest woman in the world." Then I shouldn't go to the stage for the handsomest woman. When you get to that region it is so difficult to tell what is natural and what isn't. If you allow a little assistance to nature, of course, a stage beauty will win easily, but that seems to me to permit an unfair advantage. And yet the woman I select as the handsomest in the world was once on the stage. In her face you get far more than mere

prettiness; you have beauty of outline, it is true, but you also have an indescribable something that one seldom meets with. I mean a kind of goodness reflected in the face. The face is of the classical type, and the lady is best known by her maiden name, which was Mary Anderson. No one is absolutely perfect, and Miss Mary Anderson's face is no exception to the rule. It has its faults of course, but it more nearly approaches my ideal than any other I know. I have already hinted at the reason for my choice. "Goodness" is perhaps a poor sort of word, but it includes everything that is of any importance—exquisite refinement, taste, a very high standard morally, spiritually, intellectually. When anyone has this "goodness" in his or her character, the expression of the face is almost dependent upon it. Yes; I unhesitatingly plump for Miss Mary Anderson.



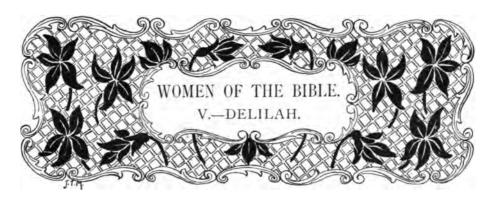


## THE IDLER.

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No. V.



BY A. J. GOODMAN.

"And Delilah said to Samson, Tell me, I pray thee, wherein thy great strength lieth, and wherewith thou mightest be bound to afflict thee?"—JUDGES, Chapter XVI., verse 6.



THERE WAS LITTLE NEED FOR EITHER FEAR OR CAUTION.

## REGINALD BLAKE, FINANCIER AND CAD.\*

BY JEROME K. JEROME.

ILLUSTRATED BY HAL HURST.



HE advantage of literature over life is that its characters are clearly defined, and act consistently. Nature, always inartistic, takes pleasure in creating the impossible.

Reginald Blake was as typical a specimen of the well-bred cad as one could hope to find between Piccadilly Circus and Hyde Park Corner. Vicious without passion, and possessing brain without mind, existence presented to him no difficulties, while his pleasures brought him no pains. His morality was bounded by the doctor on the one side, and the magistrate on the other. Careful never to outrage the decrees of either, he was at fifty still healthy, though stout; and had achieved the not too easy task of amassing a fortune while avoiding all risk of Hollo-He and his wife, Edith (née way. Eppington), were as ill-matched a couple as could be conceived by any dramatist seeking material for a problem play. As they stood before the altar on their wedding morn, they might have been taken as symbolising satyr and saint. Twenty years his junior, beautiful with the beauty of a Raphael's Madonna, his every touch of her seemed a sacrilege. Yet once in his life Mr. Blake played the part of a great gentleman; Mrs. Blake, on the same occasion, contenting herself with a singularly mean rôle—mean even for a woman in love.

The affair, of course, had been a marriage of convenience. Blake, to do him justice, had made no pretence to anything beyond admiration and regard. Few things grow monotonous sooner than irregularity. He would tickle his jaded palate with respectability, and try for a change the companionship of a good woman. The girl's face drew him, as the moon-

light holds a man who, bored by the noise, turns from a heated room to press his forehead to the window-pane. Accustomed to bid for what he wanted, he offered his price. The Eppington family was poor and numerous. The girl, bred up to the false notions of duty inculcated by a narrow conventionality; and, feminine like, half in love with martyrdom for its own sake, let her father bargain for a higher price, and then sold herself.

To a drama of this description, a lover is necessary, if the complications are to be of interest to the outside world. Harry Sennett, a good-looking enough young fellow, in spite of his receding chin, was possessed, perhaps, of more good intention than sense. Under the influence of Edith's stronger character he was soon persuaded to meekly acquiesce in the proposed arrangement. Both succeeded in convincing themselves that they were acting nobly. The tone of the farewell interview, arranged for the eve of the wedding, would have been fit and proper to the occasion had Edith been a modern Joan of Arc about to sacrifice her own happiness on the altar of a great cause; as the girl was merely selling herself into ease and luxury, for no higher motive than the desire to enable a certain number of more or less worthy relatives to continue living beyond their legitimate means, the sentiment was perhaps exaggerated. tears were shed, and many everlasting good-byes spoken, though, seeing that Edith's new home would be only a few streets off, and that of necessity their social set would continue to be the same, more experienced persons might have counselled hope. Three months after the marriage they found themselves side by side at the same dinner-table; and after a little melodramatic fencing with what they were pleased to regard as fate, they accommodated themselves to the customary positions.

Blake was quite aware that Sennett had. been Edith's lover. So had half-a-dozen other men, some younger, some older than himself. He felt no more embarrassment at meeting them than, standing on the steps of the Stock Exchange, he would have experienced greeting his brother jobbers after a settling day that had transferred a fortune from their hands into his. Sennett, in particular, he liked and encouraged. Our whole social system, always a mystery to the philosopher, owes its existence to the fact that few men and women possess sufficient intelligence to be interesting to themselves. Blake liked company, but not much company liked Blake. Young Sennett, however, could always be relied upon to break the tediousness of the domestic duologue. A common love of sport, a common interest in the share-list drew the two men together. Most of us improve upon closer knowledge, even if slightly, and so they came to find good in one another.

"That is the man you ought to have married," said Blake one night to his wife, half laughingly, half seriously, as they sat alone, listening to Sennett's departing footsteps echoing upon the deserted pavement. "He's a good fellow—not a mere money-grubbing machine like me."

And a week later, Sennett, sitting alone with Edith, suddenly broke out with:

"He's a better man than I am, with all my high-falutin' talk, and, upon my soul, he loves you. Shall I go abroad?"

- "If you like," was the answer.
- "What would you do?"
- "Kill myself," replied the other, with a laugh; "or run away with the first man that asked me."

So Sennett stayed on.

Blake himself had made the path easy to them. There was little need for either

fear or caution. Indeed, their safest course lay in recklessness, and they took it. To Sennett the house was always open. It was Blake himself who, when unable to accompany his wife, would suggest Sennett as a substitute. Club friends shrugged their shoulders. Was the man completely under his wife's thumb, or had he tired of her, and was he playing some devil's game of his own? To most of his acquaintances the latter explanation seemed the more plausible.

The gossip, in due course, reached the parental home. Mrs. Eppington shook the vials of her wrath over the head of her son-in-law. The father, always a cautious man, felt inclined to blame his child for her want of prudence.

"She'll ruin everything," he said. "Why the devil can't she be careful?"

"I believe the man is deliberately plotting to get rid of her," said Mrs. Eppington. "I shall tell him plainly what I think."

"You're a fool, Hannah," replied her husband, allowing himself the licence of the domestic hearth. "If you are right, you will only precipitate matters; if you are wrong, you will tell him what there is no need for him to know. Leave the matter to me. I can sound him without giving anything away, and meanwhile you talk to Edith."

So matters were arranged, but the interview between mother and daughter hardly improved the position. Mrs. Eppington was conventionally moral; Edith had been thinking for herself, and thinking in a bad atmosphere. Mrs. Eppington grew angry at the girl's callousness.

"Have you no sense of shame?" she

"I had once," was Edith's reply, before I came to live here. Do you know what this house is for me, with its gilded mirrors, its couches, its soft carpets? Do you know what I am, and have been for two years?"

The elder woman rose, with a frightened pleading look upon her face, and the other stopped and turned away towards the window.

"We all thought it for the best," continued Mrs. Eppington meekly.

The girl spoke wearily without looking round.

"Oh! every silly thing that was ever done, was done for the best. I thought it would be for the best, myself. Everything would be so simple if only we were not alive. Don't let's talk any more. All you can say is quite right."

The silence continued for a while, the Dresden-China clock on the mantelpiece ticking louder and louder as if to say, "I, Time, am here. Do not make your plans forgetting me, little mortals; I change your thoughts and wills. You are but my puppets."

"Then what do you intend to do?" demanded Mrs. Eppington at length.

"Intend! Oh, the right thing of course. We all intend that. I shall send Harry away with a few well-chosen words of farewell, learn to love my husband and settle down to a life of quiet domestic bliss. Oh, it's easy enough to intend!"

The girl's face wrinkled with a laugh that aged her. In that moment it was a hard, evil face, and with a pang the elder woman thought of that other face, so like, yet so unlike-the sweet pure face of a girl that had given to a sordid home its one touch of nobility. As under the lightning's flash we see the whole arc of the horizon, so Mrs. Eppington looked The gilded, and saw her child's life. over-furnished room vanished. big-eyed, fair-haired child, the only one of her children she had ever understood, were playing wonderful games in the twilight among the shadows of a tiny attic. Now she was the wolf, devouring Edith, who was Red Riding Hood, with kisses. Now Cinderella's prince, now both her wicked sisters. But in the favourite game of all, Mrs. Eppington was a beautiful princess,

bewitched by a wicked dragon, so that she seemed to be an old, worn woman. But curly-headed Edith fought the dragon, represented by the three-legged rocking-horse, and slew him with much shouting and the toasting-fork. Then Mrs. Eppington became again a beautiful princess, and went away with Edith back to her own people.

In this twilight hour the mi. behaviour of the "General," the importunity of the family butcher, and the airs assumed by cousin Jane, who kept two servants, were forgotten.

The games ended. The little curly head would be laid against her breast "for five minutes' love," while the restless little brain framed the endless question that children are for ever asking in all its thousand forms, "What is life, mother? I am very little, and I think, and think, until I grow frightened. Oh, mother, tell me what is life."

Had she dealt with these questions wisely? Might it not have been better to have treated them more seriously? Could life after all be ruled by maxims learnt from copy-books? She had answered as she had been answered in her own far back days of questioning. Might it not have been better had she thought for herself?

Suddenly Edith was kneeling on the floor beside her.

"I will try to be good, mother."

It was the old baby cry, the cry of us all, children that we are, till mother Nature kisses us and bids us go to sleep.

Their arms were round each other now, and so they sat, mother and child once more. And the twilight of the old attic, creeping westward from the east, found them again.

The Masculine duet had more result, but was not conducted with the *finesse* that Mr. Eppington, who prided himself on his diplomacy, had intended. Indeed, so evidently ill at ease was that gentleman, when the moment came for talk, and so



SUDDENLY EDITH WAS KNEELING ON THE FLOOR BESIDE HER.

palpably were his pointless remarks mere efforts to delay an unpleasant subject, that Blake, always direct, bluntly though not ill-naturedly asked him "How much?"

Mr. Eppington was disconcerted.

"It's not that—at least that's not what I have come about," he answered confusedly.

"What have you come about?"

Inwardly, Mr. Eppington cursed himself for a fool, for the which he was perhaps not altogether without excuse. He had meant to act the part of a clever counsel, acquiring information while giving none; by a blunder, he found himself in the witness-box.

"Oh, nothing, nothing," was the feeble response, "I merely looked in to see how Edith was."

"Much the same as at dinner last night, when you were here," answered Blake. "Come, out with it."

It seemed the best course now, and Mr. Eppington took the plunge.

"Don't you think," he said, unconsciously glancing round the room to be sure they were alone, "that young Sennett is a little too much about the house?"

Blake stared at him.

"Of course we know it is all right—as nice a young fellow as ever lived—and Edith—and all that. Of course, its absurd, but——"

"But what?"

"Well, people will talk."

"What do they say?"

The other shrugged his shoulders.

Blake rose. He had an ugly look when angry, and his language was apt to be coarse.

"Tell them to mind their own business, and leave me and my wife alone." That was the sense of what he said; he expressed himself at greater length, and in stronger language.

"But my dear Blake," urged Mr. Eppington, "for your own sake, is it wise? There was a sort of boy and girl attachment between them—nothing of any

moment, but all that gives colour to gossip. Forgive me, but I am her father; I do not like to hear my child talked about."

"Then don't open your ears to the chatter of a pack of fools," replied his son-in-law, roughly. But the next instant a softer expression passed over his face, and he laid his hand on the older man's arm.

"Perhaps there are many more, but there's one good woman in the world," he said, "and that's your daughter. Come and tell me that the Bank of England is getting shaky on its legs, and I'll listen to you."

But the stronger the faith, the deeper strike the roots of suspicion. Blake said no further word on the subject, and Sennett was as welcome as before. But Edith, looking up suddenly, would sometimes find his eyes fixed on her with a troubled look as of some dumb creature trying to understand; and often he would slip out of the house of an evening by himself, returning home hours afterwards, tired, and mud-stained.

He made attempts to show his affec-This was the most fatal thing he Ill-temper, ill-treatcould have done. ment even, she might have borne. clumsy caresses, his foolish, halting words of tenderness became a horror to her. She wondered whether to laugh or to strike at his upturned face. His tactless devotion filled her life as with some sickly perfume, stifling her. If only she could be by herself for a little while to think! But he was with her night and There were times when as he would cross the room towards her, he grew monstrous until he towered above her, a formless thing such as children dream of. And she would sit with her lips tight pressed, clutching the chair lest she should start up screaming.

Her only thought was to escape from him. One day she hastily packed a few necessaries in a small hand-bag and crept unperceived from the house. She drove to Charing Cross, but the Continental Express did not leave for an hour, and she had time to think.

Of what use was it? Her slender stock of money would soon be gone; how could she live? He would find her and follow her. It was all so hopeless!

Suddenly a fierce desire of life seized hold of her, the angry answer of her young blood to despair. Why should she die, never having known what it was to live? Why should she prostrate herself before this Juggernaut of other people's respectability? Joy called to her; only her own cowardice stayed her from stretching forth her hand and gathering it. She returned home a different woman, for hope had come to her.

A week later, the butler entered the dining-room, and handed Blake a letter addressed to him in his wife's handwriting. He took it without a word, as though he had been expecting it. It, simply told him that she had left him for ever.

The world is small and money commands many services. Sennett had gone out for a stroll; Edith was left in the tiny salon of their appartement at Fécamp. It was the third day of their arrival in the town. The door was opened and closed, and Blake stood before her.

She rose frightened, but by a motion he reassured her. There was a quiet dignity about the man that was strange to her.

"Why have you followed me?" she asked.

"I want you to return home."

"Home!" she cried. "You must be mad. Do you not know—."

He interrupted her vehemently. "I know nothing. I wish to know nothing. Go back to London at once. I have made everything right; no one suspects. I shall not be there; you will never see me again, and you will have an opportunity of undoing your mistake—our mistake."

She listened. Hers was not a great nature, and the desire to obtain happiness without paying the price was strong upon her. As for his good name, what could that matter, he argued. People would only say that he had gone back to the evil from which he had emerged, and few would be surprised. His life would go on much as it had done, and she would only be pitied.

She quite understood his plan; it seemed mean of her to accept his proposal, and she argued feebly against it. But he overcame all her objections. For his own sake, he told her, he would prefer the scandal to be connected with his name rather than with that of his wife. As he unfolded his plan, she began to feel that in acquiescing, she was conferring a favour. It was not the first deception he had arranged for the public, and he appeared to be half in love with his own cleverness. She even found herself laughing at his mimicry of what this acquaintance and that would say. Her spirits rose; the play that might have been a painful drama seemed turning out an amusing farce.

The thing settled, he rose to 30, and held out his hand. As she looked up into his face, something about the line of his lips smote upon her.

"You will be well rid of me," she said.
"I have brought you nothing but trouble."

"Oh, trouble," he answered. "If that were all! A man can bear trouble."

"What else?" she asked.

His eyes travelled aimlessly about the room. "They taught me a lot of things when I was a boy," he said, "my mother and others—they meant well—which as I grew older I discovered to be lies; and so I came to think that nothing good was true, and that everything and everybody was evil. And then——"

His wandering eyes came round to her and he broke off abruptly. "Good-bye," he said, and the next moment he was gone. She sat wondering for a while what he had meant. Then Harry returned, and the words went out of her head.

A good deal of sympathy was felt for

Mrs. Blake. The man had a charming wife; he might have kept straight; but as his friends added, "Blake always was a cad."



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MRS. HODGSON BURNETT.

(P.. 010 by Barraud.)

## MRS. HODGSON BURNETT.

A FAMOUS AUTHORESS AT HOME.

BY MARIE A. BELLOC.

PHOTO BY BARRAUD.



EW authors, and fewer authoresses seem to embody in themselves the spirit and charm of their works. With Mrs. Hodgson Burnett it is otherwise; and those who

seek in her the gracious personality which must belong to the creator of *That Lass o' Lowrie's*, *Louisiana*, *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, and so many other exquisite sketches of English and American life, are never disappointed.

Mrs. Hodgson Burnett has had one great advantage over other English-speaking writers. Circumstances have tended to make her equally at home in two countries, and conversant with many different types, not only of English, but also of American life.

"Although I do not consider the book in any sense a mere autobiography. I have told the story of my early life in The One I Knew the Best of All," she observed, in answer to a question. "I was born, and spent the first part of my childhood, in the Black Country. I cannot remember a time when I did not write, and I have a distinct recollection of employing my time while the rest of the family were at church in writing down some verses. then have been seven years old. When I was about fifteen I accompanied my mother to America, and you can easily imagine the effect that such a change of scene produced on a sensitive girl. We settled in one of the wildest and most beautiful districts of Tennessee. But this utter change only seemed to stimulate my ardour for literary work, and I went on writing steadily, though still without any thought of publishing, till it became necessary for me to be able to earn some money. I looked out the manuscript of a little

love story entitled Miss Carruther's Engagement, written before I left England, and sent it to a publication called Ballow's Magazine. After a short time had elapsed I received a note from the editor-proprietor, saying that he liked my story, and would be willing to publish it, but that he could not afford to pay for it. So the manuscript came back, and found its way to another magazine. The editor wrote, and said that if I could prove I had written the story myself he would give me £4 for it, and I might set about writing another at once."

"Then this was your first introduction to literary life?"

"Yes, I began, as I always advise others to begin, by simply sending in my manuscript to the kind of publication for which I thought it most suitable. I had no literary friends, and no connections in the publishing world. But please do not think that I considered the stories I then turned out as in any sense literature. I became known to an immense reading public who delighted in a type of publication which can only be compared to the Family Herald and other magazines, whose object is simply to provide harmless and healthy fiction.

"It was not till two years before my marriage," she continued, after a pause, "that I for the first time ventured to submit a MS. to what may be called a literary publication. The story was entitled Surly Tim's Trouble, and I received by return a warmly appreciative letter from the then editor of Scribner's, telling me how profound an impression my little study of English life had produced among his staff, but admitting that he had never before heard of my name. When one remembers that I had been

writing for years, and that I was known as a story writer to thousands of readers, this surely shows to what a number of worlds an author can appeal."

"And all this time you had never revisited England?"

"No, but shortly after my pleasant correspondence with the editor of Scribner's I came to Europe, and spent some time with friends in Manchester. Whilst there I read a series of articles then being published in the Manchester Guardian, dealing with Wigan and the life of the mining population. When a child I had often talked in dialect as a matter of amusement; indeed, I think I may say that I have some talent for any form of patois. I wrote That Lass o' Lowrie's inspired partly by this excellent series of newspaper articles, and also by the recollection of the powerful personality of a mill-hand, once seen in my early childhood under circumstances which had impressed the girl on my imagination, namely in juxtaposition with her father, a drunken brute, whose abuse and threats I had seen her bear without flinching. The story was published by Scribner, firstly in serial and then in book form, proving an instant success, and going into many editions. The American public were not accustomed to a picture of a world so different from their own, and the simple story of That Lass o' Lowrie's aroused sympathetic interest from one end of America to the other. I next published Haworths, a story dealing with the same phases of life, and the scene of which was also laid in the Black Country. And then," observed my hostess, thoughtfully, "it suddenly dawned upon me that if I were not careful I should find myself condemned to spend the rest of my literary life writing dialect. Already the public were beginning to expect a certain type of story from my pen. So, leaving Lancashire quite aside, I next wrote Louisiana, a study of American southern life, and followed it with The Fair Barbarian, a

story in which I described the adventures of a young American girl suddenly transported to an old-fashioned English country town. After this I wrote *Through One Administration*, the scene of which was laid in Washington."

"And how did you come to write Little Lord Fauntleroy?"

"My life as a writer has been divided into two periods," she replied. "After publishing, and, indeed, during the time that I was writing Through One Administration, I suffered terribly from nervous prostration. For five years I was obliged to lay down my pen; and then, as so often happens in those mysterious nervous diseases, health came back to me, and I wrote Little Lord Fauntleroy as a serial for the St. Nicholas' Magazine."

"And was the success of the story immediate?"

"Well, it is impossible to tell from the publication of a story in serial form whether it will be popular or the reverse. People spoke to me as if they liked what they saw of the serial, and I received some very charming letters from children; but it was not till the story was finally published in volume form that I realised I had written a very successful book."

"And is it true that you had the personality of one of your sons in your mind when you wrote Little Lord Fauntleroy?"

"Yes, my younger boy, Vivian, suggested the character, and unconsciously supplied many of the little touches and incidents which seem to have especially made the story popular. He is now at Harvard," she concluded, smiling, "and bears, outwardly at least, but little resemblance to Fauntleroy."

"You spoke just now of the letters you had received from children. Do you find them good correspondents?"

"Yes, indeed," she cried, her face lighting up. "I am very fond of writing for child-readers. You know in America there has grown up a kind of unreserve and unrestraint, which is sometimes pleasing,

and sometimes much the reverse, as to the effects. Both old and young folk write freely to well-known authors, and I have had many pathetic and curious epistles addressed to me, notably after the publication of *The One I Knew the Best of All.*"

"Also a child's story?"

"Well, it would be truer to say that in it I have tried to give a picture of the mentality of a child. I think every woman who is a mother will agree with me as to the inscrutability and mystery of childhood. But you know there is one child whom everyone has known really well, that is, if she or he be possessed of a good memory. Most people can remember something at least of the inordinate joys, the deep tragedies, in a word, the pathetic exaggerations, which filled their own childish horizon. To my thinking, every child is a psychological problem, and should be dealt with accordingly. always treated my children with as much respect and intelligent care as I should have shown to a grown-up person, and I have never had cause to regret my course of action. I remember once saying to one of my sons, then little more than a baby, 'If you do so I will still take care of you, but I shall no longer respect you,' and, small as he was, he quite understood what I meant. In The One I Knew Best of All I have attempted to describe a child from, as it were, the inside. I portrayed all the principal actions and events which influence and mould childlife—the first book, the first crime, the first wedding, the first death, and so on. All kinds of people wrote to me after this volume was published. One old Scotchman of seventy said, 'It takes me back to my childhood. You describe exactly the phases which I passed through.' And a friend, who was brought up on a Virginian plantation, in the old slave days, wrote, 'You have reconstituted my childhood to me."

"To return to Little Lord Fauntleroy,

I believe you yourself dramatised the book?"

"Yes, I had always had a feeling that the story would make a good play; and I had actually begun to write a dramatic version, when I received a telegram curtly informing me that Fauntleroy had been dramatised by a young English playwright, and that it was going to be produced immediately. Fortunately, I was in Europe; in fact, spending the winter with my boys in Florence. Without losing a moment, I wired to Mr. Guedalla, my English solicitor, to whom, by the way, I shall always feel deeply indebted for the admirable manner in which he conducted my case and watched over my interests. We obtained an injunction stopping the production of the play, and the case came on for trial, arousing an enormous amount of notice among literary people, who each and all naturally felt a personal interest in the result. One day, Mr. Guedalla asked me to make an appointment with him, and in the course of our interview he said, regretfully, 'I feel, as your lawyer, that I must not advise you to continue the case. Mind you, I think it is quite possible that you will win if you do go on with it, but it is my duty to draw your attention to the risk.' I suddenly felt that I must go on with the matter at all costs, the more so that I knew that I was fighting, not only for myself, but also for every man and woman of letters who might write a dramatic story. So I took my chance, and, strange to say, I won the case, creating a precedent in English law, of which others have since reaped the advantage. Indeed, not long after the termination of the trial, dear old Wilkie Collins met me out at dinner, and exclaimed, 'You have added ten years to my life,' for, as you are doubtless aware, he had been one of the greatest sufferers from the nebulous state of the copyright law.

"My version of Fauntleroy was played both in London and New York with the greatest success. Here the play was pro-

duced by Mrs. Oscar Beringer, with her daughter, Vera, in the title rôle. York the management of the Broadway Theatre brought out the play. At first I feared that the huge stage of this great play-house would prove but a sorry background for my little comedy. But the scene in which most of the action takes place, that of the library at Dorincourt, was most exquisitely staged, being copied from a splendid old room taken straight out of a mediæval English manor-house. Fauntleroy was acted by a wonderfully clever child named Elsie Leslie, and the play met with great success, not only in New York, but all over America."

"Since the publication of Little Lord Fauntleroy, you have, I think, always written about, and chiefly for, children?"

"Yes, but that has been the result of circumstances. Since my great bereavement of five years ago, I have not had the courage to look upon life with sufficient interest to build comedies and tragedies upon it. Children I could write about, because they do not seem quite to belong to the world. During the last year I have been physically and mentally stronger, and have written my first novel since Through One Administration. It is entitled, A Lady of Quality, and the scene is laid in the reign of Queen Anne."

"I need hardly ask you, Mrs. Burnett, if your latest work is a problem novel?"

"Not at all. If there are problems suggested by the story it is because life is a mosaic of problems. It is a picture of a powerful creature handicapped by fate, and battling with it, too strong to be beaten. Nowadays the mere word 'problem' sounds amateurish and mercantile, as if, in default of having anything real to write about, one trumped up a popular question. My belief is that the first novels of the problem school were written by their

authors out of the fulness of sad hearts. Then, of course, they were followed, as the successful always are, by imitators, whose chief end is 'Thrift, Horatio, thrift!' because there was a demand for the article. Heaven forfend that my poor Lady of Quality should be called a problem novel! The heroines of such books beat their breasts, and tear their hair, and call themselves sentimental, bad names to the emotional delight and hysteric admiration of all beholders. My heroine does not. Perhaps that is the problem. The man and woman question has no interest for We are not to be divided into mere men and women; we are human beings who are part of each other. Each part should be as noble as the other, and the one who is the stronger should teach the other strength. To be a man's wife and the mother of human beings is a stately Frequently it is not, but it should And to be a woman's husband and the father of human beings should be quite as stately a thing. When it is not it is rather disgraceful. As to one's child, it has a right to be helped to be as noble and happy a creature as it can be developed into. Nothing should come before its claims."

"Then I gather that your ideal woman must be a mother?"

"She must be a mother if she has children. Some women, unfortunately, have children, and yet are not mothers. Apart from that, the ideal woman must be a strong creature, self-controlled, and tender. She must have no small, illogical tempers or petty jealousies or shifty little cowardly tricks. She must have the reason and sense of honour and justice which one expects from the ideal man. It is my opinion, in fact, that the ideal woman, among quite a number of other things, should be 'a perfect gentleman.'"



1st Ghost.—"The smell of the place reminds me of the Underground between King's Cross and Baker Street."

2nd Ghost —"Oh, no! It's not so bad as that!"

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BOATMA

By S. H. S.

WAITING FOR TH

## MRS. CHIMP.

BY WILLIAM EDWARDS TIREBUCK.

ILLUSTRATED BY T. E. DONNISON.



IMINUTIVE Mrs. Chimp daily looked out upon her caravan world from between the perpendicular bars of a

menagerie cage. Very frequently one of her semi-transparent elastic cheeks was grotesquely projected into space by a reserve nut, even while her superhuman little hands held a gingerbread to be mincingly nibbled, and her quick gruesomely-womanish little brown eye glanced here and there at her boisterous visitors, in pathetic expectation of something else.

The Hogarthian line of beauty which the swan's neck describes in front of that vain bird was described by Mrs. Chimp's curved tail at the back. It was like Nature's flourish after a really excellent piece of work. The flourish, however, looked more assertive than the work itself, and certainly very much more self-satisfied than the little arched head with its eager, frightened, restless eyes, always gleaming and glancing in a crisis.

The thin little face, indeed, seemed to be sorrowfully aware that Nature had not quite proportioned things, and had paid more attention to the lithe limbs, the supple body, and especially to the final flourish of a tail.

In addition, poor Mrs. Chimp had the sorrowful look of a diminutive Eve who had been turned out of the Garden of Eden of some far-off tropical forest for no conceivable sin of her own. She had yet another cause for looking grieved, and only wanted the help of crape to make it human, for little Mrs. Chimp was a widow—not by death, but by vigorous translation—Mr. Chimp having been kidnapped from his menagerie-home and sold into bondage to one Alberto Antonio, who took him into society, to be accompanied by music wherever he went.

After this loss of Chimp—whose consoling acquaintance she had made under very depressing circumstances on board an African ship while on the way to England—Mrs. Chimp was inconsolable. She declined food. She bent her head in a corner and would heed no persuasions or demands; hardly noticing the strokes of sympathy which Black Joe gently administered with a stick between the bars.

Here was a sorrow which no one in the caravan world could mistake. Even visitors would ask, "What's to do with that little one hiding its face?" and Black Joe would say, "She's lost her mister—haven't yer, Mrs. Chimp? Now, 'ittle 'oman, look up there; look up, d'yer hear? No. She won't. She nebber won't agen, I do believe."

A few weeks later, had there been an official *Menagerie Gazette*, it would have had a very conspicuous announcement, for there were rejoicings, and visits of congratulation at Mrs. Chimp's caravan, morning, noon, and night. There was an addition to the caravan world—a little Chimp.

Soon, indeed, widowhood seemed to be partially effaced. Here was consolation. Even menagerie life was worth living; there was hope; and Mrs. Chimp cracked nuts with quite a maternal generosity and verve. Black Joe was charmed; delighted. Nothing was too good for her; nothing too dainty. He was like a great big nurse for both mother and child.

Baby Chimp very soon grew, and crouched within the mother's embrace with the same family likeness of pathos, but in miniature; and with even a more pathetic pathos because focussed small. It was Mrs. Chimp in little, and yet Mrs. Chimp all the more, just because little.

Nevertheless, as it nestled there, to it also life seemed worth living. There was hope. Nuts and gingerbread daily widened the sphere of caravan joys.

Mrs. Chimp, however, having been deprived of someone who had done most of her thinking for her, now had to think for herself. She thought a great deal; very much more than people imagined. one, for example, would have suspected her of a crude system of theology, and a rough-and-ready theory of her universe. But she had both. Her daily deity was a short, stout man, with ringlets, an astrachan vest, a watch-guard like a gold suspension bridge from one vest pocket to the other; big rings upon his big fingers that looked as if they had been specially fattened to cushion them; a deity with the power to order victuals to the lions and tigers, and, by the mere cracks of a whip, to command the elephant to mount the tubs.

Occasionally this deity approached the perpendicular bars, and handed in a divine tit-bit of lump-sugar. This exalted Mrs. Chimp's belief into the beatitudes of the ecstatic. You could clearly discern that in those sweet, sweet moments she saw visions, and dreamed dreams of a celestial region of crystal lump. Poignant gratitude in turn made of her a minor deity, and, as such, she bestowed upon little Chimp's active tongue some of the miraculous sticky crystals on her fingers and thumb; and, behold, the little face of little Chimp became even painfully full of adoration, worship, love, accompanied by a mingling of ecstatic nibbling and a chattering rapture of prayer and praise. mother and child, indeed, had the extraordinary aspect of singing songs without music or words. As for Mrs. Chimp, she would sometimes be overcome. A humid gleam of yearning would light her eyes. She would watch the distant retreating form of her deity, hoping hope upon hope that he would turn the red light of his genial face upon her, have compassion, return, and pass in one more piece of the

food of the gods. What Mrs. Chimp did in this kind of yearning, huddling little Chimp duplicated; and the four eyes so longingly gazed that they seemed to become the four outlets for one united anguished soul.

Mrs. Chimp's theology also included a devil. No mere invisible spirit, but a tangible, long, thin being, dressed in red, who entered the lions' cage with whip, firehoops, and revolver, and made the lions leap and roar. During this visitation of the infernal one, Mrs. Chimp always drew little Chimp to her, held her firmly and close, and then bound the whole embrace still more tightly by the cordage of her tail. Her eyes watched the fiery fray, her upper lip worked in mimicry of the mouths of the grinning lions; and not until the smell of the devil's powdersmoke had entirely gone did she release her maternal hold.

This daily exercise of power by fire and smoke was a mystery; part of the mystery of her caravan world as a whole. She could not understand it, not even though day after day the routine of his work was the same, for lo, the darkness of night came, the naphtha lamps were flared, the band played, and on a platform which an opened door allowed her to see, the deity shouted, the devil showed himself, an angel in frills and flounces danced to and fro between the two, good kind Black Joe, the feeder, paraded up and down with his broad smile, while beyond, against a blank darkness, were groups of lit-up faces like hanging lanterns and lamps-always a terrifying mystery with its dreads, doubts, and strange results; and not for one night, in one place, but anywhere and at any time whenever the big drum played.

Yes, always with the same result—the drum played louder, the cornet shriller, the deity shouted through his hand like a horn, the devil handled his revolver, the angel danced more buoyantly, Black Joe paraded more briskly; then, at a



SHE WOULD HUG LITTLE CHIMP WITH A JUST PERCEPTIBLE AIR OF THE SUPERIORITY OF HER OWN NATIVE CASTE,

sign and a word, there was a rush, a scramble, and a quick descent down the narrow stairs.

Why? What for? To Mrs. Chimp it always seemed as if these mysterious, noisy creatures rushed inside purposely to show themselves to the lions, the tigers, the lonely Polar bear, the restive hyena, the elephant, the untidy pelican, and to herself and little Chimp. But why they were all so very anxious she could never account for. That she or little Chimp were on exhibition never occurred to her. Her half-reconciling theory was that the deity brought in these curiosities of life to be seen, to amuse her and the other inhabitants of the caravan world. then, so few of these visitors so anxious to show themselves were worth seeing! They had such horrible beards; such curious hairs on their upper lips; such large, staring eyes; such projecting, pointed noses, and some so red; such big mouths, giving out sounds the like of which she had never heard in the land of trees that she belonged to. And then the grins, the laughs, the giggles, the yells! The dear lamented Chimp could make many signs and sounds, but then—the memory of them were sweet—his were intelligible. She understood every hint, ever muttering; but these—they were wild shouts, with grinning, shaking contortions of head, limb, and body, bewilderingly unintelligible compared with the quieter and fewer expressions of emotions and manners in her native society of the woods.

Moreover, these creatures who came to show themselves were usually so abominably rude. She compared them with reminiscences of her own kith and kin. In the country that she belonged to, no one ever spat in her face, or spurted smarting tobacco-juice in her eyes, or tried to suffocate her with smoke blown from the mouth, or hurled orange-peel at her, or poked her with sticks, or put the hot end of a cigar to her tail, or shot

at her ears with pea-shooters, or tried to smoke her out with smouldering cottonwool, or to drown her with a handsquirter.

True, some of these strange visitors gave her ginger-breads and nuts. But for one ginger-bread given to her kindly she got three or four raps on the knuckles; for one nut she received three or four gross personal insults of a kind she never knew of in the backwoods. the ginger-breads and nuts were not always free from something that burnt her tongue or made her sneeze. It was true also that now and then a visitor would really try to entertain her, and would pass in a few sweets and quietly watch her and little Chimp nibble them. That was as it should be. That was more like the life she had been accustomed to. True, too, a visitor would sometimes get close to the bars and mutter to her up on her perch until she almost believed that it was the lost Chimp back again. But no, the visitor was too big; he had too much hair; far more than Chimp; nor was his head so nice and round; Chimp's ears, too, were not so red; nor had Chimp quite so much to say or such big white hands. Besides, Chimp could be frankly seen from head He was not hidden in a second loose black skin, with a white ring around his neck, white rings around his wrists, and a high black ring around his head shining like black Joe's face. Moreover, this stranger at the cage bars had no tail. That was conclusive. He might be a poor imitation of Chimp, but Chimp, the Chimp, he was not; and she would hug little Chimp with a just perceptible air of the superiority of her own native caste.

Nevertheless, she was always scrutinising her visitors, now hopeful, now excited, now depressed with the illogical results. Sometimes the visitors muttered,

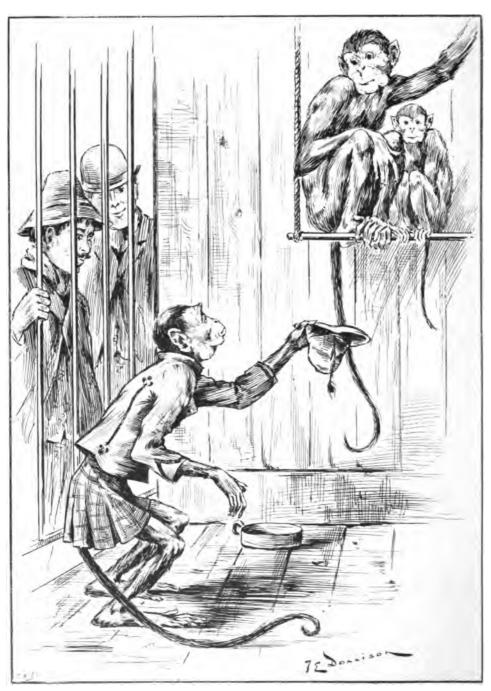
"What's she looking at?" and would then throw something at her, and the better it hit the more they were pleased.

passing incomplete glance at the head of a big dark-haired doll in the arms of a little girl. That was Chimp! She shrieked pitifully, slid down the cage bars, and thrust her long thin arm through to snatch at possession. The girl-Mrs. Chimplike—shrieked and sprang back, running to the door; whereupon Mrs. Chimpgirl-like-screamed with exasperation, and sprang with a forward movement; but as the bars were in the way and her force had to be expended she mounted the bars at a bound, and screamed, chattered, and whined as with swift, dogged, pitiful alertness, she viewed the girl and her friends running up the steps to the door. She swayed to and fro, she bobbed up and down, she leapt from perch to perch and down to the floor of the cage again, followed by little Chimp with minor piercing shrieks of its own. But little Chimp seemed of small account. Up the bars again she leapt, chattering, grinning, staring, rubbing her ears, working her hands, thrusting out her arms, and swiftly swaying to and fro and up and down, as if only the most violent action could keep her excitement employed—and the group of spectators roared so that the other visitors deserted the lions and elephants to rush to Mrs. Chimp's cage to witness her distress, and to do everything in their power, from a hiss to a poke, to increase it.

Some concentrated their attention upon the mother, some upon the child. whistled, and bewildered them; they yelled, and frightened them; they threw in the readiest missiles, forcing the creatures to the highest corner, where Mrs. Chimp's trembling body and limbs pressed little Chimp's agitated tremblings to her own, whereupon Black Joe rushed along, and with a blow sent a lank, lean fellow sprawling on all-fours until he looked so much more like a monkey than a man, that even Mrs. Chimp gazed, interested in the resemblance.

Black Joe coaxed her to descend. With One day Mrs. Chimp caught a quick a wary eye upon her scattered audience

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HE WAS ACTUALLY STANDING WITH HIS HAT IN HIS HAND.

she circuitously obeyed. Joe crooned to her, stroked her head with his scarred right hand and little Chimp's head with his left. They were grateful, to some extent they were consoled; nevertheless, they still trembled, and because of this Black Joe turned his African face to the audience, snarled, showed his white teeth, and swore.

. . . . . .

One warm summer's day there was quite a crisis. Mrs. Chimp's deity, the devil, the angel in frills and flounces, Black Joe, and four or five ragged hangers-on were grouped around Alberto Antonio in front of Mrs. Chimp's cage.

Under Alberto Antonio's coat was a little figure in a red jacket and vest and a red hat, prying here and there with its rapid little brown eyes.

All were excited. Black Joe was rubbing his hands. There was to be fun. Chimp had proved of little use in the organ line, and was being returned; and the great gentleman in the astrachan vest proposed that they should see if Mrs. Chimp would know her own dear Chimp in his red suit.

The iron door was opened, and Alberto Antonio pushed Chimp inside. Mrs. Chimp, who was on the ground-floor, sprang two stories high, little Chimp after her.

Chimp, it was at once evident, knew the old spot. He was instantly quite at home. He might never have been out of it excepting for his red suit and a certain acquired knowingness about his head under the little red hat.

He looked up at the top perch, making language with his eyes. They said quite clearly, "Come down; don't you know me?"

But Mrs. Chimp declined. She saw nothing but red—red coat, red vest, and red hat. She was mystified.

She hugged little Chimp. Old Chimp quite familiarly mounted the bars as if he were mounting his own stairs, but he no sooner swivelled upon the perch than Mrs. Chimp swivelled off, down to the ground-floor again with a most appealing look at Black Joe for protection.

Joe said, "It's only Chimp, you dittle vool."

Chimp swooped down, and once more Mrs. Chimp and little Chimp swooped up.

Chimp was hurt. His face shadowed. His eyes looked grave. He sat puzzled. Suddenly the company roared at what they saw. The deity in delight hit the Black Joe clapped his devil on the back. Whatever Chimp hands and knees. really meant by it will never be known in all its subtlety, perhaps, but he was actually standing with his hat in his hand and his long arm stretched in conventional barrel-organ-begging-style towards Mrs. Chimp. For fun the proprietor threw a penny. Chimp cast it into his mouth and so tightly pressed it against his cheek that you could at least imagine you saw a dim bass-relievo portrait of her most gracious Majesty the Queen there.

Mrs. Chimp could not grasp the situation at all, and began to tremble and to whine.

Black Joe protested on her behalf; she was frightened—it was the red—and Chimp was called off.

He was disrobed and put in again. Mrs. Chimp thrust forward her head. She gazed at him as if she were taking an inventory of every hair. She looked like leaping.

One--two-three—and Chimp was on the perch again: she stood her ground, but shyly. He approached little by little; and little by little she retreated, until she was as closely pressed against the back of the caravan as she could get, and there hysterically whined with fear, faith, doubt, delight.

He also was a little hysterical, and leapt from the perch into the suspended iron hoop and went through one or two of his old acrobatic twists as a sort of practical illustration that he indeed was the veritable Chimp.

On second thought, as if suddenly troubled with conscience-money, he let himself down to the ground-floor by the tail, and passed out the penny to Alberto Antonio.

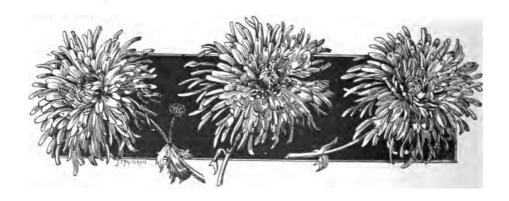
Instead of climbing back to the hoop l.e sat and crossed his legs like an Oriental. His head, body, and limbs appeared to be absolutely indifferent about Mrs. Chimp. Only his eye betrayed concern. That now and then seemed to be slyly trying to peep upward at her, under cover of the top eyelid.

Presently he heard the hoop creak and swing. He was surprised into a swift open glance of curiosity. He saw Mrs. Chimp swinging in the hoop like a mother in a rocking-chair. But by the faintest change of the pupil of his eye the rogue affected that he was not looking that way at all. His fixed eye, however, was a

white lie personified. He appeared to feel that it was, looked down, and stared self-consciously at the floor. He was listening. You could see him in the act.

The shadow of Mrs. Chimp's form moved upon him. He looked up. She was suspended from the hoop by one arm, one leg, and her tail—all the rest of the creature was stretched towards him, her long arm and little hand to their utmost length. His face changed as if he had partaken of something nice to eat. He rose, looked up enquiringly, and, satisfied, put forward his arm. In an instant he was in the hoop with her, and the very fleetest Pitman penmanship would not have been equal to their rapid ecstatic chatter.

Presently she leaped invitingly to the top perch. He followed, and she introduced him to little Chimp. Life was then worth living indeed!



# AN AFTERNOON WITH MR. HAL HURST, R.B.A.

BY ROY COMPTON.



SKETCH BY HAL HURST.

R. HAL HURST lives in that portion of the West End which lies under the shadow of the "Great Wheel," and inhabits one of a row of houses. which if not ideally pretty are quaint in effect, and all dedicated to the worship of Art - Com-

mercial and Sublime.

As you wander along looking for the

magical number upon the door which is

to admit you into the studio of the Cosmopolitan Artist—whose *line* is to portray with keen vividness and occasional sarcastic touch the "Butterflies of Society"—you catch a glimpse of models, curios, and stage properties peering out through the large studio windows which face south.

Ah! there is No. 8 at last, and in a few moments I and the clever artist are critically contemplating one another. Mr. Hal Hurst, ere the conclusion of that pleasant afternoon, confided to me that in a few glances he could sum up a personality, and in a few strokes put it on paper. Till then I had been buoyed up with the impression I was doing all the scoring. After that small confidence I knew it was a "dead heat." We were



IN MR. HAL HURSTS STUDIO. (Photo by Fradelie & Young.)

both dissecting. Being generous I give my candid opinion to the public. Mr. Hal Hurst retains his for private circulation only. I will tell you first about his studio: it was unique from the fact that the centre was occupied by a hand-some billiard-table. How far billiards are associated with art it is impossible to

decide, but it gave one the impression that after all the black-andwhite man does not always remain "hard at it," and that he occasionally takes an hour's pleasure, and gives one to his numerous friends. There is altogether a "Society tone" about the studio. You can quite understand how the daintygowned maiden of Mayfair, with her chiffon frills andlan-

guishing



ILLUSTRATION FROM "AN UNKNOWN COUNTRY."

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glances, and the youth about town with his eye-glass and drawl, and general insipidity, have been created therein, and flourished in public favour. The process to Mr. Hal Hurst is a very easy one, and if he did not succeed as an artist he certainly would as a raconteur,

for he can tell a story with as fine a point as his pencil, and is as amusing "off paper" as on. Close by the door is a picture which is to find its way to the Academy, if the papers will allow Mr. Hurst to finish it in time. It is called "The Siren," and represents a beautiful woman chained on the sands, whilst the

approaching tide is threatening to engulf her, and numerous hands appear amidst the surf beckoning her to her doom.

On an easel in the far corner is an excellent portrait of the artist's handsome wife, which is fast approaching completion, whilst close by is a space in the wellfilled walls where had hung a few hours previously a weird but beautifu l painting en-

titled "The Incantation," which had been sold to Mr. Thomas Keary—a study in mysterious blues and drabs, amidst which a girl is eagerly listening to her fate, foretold by a handsome sorceress.

On a table under the window lies a handsome unfinished sketch, which



WINTER. BY HAL HURST

is to illustrate a society story, whilst fashion, American and English, in penand-ink and wash, is peeping out of every spare niche of wall, intersected with swords, curios, and quaint draperies, so dear to the artistic soul. The fore-ground is filled in with antique pieces of furniture, and oriental rugs and bric-à-brac.

great part of my life in America in connection with my work."

- "And you started 'Art'?"
- "When I was twenty-three, without any training."
- "What was your first experience of any interest?"
  - "The Irish Evictions, during which



JIK IIII IIII

(Photo by Fradelle & Young.)

"You like black-and-white better than oils?"

"Yes, distinctly so; and society subjects the best of all. I think the English women are not to be compared with the American as regards dress. The latter make a study of the subject, and are rarely seen 'dowdy.'"

- "And you are an American?"
- "No, English; but I have spent a

exciting time I was twice nearly murdered, and shall never obliterate from my mind the scenes of horror, distress, and abject misery that I witnessed for some weeks in Ireland. We lived mainly on potatoes; in fact, there was very little grub to be obtained anywhere, and as for baths and general creature comforts, they were at a premium. One felt the loss of civilisation, especially after, at Ar-





JESS. BY HAL HURST.

dagh, I had to creep down a chimney to obtain entrance into a house that was barricaded with real oak trees. The

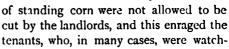
woman tenant and her children had been shut up there nine or ten days without any light, and only diseased potatoes for food. I made my sketch by the aid of a 'night-light.'"

"And how did it turn out; the sketch. I mean?"

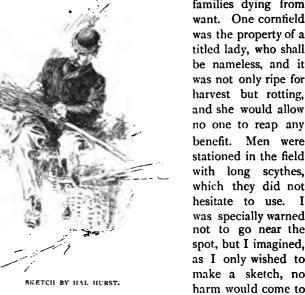
"Very well, indeed! I myself was in a shocking condition-but that was only one of my minor escapades."

"Well, I'm only surprised you were not murdered."

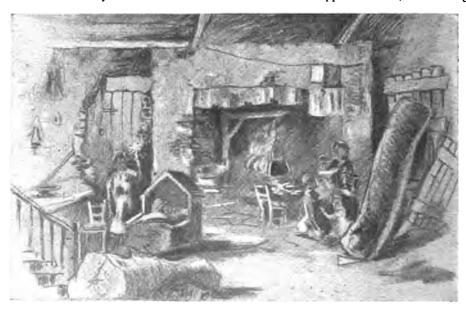
"So am I. I ran a pretty close shave at the Michelstown evictions. There the starvation was very acute. Several fields



ing members of their families dying from want. One cornfield was the property of a titled lady, who shall be nameless, and it was not only ripe for harvest but rotting, and she would allow no one to reap any benefit. Men were stationed in the field with long scythes, which they did not hesitate to use. was specially warned not to go near the spot, but I imagined, as I only wished to make a sketch, no harm would come to



I stood just inside the gate of the me. field. No sooner had I started to sketch than the men approached me, brandishing

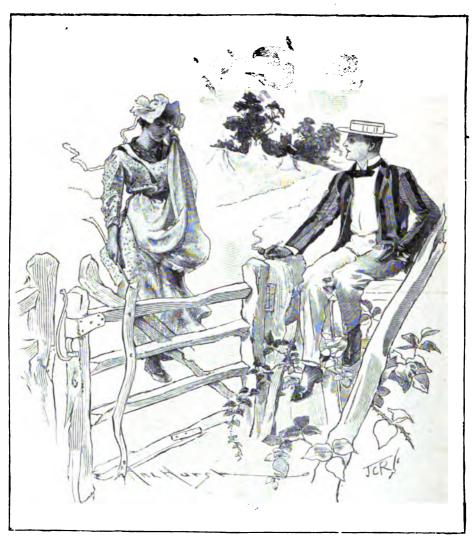


ANTICIPATING EVICTION. SKETCHED ON THE SPOT BY HAL HURST



FROM A DRAWING, BY HAL HURST. FOR "THE ENGLISHWOMAN."

(Reproduced by courtesy of the Proprietors.)



"THE LOVERS' QUARREL."

(Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Casse: 1 & Co., Limited.)

their scythes. I went on calmly. They shouted and gesticulated, and every moment I felt the swish of the scythes coming nearer; finally, they became so infuriated with my coolness that my friends dragged me back, and only just in time, for a scythe came within a few inches of my head, and would certainly have killed me in another instant. The landlords appeared to me to have no consciences. That day several men were killed, or more or less dangerously wounded, by the charges of the

mounted police; but, I think, beyond the enormous meetings, what interested me most was the want of 'grub.'"

"And after Ireland, you went to America?"

"Yes; after my Irish sketches appeared, *The Philadelphia Press* wired: 'Secure artist's services at any price,' and offered me a start at £10 a week."

"Which was too good to refuse."

"Certainly, and I went, and there I had a few more hair-breadth escapes, and



DESPAIR BY WAL HUBST.

by my rapid mode of working won for myself the nickname, 'A flash of lightning.' I had not been in America twenty-four hours before I had completed a comic topical sketch, which was at once accepted by *Life*."

"And your first adventure?

"Well, I was first out in time to witness the flood which swept away Atlantic City, and in which ten thousand people were drowned. I started for the scene of action, as soon as the news came, by the special train, which got no nearer to the city than the edge of the marsh. This marsh had been transformed into a huge sea - the waves dashing up five or six feet

high; and



(Reproduced by permission of the Proprietors of the " Fall Mall Magazine.")

nothing could be seen of the city; it was one vast expanse of angry water. After some difficulty and bribing we engaged three boatmen to row us over.

"We capsized three times *en route*, and progressed at about one mile in five hours. At last we discovered Atlantic

City, or rather, what remained of it—but we were quite done up. Nevertheless, we were very gladly received, and treated like heroes. I did twenty sketches of the scene of devastation in three-quarters of

> an hour, and was most anxious return at once; but my friend would not hear of it, so weremained to the morning, or I should have broken the record for smart journalism."

"But you are always quite previous, are you not?"

"Well, I try to be. On one occasion I madea drawing in twenty minutes that brought me ten guineas. I was next at the enormous fire in Chestnut Street. had been

feeling iil all day, and had gone to bed early, when a fellow pressman roused me to go to the scene of the conflagration. I refused to go, but he urged me. 'Get up and go for your own sake, Hurst.' At this exhortation I roused, and, rushing on some of my





AN UNFINISHED POSE. BY HAL HURST

clothes, ran to the fire, which was six or seven blocks away: it was a tremendous blaze. I was nearly killed, for whilst I was sketching the whole building came down with a crash. However, I finished my sketch by one o'clock."

"You must work very quickly?"

"Yes. A thin column sketch would only take me three or four hours."

"Was it after this you went to Paris?"

"Yes. I came to the conclusion I needed study, so threw up £30 a week, which I was then getting, to go to the Paris studios. Up till that time I had no training whatever in the way of art."

"And you studied?"

"At Julian's, Bouveret's, and Constant's

studios. I was in Paris altogether about seven months; then I came over here and settled into black and white and matrimony."

"And do you like illustrating stories?"

"Yes. They never bother me much. I prefer 'society' ones, as I grasp the idea of the writer more readily. I also enjoy illustrating stories by Mark Twain, as I am well up in American life and scenes, and an artist always prefers working at a situation in which he is at home with every minute detail of dress and scenery."

The artist impresses me with the fact that outside his profession he is a smart business man, and a great traveller who has viewed life from its most humorous



TO MEMORY DEAR. BY HAL HURST.

side. As I prepare to depart, he remarks:

"Whilst I was in Paris I was very

planatorily, "It is the art of usin, the head and feet as well as the fists for attack and defence, and it is a

pity it is not more practised in England, it is really a most useful study—
it took me a week to learn to get my feet half-waist high; it is now useful to me in learning exactly how to sketch a danseuse with out a mistake."

"In fact if your art failed you, you could replace Nini Patte en l'Air?"

"Yes, with a little practice."

"A word of advice on parting—practice the Artof Savate on the next interviewer who writes for the necessary ten minutes and then elects to spend the afternoon."



A CORNER OF THE STUDIO. (Photo by Fracelle & Young.)

much interested in the Art of Savate, and took some trouble to acquire it."

Seeing I look mystified, he adds, ex-

The last sound I heard as I left the studio was the genial artist's infectious laugh.





SONATA

Dy Ziun )

## EGYPT.

BY E. S. GREW.

#### ILLUSTRATED BY YORICK.

I looked round the little barparlour with an affected interest in its prints of prize-fighters standing stiffly in classic attitudes of self-defence. One of the caged linnets hanging beside the festooned chimney-glass spurtled out with "Tollick tollick arch chu weet!"

"Ah'll have another bottle o' gingerpop," Hezekiah replied at last.

I sighed sympathetically, and we drank in silence. It was nearly two years since I had first met Hezekiah, penniless and forlorn, but very full of beer, at a little station on the Great Eastern Railway; it was a year since I had seen him, neither so penniless nor yet so cheerful, taken in charge by that admirable woman, his wife, just when he was on the brink of that "soop o' beer" which, according to his own admission, was the crown of his successes, and the cause of most of his failures.

"Soops o' beer" had been of the most painful rarity in Hezekiah's experience since then; yet in a sense slightly different he was now (as then) always on the brink of them. His wife's uncle, an old gentleman comfortably off, had come up to London to live with them, and part of his money had gone to buy a small public-house in Bethnal Green. Uncle Dent did not get about much, seldom beyond the bar-parlour, and Hezekiah was nominal landlord. Landlord of a public-house—it was an enviable position. But with Mrs. Hezekiah as landlady-it was an empty honour. The "soop o' beer" was farther off than when Hezekiah made his way into the black fog of London with fourpence in his pocket—a great deal farther off than while the fourpence lasted, you may be sure.

With Uncle Dent, Hezekiah was on terms of most cordial intimacy, and the old gentleman may have sympathised with the pathetic irony of my friend's position. But no one who lived with Mrs. Hezekiah ever interfered with her. Her husband seldom spoke to me of her. As he had once said, "She spoke for 'ersen."

Hezekiah broke the silence by whistling to one of the linnets. It answered him cheerily.

"How's Uncle Dent, to-day?" I asked.
"Th' owd rip," said Hezekiah, affectionately. "Ay's all right. He lays there coughin' and coughin' and whistlin' oop the linnet as 'appy as you please."

"Is his bronchitis any better?"

"It's no worse; I tell yo' he'll never go off this side of a hundred. He'll expect you to go oop to see him."

We went upstairs where Uncle Dent lay propped up on a sofa by the fire. Mrs. Hall was trying to persuade him to take his medicine.

"Ah tell yo' I won't have it, wench," he was saying. "Yo' can go an' pour it down the sink as fast as yo' like."

Mrs. Hezekiah nodded briskly to me as we entered. She put the medicine down for a moment. She, too, was a Dent.

"Well, how are you, Mr. Dent, to-day?"

"I'm nicely, thank ye, my lad," replied Uncle Dent. "How's yoursen?"

"You'll be nicely to-morrow," rejoined Mrs. Dent, "if you don't take your physic."

"Haven't yo' poured it away yet, gell?" asked the old man.

"A lot of good it is your having a doctor to see you," returned Mrs. Hezekiah.

"A lot o' good it'd do me if I was to

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take his moock"—old Dent was beginning to wonder if he would have to take it after all,—"Ay says to me the

other day, says he, 'You're a tough old devil,' he says, 'ah can't kill yer no-how.' 'Yo' would do,' says I, 'if ah did as yo' told me; the !ast time as ever I took the medsun it about burnt ma inside out. If ah had a pipe and a drop o' beer,' ah says——"

"A soop o' beer," began Hezekiah, sympathetically.

I thought it as well to change the conversation.

"How's the linnet?" I asked.

"Oh, ay's going on a rare un," Uncle Dent replied. "Twe wheet wheet wheet," he whistled to the linnet.

"Tollick tollick egypt," answered the bird.

"What is it you call him, Mr. Dent?"

"'Egypt'—yo' can't have listened to him, lad," and he whistled to the bird again.

"Tollick tollick egypt, tollick tollick egypt," replied the linnet, emphatically.

"Now—can you hear him— Egypt," said the old man.

There was no doubt about it. The last two notes of the bird's reply—it is called a julk—certainly did sound like "Egypt."

"Is he going to win the silver cup, Mr. Dent?"

"Yo' won't see the bird to-night that can beat 'im. Niver was such a bird. Ah picked him oop off a chap in Brummagem for foor bob, and ah taught 'im all mysen. But he niver would goo any farther than finish oop with 'Egypt.' But ay'll

beat many another as 'as got a longer julk—won't you, my precious? — twe wheet!"

But the bird's reply was drowned in a

sudden fit of coughing which overtook old Dent. He coughed and coughed—you could hear the bird answering whenever



"THE PIRST MAN I MET-WAS . . POCKET ENIFTON."

he took a breath. At last he stopped.
"Tollick, tollick, have you finished?"
said the bird.

"And now, uncle, I hope you're

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going to take your medicine," added Mrs. Hall

I thought it time to go.

"Must yo' be going?" said Uncle Dent. "Well, yo'll come back again."

I said I would certainly come to see Egypt win the cup.

The silver cup of which I spoke to Uncle Dent was to be put up that night



" FINAL TIE, GENTS," SAID THE CHAIRMAN.

as the prize of a linnet race—a competition the rules of which I must stop a minute to explain. The linnet in the fields and hedgerows has a song of his own: but the notes he sings in captivity are taught to him. They are taught to himby whistling, and to the whistle he will always respond. Sometimes he calls back "Tollick tollick ikke quā." Sometimes "Tollick tollick tug whizzy," and again "Tollick tollick lug lug cee." The "Tollick tollick" is invariable, and each call is named a "julk." A couple of birds

hung up in sound but not in sight of one another will call to each other intermittently, and the bird which fills the fifteen minutes of the match with the largest number of "julks" is the winner of the race.

The first man I met when I went up to the "Forester's Arms" in the evening was my old acquaintance Pocket Knifton.

"I didn't know this was in your line, Pocket," I said.

"Oh, I tell yer," responded the prize-fighter, "I love a linnet as I love my bloomin' life."

There were several others in the long room of the same way of thinking: some had their linnets with them in handkerchief-covered cages; all of them had beer, and some of them had cleaned up for the day, which was Sunday. Hezekiah was cleaned up as usual, but he had nothing to drink.

"I should think you'd get a glawss o' beer if the old josser's bird wins this," Pocket said to him.

"Happen ah shall, kid," replied the landlord, "and happen ah shan't."

"Is Mr. Dent coming down, Hezekiah?"
I asked.

"Ay wanted to," Hezekiah explained, briefly; "but I rcckon av'll 'ave to want. The missus says 'e'll be able to hear pretty mooch as well in 'is room, as it's just overhead. I'm going to take him up the silver cup when Egypt's won it."

The Cup shone on the mantelpiece of the long room, just above a table where the scorers chalked the "julks" down, and just below the nails upon which the cages of the competitors were hung. The preliminary stages of the competition were over, and Egypt had easily stayed in till the final tie—which was now about to take place.

"Any more orders, gents?" appealed the pot-boy, for the last time. "Two stouts and a mild? thenk you, sir—it's your last chawnce till the competition's finished, gents. 'Arf o' bitter? right sir!"

"Wot's it to be, 'Ezekiah?" asked Pocket.

"Oh, shut your 'ed," said Hezekiah, irritably.

The chairman, a foggy-voiced gentleman, with a diamond stud in a spotted tie, and a gold albert across a spreading waistcoat, rose to announce the terms of the contest.

"Final tie, gents," he said. "Mr. Dent's Egypt, and Mr. Jones Speering's Tug Whizzy linnet. No remark or other sound to be spoken during the rice. Any gent wantin' to quit the room must stay where he is until the fifteen minutes is up. Nah then. Time!"

"Fifteen seconds," said the timekeeper, "ten—five—birds on the nail!"

The cages were slipped on the nails; and the handkerchiefs whisked off the birds.

"Tollick, tollick, good evening, tollick, tollick, tug whizzy, tug whizzy, how d'ye do, egypt!" the two said breathlessly together.

"That's on'y a rambling song," whispered Pocket, "it counts one chalk each."

There was an interval of dead silence broken only by the shrill voices of children playing in the street outside and by the sputter of a safety match.

"Keep them matches aht,"—an urgent whisper.

"Tollick, tollick, well 'ow are you comin up?" said Speering's linnet suddenly.

"Middlin' thankye, how's yersen?" rejoined Egypt.

The markers scored one each.

"Tollick nice weather, tug whizzy for the time of year." "Tollick it's comin' summer now-egypt."

Another pause. Egypt helped himself to some seed.

"Well you ain't what I call lively," Speering's linnet broke the silence again.

His marker scored one. "Nothing to say at all," the Tug Whizzy went on.

"Wot I call bloomin' miserable," he pursued.

"It's enough to make anyone miserable with such objects as you about," replied Egypt smartly in two julks, and the markers chalked them down.

But this was Egypt's last effort for a long time; the Tug Whizzy put in a julk now and then; but the Birmingham bird ignored him. Presently finding him unresponsive the Cockney bird ruffled up his feathers and twitted him angrily but incoherently.

"That don't count anything. It wasn't a julk. 'E's a scrigglin' of him," said Pocket, aloud.

"Shut up, you one-eyed cuckoo," retorted a friend of Speering's.

"Order, order," from the chairman.

"Tollick, tollick," added the Tug Whizzy.

"Well p'raps you'd like to count that," remarked Pocket. "Perhaps you think your blighted cock sparrer did a julk that time."

"Aw right. Aw right. You needn't go off your 'ed because you carn't win."

"Tollick tollick 'ave you finished?" added Speering's bird, with a sarcastic twitter.

His marker chalked down another.

"Ere," said Pocket Knifton, flushing, "what in earth are you chalking down now? That wasn't a julk."

"Wy, it was a tug whizzy as clear---'

"Wot d'yer mean?"

"I tell you he did a tug whizzy."

"You're a bloomin' liar. 'Ere——"

"Order, order," and the chairman just averted the rising quarrel, and it was settled that the julk should not be counted. But Egypt was a long way

behind, and he was still silent. I saw Hezekiah's solemn face growing grimmer. Pocket Knifton was getting redder.

"Is he going to play the bloomin' free coward?" he asked Hezekiah in a whisper.

"It's the first time as I've ever know'd him do it," returned Hezekiah. "But I'll wring his neck if he don't win."

And still Egypt sat silent. The other bird had stopped too, but he was a long way ahead. The silence in the room was uncomfortable. The minutes were going on. I wondered what old Dent would say.

Suddenly, in the room overhead, I heard the old man break into one of his paroxysms of coughing. He coughed and coughed, and in the silence you could hear him as distinctly as if he had been in the room below.

Egypt cocked up his head. "Tollick tollick egypt, tollick tollick egypt—tollick tollick egypt!" he replied, to the familiar sound. There was a pause in the coughing. Egypt filled it. The coughing went on. Egypt twittered an accompaniment. The coughing ceased. Egypt went on. His marker chalked down julk after julk.

"Tollick tollick tug whizzy well you 'ave woke up all of a suddint," observed Speering's linnet.

"Ere, wot do ye call this—a bloomin' fake," snarled Speering's marker.

But Egypt took no notice of either. He chirruped and called, called and chirruped to his master as if they were in the room talking to one another. He had the pace of Speering's linnet, which, after a few interruptions ceased to compete, while Egypt went on answering the cough



"AND NOW LET'S 'AVE A LOOK AT THE CUP," OLD DENT WENT ON.

EGYPT. 677

he could no longer hear. His marker chalked down line after line and gate after gate on the table.

"Time!" said the timekeeper. "Fifteen minutes up!"

Egypt went on undisturbed. Hezekiah took him down from the nail, and covered him up with his handkerchief. Egypt went on. "Tollick tollick," he continued. "I haven't nearly finished."

"'E tikes a bit of stopping when he do start," said Pocket, cheerfully, to Speering's marker. "Yore blighter isn't in it with him."

"I might have known it was going to be a do," replied that gentleman, bitterly.

Meanwhile the chairman was announcing that Mr. Dent's bird having scored three score and nine against the two score and two of the Speering's nomination, he had the honour of presenting our respected landlord, Mr. 'Ezekiah 'All, with the silver cup, on behalf of his uncle, who was lying on a bed of sickness and was too unwell himself to be able, much to his regret, to be present.

Hezekiah received the cup with his customary awkwardness, and carried it in one hand and the linnet in the other up to Mr. Dent's room.

The old man was still propped up by the fire. His niece had not been able to get him off to bed, and his eyes twinkled expectantly.

"Yo've been a long time, kid," he said to Hezekiah, "han you brought it?"

"Ah 'ave," said Hezekiah, and displayed the linnet and the cup.

The old man took the linnet first and untied the handkerchief round the cage.

"Ah knew as you couldn't lose—my pritty," he said to the linnet.

"Tollick tollick, that's all right," said Egypt.

"And now let's 'ave a look at the cup," old Dent went on.

Hezekiah gave it into his own hand.

Old Dent put on his spectacles to look at it. "Ah, it's a pretty moog, Hezekiah," he said. "It ud look well with a drop o' summat in it." He looked over his spectacles at his niece. Something more like a smile than I had seen for a long time before slipped into her keen black eyes.

"It's a pretty mug," she agreed.

"We don't win a mug like this every night of the week," continued old Dent. "Ah think we might as well have a soop o'----"

"It's none so bad a moog," Hezekiah said, with rather overdone indifference.

"And yo' ought to know, Zekiah," concluded his uncle, "for yo've been a bit of a moog yoursen."

He started to laugh at his small joke till I feared he would go off into another fit of coughing. But he didn't, he went on chuckling, and at last he fell to sleep with the linnet beside him.





RAS HESSE.

Lovers of wealth and title
Ask her to share their lot,
Now comes the vital question.
Shall she, or shall she not?

Cupid flies out of the arras
Tenderly offers a rose,
Can trifles like roses embarrass
A sensible maiden? Who knows?

LYDIA BUSCH.

### REVELATIONS OF AN ALBUM

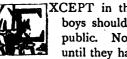
PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE.

BY JOSEPH HATTON.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. MARGETSON.

VII.

"WITH A SHOW IN THE NORTH."



XCEPT in the case of poets, boys should not write for the public. No, nor men either until they have something to say, and possess a discriminat-

ing sense of the due proportion of things. When I look over my first contributions to immature literature, I feel more than apologetic to a long-suffering public, not, by the way, that they paid much attention to these early efforts that have been long since submerged. Looking back, I realise how many of my swans were geese. and that youthful inexperience occasionally enlarged ordinary men into giants. Nevertheless, much as there was of the schoolboy in my first brief volume of Reminiscences, it belonged to experiences that are none the less interesting on that account, though I was ignorant of the most rudimentary sense of proportion which enables a writer to estimate the biographic value of personal incidents and opinions in relation to literature and the public. Moreover, in the impulse of one's youth, it is difficult to resist the immediate pressure of the time, or to separate subjects of lasting moment from those of a merely current and topical character. All of which means that what I thought a good thing to have done in those days I think somewhat poor to-day; and this applies more particularly to a series of papers, entitled "With a Show in the North," that appeared in The Gentleman's Magazine, and were afterwards published in a volume, illustrated with an admirable drawing of Mark Lemon as Falstaff, by his friend John Tenniel. At the same time, there were a few facts and experiences in the volume that are worth preserving, and it

was notable in this respect that it contained an adaptation of the two parts of Henry the Fourth in which I had the honour of collaborating with Mark Lemon, in order to tell the story of Falstaff for drawing-room representation. A good deal has been said lately about a combination of the two Shakespeare plays having been made for the first time by my friend Mr. Augustin Daly; but there is nothing new under the sun, and if there is any "irreverence" in a rearrangement of Shakespeare scenes to suit modern requirements, or a desire for novelty of treatment, Mr. Daly has a very good precedent in the action of Mark Lemon, who was a most devoted Shakespearian It was my fortune to have made my first essay, both as adapter and "financier," in connection with Mark Lemon's interesting production of Selected Scenes from King Henry the Fourth, and the enterprise gave me my first experience of what may be called theatrical management. I provided the money for the entertainment, and learnt a lesson that I was not old enough to lay seriously to heart. In those days a great authority had not told us that, in comparison with theatrical management, "Monte Carlo is not in it." How I came to take the direction of the Falstaff tour in the north was in this wise. My friend, Walter Maynard, who had generously undertaken to play the part of acting-manager and treasurer, found himself otherwise engaged when Mark Lemon was booked for a tour in Scotland. Hitherto I had drawn cheques instead of receiving profits, so it occurred to me that after all it would be a good thing for the capitalist himself to look after the business he was "financing," and I became my friend's companion and

acting-manager on his tour in the north, and we had a delightful time; additionally pleasant to both of us from the fact that our excursion was sufficiently profitable to return a heavy contribution towards the reduction of previous losses.

If in that personal record of our Scotch tour I over-estimated its public importance, the leading figure in the story was a man who made his mark on the literary history of his day, more perhaps as an editor than an author, though he has left behind him plays and ballads that are worthy to live, and a name that will always be remembered in Victorian annals as that of a man who. like Falstaff, was not only witty in himself, but the cause that wit was in other men. The editor and one of the founders of Punch, he exercised a valuable influence upon the work of a brilliant staff, and guided the policy of a peculiarly English publication with the foresight of a journalist and the wisdom of a statesman. The friend of Jerrold and Hood, of Dickens and Leach and Thackeray, Mark Lemon was in himself a remarkable personality. He played Falstaff to the life and without padding. His face was the model for many a pictured "Father Christmas," and his figure was Punch's ideal of John Bull, not only for bulk, but for graciousness of bearing. No one could meet him and forget his genial countenance, his silky-white locks, his broad, intellectual forehead, and the dignity with which he carried himself despite his weight. When he went to Scotland to vary his editorship of Punch with his playing of Falstaff, the best men in the north did him honour and great crowds of good people thronged the halls where he and his little company performed, as in the days of Shakespeare, with no other scenery than a tapestry curtain, upon which was placarded the title of each scene, and with such simple properties as the action demanded. It was a capable, intelligent, and natural reading of Shakespeare, commended highly by the critics, though the first representation, at the Gallery of Illustrations, was somewhat marred by inadequate rehearsals. When these defects were remedied, Mark Lemon gave a special performance, by command of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and an illustrious and distinguished company of roval guests. At the last moment our genial manager, Walter Maynard, with a dilettanti nonchalance that was profound, wired from Brighton his regrets that he could not possibly be present to take charge on this important and interesting occasion; and, but for the kindly interposition of Mr. German Reed, there would have been nobody to receive their Royal Highnesses. Left to their own resources, Falstaff and Bardolph had neglected to appoint attendants in charge of the cloak and dressing-rooms set apart for the Princess and her guests. It was a sudden inspiration that enabled Bardolph to press into this service, as he described to me, "two female apparitors, whom I found in the wardrobe of the Gallery; 'Go into that room,' I said, 'and wait upon the Princess, take off her shawl. be very calm and quiet, and do your best.' Then I bowed the Princess in the right direction and, with my heart in my mouth, rushed back to my dressing-room while the orchestra played the overture-and I am glad to say that everything passed off all right; but if the royalties had only known, with all our most loyal desires, what a difficulty we were in, with no manager to manage, and no knowledge of what we ought to do, they would have pitied us." The Prince and Princess and their friends were quite merry over the performance, and evidently heartily enjoyed it. His Royal Highness sent for Mark Lemon, introduced him to the Princess, and chatted over his interpretation of the fat knight with the Prince's well-known appreciation of the art of acting.

VIII.

SHAKESPEARE WITHOUT SCENERY.

If money had been of no importance

to either of us, touring as we toured would have been a perpetual holiday. The work was easy, and the receptions we met with in every way pleasant. Our company was a small one, Mark's favourite son Harry being the Bardolph, and a young

Scotch friend the Shallow. We had no difficulty with scenery, and the business management in each city was in good hands. We carried a fine piece of tapestry, and a few antiquated labels for the same, such as "An Apartment belonging to the Prince of Wales," "The Road by Gadshill, &c.," carefully painted to look old and worn, one or two properties, such as a fine old pewter drinking-mug, an Elizabethan chair and table, and, of course, proper dresses for the parts, our Prince being finely apparelled, and looking the part to perfection — Mr. Herbert Crellin. Mark Lemon was an ideal Falstaff, and the play was adequately presented. As a spectator, it seemed a great relief to me to have the dramatic

story presented without the distracting element of scenery, and the noise attendant upon the manipulation of stage One followed the acting and effects. the words with a concentrated attention that made the story just as real as if it had been backed by the finest painted cloths, and environed by the most

correct details of furniture. I wonder a company of modern actors do not take up this method of presenting Shakespeare. One essential thing is good acting. No one would care to under-estimate the delight of seeing Shakespeare as it is done



MARK LEMON'S " PALSTAFF."

at the Lyceum, heightened by the aid of the sister arts of painting, architecture, and dress; but the simplicity of a Shakespearian scene as it was presented in the method of Shakespeare's own day has a charm of its own. Mark Lemon's representation of Falstaff in this manner proved to be an intellectual attraction to all

classes of play-goers, more especially in Scotland. The entertainment was given in the halls and assembly rooms of the great cities, and from a social, as well as an artistic, point of view was eminently successful. The audience in the best seats came in evening dress, just as they would have done for the opera. other engagements at the time did not enable me to go on playing the part of amateur manager, and Messrs. Bradbury and Evans made it better worth Mark's while to stay in London than had hitherto been the case; so Falstaff came to an end with the Scotch tour, but Mark Lemon often regretted that we did not continue it, and make up our minds to follow it up with other Shakespearian ventures in a similar direction. Lemon was fond of actors, and liked to talk about his early connection with the stage. Mrs. Stirling was his first heroine in a piece at the Adelphi. She was very young and very pretty, but quite uneducated, a remarkable fact when one takes into account the culture of her later years. and the distinction with which she played many important characters. He was an excellent mimic. If the art of our Prince had been equal to his appearance he would have been a treasure. As it was he had many admirers. Mark treated his shortcomings with the greatest consideration. though he would occasionally mimic him, especially in the scene where Falstaff says "I'll tickle you for a young prince." imitated Hal's manner, caricatured the way he flourished his cane, and at night, over supper, the scapegrace was discussed more in relation to his princeship than to his representation thereof. "He would do well," said Mark, "if he were not so good looking. It is evidently his firm conviction that some night a coach and six will be waiting outside the stage-door ready to carry him off to be married to an heiress who has been dying for him all through the performance. This is calculated to take his attention from the scene in which he may be engaged; I really think but for this he might be an excellent actor."

#### IX.

MARK LEMON'S VIEWS OF FALSTAY.

Mark Lemon's notion of Falstaff de veloped a far more kindly consideration for the fat knight's frailties than is generally entertained. He was always ready to discuss Shakespeare's intentions with regard to this particular character. Just as Sir Henry Irving gets to love the Shakespeare part he is playing at the moment, so did Mark become attached "My dear fellow," I reto Falstaff. member Irving saying about Shylock, "he is the only gentleman among the entire crowd"—so would Mark Lemon preach up the chivalry of Falstaff. speare," he said, "was not to blame for the coarseness of the language which we feel called upon to omit from our drawingroom version of the character, it was the language of the time. Look into any other playwright's work of the period and you will find that his contemporaries were indecent for the sake of being indecent, they give you lewdness without wit, dirt without humour. You cannot say that of Shakespeare. If his language is tainted with what we very properly consider coarseness when it is in the mouth of such a rollicking fellow as Falstaff it is in the way of developing character, and it is never dull, never stupid, but always witty, always humorous, and always consistent."

"Why," said our Shallow, "I was talking to a man yesterday who said he wondered how you could possibly make Falstaff respectable."

"Respectable!" said Mark. "He was a gentleman, sir; would thou wert as well furnished with brains, not to mention courtesy."

"Thank you," Shallow replied. "I know not how I may improve unless you lend me your doublet and stuff me out with straw."

"Well, if that be wit, or apropos of anything," exclaimed Bardolph, "I'm a shotten herring."

"I'll anoint thy face and call thee horse, an thou callest me anything but an honest man," Shallow replied.

These two members of the company rarely conversed in any other language than that of the text-book of the play in which the fat knight was purified and made wholesome.

"A gentleman, mark you," Mark Lemon would say. "Fallen away in the general degeneracy of the times from the path of rectitude, but nevertheless a gentleman. He was no buffoon as many actors have made him. For instance, poor So-and-So (mentioning an actor in high repute) is quite butraged because I do not go down on my face and grovel in the robbery scene."

"I suppose that is the regular business," I answered.

"And not the only business to which I object," said Mark. "Like Falstaff, I am fat and growing old, heaven help the wicked! And I might have as great difficulty in getting up again, being down, as poor Jack. No, my dear friend, Falstaff was no buffoon, any more than Shylock was—why they used to play Shylock in a red wig, and make a kind of clown of him. Master Shylock was by no means a clown, no more than Falstaff was a buffoon."

"An awful liar, though," rejoined Bardolph.

"Cowardly knave," says the lady who played Mrs. Quickly.

"A spendthrift, and one who did not pay his just debts—that five hundred to wit," says Shallow.

"White lies," says Mark.

"The buckram suit men, for example?" remarks Bardolph.

"Yes, have at you there," says Mark, laughing. "Falstaff was quick to see that the Prince knew all. He went on exaggerating his first fib that he might make

the affair the more ridiculous; piling up the fun to the climax—'By the Lord I knew ye!'"

"But if he was a wit he was a hard man, and behaved cruelly to Mistress Quickly."

"Yes, dame, he did; but he was no harder than the others—not so hard, you must admit, as the Prince was in the end, nay, not a tithe as hard. Had he lived in these days he would have conducted himself differently. And then he was so very hard up, so impecunious! But Quickly loved the rogue for all that. There is nothing more touching in all Shakespeare's plays than her description of Falstaff's death."

Thus Mark was continually whitewashing his hero. He played the part lovingly, and with a relish that made the character as human as it was entertaining, and full of realistic possibility.

There are many little details in the history of *Punch* which have yet to be told and perhaps never may be told. "Poor Hood," said Mark when Dame Quickly's pathetic story of Falstaff's death was in his mind, "his was a sad ending. When he sent me *The Song of the Shirt* he accompanied it with a few lines in which he expressed a fear that it was hardly suitable for *Punch*—but he left it between my discretion and the waste-paper basket."

Talking of the early struggles of *Punch* he said, "the paper was kept alive on two occasions by the success of two little plays of mine, the money from which went to pay the printer; one play was called *Punch*, and the other *The Silver Thimble*. This was of course before we took the paper to Bradbury and Evans."

X.

IN AN ARBOUR ON THE WEAR.

When Mark Lemon went to the north to give public readings of *Hearts are Trumps* prior to his *Falstaff* tour I was living in the Old Bailey at Durham within



THE SUMMER-HOUSE ON THE WEAR.

the shadow of the Cathedral, and with a garden that overlooked the river Wear. Some of my readers may be interested to learn that it is this house and garden that are described in the opening chapters of Clytie. From the vantage of an ancient summer-house I commanded a varied view of a neighbour's grounds and the river beyond where the Claspers—famous Newcastle oarsmen—frequently trained in peace and quiet away from the sombre and busy waters of the Tyne. It was here that I had the pleasure of entertaining Mark Lemon on his visit to the north. that time I had for a neighbour a ripe old scholar and poet, James Gregor Grant, who had been an intimate friend of Wordsworth, and of Mulready the painter. Grant's two volumes of poems which included Madonna Pia, and Rufus the Red King, were dedicated to Wordsworth and were illustrated by Mulready. It is no wonder that reminiscences of these friends should seem to carry me into recollections of days long before I was born. Sitting on a sunny afternoon in that summer-house on the Wear, I remember Grant delighting Lemon with stories of the Lake poets and incidents of his friendship with Words-They were mild reflective passages chiefly of appreciation of the poet's genius, however, that looking back do not present to me any special points for repetition; but Mark Lemon brought us both to London past and present. talked of the stage of his boyish days. He knew the famous showman Richardson, was acquainted with Master Betty, remembered the "Finish," a famous nighthouse which before his time had been frequented by Fox and Sheridan, and he had scen the poor debtors of the Fleet prison begging at a grating just as they had done at the free prison of Ludgate where Stephen Foster, who was Lord Mayor in 1454, won a rich widow while supplicating charity in this abject fashion. Mr. Grant was a great friend of Tom Taylor, and in these days and long afterwards Taylor

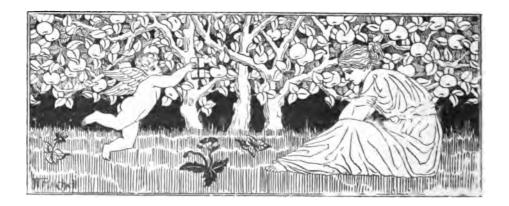
wrote a London letter and occasional leaders for the Sunderland Herald. Now and then Grant was his substitute in the matter of leaders. He wrote a play called Passion and Parchment, of which Tom Taylor thought very highly, and encouraged Grant to hope that it might be produced in London. In after years poor Grant found it hard to live by giving lessons in elocution (his father had been an actor) and writing for the newspapers. one of the gentle and diffident men of letters who too often go under for want of a helping hand at the right time, or the capacity to turn their talents to worldly account. "Talking of actors' salaries in these days" said Mark Lemon, "Master Betty had fifty pounds a night before he was thirteen."

I recall a story which Grant told us as a true one, and which if it has not at the moment the merit of being new is nevertheless my own by the pre-emption of first narrator in print. It has been repeated since in various shapes, and will some day be fathered on different celebritics as anecdotes of Theodore Hook, and Sidnev Smith, Sheridan Knowles, J. L. Toole, and Edward Sothern are being readapted every day. We had been talking of Sunderland, the native place of Tom Taylor, and at this time the name of Lindsay the great shipowner was almost a household word there, and was by no means strange to London. One day a brusque countryman of Lindsay's in the same line of business called at his London "Noo, is Lindsay in?" he asked, addressing a clerk in attendance. "Sir!" was the response. "Well then, is Mister Lindsay in, seest thou?" "He will be in shortly." The Sunderland visitor intimated that he would wait, and was ushered into a private room where a gentleman was evidently engaged in copying statistics from a pile of shipping returns. Lindsay's townsman paced the room rather impatiently, and then amused himself by looking over the work of the copyist,

Digitized by GOOSI

"Thou writes a bonny hand," he said. "I'm glad you think so," replied the other. "Thou forms thy figures well, so that anybody can mek 'em out, thou'rt just the chap I want." "Indeed," said the Londoner. "Yes, I like thee, and I like thy writing. I'm a man of few words. Noo, if thou'lt come over to canny aud Soonderland, thou seest, I'll gie thee a hoondred and twenty poonds a year-and that's a plum thou doesn't often meet with I reckon. Noo, what sayst thou?" The Londoner thanked the stranger for his offer, and said he would like to consult Mr. Lindsay upon it. "That's reet, all fair and above board wi me," and at the moment in walked Mr. Lindsay, who was at once made acquainted with his friend's proposals. "Very well," said Mr. Lindsay, "I should be sorry to stand in your way. A hundred and twenty pounds a year for the position you at present occupy

in this office is more than I should feel called upon to pay. You will find Mr. --- a kind and considerate master, and under the circumstances I think the sooner you know each other the betterallow me, Mr. ---, to introduce you to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Her Majesty's Chancellor of the Exchequer." It turned out that Mr. Gladstone had been engaged in making a note or two of some shipping statistics for his budget. The Sunderland man was taken aback you may be sure, but quickly recovered his self-possession, and enjoyed the joke quite as much as Mr. Gladstone, and went home to his place on the Wear, full of his introduction to the famous Minister whom he always regarded as a model Chancellor, because he looked into things himself, mind you, and was "not one of them stuck-up chaps that leaves everything to clerks and under-strappers."





Mabel.—"Jack is in love with you."
Marie.—"Nonsense."
Mabel.—"That's what I said when I heard it."
Marie.—"How dared you!"

# THE DEVELOPMENT OF FURLANI.

BY W. L. ALDEN.

ILLUSTRATED BY MAX COWPER.



R. McCARTNEY was an admirable example of the effects of judicious training on the American parent. He knew no law except his

daughter's will. One day she said to him, "Popper! I have made up my mind to live in Venice, so you must just get ready and we'll sail three weeks from to-day." Mr. McCartney did not show the slightest surprise. He merely said, "That's mid ling short notice, but if the thing's got to be of course I'll be ready in time." Accordingly he made his preparations without delay. He subscribed for two Chicago daily newspapers, and a monthly barrel of the best Chicago pork, and thus armed against famine and ennui, faced the prospect of spending the rest of his days in what he assumed to be a semi-barbarous city, with courageous cheerfulness. Once arrived in Venice, and lodged in a Gothic palace on the Grand Canal, his spirits somewhat revived. He conceded that the architecture of the palace was not greatly inferior to that of Mr. Armour's pork-packing establishment in Chicago; and that the steamboats on the canal were proofs of unexpected civilisation on the part of the Venetians. He was even happy, when the tide was low, and the smaller canals made themselves obvious to more than one of the senses, for he declared that on such occasions he had only to shut his eyes in order to imagine that he was once more walking down the chief street of Chicago.

Miss McCartney had resigned her position as Professor of Mathematics in a Chicago High School in order to devote herself wholly to the clevation of the human race. She had once made a brief visit to Venice, and had caught sufficient glimpses of its poverty and misery to feel sure that the Venetians stood greatly inneed of elevation. Besides, there was in her a vein of romance which she had never recognised, but which made Venice more fascinating to her than even the very highest kind of higher mathematics. She honestly believed that she had chosen Venice as a field of philanthropic labour, because the people needed her help, but the real truth was that the siren city had charmed her.

Miss McCartney knew a little Italian, which she spoke with a pure Chicago accent, before she came to Venice, and as her knowledge of the language increased, she made acquaintance with several Venetian families, as well as with the members of the English colony. read both the Venetian newspapers, and carefully followed the course of national and municipal politics. She studied, asbest she could, the condition of the poorer classes, and formulated many pleasing and impossible schemes for their relief. She had nearly determined to open a free school for the children of the poor, when she discovered, not only that Venice had free schools, but that all children were compelled to attend them. dreamed of establishing a small hospital, but on enquiry she found that Venice was fully provided with hospitals. certainly vexatious that Venice should be so well provided with schools and hospitals, but Miss McCartney knew that the life of a philanthropist is a difficult and disappointing one. Finally she decided to form a society among the Venetian ladies for the emancipation of their sex, and for that purpose, while waiting to enroll her first convert, she drew up an admirable constitution for the proposed society.



FURLANI ASKED MISS MCCARTNEY TO BE HIS WIFE PURELY BECAUSE HE LOVED HER

It is possible that in time she would have found the desired recruit, had it not been for an unexpected incident which temporarily diverted her attention from her own to the opposite sex. Miss McCartney fell in love.

She had met the young Marchese Furlani at the house of the British con-He was handsome, charming in his manners, and irreproachable in his morals -that is to say, from a Venetian point of view. He spoke a variety of English that was perhaps more intelligible to Miss McCartney than it would have been to an Englishwoman, for he had taken lessons from a stranded American sailor, who had undertaken to teach him the purest English at his command in exchange for a daily frugal dinner. Furlani was greatly pleased with Miss McCartney, who, although she had been a Professor of Mathematics, was still young, and by no means devoid of good looks. Her bright intelligence and her calm confidence in her own judgment were wonderfully attractive to him in their sharp contrast to the sweet insipidity of the women he had hitherto known. It was true that she was a heretic of some unknown and unintelligible kind, but he was certain that she was as good as she was intelligent. Her ignorance and disregard of the rules of Italian society never shocked him, for he knew before he met her that American girls are as free from European conventions as are the lunatics at San Clemente. So, when Miss McCartney asked him to call upon her, and a little later proposed to him to accompany her to the opera, he did not misconstrue conduct the very mention of which would have covered a Venetian young lady with blushes of He saw her nearly every day, and when he learned that Mr. McCartney's practice of withdrawing from the room and leaving his daughter alone with her visitor was obligatory upon every American father, he was lost in admiration of the manners and customs of America.

Miss McCartney liked the Marchese from the first. His education was extremely limited, and his capacity for reasoning was not much better than that of a child, but he was so simple, sincere, kindly, and honest that he won her regard in spite of his deficiencies. She looked on him as an overgrown child; and while his prattle amused her, she fancied that she was exerting an elevating influence upon him. It had never occurred to her that he could be in love with her, but when he suddenly asked her to marry him, she unexpectedly discovered that he was a dear boy, and that she was sincerely attached to him.

Furlani asked Miss McCartney to be his wife purely because he loved her, or fancied that he did. His own income was just sufficient for his daily wants, and he knew from the way in which the McCartneys lived that Miss McCartney's dower would be a very modest one. He had no doubt that the combination of their resources would enable them to live much as he had been accustomed to live, and perhaps with a little more comfort; and he felt sure that he would prefer Miss McCartney with a very small dowry to another American girl with a great fortune. All this he told her in his frank way, assuring her that if she "would husband herself with him he would make her happy, b'gosh!"

Miss McCartney, brought face to face with the idea of marriage, was at first astonished beyond measure; and then, looking at the matter from the philosophic point of view, asked herself "Why not?" At all events, she would not instantly come to a decision, but would think over Furlani's proposal, and see if her acceptance of it would not open the way for her to elevate not only her husband, but also his fellow-countrymen. So she smilingly told the Mark chese that, while he must not think that there was any probability that she would marry him, she would of course treat his proposal with respect, and would give him

a final answer on the morrow. In the course of the next twenty-four hours she had decided that she liked Furlani; that as his wife she would have opportunities for exerting an elevating influence on Venetian society that would otherwise be beyond her reach; and that she could fill her former friends and acquaintances with awe and admiration by signing herself "marchioness"-though this consideration was, as she said to herself, quite unworthy of attention. Her chief objection to marrying Furlani was that he had neither occupation nor aim in life. However, she was sure that he had noble possibilities within him, and perhaps it was her duty to develop them. The result of her careful study of the question was that when Furlani came for his answer, she told him that she would marry him at the end of the year, if, during that time, he had proved that he was something more than an idle boy.

Furlani gladly accepted these terms, and conscientiously strove to meet Miss McCartney's requirements. She set herself to the task of convincing him that his life had hitherto been unworthy of a man, but her success was slow. Furlani cheerfully told her the exact truth about himself—that is, up to a certain point. explained to her that he dressed himself, that he ate sparingly, and drank with still greater moderation; that he spent a certain number of hours daily at the cafe; that he walked in the Piazza at certain fixed hours, and that he nightly went to the theatre. "I spend very little money," "I have no vices that a young man should not have, and my confessor thinks a darned sight of me. can my dearest angel desire?"

"Do you never read anything, or improve your mind in any way?" asked Miss McCartney.

"Oh, yes! I improve him very often. I read the *Gil Blas*, and the *Fanfulla*, and your English *Dellynoose*. I think everyone should improve his mind."

"I am afraid the Fanfulla and the Gil Blas do not do you much good," returned Miss McCartney. "Can't you see, Carlo, that you are wasting your life, and doing nothing for the benefit of your fellow-creatures?"

"And there, dear one! you are mistaken. I went to a benefit last night. It was of our prima ballerina at the Rossini, and I took four tickets, b'gosh."

"I don't mean that sort of benefit," said Miss McCartney. "I mean that you do nothing to make mankind wiser and better. Why, for instance, do you not take part in politics, and become a Deputy?"

"I do not care for the politic," replied the young man. "There are many who like him and will manage affairs. Besides, it costs a good deal of money to be a Deputy, and I have none. We cannot all be Deputies. Otherwise the Chamber would be what you call a blasted beargarden."

"I call it nothing of the sort, Carlo! and I do wish you would not use those expressions, such as blasted and that other horrid word. They are very improper."

"I learned them from my teacher," said Furlani, humbly, "but I will try to forget them."

"Have you ever thought of going into the army?" pursued the girl. "I don't like armies, still, if I were a man, I would rather be an officer than to be nothing."

"I am too old to go to the military school. Besides, I am too tall to look well in a uniform. My legs are too thin. Perhaps you have observed those legs. I am quite ashamed of them. But then, one must take the legs that the Madonna sends."

"Can't you go into some kind of business?" continued Miss McCartney, hurriedly. "In my country a young man like you would either have a profession, or he would go into a broker's office, or travel for some mercantile house. At any

rate he would do something to make himself independent. Is there no business here in Venice that you could learn?"

"Is it possible that you would wish that I should make myself a darned tradesman?" asked Furlani, with his big eyes full of wonder.

"Hush!" cried the girl. "Never let me hear you use that word again."

"I beg your pardon," said the Marchese.
"I forgot that it was improper. I should have said 'damned tradesman.' I will be careful always to say damned, after this. I remember now that my teacher told me that 'darned' was a corruption of damned."

"Worse and worse!" wailed Miss McCartney. "Dear! dear! what a wretch the man who taught you must have been. Now do try to remember that all those words are bad, and must not be used. I have told you so over and over, but you still keep on using them."

"I am sorry that I do not please you," said Furlani. "I know that you are right. Upon you there are no——Ah! I have forgotton the word. What is it that is never upon you?"

"I'm sure I haven't the slightest idea what you mean," said the girl. "So far as I know I have nothing on that I ought not to wear."

"Now I come to remember him," cried Furlani triumphantly, "it is of flies that I should speak. There are no flies on you. That is why I always know that what you say is true."

Miss McCartney sighed. Furlani's English tried her sorely at times, but after all it was a small matter compared with his inability to comprehend that he was wasting his life. She felt that it would be absurd for her, an earnest woman, wholly devoted to philanthropic work, to marry him; and yet she found him thoroughly loveable. Morally and mentally he was little more than a child, but he had a child's charming sincerity and

sunny cheerfulness, and she never for a moment doubted that he truly loved her. She sat gazing at him sadly for a moment, and the answering tears rose to the young man's eyes.

"I know, dear one!" he said, "that I am of the most worthless, but I promise you that I will try to do something as you desire. I will work with my head, and perhaps I shall find out how to make myself such as you wish me to be. I will what you call hustle around without delay. This very night I will hell around among my friends, and perhaps some one of them will have an idea."

The next day Furlani presented himself earlier than usual at Miss McCartney's drawing-room, and his face beamed with excitement and happiness. "At last" he cried, "I have done something, and I know you will be pleased, and perhaps even a little proud of your poor friend. Behold!" And he drew from his pocket a thick package of bank-notes, and laid them with a bow on Miss McCartney's lap.

"What in the world does all this money mean?" she asked. "Where did you get it, and why do you bring it to me?"

"There are nearly fifteen thousand francs," cried Furlani. "I won him all at baccarat last night. It is very nice to have all that money, but if you are pleased, that is worth a thousand times more."

"My dear Carlo!" said Miss McCartney solemnly, "don't you know that it is very wrong to gamble?"

"Oh, yes!" replied Furlani. "It is very wrong if you lose. I had a brother who always lost, and yet he would always play until at last he had no more money, and we were all very much ashamed of him, and told him that he was a cussed fool. But it is not wrong to play if you win. That is a very different thing. For my-self I never lose more than I can spare. Yes! I disapprove very much of play, except for those who have the happiness to win."

"Carlo! Carlo!" cried the girl, sadly.
"Can I never instil any sort of principle into you! You must promise me never to gamble again. I don't expect to make you understand how wrong it is, but you must promise me this, if you love me."

"I will promise you anything. Only be patient with me. I have no other wish but to please you. I will even become a blooming tradesman if you insist upon it, but I kind of guess you won't."

"Can't you find the man from whom you won this money and give it back to him?" asked Miss McCartney.

"But if I were to do that everyone would say that I was a lunatic," replied the wondering Furlani. "I need not tell you that I won the money fairly. If you wish me to give it away, it would be better to give it to the poor, for the man from whom I won it is very rich. Besides, he was only a Frenchman who was passing through Venice, and by this time he is far away." Furlani was sincerely anxious to shape his conduct in all things by Miss McCartney's wishes, but it was really too absurd, this suggestion that he should return his lawful gains. His fleeting Frenchman was invented on the spur of the moment, and he was greatly relieved to find that Miss McCartney accepted his transparent fib without the slightest question.

"Very well, then!" she said. "If the money can't be returned it must be kept, but I trust it is the last that you will ever win at the gaming-table."

She arose, and walked up and down the room. Furlani regarded her with admiration. "She was now thinking," so he said to himself, and he regarded that process with awe. He too, would learn to think, and who knows what great things might come of it?"

"Carlo," said Miss McCartney suddenly, "you must and shall make a man of yourself, but you can never do it here in Venice. I am awfully sorry that you gambled, but now that you have the

money, and cannot return it, you shall take it and go to America. There you will learn what life ought to be to a young man. I will give you letters to my friends, who will show you how our young men live. Very likely you will find some opening in business there, and in that case I will come to America and marry you. If you return at the end of the year, you will find me waiting for you here, and by that time you will have learned far more than I can ever hope to teach you, and will have become a man whom I can respect as well as love."

" Dear-Furlani's handsome face fell. est!" he said, "you know that I could never live away from you and from Venice. And yet you ask me to go and live a year in that most barbarous of lands. But you shall see how I love you. If you insist upon it, I will go at once. I am your slave, b'gosh! You are my angel, my saint, my holy terror on wooden wheels!" Miss McCartney cast a hurried glance at the closed door, and then, to Furlani's immense astonishment, kissed him. was not, on the whole, a very skilful kiss, for it alighted on the tip of his ear. Still, it should be said, by way of excuse, that a Professor of Mathematics is not expected to be an expert in kissing, and that Miss McCartney had never before kissed any man except her father.

"Go, and come back to me the noble, earnest man that I am certain you can become," cried the girl; "you are a dear boy, and I am now sure that I love you, but I must be able to look up to you. Make this journey for me, and I promise that when you return, whether you have learned much or little, I will marry you."

Furlani knew that Miss McCartney was inflexible in her determinations.

She had decided that he must go to America, and there was nothing for him to do but to go. He had an unspeakable dread of leaving Venice, but he was honestly anxious to transform himself into the new and as yet incomprehensible sort of person that Miss McCartney wished him to be. So with many tears he bade her farewell, and early in October sailed for New York, leaving his affianced to resume her temporarily neglected work of elevating the Venetian women.

During his first month in America he wrote almost daily. It was easy to see that he was horribly home-sick, but Miss McCartney fancied that she could detect in his letters signs that his moral nature was awakening, and that he was beginning to understand that he had a loftier mission in life than that of lounging in the Piazza. His English improved rapidly, and he completely dropped those peculiarities of

expression which had so shocked her. But after a time Miss McCartney became A certain worldliness seemed to be creeping into his letters that was wholly foreign to the nature of the frank, childish boy whom she had sent away from Venice. Doubts as to the wisdom of her course began to trouble her. What if her efforts to develop Furlani's moral nature should end in making him a sordid, money-getting Philistine, like too many of her fellow-countrymen? With the first days of spring there came a letter which told her how well the young Venetian had learned the lessons that America had to teach him. It was long, and began with many protes-



tations of the writer's undying love for his "angelic guide." Then it continued as follows:

"I have tried to look at affairs as your Americans look at them. I asked many Americans what a young man like myself, well born, but without money or the means of making money, ought to do, and they all told me that he ought to marry a rich lady. At first I did not like their advice, for I had wished to marry only you. But after a little I saw that they were right, and that to marry wisely is the only business for such a one as I. So I am to be married to a young lady who has a dowry of five hundred thousand francs, and she will come with me to Venice. She is a good one, and I like her very much, but I shall never love anyone but you. I hope, dear one, that you will think I have done wisely. Now that I am to be rich, I will become a Deputy, and you shall be proud of me. In four weeks more I will be at your feet, and you shall tell me that I have done right, and that you love me."

"Popper!" said Miss McCartney, after she had read her letter, "I guess you had better pack up your things at Ince. We are going to Germany tomorrow, for I must improve my German."

"Ain't this pretty middling sudden?" asked Mr. McCartney. "I thought you calculated to do some reforming among the women here?"

"I'm tired of Venice," replied the girl.
"So just you pack up like a dear old.
Popper. I don't think the climate here suits me very well."

"I'll do exactly as you say," said the father. "Of course it ain't any of my business, but won't young Furrlanny be a little put out if he comes back and finds you are gone?"

Miss McCartney kissed her father, and he saw that there were tears in her eyes, so, like the well-trained father that he was, he decided that he had better make no further mention of Furlani's name. gether with his daughter he left Venice at once, and Miss McCartney vanished completely and for ever from the knowledge of her astounded lover. He is still living luxuriously on the money of his rich wife, but he cannot understand why the woman who took such pains to develop his moral nature deserted him just when he had, as he imagined, made himself the sort of man whom she would respect. He talked the matter over with all his. friends, and they unanimously agreed that Miss McCartney, like all Anglo-Saxons, was quite mad, and that Furlani was. fortunate in losing her. But he could never take precisely that view, and there were times when he sincerely wished that he had never gone to America, but had remained in Venice, the poor, but faithful lover of his "angelic guide."





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## HOW TO TEACH A HORSE TO JUMP.

BY COL. THEO. A. DODGE.



ROBABLY every boy or girl who rides is ambitious to jump an occasional fence or ditch. I would encourage them to do so. Many think that

to sit a leaping horse or pony is difficult or dangerous; but, within moderate bounds, few things are easier or safer. Moreover, a certain security is gained by learning to jump, for nothing gives a better seat—more glue, as runs the old cross-country phrase—than this exercise.

When rider and nag "know how," nothing is more exhilarating than an occasional scamper across fields and fences. It gives such a sense of independence, of mastery over one's horse and over matter in general, that the rider almost doubts the truth of Sir Boyle Roach's assertion that, "A man can't be in two places at once, barrin' he's a bird."

To me the sense of companionship is the best part of saddle-work. You would not cuff a good comrade if he happened to do an awkward thing which annoyed or even hurt you; so never use your whip angrily on your saddle-beast. Even if you felt nettled at something your comrade said or did, you would not testily retort upon him; so do not. "yank" your bridlerein or shout, if you fancy your nag has blundered. For your four-footed friend is a nervously-organised creature; he will not understand the reproof; nor can you ever explain away to him, or make amends for that blow or jerk.

This much you may set down as surely true: an unspoiled horse never does a vicious thing. He may want to play when you do not; he may take fright at what seems natural enough to you; but his one ambition is to please you. No creature, except a dog, so honestly strives to serve

his master's every whim as does a kindly treated saddle-horse of unspoiled temper.

Kindness is more essential in teaching a horse to jump than in ordinary road-riding. A nag with a small quantum of confidence in his rider may be induced to jog cleverly along the road; but he must feel a deal of trust in you to undertake cheerfully the exertion of a jump, and the cheerful jumper is the sure one. This faith is bred of your kindness.

A horse's intelligence is limited, and, while he may do things from fear of a master, fear means flurry, and flurry means uneven work. What he does because he knows you like to have him do it, is better done by far. Many a horse will jump well under the whip; more will not; but the best are those which have been rationally taught.

"Throw away your whip and spurs, young man, if you wish to win a race on that mare!" said the famous jockey, Archer, one day to a junior jockey. He knew that the mare would do her very best by encouragement, and that she would be puzzled, flurried, and her speed retarded by a blow.

Your horse needs all his wits about him to jump well; do not rob him of part of them. Kindness is quite as apt to be coupled with firmness as is wrath; and it has the advantage of leaving your nag in possession of all his faculties. A horse who takes a fence because he remembers that when headed at other fences he got a sharp cut of the whip, will not, while thinking of it, be half as able as the horse who remembers that he has had a kind word, or a pat, or a bit of apple after all his jumps.

I do not suppose you wish to "make a hunter"; but, assuming that you wish to teach your horse to jump, I will tell you how I used to manage it. In England, and now in America, hunters are manufactured, so to speak, as an article of commerce. Farmers raise colts, and begin to school them to jump at three or four years old.

What you want is to teach your horse or pony to jump any slight obstacle handily, and this without your going to a riding-school, or owning a paddock in which to put up your obstacles. While I do not set my opinion against the best English practices—Britons are far and away the best cross-country riders in the world—I have had better luck in teaching my horse from the saddle than from the ground with a halter. If you want to educate a stableful, that is one thing; if you want to drill your own nag, that is another.

I assume, of course, that you have a reasonably well-behaved and courageous horse or pony. No "slug" ever jumps well; some very high-bred and beautiful performers to hounds are loth to jump in cold blood; and many will not jump at all times.

I once owned a mare who would head the field, and keep there over any country, so soon as she heard the tongue of a hound; but it was as much as one's own collar-bones and her knees were worth to get her over a three-foot wall off the road. She had almost every quality one seeks in a horse—she was a beauty—but over a simple hurdle I have been tossed on her neck—or farther—scores of times; and this is not a pleasant dose to keep on taking.

But if you have a cheerful nag, and one that is ready for work, but is no jumper, you can begin teaching him at any time. Twenty to one he will jump almost any common obstacle in a month.

Mind you, jumping is not hunting. Many of the prize-jumpers who make such abnormal records at the horse shows as six feet—and more—are poor hunters; others are no better than the average. It is courage, ability to stay, coolness and

good manners, which make a hunter. What you want, I presume, is merely to get your saddle-beast to jump—not as a business, but as an additional accomplishment

Well, to come to the how. In order to begin you must be able to get out on the country road, or into some wood or field, where you can find a suitable obstacle. In town you can do nothing outside a school. Horses are taught by practice, not theory. You stick to the theory, and let them have the practice.

Find a gate where you can take down all but the two lower bars, without the farmer setting his dog on you. Have the bars stiff. Never let a horse imagine that, if he raps the top-bar, it will tumble off. That is a fatal idea—which makes one think of that old British fox-hunter who said he always broke his hunters of raping, by riding out and giving them two or three nasty falls over timber. A fallen tree is a good obstacle for practice at, if it is big enough, and thicker at one end than the other, because it gives a variety of The main thing is never to let your horse know that he can refuse. you are kind and firm, and do not hurry him, he will not get the idea.

If the first obstacle be only so high that by a little more than ordinary exertion your horse can step over it, so much the better. Take him across it a few times at a walk, always speaking kindly to him after he has gone over. After two or three trials, he will himself see that if he rises to it, the getting over is actually easier, and the first lesson is learned.

A bit of sugar or a pinch of salt, or an apple, is a capital thing to have in your pocket. You have no idea how quickly a horse learns what to be rewarded means. Don't keep him at the work so long as to disgust him; it makes him what they call stale. Watch his mood; the nibbles tend to keep up his interest.

The next lesson is of the same order; only if he remembers the first, you may

jog your horse up to the obstacle, and you will find that he rises nicely to it. Most horses jump beautifully from a trot, which you may always use when riding at a walk off the road, though in the hunting field there is no time to pull down out of a gallop, unless to negotiate some extra bad place.

When your mount will jog up to the obstacle, rise to it, and jump well beyond it, he has made a big stride forward; and it will be your fault if you let him go back. But don't hurry him.

As to yourself and your rig: use a snafflebridle, or, if you have a bit and bridoon, keep the curb-rein loose, so as not to jerk on your horse's mouth, for that discourages him. See that your saddle is in place, and your girths tight.

Do you, yourself, sit firm and lean back. The usual instruction is to lean forward to help your horse rise, and then lean back as he lands; but, for ordinary obstacles, it is enough to lean back during the leap. Especially do this when you have jogged up to the jump.

Grip with all the legs you've got; but don't dig your spurs into the horse. Leave them off at first. Of course, this is not the riding-school rule; to conform to that you are supposed to hold on by your knees and thighs alone; but all rules do not work in practice, and no one jumps a big fence without grabbing on for dear life.

There are horses—I have owned one or two—who would gallop "over sticks" so easily that you barely felt the extra bound, and whom, at a canter, you could ride over hurdles bareback, and hold on by mere balance. But few horses measure their work so as to take a hedge or wall in the stride, and a learning horse is more irregular than one who knows his lesson.

"Curl your sitting bones under you," and grab with every muscle you have, until you know your horse; and don't forget to lean back.

Don't use the reins to hold on by.

Give your horse his head. Remember that it is he who is doing the trick, not you, and that he knows how to use his own legs a vast deal better than you do. Make him feel that you want him to jump every time, and that there is a distinct gain in doing it cheerfully. Then let him alone—or merely give him a word of encouragement as you get near the jump.

When your horse jogs up to the familiar things and takes them handily, you may put him at them at a canter; and thereafter gradually increase his pace, if you like. But height in an obstacle calls for less speed than width; great speed does not enable a horse to gather for a high jump.

The rules I have given will apply to ditches; but many a horse, who will always take a stone wall in good style, will fight shy of a ditch, particularly if he can see the shimmer of water. It is only practice which gives the horse confidence

In jumping a three-foot wall at a hand-gallop, most horses will cover from take-off to landing a matter of fifteen feet and upward; and yet they may swerve from a four-foot ditch, though they have over five feet leeway on either bank. You will find that at a ditch you must school your horse more than at a hedge or wall. But try not to frighten him. Let him become familiar with small ditches, and especially gain confidence in you, and feel that a good performance ensures reward.

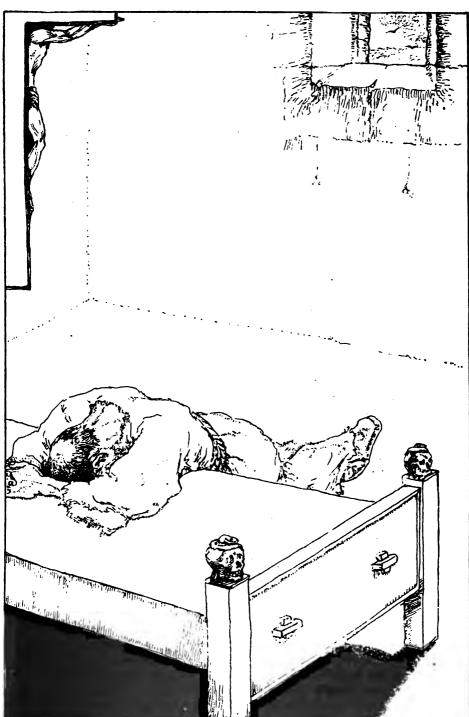
It is a common belief that a horse "stales," if made to jump the same thing over and over again. On the kindness basis, I have not found this so. I agree that whipping a horse over the same place, hour in hour out, will discourage him; and no one doubts that a horse jumps better in company than alone. But when a nag knows that he will get a good word and a nibble for half-a-dozen jumps a day, my experience is that he

will prick up his ears and go at the same old place all the more eagerly, because the very obstacle is redolent of his reward.

A girl's seat, if the saddle be well girthed, is quite as safe as a lad's; and

every girl will do well to learn to jump small obstacles. The danger, if you go at it properly, is so small as not to be worth while counting; the pleasure is incalculable, and the additional firmness of seat is a gain worth ten times the risk.





SANCTUARY FROM SELF.

lly Alan Weight.

haiyat of Oma Khavyam.)

# THE CHRONICLES OF ELVIRA HOUSE.

BY HERBERT KEEN.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. DEWAR.

V.—THE MISSING HEIR.



Y friendship for Mr. Booth was cemented by his rendering me a great personal service, for which I shall ever be grateful to him. I

regret to say that he obstinately refused to admit that he had done anything to make me his debtor, when I in vain endeavoured to persuade him to accept some substantial recognition of my obligation. I did, indeed, succeed in forcing upon him a catseye scarf-pin of his own selection, which I thought, not only hideous in itself, but ridiculously inadequate, even as a mere memento. If he survives me, however, the contents of my will may convince him that he cannot baulk my fixed determination; meanwhile, I can, at least, enjoy the satisfaction of relating the episode.

I have already said that I was a clerk in the Monarchy Assurance Office, and until a certain eventful evening, about a year after Mr. Booth came to reside at Elvira House, I never imagined, in my wildest dreams, that any improvement in my position or prospects was likely to occur. was already on the wrong side of fifty, and had reached the limit of salary aliotted to the subordinate staff. Younger men had been promoted over my head to more responsible posts; and I had long since realised, without bitterness, that my services were not regarded as entitling me to especial consideration. I had no friends among the Directorate, no influential connections, and no outside expectations from any source whatever. Fortunately, I had always contrived to make my modest salary suffice for my requirements, and had even saved a little money; so that, being totally devoid of ambition, I

was leading a perfectly contented existence, undismayed by the certainty of being forced to retire into private life at the end of another ten years or so on a pension of infinitesimal proportions.

I never had a spirit to contract a debt which I could not pay, and therefore I was quite calm when, on being summoned from the drawing-room one evening, I was informed by the faithful footman George, in an awe-stricken whisper on the landing outside, that a mysterious "party," who refused his name and business, was waiting to see me. though young in years, was not without experience in the class of callers who are objects of distrust and perturbation to impecunious boarders. The Major, for instance, was never at home to anyone on any consideration whatever; and George understood that he was entitled to claim a shilling from his master for every obnoxious visitor whom he succeeded in turning away from the premises. practice in this respect sharpened the lad's wits, and his warning glance plainly told me that, in his opinion, the person below was a dun.

I descended, however, without the least apprehension on this score, and was confronted in the entrance-hall by a young man, who obsequiously addressed me by name. He handed to me a cheap card, on which was inscribed with many flourishes the distinguished appellation, "Mr. Farquhar Barrington." He was a tall, slim, respectable-looking youth, neatly, though somewhat shabbily dressed, with rather prominent features, sandy hair, and a clean-shaven face. Before I could say a word he whispered hastily behind his hand,

"I have some valuable information of immense importance to you, sir, and must beg for a private interview."

The man's manner, rather than his words, vaguely impressed me, and I invited him into the dining-room, which was then unoccupied. All traces of our recent meal had been cleared away, and the long table, denuded of its cloth, was ignominiously displayed in the guise of a series of wide boards, supported by trestles, and sparsely covered with green baize. While I turned up the one dim gas-jet which remained alight, my visitor carefully closed the door behind him, and threaded his way among the scattered chairs to the seat which I indicated by the fireplace.

"Mr. Perkins," he said solemnly, "permit me to congratulate you."

"Why?" I enquired, staring at him.

"Because you have only to say a single word to find yourself in possession of a handsome sum of money."

"Indeed, how?" I enquired curiously, but not particularly moved.

"Never mind how, Mr. Perkins. You shall know in one minute. At present nobody in the world knows or suspects but myself."

This sounded rather startling, and I gazed at him with renewed interest while he sat facing me. He had a thin, curved, hawk-like nose, high cheek-bones, small light blue eyes, deep-set and close together, very thin lips, and a strong lower His complexion was yellow and freckled, and I now judged him to be considerably older than I had at first supposed. His dress consisted of a long frock-coat, much frayed and worn at the wrists and elbows, a tall hat bronzed with age, trousers with a threadbare pattern, and enormous boots, all bulged and cracked. His linen, what there was of it, was decidedly dingy; round his neck he wore a greasy old silk tie, and his large bony hands were gloveless. Yet, in spite of his unprepossessing exterior, his resolute manner, and the absolute calmness with which he submitted to my scrutiny, impelled a vague respect.

"You think I'm a beggar or a lunatic, of course," he said quietly.

"I do not recognise your name," I said, glancing in perplexity at his card.

"No, and what is more, you do not even know it," he replied; and then, in answer to my look of surprise, he added, "That is an assumed name. My real name will be forthcoming if we do business; otherwise I prefer to remain, so far as you are concerned, Mr. Farquhar Barrington."

"You might just as well have called yourself plain John Smith," I said, inclined to laugh at the fellow's cool impudence.

"First impressions go for something. My appearance, I know, is not in my favour. I assumed a name that might attract," he replied, in a matter-of-fact way.

"How can you expect me to do business, as you call it, if you don't tell me who and what you are?" I exclaimed, irritably.

"What does it matter to you, Mr. Perkins, who and what I am?" he answered, imperturbably. "It is much more to the point that I know who and what you are. I don't want anything from you; on the contrary, I come as a benefactor. If you will sign this, you will never regret it."

He produced a folded paper as he spoke, and handed it to me. It was a short document, very neatly and formally written in legal phraseology, on a sheet of blue foolscap, with a red seal at the end. I opened it carelessly at first, and then read it through with attention. It was in the form of a bond, by which I undertook, in consideration of certain information, to pay to someone—a blank space was left for the name—one-half of any money I might recover by means of such information.

"Your name is not filled in," I re-

marked, when I had mastered this remarkable production.

"It shall be filled in when you sign," he said, with a laugh.

I read the document again, but with the aid of all the intelligence I could muster, I failed to see anything in it that was not fair and straightforward. It pledged me to nothing except to pay this man half of any money I might receive through his information. It did not bind me to employ him about the business, and it left me entirely free to make use or not of his information, as I pleased.

"One-half seems a considerable proportion," I said.

"It is better than nothing," replied Barrington, for so I suppose I had better call him. "Take time, if you please, for reflection. Do you know of any money due to you from anyone?"

"No," I answered, truthfully.

"Any expectations? any rich relatives? Think, Mr. Perkins?"

He spoke half mockingly, yet with sufficient earnestness to put me on my guard. I deliberately reflected, but without result, while he sat watching me with admirable self-control.

"I think you ought to tell me a little more," I said at length, rather feebly.

"Not a word, unless you choose to sign," he replied, with quiet determination.

"Very well," I said abruptly, after a further pause, "I'll sign."

I now know that my decision was very hasty and unwise, but at the time I believed either that Barrington's boasted information would turn out delusive, or else that it referred to some small unclaimed dividend in a long-forgotten bankruptcy due to a remote ancestor of mine. I had heard of such cases, and of consequent disappointment, but so far as I was concerned, as I expected nothing, I was not uneasy.

"There seems to be no ink here, and we shall want a witness," he remarked coolly, as he spread the document on the table, and screwed together a portable pen which he took from his pocket.

"What sort of witness?" I enquired, ringing the bell.

"Anyone who is intelligent enough to write his name and to prove, if necessary, that you signed the document of your own free will, Mr. Perkins," said Barrington, testing the nib of the pen on his thumb-nail.

I thought of the lad, George, but, alas! it was before the days of School Boards, and I doubted whether he could write; therefore, when he appeared in answer to the bell, I requested him to bring the ink, and to ask Mr. Booth, who was in the smoking-room, if he would be good enough to step this way.

"What is Mr. Booth?" enquired Mr. Barrington, as George departed on his errand.

"What is he?" I repeated, not seeing the drift of the question.

"He isn't a lawyer, I suppose. I won't have anything to do with lawyers," said Barrington, for the first time showing a slight symptom of uneasiness.

"No, he isn't a lawyer. He is a private gentleman; a boarder here," I answered.

I suppose there was a little hesitation in my tone, though I was not conscious of any intention to deceive, for it did not enter my mind that my friend's occupation was the least material. Barrington, however, looked at me sharply and seemed a trifle disturbed, until Mr. Booth made his appearance, following on the heels of the lad who brought the ink. I noticed that my visitor seemed relieved at the aspect of the mild, benevolent-looking gentleman who entered, with his half-consumed cigar in his hand, bowing politely as he beheld the stranger. The latter, when the footman had left, dipped his pen into the ink with a reassured air, and was evidently proceeding to fill his real name into the blank space when I said, with assumed carelessness, which, doubtless,

did not conceal my suppressed excitement:

"I want you to witness my signature to a document, Mr. Booth."

"I should like to see it first," said he, glancing at Barrington over his spectacles.

Barrington immediately withdrew his pen, and looked annoyed, while I handed the paper silently across the table to my friend, who read it through between the whiffs of his cigar. Then he said quietly but decidedly:

"I shouldn't sign this, if I were you, Perkins; it wants considering."

"Mr. Perkins has considered," said Barrington, quickly.

"What is it all about?" enquired Booth, strolling round the table, and dropping carelessly into a chair by my side.

I explained, and it is unnecessary to repeat the conversation that ensued, because it was practically a repetition of my previous questions put in more ingenious forms by Mr. Booth, and of Barrington's guarded answers. But I soon perceived that the latter realised he had a very different person to deal with in my friend, and if he did not actually suspect Mr. Booth's late occupation, he at least manifested considerable distrust of him. maintained his resolute bearing and would not budge an inch from his terms, though my friend tried to tempt him with alternative proposals, such as various percentages on the amount recovered, and finally, to my dismay, he commenced making deliberate offers to purchase the information for money down. He started with £20, and got as far as £200, then £300. Finally, he said:

"Come, Mr. Barrington, £350! It is the last time!"

"No," said Barrington, resolutely, to my secret relief. "It is sign or nothing."

"Well, well, there's no hurry, I suppose?" said Mr. Booth, who seemed amused. "The property won't run away."

"It is in the hands of somebody who won't keep it long. What's more," added Barrington, with an angry gleam in his eyes, "if Mr. Perkins won't decide tonight I'll sell my information to the other side."

At this I nudged my friend warningly under the table, for I had worked myself into a foolish state of nervous excitement. It had become quite evident to me, from Barrington's refusal to be tempted by the large sums offered to him, that the money at stake was considerable, and I was fairly carried away by his resolute attitude.

But Mr. Booth took not the slightest notice of my hint, and merely said:

"We will turn the matter over in our minds. Perhaps to-morrow I may be disposed to advise Mr. Perkins to sign the document."

He was proceeding to take it up, when Barrington pounced upon it, tore it across with an emphatic gesture, and threw the pieces on the fire. They were caught in a lingering blaze and instantly consumed, while Barrington stood by buttoning up his coat.

"Will you leave your address in case we wish to communicate with you?" asked Mr. Booth, innocently.

At this Barrington laughed scoffingly, and made no answer.

"Perhaps you would prefer a message in the first column of the *Times 1*" suggested Mr. Booth, quite unmoved.

"As you please," said Barrington indifferently.

"Will you write a form of advertisement?" said Mr. Booth.

"You can write, I'll dictate," replied Barrington, with a glance of contempt.

"Have you a slip of paper?" enquired Mr. Booth, a little sharply, as he felt in his own pocket.

I hastened to feel in mine, but my friend kicked me under the table. Barrington, meanwhile, had instinctively commenced to unbutton his coat, but, desisting suddenly, he said with a sneer:

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"I have none."

Considering that the bulging of his coat plainly showed that his inner breast-pocket was full of letters, &c., it is obvious that his reply was untrue. However, Mr. Booth only smiled, and said goodhumouredly:

"I'll fetch some."

He walked quickly from the room, and when he had gone, Barrington immediately turned upon me.

"Your friend isn't so clever as he thinks. He is causing you to make a fool of yourself, Mr. Perkins."

"I am satisfied to leave myself in his hands," I replied angrily.

"Very well. Fortunately, you'll never know what it has cost you," said Barrington, with a shrug.

I did not respond, for I was not best pleased at the turn of events, and was afraid of showing it. During Mr. Booth's brief absence Barrington sat on the end of the table, frowning at the fire; he rose when my friend returned, and, strolling to the hearthrug, said sarcastically:

"Shall I dictate the advertisement?"

"Yes," said Mr. Booth, placing a sheet of notepaper before him on the table and taking up a pen.

"If you will put this in the first column of the *Times* any morning this week, I will call here at 9 o'clock on the evening of the same day, understanding that Mr. Perkins will sign the document."

"Well?" said Mr. Booth, pen in hand.

"Mr. B. admits that he is beaten," dictated Barrington, sneeringly.

My friend grinned as he wrote this down, and then carefully blotted it.

"The initial might mean either of us," he observed slyly.

"You forget that Barrington isn't my name," said the stranger, moving round the table to the door.

"No, I shan't forget," laughed Mr. Booth.

Our visitor, I could see, did not feel at

all at his ease with my friend in spite of his pretended assurance, and without another word, except a muttered "Goodnight," he strode from the room, and presently we heard the hall-door bang behind him.

Mr. Booth and I sat looking at one another for a few moments across the table, and, no doubt, my expression conveyed my sentiments of mingled disappointment and anxiety, for Mr. Booth suddenly burst out laughing.

"My dear fellow don't look so glum," he cried, "I wonder you can resist laughing. That is one of the cleverest young fellows I've ever met. I've been at him for half an hour, and yet I don't know his name, his address, his handwriting, his occupation, his nationality—I haven't succeeded in eliciting a solitary shred of a clue. I'm a much older hand than he is, too."

"I must confess I don't think it is a laughing matter," I said ruefully. "What about the money?"

"I'm firmly convinced, Perkins, that you are entitled to a fortune," he replied, evidently quite in earnest.

"Good heavens! But where is it?" I exclaimed, my natural feeling of elation struggling with misgivings.

"I think it perfectly possible that, at present, he alone knows," replied Mr. Booth, lighting another cigar.

"And he has disappeared?" I murmured.

"Yes," he nodded.

"I expect we shall have to insert the advertisement, after all," I said tentatively.

"What, this?" he exclaimed, crushing up the slip of paper in his hand rather viciously, and jerking it into the fireplace. "I would almost sooner you lost your fortune, Perkins, than give that fellow such a triumph. No, no! It was only a little dodge of mine to get a scrap of his handwriting, if possible. I hoped, too, he might have given me an old

envelope with an address upon it, to write upon."

"But he didn't," I said shortly.

"No, he was pretty cute—yet he is not so clever as he thinks," replied Mr. Booth, unconsciously repeating Barrington's words about him. "I set George to follow him."

"When you went out of the room?"

"Yes; George is an intelligent lad. He may bring us some information; and now, old fellow, let us seriously consider your side of the question. Come up to my room and talk it over."

Mr. Booth occupied one of the largest of the private apartments in the house, which, by the way, consisted, strictly speaking, of two houses communicating with one another. He had partly furnished it himself, and, by an ingenious contrivance of curtains, had practically divided it into a sitting-room and bedroom. The fireplace was in the former, and seated on a couple of comfortable arm-chairs in front of it, with a genial blaze leaping up the chimney, and the table spread with glasses and decanters from his private store, my friend and I settled down to a private confabulation.

This consisted, mainly, of researches into my family history. I ransacked my memory to recall to mind all the relatives I had ever known or heard of, while Mr. Booth laboriously constructed my pedigree on a slip of paper. Unfortunately, our occupation was not very encouraging in its results, for I was almost the only survivor of my own generation, and of my ancestors I could give but little information. I thought Mr. Booth looked rather blue at the conclusion of our labours, though he said cheerfully:

"One never can tell. Of course that fellow may be on a false scent, but somehow I fancy he has found out something which we can't at present. Come in!"

The last words were uttered in response to a knock at the door, and the next moment the lad George presented himself, looking flushed and excited.

"Well?" queried Mr. Booth.

"Please, sir, I did as you told me. I slipped out and hired a hansom, and waited a few doors off till the party left this house," said George breathlessly. "He jumped on a passing bus and rode up to the end of Orchard Street."

"Did he notice you following in the hansom?"

"No, sir, not then. He walked up Oxford Street to the Marble Arch. I got out of the cab, as you suggested, and hung on the step by the driver, who walked his horse as if he were plying for a fare."

"Good lad! Yes?"

"The party took another 'bus at the Marble Arch, to the end of Hamilton Place."

" Yes?"

"Then he strolled eastward along Piccadilly. I am afraid he twigged me then."

"Ah!"

"Yes, sir, for he made a start into the roadway and jumped on a bus as quick as lightning, while I, as the traffic was blocked, followed on foot. It was lucky I did, for he suddenly slipped off the bus he was on and jumped upon the one in front."

"Lucky you saw him."

"Yes, sir, and being rather blown I got inside the same 'bus while he was mounting on the roof."

"Five shillings for that, George!"

"Thank you, sir. Well, I kept a sharp look-out, and all of a sudden, just after we had passed the Egyptian 'All, I see'd him jump off."

"On which side of the road?"

"Side he was agoing, sir; the left hand side. I don't think he knew I was in the 'bus, but he was precious quick. He turned up a turning and disappeared before you could say 'knife'!"

"You followed?"

"Yes, sir, but only just in time. The

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turning wasn't a street. There was a house at the end, with a flight of steps leading to it. I think they call it the Albany, sir?"

"Quite right," said Mr. Booth, with increased interest.

"Well, sir, he said a word to the porter, and passed into the building

along a sort of corridor. I followed, but the porter stopped me and asked my business. Well, of course I hadn't got no business, nothing that I could tell. The porter wouldn't let me go in; couldn't persuade him anyhow, sir. I waited about for more than an hour, sir, but he never came out, so I returned."



"THE PORTER WOULDN'T LET ME GO IM."

"There is an entrance at the other end," observed Mr. Booth, thoughtfully.

"So I remembered afterwards, sir, and I didn't think it worth while waiting any longer," said George, apologetically.

"You did very well, George, and here is half-a-sovereign," said Mr. Booth, producing the money.

"Much obliged, sir, I'm sure, sir," said George, pocketing the coin with intense gratification at my friend's commendation.

"Sharp lad that," said Mr. Booth, approvingly, when he had disappeared.

"But nothing has come of it all," I exclaimed.

"H'm. I'm not so sure it isn't a clue. How did Barrington manage to get past the porter? He must have mentioned the name of someone in the building. It doesn't follow, of course, that he called on anyone. Still, there is no knowing. Well, good-night, Perkins," headded, suddenly rousing himself, after some minutes' reflection, "I'm more hopeful than I was five minutes ago."

I took the hint and returned to my own room, somewhat cheered by my friend's last words, but feeling, upon the whole, rather depressed than otherwise. My head was a little turned by the vague expectations which had been aroused by the mysterious Barrington; and I was possessed by a sort of feverish impatience which made me inclined to blame Mr. Booth for his interference. I passed an almost sleepless night in building castles in the air on the very unsubstantial foundation of Barrington's visit. But by slow degrees I became calmer; my common-sense reasserted itself; the extreme improbability of an unexpected inheritance appealed to my sober judgment; and though I did not close my eyes till dawn. I awoke at the usual hour without a trace of my recent excitement. more, I can honestly assert that those short hours of mental disturbance had completely discounted the effect of any future development, however startling, and

from that time forward I watched the progress of events with philosophical calmness, almost amounting to indifference.

"Well, Perkins, what do you think about it all this morning?" was my friend's greeting when we met at breakfast.

"I think it is all nonsense," I replied quietly. "And you?"

"I agree. Nevertheless, as a mere matter of curiosity, I propose to make an enquiry of the porter at the Albany. Will you come?"

So far from feeling disappointed at Mr. Booth's reply, I was disposed to regard the suggestion as a waste of time and energy. However, I did not wish to appear ungracious, and curiosity, if nothing stronger, caused me to acquiesce in his proposal. I was rather surprised to find that my friend seemed to regard the affair more seriously than he pretended, but even this discovery failed to render me the least enthusiastic.

The porter at the Albany, a pompous individual in a red waistcoat, displayed a very defective memory at first, but the magical effect of five shillings was that he recalled the circumstance of the incident which George had recounted, and recognised Barrington by our description.

"Why did you let him pass?" enquired Mr. Booth, when relations between us had been established on this friendly footing.

"He said he had a message for Mr Halstead from his lawyers."

"Mr. Halstead resides here then?"

"Yes, last house but one."

"Did you notice whether he called there?" enquired Mr. Booth.

"No, sir, I didn't. The fact is that other impudent chap comes up at the moment and gives me a lot of his cheek. It was all I could do to turn him away."

"Is Mr. Halstead at home now?"

"I suppose so. He ain't often out so early as this," said the porter, glancing at his watch.

"I think my friend and I will call upon him," observed Mr. Booth.

The porter politely made way for us, and we strolled up the corridor while Mr. Booth said:

"I expect it was only a blind. Still, we will call, and enquire if Mr. Halstead knows him. It is worth while."

On arriving at the house indicated, however, we learnt from Mr. Halstead's servant that his master was out of town; and further enquiry elicited the fact that no one answering to the description of Barrington had called the preceding evening. The valet, who seemed to be well informed about Mr. Halstead's affairs, and was evidently in his confidence, had never seen or heard of such a person.

"Is he a wrong 'un, this Mr.—what is his name—Barrington?" enquired the valet.

"That is just what I want to find out," replied Mr. Booth cautiously. "He knows your master's name, at all events. By the way, who are Mr. Halstead's lawyers?"

"Messrs. Talbot & Black, of Lincoln's Inn Fields," said the man promptly.

"Thanks," said Mr. Booth, as we turned away. "Possibly he may be one of their clerks."

The valet, who, no doubt, imagined that we were a couple of detectives on the track of a malefactor, manifested his discretion by refraining from asking any further questions, and we walked away to the Vigo Street entrance of the Arcade.

"It is quite clear he isn't known there," said Mr. Booth, thoughtfully. "I should like to find out how he got hold of Mr. Halstead's name, though I expect he only used it as a means of escaping through the Albany corridor. No doubt he was sharper than George imagined, and saw that he was being shadowed."

"Why did you ask the name of Mr. Halstead's solicitors?" I enquired.

"Because, although I don't think that anything will come of it, we may as well call upon them," replied Mr. Booth, hailing a passing hansom.

A short drive, during which my companion sat silent and thoughtful, brought us to our destination, and, as neither of the principals had arrived, we had an interview with the managing clerk of the firm. I envied and admired the easy, self-possession which my friend displayed in obtaining the information he required. Instead of appearing to ask a favour, he contrived, by his tact and pleasant manners, to convey an impression of conferring an obligation, and caused the cautious old head clerk to produce his snuff-box with a deferential air, and to become quite friendly and confidential.

"No, sir, we have never heard of Mr. Farquhar Barrington, as he calls himself," said the old gentleman. "We have never had a clerk of that name or answering his description during the fifty-two years I have been here."

"That is quite conclusive," said Mr. Booth, smiling.

"And you say that this individual is passing himself off as a member of our staff? Really, sir, I am indebted to you—my principals will be indebted to you—for your friendly warning. We will be on our guard, sir, we will be on our guard."

Mr. Booth accepted these expressions of thanks with becoming modesty, and by degrees drifted into an amicable conversation on general subjects until, to my surprise, the name of Mr. Halstead was introduced. How it came about I really cannot exactly remember; I think my friend made a casual reference to somebody he knew, who had once lived in the Albany; and so, insensibly as it were, the old clerk was led to speak of the firm's client.

Without manifesting any curiosity, and in the most natural way in the world, my friend became possessed of all the information he required about Mr. Halstead. We learnt that he was an old bachelor, who had formerly been a clerk in one of

the Government offices; that he was eminently respectable, and fairly well off; that his family came from Leicestershire, and that there was no kind of mystery about him or his affairs.

"Well, Perkins," said my friend quietly, as we parted on the pavement in front of Messrs. Talbot & Black's office, at the conclusion of our visit, "I think we need not pursue the matter any further; it is a false scent."

"Then what is to be done?" I asked.

"We must consider. Barrington must be unearthed. Anyhow, we've got a week," said Mr. Booth, hopefully, in allusion to the period of grace so contemptuously accorded.

But during this interval, which quickly slipped by, I began to observe in my friend signs of gloomy irritation. He said very little to me about what he was doing, and, as I felt convinced that he was making unremitting efforts on my behalf, I forbore to question him. Curiously enough, as time went on, I felt much more concerned on his account than on my own. It would be affectation to pretend that I did not experience some disappointment as I instinctively realised the failure of his attempts to discover my mysterious visitor, but it grieved me to see how he took the matter to heart, and I dreaded to think of his bitter humiliation at having to confess himself baffled.

However, the apparently inevitable moment arrived, and one morning he came up to me after breakfast, and silently handed me a slip of paper.

"What is this?' I enquired nervously, knowing full well.

"To-morrow is the last day. That young fellow is too clever for me," he replied quietly.

"You advise me to insert the advertisement and to sign the bond?" I said.

"I dare not advise the contrary. Mind you, I think, in course of time, I might find everything out. But it is a hard nut

to crack. At present I have been able to do nothing."

He turned aside as he spoke, with such an air of dejection and annoyance that I made, on the spot, a reckless resolve. Of course I was influenced in some measure by his suggestion that he only needed time; but at the moment I felt in a mood to hazard everything rather than cause my friend pain.

My first impulse was simply not to insert the advertisement; but, on second thoughts, a better plan occurred to me. I took up a pen, and on a fresh slip of paper I wrote the words;

"Mr. Barrington is informed that he is beaten."

It was a mere piece of harmless bravado, designed to gratify my friend rather than to cause annoyance to his adversary. Still, I could not help chuckling at Mr. Barrington's mystification when he beheld it, and I experienced quite a thrill of gleeful satisfaction when I handed the message across the desk at the *Times* office.

I kept my secret from Mr. Booth, and next morning I watched with considerable amusement to see the effect upon him of my little manœuvre. He was very late down-I think purposely-and when he arrived he distinctly avoided opening his private copy of the Times, which lay by the side of his plate. But at length, catching my eye, he unfolded the sheet with a studied air of indifference. I saw him glance at the "agony" column, and then give a start of surprise, while his bald forehead grew rosy over the top of the page. The next moment he jumped up from his seat with a beaming countenance, and came round to the back of my chair.

"You old ass," he murmured in my ear, giving me at the same time a friendly dig in the ribs.

After which little ebullition of feeling, he resumed his place at the table, and went on with his breakfast as though nothing had happened. For my part.

between satisfaction at the evident gratification which I had caused him and an Englishman's nervous dread of being thanked, I made haste to despatch my meal, and hurried off to the office without giving him an opportunity of speaking to me.

I was in unaccountably good spirits all that day, and felt rather relieved that my duties kept me mostly out of doors. sometimes had a good deal of running about to do, and it happened that it was my turn to go the round of the various branches, so that I had little leisure to reflect upon the possible consequences of the step I had taken. I did not get backto my desk till after the doors of the establishment had been closed to the general public; and I then learnt that a lad had called during the afternoon with a note for me, but that, just before closing time, he had returned and asked to have the note handed back to him on the ground that, owing to my continued absence, it was now useless. annoyed to find that this request had been complied with, so that I had absolutely no idea who my correspondent was.

I naturally associated this rather mysterious incident with myadvertisement in the day's *Times*, and hastened back to Elvira House as soon as I could to tell my friend about it.

George opened the door to me in a state of suppressed excitement, and after briefly saying, in answer to my enquiry, that Mr. Booth had not yet returned, he blurted out:

"That there party is here, sir! I showed him in the smoking-room, as he said he would wait for you."

"Did he ask for me?" I enquired, considerably startled.

"No, sir, he asked for Mr. Booth first, and it's my belief he wouldn't have come in if I hadn't told him Mr. Booth wasn't coming back to-night," said George with a wink.

I felt exceedingly uncomfortable, for

without my friend at my elbow I did not know what on earth I should say to my visitor. From Mr. Booth's opinion of the fellow, I knew that I was no match for him in cunning, and, with regard to the bond, I should have considered it an act of disloyalty to have signed it behind my friend's back.

However, there was nothing to be done but to face the man, so, bidding George to warn Mr. Booth if he returned before my visitor left, I hung up my great-coat and hat in the hall, and walked into the smoking-room.

Barrington was standing on the hearthrug with his back to the fire, looking much more prosperous than at our first interview. He was neatly dressed in a stout suit of blue serge, and on the table lay a brand new cloth-cap of the same material. He looked as though he were on the eve of a journey, and carried a railway rug across his arm.

"Ah! Mr. Perkins," he exclaimed, impatiently, as I entered. "I sent a note to your office, but you were out."

"You saw the advertisement, I suppose," I said, taking the bull by the horns.

"Yes. I'm glad to find that you can do without me," he replied, looking at me keenly.

"Thanks to my friend, Mr. Booth," I observed, as calmly as I could.

"He has found out everything, has he?" enquired Barrington, rather nervously.

"May I enquire," I said, stiffly, feeling unpleasantly conscious that the tell-tale blush was mounting to my cheeks, "the object of your visit?"

"I am going abroad, and my train starts for Southampton in an hour," he said, still looking hard at me. "I am afraid I must admit that I called simply out of curiosity."

"You don't want me to sign that precious document then?" I said, hastily, to conceal my dismay at the news of his departure from England.

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"Oh, no! It is too late. I made you a fair offer, Mr. Perkins. I have sold my secret to somebody else," he replied, gravely.

"You scoundrel!" I exclaimed, exapperated by his coolness.

"Strong language, Mr. Perkins, won't disguise the fact that, as I expected, your advertisement was bounce," he replied, in a tone of such evident satisfaction that I felt doubly annoyed with myself.

"How about Mr. Halstead?" I exclaimed in desperation.

"Mr. Halstead!" he repeated, pausing with an air of bewilderment in the act of taking up his hat from the table. "Oh! you mean the old gentleman who lives in the Albany," he added, after a few moments of puzzled reflection.

"Yes," I said sullenly, perceiving that my change shot had missed its mark.

"Ha! ha! ha!" he laughed boisterously. "So that is the extent of Mr. Booth's wonderful discoveries! Will you present my compliments to your friend and say that I knew that I was being followed that night. If I could spare the time I should like to see him to congratulate him upon his triumph."

He took a step towards the door as he spoke, but before he could reach it I rushed forward and, with a desperate movement, turned the key. My action was so totally unexpected that Barrington at first looked simply amazed, while for my part, I was so carried away by excitement and anger at the thought of his quitting the country with his undisclosed secret, that I had yielded to a desperate and unreasoning impulse.

"Mr. Perkins! what does this mean?" exclaimed Barrington, quickly and sternly, when he realised the situation.

"You must wait to see Mr. Booth," I gasped, as I slipped the key into my pocket.

"I understood Mr. Booth was out of town," he said, in a startled tone.

"He will be back in time for dinner," I answered.

"Open that door immediately," cried Barrington, in a peremptory tone.

"Not until-"

"Mr. Perkins, open that door, or-"

He did not conclude his sentence, but, with a determined air, produced suddenly a formidable revolver and levelled it straight at my head. I wish I could record that I displayed courage and firmness in this startling emergency. I am afraid I must admit that, on the contrary, I behaved with absolute pusillanimity. endeavoured to convince myself that my assailant would not dare to carry out his threat, but it is not easy to reason calmly with the gleaming barrel of a revolver dazzling one's eyes and understanding, and Barrington's aspect was that of a desperate man. After a brief moment of hesitation, I sulkily threw the key on the table, and stepped out of range, while my visitor picked it up and, transferring the offensive weapon to his left hand, proceeded to unlock the door, keeping his eyes fixed, half sternly and half jeeringly, upon me.

We were both of us too much preoccupied, I suppose, in watching one another, to notice the sound of an approaching footstep in the hall outside; at all events it would be difficult to say which was the more startled—though with widely different emotions—when, the instant Barrington had turned the key, the door was quietly opened from the outside and Mr. Booth, still wearing his hat and overcoat, quietly entered the room.

He appeared to take in the situation at a glance, and, before Barrington could recover from his surprise, closed the door behind him and stood with his back against it.

"You had better put that thing away," he said, addressing my companion, referring contemptuously to the revolver.

"I'm in a hurry," said Barrington, taking a step forward.





" LEVELLED IT STRAIGHT AT MY HEAD"

"You were thinking of starting on a journey?" enquired Mr. Booth, blandly.

"Abroad," I interposed, significantly.

"Will you be good enough to ring the bell, Perkins?" said Mr. Booth.

"Stop!" exclaimed Barrington, as I was proceeding mechanically to obey. "What for?" he added, turning fiercely upon my friend.

"I propose to give you in charge for threatening Mr. Perkins—and also myself—with a revolver," said Mr. Booth, smiling at the fellow's manifest discomfiture. "What the ultimate result may be I can't say, but you will pass this night, at all events, in a police cell."

"What is the object of this tomfoolery?" cried Barrington, angrily.

"That's my affair, but I can guarantee this much — that in twelve hours from now, you being safe under lock and key, I shall, with the assistance of the police, have discovered everything I wish to know—your name, your recent address, your present destination, the persons you have been in communication with, the nature of your business with them—in a word, everything."

"You know nothing at present, at all events," said Barrington, with an attempted sneer, though he could not disguise his consternation at my friend's words.

"You are going to tell me a good deal," said Mr., Booth, grinning with satisfaction, "unless the prospect of having to put off your journey will not inconvenience you."

"I was a d——d fool to come here," exclaimed Barrington, half involuntarily.

"Oh, no. You needn't blame yourself too much," said Mr. Booth, condescendingly, "you naturally wished to find out what the advertisement meant. You feared the money which is to be paid to you by certain parties might have been withheld at the last moment if everything had been discovered."

"That is right enough," replied Bar-

rington, who seemed somewhat relieved by my friend's altered manner.

"Now the question is," said Mr. Booth, strolling from the door to the fireplace, a circumstance of which our visitor showed no disposition to take advantage in his evident perplexity, "will it suit you better to be detained in a police cell for a night, and run the risk of getting nothing after all; or to be allowed to proceed on your journey with—say—twenty-four hours' grace?"

"Confound you! you've won after all!" exclaimed Mr. Barrington, after an agitated silence, smiling in spite of his vexation.

"You see, you are in a cleft stick!" laughed Mr. Booth, gleefully.

"Well, I suppose I must accept your terms," said Barrington, hastily producing a well-filled pocket-book and extracting an advertisement cut from a newspaper, "you must have discovered this for yourself, you know. I've told you nothing."

"Not a word," said Mr. Booth gravely.

"Is this right, Perkins?" he enquired, passing on the newspaper cutting to me, after glancing at it.

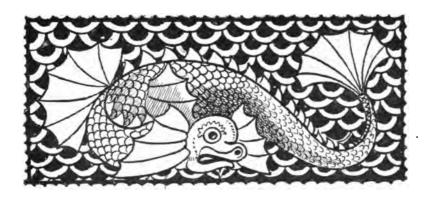
"Yes!" I exclaimed excitedly, a moment later. "Henry Eustace Barker was my father's first cousin. He went to Australia many years ago, and—well, to tell the truth, I had forgotten all about him."

"Then we need not detain Mr. Barrington," said Mr. Booth, bowing ironically.

I have terminated the story at this point because I have no desire to weary my readers by detailing the legal formalities which resulted in my successfully establishing my claim as heir-at-law of my father's cousin. Mr. Booth acted throughout as a zealous and shrewd adviser, and it was chiefly owing to his assistance that I recovered the greater part of the property. It turned out that Barrington—whose real name I charitably refrain from mentioning—had been a clerk in the office of the firm of solicitors who had

some years previously inserted the advertisement which had escaped my notice at the time. How he discovered me was never clearly ascertained, for I am pleased to say that my existence was never suspected either by the solicitors referred to or by the distant relative who wrongfully inherited the fortune. It was this circumstance which caused me to overlook my relative's weakness in having yielded to temptation by purchasing Barrington's silence for a very large sum after the

latter had revealed to him that I—the real heir—was still living. It is an episode in my family history which I prefer not to dwell upon. Suffice it to say, that I recouped him this outlay, and agreed to a compromise which did not leave him penniless; while, on the other hand, I became possessed of a handsome competence, which enabled me to retire from the office, and to present the capital sum I became entitled to in lieu of a pension, to the Monarchy Clerks' Benevolent Fund.



asa chag



1st Hubby.—"I only knew my wife two months before I married her." 2nd Hubby.—"I only knew mine two months after, worse luck."

## WANDERINGS IN BOOKLAND.

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.



HEN I was a boy, I used, like, I suppose, most other boys, to do my imaginative reading through the free library.

There was theology and philosophy to be had at home, but Captain Marryat, and Ballantyne, and Jules Verne were severely absent from my father's shelves. Therefore these necessaries of life had to be smuggled in from abroad, with occasional accidents necessitating heavy duty and confiscation! It is a voice from those days which suddenly awakens in my memory as I survey the appalling pile of novels which (a veritable boa-constrictor's meal!) I have to absorb and give forth In imagination I am again as criticism. standing by the counter of a musty library, wedged in a queue of young people waiting their turn to come up to the desk. Some have important-looking crammed with learned titles. These belong to the Y.M.C.A., and are going to be great men. Most of the applicants know what they want, the resolute small boys with satchels most of all. But there is one shy figure, a shabby little servantgirl, who has no list and nothing to ask for. Timidly she looks up at the grim librarian, and gasps faintly, "A nice novel, please!"

The librarian looks at her contemptuously, takes hold of three greasy volumes that have just been returned, writes something at the end of the third volume, jabs them down in front of her, and off she goes. I have often wondered what book it was the surly librarian gave her, and I still see her going off, radiant as an opiumeater who has just secured an extra big piece of opium on the sly.

The Opium of Fiction! What a blessing it must be to myriads of such crushed hard-working lives! And, indeed, to no few lives that are neither crushed nor hard-

working how unbearable life would be without the anæsthetic of literature!

How happy that little servant-girl would be could she stow away this pile of novels in her box! I sincerely wish she could, though some of them, I'm afraid, would hardly suit her tastes, which I'm sure were very aristocratic, and would not approve of the democratisation of the modern novel.

Well, "a nice novel, please?" recommend something like a great novel in Mr. Harold Frederic's Illumination (Heinemann), of which, however, the reader will have heard so much that he has probably by this time read it for himself. If so, I hope he has a good word for poor Theron Ware, and agrees with me that he was "more sinned against than sinning." I may as well explain, for the benefit of those who haven't read Illumination, that Theron was a young Methodist clergyman in one of the big American mushroom cities. He had natural gifts of eloquence and manner, and was educated up to the needs of his milieu. But he had brains beyond his education, and a temperament, alas, dangerously unfitted for that milieu. Given a chance his brains would speedily think past his creed, provided the opportunity his temperament would soon kick the traces of his Puritan code of morals. Let alone, and everything flourishing, he would still have been a shining light in the Methodist Episcopal Church. But, alas, everything didn't flourish, and he wasn't let alone. By great ill-luck he missed the pastorate of the big church of Tecumseh, and was transferred instead to the very provincial-minded town of Octavius. Here he had elders to deal with of the narrowest, old-fashioned type, and his life was a desert, in which even his pretty and sympathetic young wife

ceased, so to say, to be a palm-tree. However, Theron found his palm-tree presently in Father Forbes, a highly "advanced " Roman Catholic priest, of that rationalistic, hedonistic type descended from the renaissance, and in Celia Madden, a rich and cultivated young lady, who professed the modern neo-paganism, played Chopin to melt a saint, and privately on occasion donned diaphanous Greek costumes. Theron sought Father Forbes to borrow books for his projected history of Abraham, and found himself converted to agnosticism; he sought Celia Madden for her advice in the purchase of a piano for his wife, and ended by forgetting piano, wife, elders, Octavius, and, in fact, everything in the world but Celia's intoxicating playing, her seductive philosophy, with limelight illustrations, and her maddening red hair. Celia led him on rather cruelly—though I don't think, considering her mysterious relations with Father Forbes, that we must condemn her as demi-vierge !-- and finally threw him off under circumstances which seem to me the most harrowing in fiction. She gave the most terrible reason a woman can "Because," she said, "you are a bore." And, of course, she was right. Theron must have been a bore, though I'm not sure that she couldn't have made him into something rather fine if she'd cared to. She threw him off in his transition state. Had she waited for the complete transformation-which she herself had wantonly begun-who knows? Or if Theron had only got that big pastorate at Tecumseh? Between those two issues swung Theron's fate, before it fell sheer into the abyss. To use a less appalling image, Theron dropped between the two stools of puritanism and paganism—the puritanism of his training, the paganism of his temperament—but, happily, there were two kind-hearted folk, learned in failure and makeshifts, to pick him up-delightful Sister Soulsby and her husband-with whom, however, I shall

have to leave the reader to make his own acquaintance.

Mr. Frederic has burst out into sudden flame the last month or two, for in addition to Illumination, Mr. Unwin has published a short novel of his, entitled Marsena, which I have only praised, and Mr. John Lane has republished a delightful series of satires on Mrs. Grundy, entitled Mrs. Albert Grundy, full of good things, of which I cannot resist stealing this cat story: "'Did I ever tell you my cat story?' asked Uncle Dudley, cheerily, testing the knob to see that the door was shut. 'Once a little boy came into his father and said, "Pa, we won't be troubled any more with those cats howling about on our roof at night. I've just been looking out of the upstairs window, and they're all out there fighting and screaming, and tearing each other to pieces. There won't be one of them alive by morning!" Then the father replied, "My son, you imagine a vain thing. When increasing years shall have furnished your mind with a more copious store of knowledge, you will grasp the fact that all this commotion and dire disturbance which you report to me only signifies more cats."'"

There is an erring clergyman again in "Q's" Ia (Cassells). In the little Cornish fishing village of Ardevora the ancient earth-gods spoke to the soul of the Rev. Paul Heathcote through the great soul and the beautiful body of Ia Rosemundy. But here the situations were reversed. The preacher was the symbol of all that was great and distinguished, and Ia was but a humble little fisher girl, who worshipped him. None so humble either, as you will say when you read of her daring wooing of the preacher, which it would be hardly fair to Mr. Quiller Couch to tell. as one would expect, gives us more wonderful pictures of his Cornish characters -and with a brevity hardly less surprising.

Readers of Mr. Baring-Gould's The

Broom-Squire (Methuen) will wish that his Mehetabel had shared some of Ia's Celtic opinions on the subject of love. Ia wouldn't have hesitated long about a wife's right way with such a brute of a husband as Jonas Kink, otherwise known as "Bideabout, the Broom-Squire." What is a "broom-squire"? Broom-squire is the name given, perhaps ironically, to a

murdered sailor—I ordered a cab but yesterday from the inn ornamented with frescoes of his doom—indeed, to confess it, I write pretty nearly on the top of that very dangerous hill of Hind Head. Thus, you see, in a way, *The Broom-Squire* may be called "A Hill-Top Novel"; though, judging from his story, that is the last description Mr. Baring-



" MEHETABEL, I BAPTIZE THEE." BY FRANK DODD. FROM "THE BROOM-SQUIRE." (METHUEN.)

class of squatters in the heathy districts of Surrey, who live by cutting the furze and selling it for broom-making. As I write, I look down the valley beneath my window, and see two cottages surrounded by swarthy stacks and huge bundles of sticks and firewood. The people who live there are broom-squires, for it happens that I am writing in the midst of the very country Mr. Baring-Gould describes with such vividness and vigour. I am but half-a-mile from the memorial-stone of his

Gould would wish given it. For, indeed, he might almost have written it to counteract for Hind Head the pernicious associations of *The Woman Who Did*. Mehetabel dwells in the "Punch Bowl" with a husband, the Broom-Squire aforesaid, who treats her with a gloomy brutality inconceivable to anyone who does not know the hardness of the average country heart. On one occasion he all but succeeds in murdering her. However, she bears it all like a pattern wife, though she is not

without her temptations to do-no, not wrong, but what I think all sensible people would call right. Through this marriage, more or less enforced, she loses the man she loves and who loved her: runs a gauntlet of cruel persecution from her neighbours, and practically misses all positive human happiness; for the negative peace she at last attains, with husband and child both dead after a series of horrors, cannot be mistaken for happiness by anyone who knows what happiness is. Yet there is no hint anywhere in the book that Mr. Baring-Gould, even for a moment, dreams that there was any other course open to her. He is evidently of the Broomsquire's opinion that she was her husband's property, and must so abide, whatever treatment she received. These are the Lord's doings, is Mr. Baring-Gould's view, and, one may add, are very marvellous in our eyes! This, I suppose, is "good morality," as it should be understood by novelists. I can only say that from the point of view of true marriage, such insane self-sacrifice, such spiritual suicide, for a brute whom, in the first instance, the woman never loved, and whom it was an indecency for her to touch, is the highest immorality in every sense of the word, and particularly in that original sense which we are reviving in the new word "anti-social." Of course she did wrong in marrying him in the first instance, but why should marriage be the only mistake that is irremediable?

I don't mean to imply that Mr. Baring-Gould preaches on the subject—he has left that to me!—but he tells so cruel a story with such gusto, and with such a lack of expressed sympathy for his martyred heroine, that one cannot but protest—which protestation is, after all, a tribute to the vitality of his book. Besides, Mr. Baring-Gould would probably retort, and with justice, that Mehetabel, having thus acted wrongly by marrying the Broomsquire, would think wrongly, and keep to him, while behind both were the implacable

forces of circumstance and character, that pursuing destiny which we feel in Mr. Baring-Gould's novels as we feel it in Mr. Hardy's. Indeed, we are inevitably reminded of Mr. Hardy in reading Mr. The subjects of both are Baring-Gould. the same; each knows his county folk; each has a powerful dramatic gift; each has a weakness for melodrama; but, for all that, there is between them that gulf fixed which ever remains impassable between talent, however splendid, and genius, however humble. Then, too, Mr. Baring-Gould is handicapped by being a clergyman, though that, one must admit, has not prevented his writing some very striking and highly successful novels.

Another woman I should like to have set on to the Broom-squire is Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's A Lady of Quality (Warne & Co.), a heroine whom, at this time of the day, there can be no possible need to introduce to the reader. I have said my say about her elsewhere, so shall content myself with once more recording the fascination she has for me—especially while she is under fifteen.

I suppose, for want of a better description, we have to describe A Lady of Quality as "a historical novel," and the same applies to Mr. A. E. W. Mason's successful romance, The Courtship of Morrice Buckler (Macmillan & Co.). have suggested that they should be called "costume romances," till someone suggests a better description, and of such Morrice Buckler is certainly of the best. His period, just after Monmouth's rebellion, is so fascinating to start with, then his book is written so well, and among its pages, like sprigs of lavender, one catches glimpses of the names of charming old writers, and, more important, for our purpose, his story is highly fantastic and exciting—one of the few original plots left, I should say.

A Man and a Woman (Redway), by Mr. Stanley Waterloo, is another successful novel which I was late in enjoying.

No historic or costume novel is this, but, indeed, a novel of American morals up-todate. Call it what you like, it is the most delightful book of its kind that I have read since Mr. George Moore's Confessions of a Young Man. Yes, that is its kind! Grant Harlson, a young backwoodsman, with all the health of the country in his blood, comes to study in a university town. There he meets "the woman of thirty," and loves her, as she likes to be loved, like a savage. One night late she sends a message to his house, reporting burglars, and begging his He goes laughing, saying protection. that he will sleep upon a blanket on her lawn to guard the house. "And," proceeds the novelist, "the moon comes through the tree-tops in splashes, and there is a softness and a shade, and it is all like a scented garden in some old Arabian story, and the senses are affected, and, maybe, the reason. Harlson, a proud neophyte of love, went up the path, half dreaming, yet alive in every vein. There was no burglar visible, but a wonderful woman, in fleecy dishabille, was sure she had heard a sound most sinister, and endangered women must be guarded of the strong. Grant Harlson returned not home that night; yet the moon, shining through the trees, revealed no form upon a blanket in the garden."

The story ends with a picture of the most delicious domesticity, a domesticity more piquant than any of its substitutes—for, after all, the true love is more fascinating than the false.

A refreshing odour of the tuberose of modernity breathes also in the pages of Mrs. Oscar Beringer's *The New Virtue* (Heinemann), a book exceedingly clever in blending romance of the old picturesque order with a realistic rendering of present-day drawing-room and current philosophies. I confess to being rather in the dark as to what "the new virtue" may be. I am content to realise that it is

something different from the old dul-

Having read one novel by Mr. G. B. Burgin for review, I have just been reading another of his for pleasure, namely, The Judge of the Four Corners (Innes & "Four Corners" is the name of a little town in Canada, one of those rough bushranging settlements - as I always imagine them to myself-where the men go about in big hats, shirt-sleeves, and with revolvers in their belts, and where you are shot every time you open your mouth. Bret Harte, of course, invented them, and one feels quite at home with them at this time of day. We know that there are "good hearts" somewhere hidden among the desperado population, and a pretty young woman to set them In Mr. Burgin's story "Old beating. Man" and "Ikey Marston" provide the good hearts, a charming Sadie the beauty, and "the Judge" that treachery to the old pardner Vankleek, which is the mainspring of an ingenious plot. I don't think we believe more than half what Mr. Burgin tells us. I mean that the first half of his book is real, and about half his dramatis personæ, but that the rest of the story and of the people strike one as rather vague or mechanical. Vankleek is a shadow. and "Miss Wilks," for all his pains with her, is a comic automaton entirely failing to fulfil the purpose of her creator. have laughed all the time as I read of the doings and sayings of "Old Man" and "Ikey Marston," two good-hearted blackguards of no great repute in "Four Corners," but not even the fear of her chopper has terrified me into a momentary smile over "Miss Wilks." Similarly, I shed no tears for the consumptive young poet, "Skeeter Joe," though here and there perhaps, I thought about it. it is "Old Man" who makes the book, and it was worth making, if only for his sake.

"What's the good of shooting a man on sight, and then finding out you are mistaken?" Old Man was asked on one occasion.

"Saves argifyin'," was Old Man's reply, "an' anything as saves argifyin's a blessin'."

"You kin reckon on a good time gin'rally, boys, if you puts in a fair day's work," is another of his admirable aphorisms. This occurs in a chapter entitled "Log-rolling,"—which, I confess I read first—a vivid picture of the local custom, from which the now world-wide phrase originally sprang.

In The Island of Doctor Moreau (Heinemann) Mr. H. G. Wells makes a determined attempt to frighten us all out of our senses with one of the bestequipped nightmares that ever visited the sleep of the public; but, somehow or other, he hasn't quite managed it. Some have shuddered, and called the book "revolt. ing." Perhaps it is; but a still more serious objection to it, from my point of view, is that it fails to convince. One feels one ought to be frightened, with all those horrible half-human monsters running about us on the vivisectionist's mysterious island. When a writer entitles a chapter "The Thing in the Forest," or when he tells us of creatures. clothed like men, "going on all-fours like a beast," and "lapping" the stream instead of drinking it, and so on, it really is a little impolite, I fear, not to seem frightened, a little inconsiderate for one's hair to persist in lying down when it should be standing. However, there it is; and perhaps it is as well, for if Mr. Wells had convinced us we should perhaps have all been raving lunatics by He has frightened us before. this. Why has he failed this time? Who knows. For one thing his monsters lack fancy in conception—they are too monotonous in type.

Moreover, they give us no sense of the blending of animal and human at which the vivisectionist aimed. One thinks of some of them simply as pigs or cows hacked about into horrid semblances of humanity, and of others merely as coarse men vaccinated with bestiality. But probably the chief secret of their leaving us undismayed is that Mr. Wells tried too hard. I suppose to frighten others one must first be frightened oneself, and I'm sure Mr. Wells has never had a tremor over Dr. Moreau. Similarly, Mr. Ernest Rhys in The Fiddler of Carne (Geddes & Colleagues), fails to impress us with the mysteriousness of his fiddler, for the simple reason, I surmise, that he has never been impressed with it himself. His heart was hardly ever with the fiddler for a single minute of his writing. Indeed, one has a feeling that he begrudged the time spent on him, and was longing to be off to the cronies and oracles in the barparlour of the little Welsh inn known as

The First and Last," so-called because which ever way you entered the little seaport of Carne, either by the sea or by the river, you couldn't help coming upon the As a story The Fiddler of Carne insists upon being read, and its young people have their pretty little love stories, well told and pleasant to read, but I confess that my heart, too, is at the inn, not so much in search of pretty Miss Ffoulkes, but of the great Mistor Fostor, a sort of sea faring Dr. Johnson who nightly puffed out his wisdom to a select company of maritime admirers. "Three - quarter William" is another mighty at yarns. I have been trying to find some detachable scene of quotable length which would exhibit these worthies at their best, but their personalities and conversation are so generally pervasive, so organically a part of the book, that quotation would be a sort of amputation. I must be content to assure you that there is always good company to be found, any evening, at "'The First and Last," and that as a whole The Fiddler of Carne is unmistakably the work of a very delicate, observant, and delightful artist. Perhaps it needs just a little more vitality, but many charming things



THE FIRST PORTRAIT OF FREDERICK LOCKER. AGED THREE. BY CHARLOTTE MILNES (1824).

FROM "MY CONFIDENCES." (SMITH, ELDER AND CO.)

and people need that. I confess that to me, there is a certain charm about the book.

That, indeed, is one of the charms of the late Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson's Confidences (Smith, Elder & Co.). There is the accent of an exquisite old age about them, a certain fragility, if one might so speak, in the voice of the writer, which

those who had the privilege of knowing him will recognise. Yet Mr. Locker-Lampson had begun these *Confidences* so far back as 1883, when he was far from being an old man, being, in fact, but a little past sixty. Though of great and varied interest to his contemporaries at large, abounding in bright anecdotes and shrewd, but ever kindly, characterisations

of the great and interesting personalities whom he had known, yet it is to his personal friends, and, above all, to those "descendants" to whom he addresses them, that these *Confidences* will reveal most of their intimate charm. To them the gentle "Farewell, dear People," with which the book closes, will come as though they heard the kind tired voice saying it; and how characteristic is the beautiful calm of these opening words:

". . . I am fast growing old. Now, on this fine afternoon, far away from the distraction of the town, my thoughts my only company, when the woods are wearing the silence that August brings with it, now, as I look back, that gigantic and ever-growing monster, The Past (distance, middle distance, and even foreground), is an indistinct blur. In the dim vistas of memory, as a city that is dissolving into space, my life seems like a dream, lagging, yet fleeting; so vague that it might almost have been lived or dreamt by somebody else, a vision from which it is hopeless to rescue aught worth preserving. times I half wish-only half-that I could live it over again, and moralise the experience.

"Vesper admonuit, and in the face of what I have just said, I will try to gather up a few of those far-away echoes of my vanishing Atlantis—the old times, the trials, the compensations."

One cannot but wish that Mr. Augustine Birrell, who has seen these *Confidences* through the press, had given us a character-sketch of its author, for Mr. Locker-Lampson would have made an admirable literary portrait.

Another book of reminiscences is given us by Mme. De Navarro, once in all the shop windows as Miss Mary Anderson. In my day every young man was in love with Miss Anderson. She was to us what, say, Miss Julia Neilson is to the young men growing up around us; and her marriage with M. De Navarro struck desolation into many hearts. Some of us have, perhaps,

nurseda secret hope that she would recover from her strange infatuation and come back; but the reading of A Few Memories (Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.) leaves one no longer in doubt. The Second Coming of Mary is a dream that will never be realised, and we may as well blow out the lamp of hope. I'm afraid, too, that the book brings with it a more serious Somehow the charm has disillusion. gone with this self-portraiture. What a Minerva! Galatea has spoken, and we realise that she is marble after all, and, what is worse, that she isn't an actress, but simply a beautiful, clever, middle-class lady, with a certain amount of "conservative" intellect, and a good deal of character. Her acting was just a brilliant truancy from domesticities. When she recalls it now she is rather shocked to think that she was once so wicked. She resents the publicity of the thing, and evidently feels that there is something essentially soiling for a woman in "the profession." It is well for the gaiety of nations that many good and beautiful women do not take this view. Her volume is worth buying for the sake of the beautiful portraits.

What will happen to me if I say the Mr. E. Clairmonte's same of Africander, a Plain Tale of Colonial Life (Unwin), with its fascinating portrait gallery of African beauties? But seriously, I am quite in love with his two "Pondo women," though other tastes may perhaps prefer the "Matabele Belle." No doubt the African would think the Venus of Milo a colourless creature beside his Black Venus—and who shall say which is the more beautiful, in a world where beauty, like everything else, is relative and subjective: is, indeed, literally, in the eye of the beholder. But I didn't mean to imply that the merits Mr. Clairmonte's book were entirely in its illustrations, though, of course, its subject is one on which I have no opinion worth giving. I can only say that I have read his vivid, unaffected picture of life in South Africa with an enthralled interest, and have been within an ace of leaving pen and ink and going out to South Africa—to buy land at ninepence an acre! For doesn't Mr. Clairmonte say in conclusion that "it is a great country with a great future, and there is space and to spare for intelligent men."

Before I start, however, I will record my satisfaction in the well-deserved eulogium upon Mr. Kenneth Grahame's Golden Age which Mr. Swinburne contributed to The Daily Chronicle-praise from Mr. Swinburne is praise indeed - and draw the reader's attention to a third edition in a gorgeous new binding of yellow buckram, which Mr. Lane has just published. To women who eat well and are not ashamed. I would recommend The Feast of Autolycus (Lane), by Mrs. Robins Pennell, in which the romance and poetry, as well as the art, of cookery is revealed in a series of whimsical hyperbolical sketches which will be delightful to all who relish the humour of what one might call hobby-writing. To write about a hobby in a vein of common-sense would be absurd, for a hobby, to start with, isolates that supposed first condition of commonplace success.

The late Eugene Field's Love-letters of a Bibliomaniac (Lane) appeal to the same class of reader. The literature of bibliomania contains few books more human and winning.

In poetry there is little to record with the exception of Mr. A. E. Housman's A Shropshire Lad (Kegan Paul & Co.), but that is a quite notable exception. What a clever family the Housmans seem to be! Of Mr. Housman's delightfully fresh and spontaneous note an example will give a better idea than many words. Here is a song taken from a volume, of which one can say, and it is rare praise, that every poem is quotable:

- "Along the field, as we came by,
  A year ago, my love and I,
  The aspen over stile and stone
  Was talking to itself alone.
  'Oh, who are these that kiss and pass?
  A country lover and his lass;
  Two lovers looking to be wed:
  And time shall put them both to bed,
  But she shall lie with earth above,
  And he beside another love.'
- "And, sure enough, beneath the tree,
  There walks another love with me,
  And overhead the aspen weaves
  Its rainy sounding silver leaves;
  And I spell nothing in their stir,
  But now perhaps they speak to her,
  And plain for her to understand
  They talk about a time at hand,
  When I shall sleep with clover clad,
  And she beside another lad."

There is true poetry, too, to be found in Mr. R. A. Beckett's *Post Mortem*, and other *Poems* (Rixon & Arnold), as also in Mr. Sam Wood's *Random Rhymes* (Massie: Barnsley).



## PHROSO: A ROMANCE.\*

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

### ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. MILLAR.

CHAPTER IX.

HATS OFF TO ST. TRYPHON!



MAN'S mind can move on more than one line, and even the most engrossing selfish care may fail entirely to oc-

cupy it or to shut out intruding rivals. Not only should I have been wise, but I should have chosen, in that risky walk of mine through the wood that covered the hill-slope, to think of nothing but its risk. Yet countless other things exacted a share Sometimes I was with of my thoughts. Denny and his faithful followers, threading dark and devious ways in the bowels of the earth, avoiding deep waters on one side, sheer falls on the other, losing the track, finding it again, deluded by deceptive glimmers of light, finding at last the true outlet; now received hospitably by the Cypriote fishermen, now fiercely assailed by them, again finding none of them; now making allies of them, now carried prisoners by them to Constantine, again scouring the sea with vain eagerness for a sight of their sails. Then I was off, far away, to England, to my friends there, to the gaiety of London now in its full rushing tide, to Mrs. Hipgrave's exclusive receptions, to Beatrice's gay talk and pretty insolence, to Hamlyn's gilded dulness, in rapid survey of all the panorama that I knew so well. Then I would turn back to the scene I had left, and again bid my farewell under the quiet sky, in prospect of the sea that turned to gold. So I passed back and forward till I seemed myself hardly a thinking man, but rather a piece of blank glass, across which the myriad mites of the kaleidoscope chased one another, covering it with varying colours, but none of them imparting their And all this time, by the hue to it. strange division of mental activity of

which I have spoken, I was crawling cautiously but quickly up the mountain side, with eyes keen to pierce the dusk that now fell, with ears apt to find an enemy in every rustling leaf, and a hostile step in every woodland sound. But I had seen no real foes yet. Ah! Hush! dropped on my knees. Away there on the right - what was it leaning against that tree-trunk? It was a tall lean man; his arms rested on a long gun, and his face was towards the old grey house. Would he see me? I crouched lower Would he hear me? I was as still as dead Spiro had been in the passage. But then I felt stealthily for the butt of my revolver, and a recollection so startling came o me that I nearly betrayed myself by some sudden movement. In the distribution of burdens for our proposed journey, Denny had taken the case containing the spare cartridges that remained after we had all reloaded. Now I had only one barrel loaded, only one shot left. That one shot and Hogvardt's lance were all my resources. I crouched yet lower. But the man was motionless, and presently I ventured to move on my hands and knees, sorely inconvenienced by the long lance, but determined not to leave it behind me. I passed another sentry a hundred yards or so away on the left; but his head was sunk on his breast and he took no notice of me. I breathed a little more freely as I came within fifty feet of the cottage.

Immediately about the house nobody was in sight. This, however, in Neopalia, did not always mean that nobody was near, and I abated none of my caution. But the last step had to be taken; I crawled out from the shelter of the trees, and crouched on one knee on the level space round the cottage. The cottage door

was open. I listened but heard nothing. Well, I meant to go in; my entrance would be none the easier for waiting. A quick dart was safest; and in a couple of bounds I was across, in the verandah, through the door, in the house. I closed the door noiselessly behind me, and stood there, Hogvardt's lance ready for the first

room was darker, for heavy curtains, drawn no doubt earlier in the day to keep out the sun, had not been drawn back, and the light was very dim. For a while I could make out little, but, my eyes growing more accustomed to the darkness, I soon perceived that I was in a sitting-room, sparsely and rather meanly



"NOT A WORD!" I SAID.

man I saw, but I saw none. I was in a narrow passage, there were doors on either side of me. Listening again, I heard no sound from right or left. I opened the door to the right. I saw a small square room; the table was spread for a meal, three places being laid, but the room was empty. I turned to the other door and opened it. This

furnished. Then my eye fell on a couch, which stood against the wall opposite me; and on the couch lay a figure. It was the figure of a woman; I heard now the slight but regular sound of her breath. She was asleep. This must be the woman I sought. But was she a sensible woman? Or would she scream when I waked her, and bring those tall fellows out of the

wood? In hesitation I stood still and watched her. She slept like one who was weary, but not at peace; restless movements, and, now and again, broken incoherent exclamations witnessed to her disquiet. Presently her broken sleep passed into half-wakeful consciousness, and she sat up, looking round her with a dazed glance.

"Is that you, Constantine?" she asked, rubbing her hand across her eyes. "Or is it Vlacho?"

With a swift step I was by her.

"Neither. Not a word!" I said, laying my hand on her shoulder.

I was, I dare say, an alarming figure, with the butt of my revolver peeping out of my pocket, and Hogvardt's lance in my right hand. But she did not cry out.

"I am Wheatley. I have escaped from the house there," I went on. "And I've come here because there's something I must tell you. You remember our last meeting?"

She looked at me still in amazed surprise, but with a gleam of recollection.

"Yes, yes. You were—we went to watch you—yes, at the restaurant."

"You went to watch and to listen? Yes, I supposed so. But I've been near you since then. Do you remember the man who was on your verandah?"

"That was you?" she asked, quickly.

"Yes, it was. And while I was there,

"But what are you doing here? This house is watched. Constantine may be here any moment, or Vlacho."

"I'm as safe here as I was down the hill. Now listen. Are you this man's wife, as he called you that night?"

"Am I his wife? Of course I am his wife. How else should I be here?" The indignation expressed in her answer was the best guarantee of its truth, and became her well. And she held her hand up to me, as she had to the man himself in the restaurant, adding, "There is his ring."

"Then listen to me, and don't interrupt," said I brusquely. "Time's valuable to me, and even more, I fear, to you."

Her eyes were alarmed now, but she listened in silence as I bade her. I told her briefly what had happened to me, and then I set before her more fully the conversation between Constantine and Vlacho which I had overheard. She clutched the cushions of the sofa in her clenched hand, her breathing came quick and fast; her eyes gleamed at me even in the gloom of the curtained room. I don't believe that in her heart she was surprised at what she heard. She had mistrusted the man; her demeanour, the first time I had seen her, went far to prove that. received my story rather as a confirmation of her own suspicions than as a new or startling revelation. She was fearful, excited, strung to a high pitch; but astonished she was not, if I read her And when I ended, it was not right. astonishment that clenched her lips and brought to her eyes a look that I think Constantine himself would have shrunk from meeting. I had paused at the end of my narrative, but I recollected one thing more. I must warn her about the secret passage; for that offered her husband too ready and easy a way of relieving himself of his burden. But now she interrupted me.

"This girl?" she said. "I have not seen her. What is she like?"

"She is very beautiful," said I simply. "She knows what I have told you, and she is on her guard. You need fear nothing from her. It is your husband whom you have to fear."

"He would kill me?" she asked, with a questioning glance.

"You've heard what he said," I returned. "Put your own meaning on it."
She sprang to her feet.

"I can't stay here, I can't stay here. Merciful Heaven, they may come any moment! Where are you going? How

are you going to escape? You are in as much danger as I am."

"I believe in even greater," said I. "I was going straight from here down to the sea. If I can find my friends, we'll go through with the thing together. If I don't find them, I shall hunt for a boat. If I don't find a boat—well, I'm a good swimmer and I shall live as long in the water as in Neopalia, and die easier, I fancy."

She was standing now, facing me, and she laid her hand on my arm.

"You stand by women, you Englishmen," she said. "You won't leave me to be murdered?"

"You see I am here. Doesn't that answer your question?"

"My God, he is a fiend! Will you take me with you?"

What could I do? Her coming gave little chance to her and robbed me of almost all prospect of escape. But of course I could not leave her.

"You must come if you see no other way of escape," şaid I.

"Why, what other is there? If I avoid him he will see I suspect him. If I appear to trust him, I must put myself in his power."

"Then we must go," said I. "But it's a thousand to one that we don't get through."

I had hardly spoken when a voice outside said: "Is all well?" and a heavy step echoed in the verandah.

"Vlacho!" she hissed in a whisper.
"Vlacho! Are you armed?"

"In a way," said I, with a shrug. "But there are at least two besides him. I saw them in the wood."

"Yes, yes, true. There are four generally. It would be death. Here, hide behind the curtains. I will try to put him off for the moment. Quick, quick!"

She was hurried and eager, but I saw that her wits were clear. I stepped behind the curtains and she drew them close. I heard her fling herself again on the couch. Then came the innkeeper's voice, his roughness softened in deferential greeting. At the same time a strong smell of eau de Cologne pervaded the room.

"Am I well?" said Madame Stefanopoulos fretfully. "My good Vlacho, I am very ill. Should I sit in a dark room and bathe my head with this stuff if I were well?"

"My lady's sickness grieves me beyond expression," said Vlacho politely. "And the more so because I am come from my lord Constantine with a message for you."

"It is easier for him to send messages than to come himself," she remarked, with an admirable pretence of resentment.

"Think how occupied he has been with this pestilent Englishman!" said the plausible Vlacho. "We have had no peace. But at last I hope our troubles are over. The house is ours again."

"Ah, you have driven them out?"

"They fled themselves," said Vlacho.
"But they are separated and we shall catch them. Oh, yes, we know where to look for most of them."

"Then you've not caught any of them yet? How stupid you are!"

"My lady is severe. No, we have caught none yet."

"Not even Wheatley himself?" she asked. "Has he shown you a clean pair of heels?"

Vlacho's voice betrayed irritation as he answered,

"We shall find him in turn also, though heaven knows where the rascal has hidden himself."

"You are really very stupid," said Francesca; and I heard her sniff her perfume. "And the girl?" she went on.

"Oh, we have her safe and sound," laughed Vlacho. "She will give no more trouble."

"Why, what will you do with her?"

"You must ask my lord that," said

Digitized by GOOGLE

Vlacho. "If she will give up the island, perhaps nothing."

"Ah, well, I take very little interest in her. Is not my husband coming to supper, Vlacho?"

"To supper here, my lady? Surely, no. The great house is ready now. That is a more fitting place for my lady than this dog-hole. I am here to escort you there; and there my lord will sup with you. Oh, it is a grand house!"

"A grand house!" she echoed scornfully. "Why, what is there to see in it?"

"Oh, many things," said Vlacho. "Yes, secrets, my lady! And my lord bids me say that from love to you he will show you to-night the great secret of his house. He desires to show his love and trust in you, and will therefore reveal to you all his secrets."

When I, behind the curtain, heard the ruffian say this, I laid firmer hold on my lance. But the lady was equal to Vlacho.

"You're very melodramatic with your secrets," she said contemptuously. "I am tired, and my head aches. Your secrets will wait; and if my husband will not come and sup with me, I'll sup alone here. Tell him I can't come, please, Vlacho."

"But my lord was most urgent that you should come," said Vlacho.

"I would come if I were well," said

"But I could help you. If you would permit, I and my men would carry you down all the way on your couch."

"My good Vlacho, you are very tedious, you and your men. And my husband is tedious also, if he sent all these long messages. I am ill and I will not come. Is that enough?"

"My lord will be very angry if I return alone," pleaded Vlacho humbly.

"I will write a certificate that you did your best to persuade me," she said with a scornful laugh.

I heard the innkeeper's heavy feet

move a step or two across the floor. He was coming nearer to where she lay on the couch.

"I dare not return without you," said he.
"Then you must stay here and sup with me."

"My lord does not love to be opposed."
"Then, my good Vlacho, he should not

have married me," she retorted.

She played the game gallantly, fencing and parrying with admirable tact, and with a coolness wonderful for a woman in such peril. My heart went out to her, and I said to myself that she should not want any help that I could give.

She had raised her voice on the last words, and her defiant taunt rang out clear and loud. It seemed to alarm Vlacho.

"Hush, not so loud!" he said hastily; and there was the hint of a threat in his voice.

"Not so loud!" she echoed. "And why not so loud! Is there harm in what I say?"

I wondered at Vlacho's sudden alarm. The idea shot into my head—and the idea was no pleasant one—that there must be people within earshot, perhaps people who had not been trusted with Constantine's secrets, and would for that reason do his bidding better.

"Harm! No, no harm; but no need to let everyone hear," said Vlacho confusedly and with evident embarrassment.

"Everyone? Who is here, then?"

"I have brought one or two men to escort my lady," said he. "With these cut-throat Englishmen about (Bravo, bravo, Vlacho!) one must be careful."

A scornful laugh proclaimed her opinion of his subterfuge, and she met him with a skilful thrust.

"But if they do not know, yes, and are not to know, that I am the wife of Constantine, how can I go to the house and stay with him?" she asked.

"Oh," said he, ready again with his

plausible half-truths, "that is one of the secrets. Must I tell my lady part of it? There is a most excellent hiding-place in the house, where my lord can bestow you most comfortably. You will want for nothing, and nobody will know that you are there, except the few faithful men who have guarded you here."

"Indeed, if I am still to be a stowaway,

I'll stay here," said she. "If my lord will announce me publicly to all the island as his wife, then I will come and take my place at the head of his house. But without that I will not come."

"Surely you will be able to persuade him to that yourself," said Vlacho. "But dare I make conditions with my lord?"

"You will make them in my name," she answered. "Go and tell him what I say."

A pause followed. Then

Vlacho said in sullen resolute tones, "I'll not go without you. I was ordered to bring you, and I will. Come."

I heard the sudden rustle of her dress as she drew back, then a little cry, "You're hurting me."

"You must come," said Vlacho. ". shall call my men and carry you."

"I will not come," she said in low tones, resolute and fierce.

Vlacho laughed. "We'll see about that," said he, and his heavy steps sounded on the floor.

"What are you going to the window for?" she cried.

"To call Demetri and Kortes to help me," said he. "Or will you come?"

I drew back a pace, resting against the window-sill; and Hogvardt's lance was

protruded before me. At that moment I asked nothing better than to bury its point in the fat innkeeper's flesh.

"You will repent it if you do what you say," said she.

"I shall re pent it more if I do not obey my lord," said Vlacho. "See, my hand is in the curtains. Will you come, my lady?"

"I will not come." said she.

There was one last short interval. I heard them both breathing, and I held my own breath. My



I WAS TOO QUICK FOR HIM.

revolver rested in my pocket; the noise of a shot would be fatal. With God's help I would drive the lance home with one silent sufficient thrust. There would be a rogue less in the world and another chance for her and me.

"As you will, then," said the inn-keeper.

The curtain-rings rattled along the rod; the heavy hanging gave back; the moon

that was newly risen streamed full in Vlacho's eyes and on the pale strained face behind him. He saw me; he uttered one low exclamation, "Christ!" His hand flew to his belt; he drew a pistol out and raised it. But I was too quick for him. I drove the great hunting knife on the end of the sapling full and straight into his breast. With a groan he flung his arms over his head and fell sideways, half-supported by the curtain, till the fabric was rent away from the rings and fell over his body, enveloping him in a thick pall. I drew my lance back. The force of the blow had overstrained Hogvardt's wire fastenings, and the blade was bent to an angle with the shaft and shook loosely from side to side. Vlacho's blood began to curl in a meandering trickle from beneath the curtain. Stefanopoulos glared at me, speechless. But my eyes fell from her to the floor; and there I saw two long black shadows. A sudden and desperate inspiration seized me. She was my ally, I hers; if both were held guilty of this act we could render no service to each other. If she were still unsuspected—and nobody except myself had heard her talk with Vlacho-she might yet help herself and me.

"Throw me over," 1 whispered in English. "Cry for help."

" What ?"

"Cry. The men are there. You may help me afterwards."

"What, pretend---?"

"Yes. Quick."

" But they'll --- "

"No, no. Quick, for God's sake quick."

"God help us," she whispered. Then she cried loudly, "Help, help, help!"

I sprang towards her. There was the crash of a man leaping through the window. I turned. Behind him I saw Demetri standing in the moonlight. Other figures hurried up; feet pattered on the hard ground. The man who had

leapt in, a very tall, handsome, and athletic fellow, whom I had not seen before, held to my head a long old-fashioned pistol. I let my hands drop to my side and faced him with a smile on my lips. It must be death to resist—death to me and death to my new friend; surrender might open a narrow way of safety.

"I yield," said I.

"Who are you?" he cried.

"I am Lord Wheatley," I answered.

"But did you not fly to the——?" He stopped.

"To the passage?" said I. "No, I came here. I was trying to escape. I came in while Madame here was asleep and hid behind the curtain."

"Yes, yes," said she. "It is so, Kortes, It is as he says; and then Vlacho came——"

"And," said I, "when the lady had agreed to go with Vlacho, Vlacho came to the window to call you; and by misadventure, sir, he came on me behind the curtain. And—won't you see whether he is dead?"

"Kill him, Kortes, kill him!" cried Demetri, fiercely and suddenly, from the window.

Kortes turned round.

"Peace!" said he. "The man has yielded. Do I kill men who have yielded? The Lady of the Island and my Lord Constantine must decide his fate; it is not my office. Are you armed, sir?"

It went to my heart to give up that last treasured shot of mine. But he was treating me as an honourable man. I handed him my revolver with a bow, saying,

"I depend on you to protect me from that fellow and the rest till you deliver me to those you speak of."

"In my charge you are safe," said Kortes, and he stooped down and lifted the curtain from Vlacho's face. The innkeeper stirred and groaned. He was not dead yet. Kortes turned round to Demetri. "Stay here and tend him. Do what you can for him. When I am able, I will send aid to him. But I do not think he will live."

Demetri scowled. He seemed not to like the part assigned to him.

"Are you going to take this man to my Lord Constantine?" he asked. "Leave another with Vlacho and let me come with you to my lord."

"Who should better stay with Vlacho than his nephew Demetri?" asked Kortes with a smile. (This relationship was a new light to me.) "I am going to do what my duty is. Come, no questioning. Do not I command, now Vlacho is wounded?"

, "And the lady here?" asked Demetri.

"I am not ordered to lay a finger on the lady," answered Kortes. "Indeed I do not know who she is."

Francesca interposed with great dignity,

"I will come with you," said she. "I have my story to tell when this gentleman is put on his trial. Who I am you will know soon."

Demetri had climbed in at the window. He passed me with a savage scowl, and I saw that one side of his head was bound with a bloodstained bandage. He saw me looking at it.

"Aye," he growled, "I owe you the loss of half an ear."

"In the passage?" I hazarded, much pleased.

"I shall pay the debt," said he, "or see it paid handsomely for me by my lord."

"Come," said Kortes. "Let us go."

Fully believing that the fact of Kortes being in command instead of Demetri had saved me from instant death, I was not inclined to dispute his orders. I walked out of the house and took the place he indicated to me in the middle of a line of islanders, some ten or twelve in number. Kortes placed himself by my side, and

Madame Stefanopoulos walked on his other hand. The islanders maintained absolute silence. I followed their example, but my heart (I must confess) beat as I waited to see in what direction our column was to march. We started down the hill towards the house. If we were going to the house, I had perhaps twenty minutes to live; and the lady who was with us would not long survive me. In vain I scanned Kortes' comely grave features. He marched with the impassive regularity of a grenadier and displayed much the same expressionless steadiness of face. to the fatal house we came. But my heart gave a sudden leap of hope and excitement, for Kortes cried softly, "To the right." We turned down the path that led up from the town, leaving the house on the left. We were not going straight to death, and every respite was pregnant with unforeseen chances I touched Kortes on the of escape. shoulder.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"To the town," he answered.

Again in silence we pursued our way down the hill-side. The path broadened, and the incline became less steep; a few lights twinkled from the sea that now spread before us. Still we went on. Then I heard the bell of a church strike twelve. The strokes ended, but another bell began to ring. Our escort stopped with one accord. They took off their caps and signed the cross on their breasts. Kortes did the same as the rest. I looked at him in question, but he said nothing till the caps were replaced and we were on our way again. Then he said,

"To-day is the feast of St. Tryphon. Did you not know?"

"No," said I. "St. Tryphon I know, but his feast is not kept always on this day."

"Always on this day in Neopalia," he answered, and he seemed to look at me as though he were asking me some unspoken question.

The feast of St. Tryphon might have interested me very much at any ordinary time, but just now my study of the customs of the islanders had been directed into another channel, and I did not pursue Kortes walked in silence the subject. some little way farther. We had now reached the main road and were descending rapidly towards the town. I saw again the steep narrow street, empty and still in the moonlight. We held on our way till we came to a rather large square building, which stood back from the road and had thus escaped my notice when we passed it on the evening of our arrival. Before this Kortes stopped. "Here you must lodge with me," said he. "Concerning the lady I have no orders."

Madame Stefanopoulos caught my arm.
"I must stay too," said she. "I can't
go back to my house."

"It is well," said Kortes calmly.
"There are two rooms."

The escort ranged themselves outside the building which appeared to be either a sort of barrack or place of confinement. We three entered. At a sign from Kortes, Madame Stefanopoulos passed into a large room on the right. I followed him into a smaller room, scantily furnished, and flung myself in exhaustion on a wooden bench that ran along the wall. For an instant Kortes stood regarding me. His face seemed to express hesitation, but the look in his eyes was not unfriendly. The bell, which had continued to ring till now, ceased. Then Kortes said to me in a low voice,

"Take courage, my lord. For a day you are safe. Not even Constantine would dare to kill a man on the feast of St. Tryphon."

Before I could answer, he was gone; and I heard the bolt of the door run home. I was a prisoner.

Yet I took courage, as he bade me. Four and twenty hours' life was more than I had been able to count on for some time past. So I also doffed my hat in honour

of the holy St. Tryphon. And presently I lifted my legs on the bench, took off my coat and made a pillow of it, and went to sleep.

#### CHAPTER X.

THE JUSTICE OF THE ISLAND.

Helplessness brings its own peculiar After a week's planning consolation. and scheming what you will do to the enemy, it is a kind of relief to lie with your arms by your side and wonder what the enemy may be pleased to do with you. This relaxation was vouchsafed to my brain when I awoke in the morning and found the sun streaming into the whitewashed cell-like room. It was the feast of St. Tryphon, all praise to him! Kortes said that I could not be killed that day. I doubted Constantine's scruples, yet, perhaps, he would not venture to outrage the popular sentiment But nothing forbade my of Neopalia. being killed to-morrow. Well, to-morrow is to-morrow, and to-day is to day, and there will be that difference between them so long as the world lasts: I stretched myself and yawned luxuriously. I was, strangely enough, in a hopeful frame of mind. I made sure that Denny had found his way safely, and that the Cypriote fishermen had been benevolent. I proved to myself that with Constantine's exposure his power would end. I plumed myself on having put Vlacho hors du combat. I believe I said to myself that villainy would not triumph, that honest men would come by their own, and that unprotected beauty would find help from heaven; which showed that relics of youth hung about me and (I am afraid it depends on this rather) that I was feeling very well after my refreshing sleep.

Alas! my soothing reveries were rudely interrupted,

"At a touch sweet pleasure melteth,
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth!"

and at the sound of a gruff voice outside my dreams melted, and harsh reality was pressing hard on me again, crushing hope into resignation, buoyancy into a grim resolve to take what came with courage.

"Bring him out," cried the voice.

"It's that brute Demetri," said I to myself, wondering what had become of my friendly gaoler Kortes.

A moment later half-a-dozen men filed into the room, Demetri at their head. I asked him what he wanted. He answered only with a command that I should get up. "Bring him along," he added to his men; and we walked out into the street.

Evidently Neopalia was en fête. The houses were decked with flags; several windows exhibited pictures of the Saint; women in their gay and spotlessly clean attire, filed along the road, holiday holding their children by the hand. Everybody made way for our procession, many whispers and pointed fingers proving the interest and curiosity which it was my unwilling privilege to arouse. about a quarter of a mile we mounted the road, then we turned suddenly down to the left and began to descend again towards the sea. Soon now we arrived at the little church whose bell I had heard. Here we halted; and presently another procession emerged from the building. An old white-bearded man headed it, carrying a large picture of St. Tryphon; the old man's dress was little different from that of the rest of the islanders, but he wore the cap of a priest. He was followed by some attendants; the women and children fell in behind him; three or four cripples brought up the rear, praying as they went and stretching out their hands towards the sacred picture which the old man carried. At a sign from Demetri we also put ourselves in motion again, and the whole body of us thus made for the seashore. But some three hundred yards short of the water I perceived a broad level spot, covered with short rough turf, and surrounded for about half its circuit by a crescent-shaped bank

two or three feet high. On this bank sat some twenty people, and grouped round it was the same ragged picturesque group of armed peasants that I had seen gather in the street on the occasion of our The old man with the picture arrival. made his way to the centre of the level Thrice he raised the picture towards the sky, everyone uncovering his head and kneeling down the while. began to pray, but I did not listen to what he said; for by this time my attention had wandered from him and was fixed intently on a small group which occupied the centre of the raised bank. For there, sitting side by side, with the space of a foot or so between them, were Phroso and her cousin Constantine. On a rude hurdle. covered with a rug, at Constantine's feet. lay Vlacho, his face pale and his eyes Behind Phroso stood my new acquaintance. Kortes, with one hand on the knife in his girdle and the other holding a long gun that rested on the ground. One figure I missed. I looked round for Constantine's wife, but she was nowhere to be seen. Then I looked again at Phroso. She was dressed in rich fine garments of white, profusely embroidered, but her face was paler even than Vlacho's; and when I sought her eyes she would not meet mine, but kept her gaze persistently lowered. Constantine sat motionless, with a frown on his brow, but a slight smile on his lips, as he waited with an obviously forced patience through the long rigmarole of the old man's prayer.

It was evident that important business was to be transacted, but nobody seemed to be in a hurry to arrive at it. When the old priest had finished his prayers the cripples came and prostrated themselves before the sacred picture. No miracle, however, followed; and the priest took up the tale again, pouring forth a copious harangue, in which I detected frequent references to "the barbarians," a term he



SITTING SIDE BY SIDE WERE PHROSO AND CONSTANTINE.

used to denote my friends, myself, and all the world, apparently, except the islanders of Neopalia. Then he took his seat between Phroso and Constantine, who made room for him. I was surprised to see him assume so much dignity, but I presumed that he was treated with exceptional honour on the feast-day. When he had taken his place, about twenty of the men came into the middle of the ring and began to dance, arranging themselves in a semi-circle, moving at first in slow rhythmical steps and gradually quickening their motions till they ended in a wonderful display of activity. During this performance Phroso and Constantine sat still and impassive, while Vlacho's lifeless face was scorched by the growing heat of the sun.

men who had been told off to watch me leant on their long guns, and I wondered wearily when my part in this strangely mixed ceremony was to begin.

At last it came. The dance ended, the performers flung themselves fatigued on the turf, there was a hush of expectation, and the surrounding crowd of women and children drew closer in towards where the men had taken up their position in ranks on either side of the central seats. "Step forward," said one of my guards, and I, obeying him, lifted my hat and bowed to Phroso. Then, replacing my hat, I stood waiting the pleasure of the assembly. All eyes were fixed on Constantine, who remained seated and silent yet a little while longer. Then he rose slowly to his feet, bowed to Phroso, and pointed

in a melodramatic fashion at Vlacho's body. But I was not in the least inclined to listen to an oration in the manner of Mark Antony over the body of Cæsar, and just as Constantine was opening his mouth I observed loudly,

"Yes, I killed him, and the reason no man knows better than Constantine Stefanopoulos."

Constantine glared at me, and, ignoring the bearing of my remark, broke into a eulogium on the dead innkeeper. coldly received. Vlacho's virtues were not recognised by any outburst of grief or indignation; indeed there was a smothered laugh or two when Constantine called him "a brave true man." The orator detected his failure and shifted his ground dexterously, passing on in rapid transition to ask in what quarrel Vlacho had died. Now he was gripping his audience; they drew closer; they became very still; angry and threatening glances were bent on me. Constantine lashed himself to fury as he cried, "He died for our island, which this barbarian claims as his!"

"He died——" I began; but a heavy hand on my shoulder and the menace of a knife cut short my protest. Demetri had come and taken his stand by me, and I knew that Demetri would jump at the first excuse to make my silence perpetual. So I held my peace, and the men caught up Constantine's last point, crying angrily, "Aye, he takes our island from us."

"Yes," said Constantine, "he has taken our island, and he claims it for his, he has killed our brethren, and put our Lady out of her inheritance. What shall he suffer? For although we may not kill on St. Tryphon's day, we may judge on it, and the sentence may be performed at daybreak to-morrow. What shall this man suffer? Is he not worthy of death?"

It was what lawyers call a leading question, and it found its expected answer in a deep fierce growl of "Death, death!" Clearly the island was the thing, Vlacho's

death merely an incidental affair of no great importance. I suppose that Phroso understood this as well as I, for now she rose suddenly. Constantine seemed disinclined to be interrupted, but she stood her ground firmly, though her face was very pale, and I saw her hands tremble; at last he sank back on to the bank.

"Why this turmoil?" she asked. "The stranger did not know our customs. He thought that the island was his by right, and when he was attacked he defended himself. I pray you may all fight as bravely as he has fought."

"But the island, the island!" they cried.

"Yes," said she, "I also love the island. Well, he has given back the island to me. Behold his writing!" She held up the paper which I had given to her, and read the writing aloud in a clear voice. "What have you against him now?" she asked. "His people have loved the Hellenes. He has given back the island. Why shall he not depart in peace?"

The effect was great. The old priest seized the paper and scanned it eagerly; it was snatched from him and passed rapidly from hand to hand, greeted with surprised murmurs and intense excitement. Phroso stood watching its progress; Constantine sat with a heavy scowl on his face, and the frown grew yet deeper when I smiled at him with pleasant urbanity.

"It is true," said the priest with a sigh of relief. "He has given back the island; he need not die."

Phroso sat down; a sudden faintness seemed to follow on the strain, and I saw Kortes support her with his arm. But Constantine was not beaten yet. He sprang up and cried in bitterly scornful tones,

"Aye, let him go—let him go to Rhodes and tell the Governor that you sought to slay him and his friends; and that you extorted the paper from him by threat of death; and that he gave it in fear, but

did not mean it; and that you are turbulent murderous men who deserve great punishment. How guileless you are, O Neopalians! But this man is not guileless. He can delude a girl. He can delude you also, it seems. Aye, let him go with his story to the Governor at Rhodes-and do you hide in the rocks when the Governor comes with his soldiers. Hide yourselves, and hide your women,

when the soldiers come to set this man over your island, and to punish you! Do you not remember when the Governor came before? Is not the mark of his anger burnt upon your hearts?"

Hesitation and suspicion were roused again by this appeal. Phroso seemed bewildered at it, and gazed at her cousin with parted lips. Angry glances were again fixed on me. But the old priest rose. and stretched out his hand for silence.

"Let the man speak for himself,"

he said. "Let him tell us what he will do if we set him free. It may be that he will give us an oath not to harm us, but to go away peaceably to his own land and leave us our island. Speak, sir. We will listen."

I was never much of a hand at a speech, and I did not enjoy being faced with the necessity of making one which might have such important results one way or the other. But I was quite clear in my own mind what I wanted to say; so I took a step forward, and began.

"I bear you Neopalians no malice," said "You've not succeeded in hurting me, and I suppose you've not caught my friends, or they would be here, prisoners as I am a prisoner. Now, I have killed two good men of yours, Vlacho there and Spiro. I am content with that. I'll cry I have given back the isyou quits. land to the Lady Euphrosyne; and what I give to a woman, aye, or to a man, I do

not ask again either of a governor or of anybody else. Therefore your island is safe, and I will swear to that by what oath you will. And, so far as I have power, no man or woman of all who stand round me shall come to any harm by reason of what has been done, and to that also I will swear."

They had heard me intently, and they nodded in assent and approbation when the old priest, true to his part of peacemaker, looking round, said,

Why should he not

"He speaks well. He will not do what my lord feared. He will give us an oath. depart in peace?" Phroso's eyes sought mine, and she smiled sadly. Constantine was gnawing his finger-nails and looking as sour as a man could look. It went to my heart to go on, for I knew that what I had to say next would give him another chance against me, but I preferred that to the only alternative.

"Wai," said I. "An oath is a sacred thing, and I swore an oath when I was



THE OLD PRIEST SCANNED IT EAGERLY.

there in the house of the Stefanopouloi. There is a man here who has done murder on an old man his kinsman, who has contrived murder against a woman, who has foully deceived a girl. that man I'll not cry quits. For I swore that I would not rest till he paid the penalty of his crimes. By that oath I stand. Therefore when I go from here I shall, as Constantine Stefanopoulos has said, go to Rhodes and to the Governor, and I shall pray him to send here to Neopalia, and take that one man and hang him on the highest tree in the island. And I will come with the Governor's men and see that thing done. Then I will go peaceably to my own land."

There was a pause of surprise. Constantine lifted his lids and looked at me; I saw his hand move towards a pocket—I suspected what lay in that pocket; I heard low eager whisperings and questions. At last the old priest asked in a timid hesitating voice,

"Who is this man of whom you speak?"
"There he is," said I. "There—Constantine Stefanopoulos."

The words were hardly out when
Demetri clapped a large hairy hand across
my mouth, whispering fiercely, "Hold
your tongue." I drew back a step and
struck him fairly between the eyes. He
went down; a hoarse cry rose from the
crowd; but in an instant Kortes had
leapt from where he stood behind Phroso
and was by my side. I had some
adherents also among the bystanders;
for I had been bidden to speak freely,
and Demetri had no authority to silence
me.

"Yes, Constantine Stefanopoulos," I cried. "Did he not stab the old man after he had yielded?" Did he not——?"

"The old man sold the island," growled a dozen low fierce voices, but the priest's rose high above them,

"We are not here to judge my lord Constantine," said he, "but this man here." "We all had a hand in the business of the old man," said Demetri, who had picked himself up and was looking very vicious.

"You lie, and you know it," said I hotly. "He had yielded, and the rest had left off attacking him. But Constantine stabbed him. Why did he stab him?"

There came no answer, and Constantine caught at this advantage.

"Yes," he cried. "Why? Why should I stab him? He was stabbed by someone who did not know that he had yielded." Then I saw his eye fall suddenly on Vlacho. Dead men tell no tales and deny no accusations.

"Since Vlacho is dead," Constantine went on with wonderful readiness, "my tongue is loosed. It was Vlacho who in his hasty zeal stabbed the old man."

He had gained a point by this clever lie, and he made haste to press it to the full against me.

"This man," he exclaimed, "will go to Rhodes and denounce me! But did I kill the old man alone? Did I besiege the Englishman alone? Will the Governor be content with one victim? Is it not one head in ten when he comes to punish? Men of the island, it is your lives and my life against this man's life!"

They were with him again and many shouted,

"Let him die! let him die!"

Then suddenly, before I could speak, Phroso rose, and, stretching out her hands towards me, said,

"Promise what they ask, my lord. Save your own life, my lord. If my cousin be guilty, heaven will punish him."

But I did not listen even to her. With a sudden leap I was free from those who held me; for in the ranks of listening women I saw that old woman whom we had found watching by the dying Lord of the island. I seized her by the wrist and dragged her into the middle, crying to her,

"As God's above you, tell the truth.



"WHAT IS HIS LIFE TO YOU, LADY?"

Who stabbed the old lord? Whose name did he utter in reproach when he lay dying?"

She stood shivering and trembling in the middle of the throng. The surprise of my sudden action held them all silent and motionless.

"Did he not say 'Constantine! You, Constantine!'?" I asked. "Just before he died?"

The old woman's lips moved, but no sound came; she was half dead with fear, and fastened fascinated eyes on Constan-

tine. He surveyed her with a rigid smilc on his pale face.

"Speak the truth, woman," I cried. "Speak the truth."

"Yes, speak the truth," said Constantine, his eye gleaming in triumph as he turned a glance of hatred on me. "Tell us truly who killed my uncle."

My witness failed me. The terror of Constantine, which had sealed her lips when I questioned her at the house, lay upon her still; the single word that came from her trembling lips was

"Vlacho!" Constantine gave a cry of triumph, Demetri a wild shout; the islanders drew together; my chance looked black. But I made another effort.

"Swear her on the sacred picture," I cried. "Swear her on the picture; if she swears by the picture and then says it was Vlacho, I am content to die as a false accuser."

My bold challenge won me a respite; it appealed to their rude sense of justice and their strong leaven of superstition.

"Yes, let her swear on the sacred picture," cried several. "Then we shall know."

The priest brought the picture to her, and swore her on it with great solemnity. She shook her head feebly and fell to choked weeping. But the men round her were resolute, one of them menacing even Constantine himself when he began to ask whether her first testimony were not enough.

"Now you are sworn—speak," said the priest solemnly.

A hush fell on us all. If she answered "Constantine," my life still hung by a thread; but by saying "Vlacho," she would cut the thread. She looked at me, at Constantine, then up to the sky, while her lips moved in rapid whispered prayers.

"Speak," said the priest to her gently. Then she spoke in low fearful tones,

"Vlacho was there, and his knife was ready. But my lord yielded, and cried that he would not sell the island. When they heard that, they drew back, and Vlacho with the rest. But my lord Constantine struck; and when my lord lay dying it was the name of Constantine that he uttered in reproach." And the old woman reeled, and would have fallen, and then flung herself on the ground at Constantine's feet, crying "Pardon, my lord, pardon! I could not swear falsely on the picture. Ah, my lord, mercy, mercy!"

But Constantine, though he had, as I do not doubt, a good memory for offences, could not afford to think of the old woman now. One instant he sat still; then he sprang to his feet, crying,

"Let my friends come round me. if you will, I killed the old man. not the deed done? Was not the island sold? Was he not bound to this man here? The half of the money had been paid! If he had lived, and if this man had lived, they would have brought soldiers and constrained us. So I slew him; and therefore I have sought to kill the stranger Who blames me? If there be any, let him now stand by the stranger, and let my friends stand by me. Have we not had enough talk? Is it not time to act? Who loves Neopalia? Who loves me?"

While he spoke, many had been gathering round him. With every fresh appeal more flocked to him. There were but three or four left now, wavering between him and me, and Kortes alone stood by my side.

"Are you children that you shrink from me because I struck a blow for our country? Was the old man to escape, and live to help this man to take our island? Yes, I, Constantine Stefanopoulos, though I was blood of his blood—I killed him. Who blames me? Shall we not finish the work? There the stranger stands! Men of the island, shall we not finish the work?"

"Well, it's come at last," thought I to myself. And I said to Kortes, "It's no use. Don't get yourself into trouble!" Then I folded my arms and waited. But I do not mean to say that I did not turn a little pale. Perhaps I did. At any rate I contrived to show no fear except in that.

The islanders looked at one another, and then at Constantine. Friend Constantine had been ready with his stirring words, but he did not rush first to the attack. Besides myself there was Kortes, who had not left his place by me, in

spite of my invitation to him. And Kortes looked as though he could give an account of one or two. But the hesitation among Constantine's followers did not last long. Demetri was no coward at all events, although he was as big a scoundrel as I have known. He carried a great sword that he must have got from the collection on the walls of the hall; he brandished it now over his head, and rushed straight at me. It seemed to be all over, and I thought that the best I could do was to take it quietly; so I stood still. But on a sudden I was pulled back by a powerful arm. Kortes flung me behind him and stood between me and Demetri's rush. An instant later, ten or more of them were round Kortes. He struck at them, but they dodged him. One cried, "Don't hurt Kortes," and another, running agilely round, caught his arms from behind, and, all gathering about him, they wrested his weapons from him. My last champion was disarmed; he had but protracted the bitterness of death for me by his gallant attempt. I fixed my eyes steadily on the horizon and waited. The time of my waiting must have been infinitesimal, yet I seemed to wait some little while. Then Demetri's great sword flashed suddenly between me and the sky. But it did not fall. Another flash came—the flash of white, darting across between me and the grim figure of my assailant. And Phroso, pale, breathless, trembling in every limb, yet holding her head bravely, and with anger gleaming in her dark eyes, said,

"If you kill him you must kill me; I will not live if he dies."

Even Demetri paused; the rest gave back. I saw Constantine's hatchet-face peering in gloomy wrath and trembling excitement from behind the protecting backs of his stout adherents. But Demetri, holding his sword poised for the stroke, growled angrily,

"What is his life to you, lady?"

Phroso drew herself up. Her face was away from me; but as she spoke I saw a sudden rush of red spread over her neck; yet she spoke steadily and boldly in a voice that all could hear,

"His life is my life; for I love him as I love my life—ah, and God knows, more, more, more!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



# THE PLAY OF THE MOMENT.

V .- "THE GEISHA."

PHOTOS BY DOWNEY, BLLIS, AND WALERY.

BRILLIANT success. That was the general opinion of this play on the evening of its production, and since that time the verdict of the first night audience has been confirmed over and over again.

For the history of the piece we must go first of all to the author, Mr. Owen Hall.

"We all felt," said Mr. Owen Hall,

"that we wanted something different from the musical plays already produced. Naturally, too, we wished the new play to be an improvement on its predecessors, if possible. We cast about for a subject. Japan was very much to the fore just then, so we decided to have a Japanese play. I studied several books on the country, as in writing *The Geisha* I wished to make the story quite plausible. As a



MISS MARIE TEMPEST AS "CHIEF GEISHA"

(From a photo by Ellis.)

matter of fact, the Japanese element of the piece is correct. We had several Japanese gentlemen at the rehearsals to assist us in the arrangements, and, allowing for a very slight dramatic licence, of course, the plot of *The Geisha* is not by any means an improbable story.

"Having got our idea, I set to work with

a definite aim in view. My intention was to write a play that should have a simple but connected story. I wanted the interest of the piece to depend not so much upon broad humour as upon the plot and the characters. In a piece of this description, dialogue is rather at a discount, for which state of affairs there are many To reasons. start with, the piece mustn't



MISS LETTY LIND AS "MOLLY SEAMORE."

(From a photo by W. and D. Downey.)

run for more than three hours. Twenty minutes of that time is occupied by the wait between the acts, which leaves two hours and forty minutes for the actual playing. Divide this between the author and composer and you will see that the plot of a musical play must be told in one hour and twenty minutes, which is rather less than half the time usually allotted to the writer of a three act comedy. And we must have as many characters as in a drama.

"In writing the piece I tried to make it good from the artistic point of view. I did not consider it enough simply to write lines that should raise a laugh. That kind of writing is very simple. The use of the word 'damn' will get a certain laugh from the pit, so will the imaginary dropping of a weight on someone's toes,

so will a stumble upstairs when the low comedian makes his exit. I considered that people were getting tired of this kind of entertainment; I knew I was myself, so I tried to improve upon it. People are accustomed to musical plays being chopped and hacked about until whatever story the piece originally had has disappeared. Itisimportant to an author

that the person who 'talks and chats' should be a competent judge of what the public desires. I don't see why a play shouldn't be just as rational with music as without, and in time I see no reason why a musical play shouldn't be as sound from the literary point of view as The Second Mrs. Tanqueray."

The lyrics of the piece are written by Mr. Harry Greenbank, who knows what the public wants and how to give it them.

"The writing of a lyric," said Mr.



NDLLES. BRILIE HERVE, MARY FAWCETT, ELISE COOKE, AND MARY COLLETTE AS "GEISHA."

Greenbank, "comes fairly easy to me because I work regularly. I sit down every evening after dinner with a blank sheet of paper in front of me. I never "Which is the hardest kind to do?"

"A love song. It is so very difficult to find a new way of making love. I'm afraid there's only one, and that's been

usedsomany times."

"And your favourite kind of lyric?"

"Issomething of the 'Tom-Tit' kind. I like to have a little story in the song, and judging from the sale the 'Tom-Tit' has had I think a song of that description the most popular. You see, a song of that kind can be sung anywhere by either a lady or gentleman, and not being topical it doesn't carry its date. I am also very fond of writing patter songs. It was a little dangerous to try a 'Poll



MR. C. HAYDEN COFFIN AS "REGINALD FAIRFAX."

(From a photo by Ellis.)

wait for a mood; but just go straight ahead. Sometimes I can write a lyric very quickly, sometimes it will bother me for days."

Parrot and Canary' song so soon after the 'Tom-Tit,' but Miss Letty Lind said that she should like to sing about a parrot, and the new song, I am pleased



MOLLES EMILIE HERVE, MARY FAWCETT, ELISE COOKE AND MARY COLLETIE AS "GEISHA."

(From a photo by Wale y.)

to say, gives every promise of being as popular as the old one."

No small measure of *The Geisha's* success is due to the delightful music of Mr. Sidney Jones. I asked Mr. Jones if he had been to Japan to get the right kind of inspiration.

"No," was the reply. "The fact is,

Japanese music, pure and simple, would not be quite acceptable to a British audience. We have one chorus—the 'Chon-Kina'—which is pure Japanese, but I had to alter it slightly."

Mr. Jones played the original chorus as sung in Japan, and the result was very much like the droning of the bag-pipes.

"With regard to the rest of the music, I suppose it is English. I have not attempted many 'Japanesy' effects. I don't work very hard. People come to

The extraordinary amount of realism which Miss Letty Lind manages to infuse into her Parrot and Canary song is easily accounted for. Miss Lind studied the

part from life, with a parrot in front of her. "I am extremely fond of birds," said Miss Lind. "To me they are always amusing companions, and I can sit for hours and watch one in a cage."

"And with regard to the rest of

your part?" "I work at everything very hard, and find that the Park makes the best study for me. I go over my part when I'm out walking. or better still when I'm yachting. I think the latter time is the



MISS LETTY LIND AS "MOLLY SEAMORE (From a photo by W. and D. Down/y.)

me sometimes and ask if I haven't something by me. I never have. I have only published one song exclusive of songs for musical plays, and I had the lyric of that for a year before I touched it."

better of the two, but I must be out in the open air. My present part is one of the most delightful I have ever played."

Miss Marie Tempest likes being a Japanese Geisha. "Anything for a

change," she said, cheerily. "But please don't run away with any impressions you may have had from witnessing my performance on the second night. The fact is that

"Very much indeed. I think its production is one more proof of Mr. Edwardes' wonderful foresight in just suiting the public taste at the right time.



MISS MARIE TEMPEST AS "CHIEF GEISHA."

(From a photo by Ellis.)

my nerves get strung up to such a terrible pitch on the first night that the reaction is rather apt to make one feel very flat."

"You like the piece?"

I believe people were beginning to get a little tired of the go-as-you-please kind of musical play. They wanted something better. Well, they've got it now. The Geisha is simply delightful—book, music, scenery, everything."

"Do you find that your Japanese dress hampers you at all?"

"No; on the contrary, it's very comfortable, and it's certainly very pretty. I am very well suited too with my songs. Mr. Sidney Jones knows how to write for the voice, a quality in a composer which I can assure you is highly appreciated by a vocalist."

In Miss Juliette Nesville's drawingroom I discovered a large basket of flowers slightly faded.

"A souvenir of the first night," she said. "Ah, that terrible first night! I really don't believe I shall be able to play soon, I get so fearfully nervous."

"But that wears off, doesn't it?"

"No; never with me. Every night I am the same. Sometimes I have been asked why I put my hands behind my back—so, when I am singing. Well, it's nervousness, that's all. When I get on to the stage my hands shake so terribly that I am obliged to hide them."

"But a true artist is always nervous."

"That is so. Sarah Bernhardt told me that. I was with her when I made my first appearance on the stage, and I missed my first entrance! It wasn't really my fault, but oh! it was a dreadful time! I wasn't nervous then, because I didn't know the danger. Novices are always like that. It's just the same with other things beside acting."

"Of course, you are delighted with The Geisha?"

"Yes. It will run for at least two years; I'm sure of it, and when I prophesy I always speak the truth. Talking about speaking reminds me of something. I don't say 'interpretaire' instead of 'interpreter,' do I? An interviewer said that of me the other day. It isn't true, is it?"

I assured Miss Nesville that it was utterly false—which it is.

In striking contrast to the Japanese cha-

racters in the piece there is a party of English ladies, each one more beautiful than the rest. Miss Maud Hobson has an excellent little character study in the part of Lady Constance Wynne. And yet Miss Hobson's ambition lies more in the direction of serious drama! "I'm fond of serious plays," she said, "and I am always a little in love with the tearful heroine."

"But you have no intention-?"

"I know what you are going to say. No; nothing of the kind. It would be unwise in every way. I like the play and my part. I really work very hard; you can't afford to be idle if you are an actress, you know. I always strive to be as natural as possible when acting, and at the same be consistent with the particular character I am playing, and though it may sound like a cheap paradox, this 'naturalness' wants a good deal of studying."

I encountered Mr. Hayden Coffin just as he was going on the stage to sing his first song. "No," he said, "I really have nothing to say. It would be presumption on my part to criticise the work of such men as the authors and composer of The Geisha; and, as far as I am personally concerned, I prefer that the public should form any opinion they may have of me from what I do on the stage rather than from anything I can say on the subject. I think that when a man has finished his evening's work he should go home and close his door. I think, too, that he may be allowed to keep it shut. Really, I could tell you nothing that would be of the slightest interest to the readers of The Idler, or I would willingly do so."

Mr. W. Philp makes an ideal lover. His voice and appearance both serve him well, and his stage career has been singularly successful.

"I have not been long on the stage," be said. "I started in *The Wedding Eve.* This was followed by *The Magic Opal*, and I have recently been on tour with the



ESS LETTY LIND AS "MOLLY SEAMORE."

(From a phet) by W. and D. Downey.)

Gaiety Girl in South Africa and His Excellency in America."

"Don't you find that your parts are rather conventional?"

"To a certain extent. But then the public will insist upon the tenor making love. He must be conventional; the difficulty lies in finding a different way to play each part."

"Isn't it rather awkward when you have to sing and make love at the same time?"

"You get used to it. After all, one's singing voice should be very much like one's speaking voice, though, of course,

with more tone and quality in it. I don't think one can attach too much importance to one's articulation. Every word should be heard distinctly."

A capital all-round actor is Mr. L. Bradfield. Nothing comes amiss to him, and he is equally happy—and successful—whether singing or dancing. Mr. Bradfield has just been touring in Australia (most of the company seem to have played in every civilised country in the world), and his opinion of Australian audiences was summed up in one word—"Delicious."

"How do I like singing and dancing?"

he said. "I love it, though I'm half-inclined to think that a good 'faker' with a proper finish goes down better than an accomplished dancer. But there are several ways of 'going down.' I was playing in the provinces once, and gave a certain old lady a ticket for the evening show. I afterwards learned that she hadn't been to a theatre for forty-four years. When she came out I asked her how she liked me-me-my individual performance, you understand. (I was much younger in those days than I am now.) 'Eh, but it was proper,' was her reply, 'I liked you very much—almost as much as I did Sequah!'"

One of the hits of the piece is made by Mr. Huntley Wright with his quaint Chinese song and dance. It will probably come as a surprise to the hundreds of people who have had the pleasure of encoring Mr. Wright's dance to hear that he has never taken a lesson in dancing in his life.

"It comes naturally," he said. "I suppose I inherit it; at any rate I come from an old theatrical family, which may have something to do with it."

"But how do you set about learning such an extraordinary dance as the one you perform nightly?"

"The music and character you play suggest the movements.

"Do you give absolutely the same dance every night?"

"No, I change it a little at times. My knowledge of China, and where did I get it from? Books. When I had my part given me I took to reading a lot of books on Chinese dancing, and discovered that the Chinese very seldom danced at all. This was a great help to me."

My next visit was to Mr. Harry Monk-house.

"I want you to use your imagination," said Mr. Monkhouse. "Just imagine that I'm a jockey."

"Rather a big stretch of imag---"

"Wait a minute. Imagine that I'm a

jockey. Well, I have received my orders how to ride, but my gee-gee hasn't quite got into his stride yet. (The play had only run two nights.) In a little time I hope to carry out my orders faithfully; but, of course, a jockey mustn't be quite mechanical in his movements, he must use a little discretion (which in this case may be roughly translated 'gag'). I like my part, and I like my dress, and I like the But I want a little time to get music. comfortably settled. No, I have never played Shakespeare, nor do I see a probability of my doing so. I'm quite sure I should want to gag all the way through my part."

"You have had some little experience in the art of gagging, I believe?"

"Well, I've been on the stage for twentysix years. I work hard, and I play hard, am very fond of dogs, poultry, pigeons, rabbits, all sorts of things. I keep them at home—quite a farmer in fact." And then, Mr. Harry Monkhouse being a comedian, he talked about politics, and the future of Australia, and the advantages and disadvantages of emigration to that country. Altogether it was a very instructive discourse.

To Mr. Willie Warde belongs the credit of inventing the dances for *The Geisha*, and a higher authority on the subject of dancing does not exist.

"It is commonly reported in theatrical circles," I said to Mr. Warde, "that you are capable of inventing any kind of dance that human eyes ever saw?"

"I don't know about that, but if I don't know how a certain dance should go, I can do the next best thing, and that is, find the information.

"What do you think of the Japanese dances?"

"They are very graceful. There is a curious kind of gliding movement in them—I dare say you've noticed it in some of *The Geisha* dances. Some years ago there was a Japanese village in London. I went to it on several occasions,

and that is where I got part of my knowledge of Japanese dancing from."

"Don't you find it very difficult to keep on inventing fresh dances?"

"It simply worries me to death. I must confess that when I was asked to do the dances for *The Geisha* I thought I was in for a lot of tedious work. As it was, I found it delightful. I enjoyed the rehearsals immensely, and the chorus did all they could to help me."

The "Japanning" of the piece was entrusted to Mr. Arthur Diósy, Founder and Vice-Chairman of the Japan Society, so that all the important details of the piece may be relied upon as being absolutely correct. Here and there of course alterations had to be made in order to get proper stage effects. However, what is not Japanese is such a good imitation of the real thing that natives themselves are deceived.

The caste of the The Geisha is an ex-

ceptionally strong one, and includes, in addition to those mentioned, Miss Blanche Massey, Miss Lydia Flopp, Miss Hetty Hamer, Miss Alice Davis, Miss Kristine Yudall, Mr. L. Bantock, Mr. F. Rosse, and Mr. Sydney Ellison, who is so devoted to his work that he has not taken a day's holiday for two years and a half. Moreover, he knows the whole of A Gaiety Girl, An Artist's Model, and The Geisha by heart, and is ready to play any part therein at a minute's notice. The stage-managing of The Geisha is undertaken by Mr. Brian England, whose long and varied career renders him an authority on any subject connected with the stage. Mr. England has done everything and travelled everywhere-including Japan. He has been an officer in the navy, had several spells of gold-digging, and eleven years' experience of stage-work, seven of which were devoted to Shakesperean acting.



### THE HORRORS OF LONDON.

BY ALLEN UPWARD.

#### ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST GOODWIN.

V.—THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



HERE are four kinds of palaces, the royal palace, the bishop's palace, the gin palace, and the Crystal Palace. Mysteri-

ous combination! Inexplicable law!

The Crystal Palace occupies a position midway between the episcopal palace and the gin palace. It seeks to combine pleasure with instruction, to temper the severe atmosphere of the British Museum with a subtle flavour of the Aquarium. It is eminently a place to which the young person may be taken without the danger of arousing a blush; and it sternly waves the Bacchanalian reveller away from its chaste turnstiles.

These things have been misunderstood. Persons have insisted on regarding the Crystal Palace as a place of amusement, a haunt of joy, in which light frivolity may be indulged in, and the serious cares of life laid aside. They go out there in a reckless frame of mind, too often excited by drink, and expect to find the same mad whirl of gaiety which prevails at places like Madame Tussaud's and the Zoological Gardens.

This is an injustice to the high principle which animates the directors of the Crystal Palace. The directors of this Palace are good men. Probably they are retired missionaries. This theory is supported by the numerous statues of heathen which are stationed at various points in the building, and which are obviously not put there for purposes of decoration. No one knows how ugly the heathen are till he has been to the Crystal Palace. There do not seem to be any good-looking heathen. They are all frights.

The evil-minded have cavilled at these groups of statuary for not being more

amply draped. But the directors have acted in this matter with deep policy. The more you see of these persons the less you like them. Heliogabalus might gaze on these statues for hours without an immodest thought.

However, the directors have two kinds of statues in stock—plain and coloured. The plain ones are on the whole an improvement on the coloured, though this remark does not apply to their moral character. Some of them seem to have been good-looking persons enough, but the costumes they dispensed with would have clothed an orphanage. The Trilby mania must have been carried very far beyond the foot in ancient society, to judge from the three Graces whose figures are now on view in this place. No living duchess would consent to be modelled in such absolute déshabillé.

In addition to images of these and other eminent persons of former times, the Crystal Palace has got models of their homes, for instance, the Parthenon of Athens—a close imitation of the Mansion House, and also a very imperfect reproduction of the Alhambra in Leicester Square.

Where the directors of the Palace have shown a slight want of imagination, however, is in not combining the figures with the buildings, so as to produce a really vivid picture of life in those days. A Venus of Milo coyly peeping out between the columns of the Parthenon at Apollo Belvedere—or perhaps Cupid patting a sphynx on the back, and throwing his bow into the water for it to fetch out—something of this kind would have been at once appropriate and cheerful.

On the whole these specimens of archi-



NO ONE KNOWS HOW UGLY THE HEATHEN ARE TILL HE HAS BEEN TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

tecture are disappointing. The Parthenon has been over-praised. It must have been fearfully draughty with all those pillars, and there is nothing to show how it was drained. Phidias mistook his vocation. He was no sort of an architect. He couldn't construct a good weathertight temple to save his life. He ought to have stuck to wedding-cakes, and he would have made a fortune. As for these buildings there is not one of them whose plans would be passed by a modern local authority unless it was heavily bribed.

These architectural abortions are no real credit to the Crystal Palace. They ought to be taken away, and replaced by a model of an artisan's dwelling, or even a replica of a flat.

It is not generally known that the Crystal Palace is the native home of the penny-in-the-slot machine. The directors have tried to conceal this fact for fear of rousing prejudice against their house. But they are not really to blame. It was impossible for them to foresee the baleful growth to which these things would attain, and which threatens to overwhelm our civilisation. But let their error be a warning to other variety entertainers. It is not yet too late to crush the cinematograph in the bud, or to wreck the Great Wheel, but if the golden hour be once allowed to pass, it may never return.

The great secret of the success of this Palace is its inaccessibility. Omne ignotum pro magnifico. There is no part of London from which it is easy to get to the Crystal Palace. I am aware that this statement has been denied. Some persons have pretended that it is easy

to get to the Palace from Clapham. But has it ever been proved that such a place as Clapham really exists? I believe not.

If the Crystal Palace were brought to our doors we should probably cease to care for it. We should pass it by, like the Houses of Parliament, and the Griffin, and other objects for which familiarity has bred contempt. But its wild seclusion imparts to this Palace a mysterious charm. There is a certain fascination in starting to go to it, from the doubt as to whether it will ever be reached. It is like a novel by Wilkie Collins, the secret is preserved to the very end.

Another attraction about the Palace which has not been sufficiently explained, is in connection with the fireworks. Why is it that such vast multitudes are drawn, time after time, to gaze on these exhibitions? It is time to reveal the shameful secret. The people who flock to see these fireworks are persons who, as children, were taken to spend the day at the Crystal Palace by wicked uncles, or cruel, unforgiving aunts. Now they are grown up they go there in the mad, diabolical hope of seeing the Palace some day catch fire in the midst of the display, and become a heap of sand and alkali!

For, to conclude, the truth must be plainly spoken, the directors have not maintained their high character in calling their structure a Crystal Palace. It is not crystal at all—but just plain, ordinary glass. The country is full of such crystal palaces, only they are not so large, and they are called greenhouses by their friends.





A GAIETY GIRL.

By Hounson Byles.

# LETTERS TO CLORINDA.\*



Y DEAR CLORINDA,—I spent last Sunday evening in Hyde Park. We are advancing by leaps and bounds towards a sensible Sunday. The band

of the 1st Life Guards was playing secular music, and some two or three hundred thousand people were enjoying a delightful hour. I strolled among them, and my attention was chiefly drawn towards the women. The great majority of them were, I suppose, shop girls, milliners, the daughters of tradesmen and clerks, and others belonging to the lower middle They had put on their best frocks, their bonniest hats, their newest gloves. They sat or walked in twos or threes, chattering and preening, as happy as young sparrows on a gate. And what a handsome crowd they made. I have seen German crowds, I have seen French crowds. I have seen Italian crowds; but nowhere do you find such a proportion of pretty women as you find among the English middle class. Three women out of every four were worth looking at, every other woman was pretty, while every fourth, one might say without exaggeration, was beautiful. My wonder is that young men ever marry. The difficulty of selection must be enormous. As I passed to and fro the idea occurred to me: suppose I am a young bachelor looking for a wife; and let me suppose -it is only a fancy-that all these girls are ready and willing to accept me. I have only to choose. I grew be-There were fair girls, to look at whom was fatal; dark girls that set one's heart on flame; girls with red-gold hair and grave grey eyes, whom one would follow to the confines of the universe; baby-faced girls that one longed to love and cherish; girls with noble faces, whom a man might worship; laughing girls with whom one could dance

through life gaily; serious girls with whom life would seem sweet and good; domesticlooking-girls—one felt such would make delightful wives; they would cook, and sew, and make home a pleasant peaceful place. Then wicked-looking girls came by, at the stab of whose bold eyes all orthodox thoughts were put to flight, whose laughter turned the world into a mad carnival; girls one could mould; girls from whom one could learn; sad girls one wanted to comfort; merry girls who would cheer one; little girls, big girls, queenly girls, fairy-like girls. How can a man select? He wants them all.

Every right-thinking man is an universal lover. How could it be otherwise! You are so diverse; yet each so sweet of your kind, and a man's heart has room for you all. May I not admire the daring tulip because I love also the modest lily; may I not pause to kiss the sweet violet because the scent of the queenly rose is precious to me?

"Certainly not," I hear the rose reply.

"If you can see anything in her, you shall have nothing to do with me."

"If you care for that bold creature," says the lily, trembling, "you are not the man I took you for. Good-bye."

"Go to your baby-faced violet," cries the tulip, with a toss of her haughty head; "you are just fitted for each other."

And when I return to the violet she tells me that she cannot trust me. She has watched me with those others. She knows me for a gad-about. Her gentle face is full of pain.

So I am left unloved, merely because I love too much.

But I am getting away from Hyde Park and its show of girls.

They passed and repassed me, laughing, smiling, talking. Their eyes were bright with merry thoughts; their voices soft and

<sup>.</sup> Copyright, 1896, by Jerome K. Jerome, in the United States of America.

They were pleased, and they wanted to please. Some were married, some had evidently reasonable expectations of being married; the rest hoped to be married. And we, myself and sor...c hundred thousand or so other young men -you will forgive my grouping myself thus. I was feeling young on this particular evening, and, after all, a man is but as old as he feels; so I brave your laugh, and say, "We young men"—we looked at them as we walked by, and we were fascinated, charmed, and captivated. delightful to spend our lives with them, to do little services for them that would call up these bright smiles, these sweet expres-How pleasant to jest with them, and hear their silvery laughter, to console them and see their grateful smile. Really life is a pleasant thing, and the idea of marriage undoubtedly originated in the brain of a kindly Providence.

We smiled back at them, and we made way for them; we rose from our chairs with a polite "Allow me, Miss," "Don't mention it, I prefer standing." "It is a delightful evening, is it not?" And perhaps—for what harm was there?—we dropped into conversation with these chance fellow-passengers upon the stream of life. There were those among us - bold, daring spirits --- who even went to the length of a little mild flirtation. of us knew some of them, and in such happy case there followed interchange of pretty pleasantries. Your English middleclass young man and woman are not adepts at the game of flirtation; I will confess that our methods were, perhaps, a little elephantine, that we may have grown a trifle noisy as the evening wore away. But we meant no evil; we did but our best to enjoy ourselves, to give enjoyment, to make the too brief time pass gaily.

And then my thoughts wandered to small homes in distant suburbs, and these bright lads and lasses round me grew to look older and more careworn. But what of that? Are not old faces sweet when looked at by old eyes a little dimmed by love, and are not care and toil but the parents of peace and joy?

But as I drew nearer, I saw that many of the faces were seared with sour and angry looks, and the voices that rose round me sounded surly and captious. The pretty compliment and praise had changed to sneers and scoldings. The dimpled smile had wrinkled to a frown. There seemed so little desire to please, so great a determination not to be pleased.

And the flirtations! Ah me, they had forgotten how to flirt! Oh, the pity of it! All the jests were bitter, all the little services were given grudgingly. The air seemed to have grown chilly. A darkness had come over all things.

And then I woke to reality, and found that I had been sitting in my penny chair longer than I had intended. The bandstand was empty, the sun had set; I got up, and made my way home through the scattered crowd.

Nature is so callous. The Dame irritates me at times by her devotion to her one idea, the propagation of the species.

"Multiply and be fruitful; let thy world be ever more and more peopled."

For this she trains and fashions her young girls, models them with cunning hand, paints them with her beautiful red and white, crowns them with their glorious hair, teaches them to smile and laugh, trains their voices into music, sends them out into the world to conquer us, to captivate, to enslave us.

"See how beautiful she is, my lad," says the cunning woman. "Take her; build your little nest with her in your pretty suburb; work for her and live for her; enable her to keep the little ones that I will send."

And to her, old hundred-breasted Artemis whispers, "Is he not a bonny lad? See how he loves you, how devoted he is to you! He will work for you and make you happy, he will build your home

for you. You shall be the mother of his children."

So we take each other hand by hand, full of hope and love, and from that hour Mother Nature has done with us. Let the wrinkles come; let our voices grow harsh; let the fire she lighted in our hearts die out; let the foolish selfishness we both thought we had put behind us for ever creep back to us, bringing unkindness and indifference, angry thoughts and cruel words into our lives. What cares she? She has caught us, and chained us to our She is our universal mother-inlaw. She has done the match-making; for the rest, she leaves it to ourselves. We can love or we can fight; it is all one to her.

I wonder sometimes if good temper might not be taught. In business we use no harsh language, say no unkind things to one another. The shopkeeper, leaning across the counter, is all smiles and affability; he might put up his shutters were he otherwise. The commercial gent no doubt thinks the ponderous shopwalker an ass, but he refrains from Hasty tempers are telling him so. banished from the city. Can we not see that it is just as much to our interest to banish them from Tooting and Hampstead?

The young man who sat in the chair next to me, how carefully he wrapped the cloak round the shoulders of the little milliner beside him. And when she said she was tired of sitting still, how readily he sprang from his chair to walk with her, though it was evident he was very comfortable where he was. And she! She had laughed at his jokes; they were not very clever jokes. The majority of them, I am inclined to think, had come out of Tit-Bits, where, possibly, she had read them herself, weeks before. Yet the · little bit of humbug made him happy. I wonder if ten years hence she will laugh at such old humour, if ten years hence he will take such clumsy pains to put her

cape about her. Experience shakes her head, and to both questions answers sadly, "No."

I would have evening classes for the teaching of temper to married couples, only I fear the institution would languish for lack of pupils. The husbands would recommend their wives to attend, generously offering to pay the fee as a birthday present. The wife would be indignant at the suggestion of good money being thus wasted. "No, John, dear," she would unselfishly reply, "you need the lessons more than I do. It would be a shame for me to take them away from you." And they would wrangle upon the subject for the rest of the day.

Once, cycling along a country road, I heard angry voices behind me, and turning my head, saw coming after me, a man and woman on a tandem. I eased down to allow them to pass me, and then followed a little way behind. They were quarrelling steadily. It seemed an odd place to choose for a quarrel, but I suppose they had to get it in. I found them established at the same inn where I put up for the night, and learnt in conversation with the man, that they had just commenced a cycling tour, which was to last a fortnight.

"Can you chat comfortably together, two people, on a tandem?" I asked. "I have never tried a tandem myself."

"Oh, yes," he answered, cheerily, "you don't think about the machine. The wife and I talk nearly all the while we ride, don't we, Bella?"

"Oh, yes," was Bella's comment, "that's the beauty of a tandem. We used to ride two machines, but then we were always getting away from one another. On a tandem, you can't, you see."

"Oh, it's just the thing for a married couple," said the man.

I suppose they knew their own business; I should have taken to an ordinary, had I been the man.

I saw them start off the next morning

from my bedroom window; they were quarrelling as to who should sit in front.

"You steer so badly," said the lady.

"I should steer all right if you didn't keep on talking," retorted the man.

"There would be nothing to talk about, if you steered straight," replied the lady.

It comes by nature to some folk to quarrel. They do not start to quarrel, but all roads of conversation lead to that. I remember a clever artist friend of mine telling me of one of the most bitter quarrels he ever had with his father, from whom he inherited a hasty temper. He came in one day late for lunch, and having an early afternoon appointment, was in a desperate hurry. His mother had just helped him, when the father arrived upon the scene.

"Ah, Tom, you here," he cried, drawing up his chair towards the table. "Give me something to eat, Jane, I am famishing."

"Take this, father," said the son, dutifully, putting his plate in front of his father.

"No, no, my lad," replied the other, returning it. "You go on, you've got a train to catch."

"No, no, dad, you take it," and a second time he pushed the lunch across the table.

"Don't be silly," said his father, pushing it back. "You have only got ten minutes."

"I can eat all I want to in five," returned the other. "You take that."

"Don't get playing quoits with the thing," cried his parent, beginning to get angry.

"Well, why don't you keep it, then?" was the answer. "You say you're hungry."

"Damn you, and your lunch!" roared the old gentleman. "Eat it, I tell you, and don't be a blithering idiot."

"I won't be called an idiot," retorted the son, hotly. "What do you want to lose your temper about a little thing for?"

"Who's losing his temper?"

"Why, you are; you're always losing it."

The subsequent dialogue grew confused; the incident terminating with the father's covering his affectionate son from head to foot with minced veal and gravy. The son jumped up and overturned the table, swore at his father and left the room. His mother burst into tears, while his male parent threw a potato after him which broke the clock.

"Yes, I remember your father," I said, as my friend finished the anecdote, "he was a bad-tempered man."

"Not at all," replied my friend quite hotly, "he was the best fellow that ever lived."

I did not argue the question. Had we done so, we should have quarrelled.

Ever sincerely yours,

JEROME K. JEROME.





TENNIS.
THE IDEAL.

By Sydney Cowell

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5.0.



TENNIS.
THE REAL

By Ernest



BY G. B. BURGIN, EVELYN SHARP, BENNETT COLL, MISS DORMER, WELLESLEY PAIN, G. C. HAITÉ, AND W. L. ALDEN.

#### ILLUSTRATED BY LEWIS BAUMER.

Burgin's experiences.

I am perfectly well aware that this is a subject which lends itself to humorous exaggeration in theory, but, when it comes to actual, cold-blooded reality, there is very little humour from

the victim's point of view. Many people decide to learn to ride a bicycle from a mis-



taken sense of enjoyment; others simply because they lead sedentary lives, and find that an hour a day on this baffling machine is the most compressed, Liebig-like kind of exercise. "What we want," said my medical man to me—"What we want, my de—ar sir, is to promote a general activity of the liver. We must buy a bicycle." As a preliminary step to buying a bicycle, I thought it just as well to learn to ride one, and, with that view, answered an advertisement of a firm on the Surrey side, who, for the modest sum of 10s. 6d., volunteered to "put me through." The arena for this modern martyrdom was a place dimly illuminated by a skylight, and had evidently been a workshop; its atmosphere was still suffused with the odour of burning indiarubber. Twenty-four people sat in a row, against the walls, whilst two muscular, but ill-shapen, youths shuffled round the ring holding a couple of corpulent and agonised-looking

middle-aged gentlemen on two useful bicycles, the front wheels of which writhed in agony beneath the aforesaid gentlemen's weight. Each learner had a five minutes' turn. The men were made to climb on to the bicycle from behind, while the instructor held it steady. Then the instructor taught the victim how to grasp the handles and steer. The great trouble was to keep one's balance, and nothing but practice could get over it. Of course it required a good many lessons before one made any perceptible pro-

gress. What filled me with admiration was the untiring energy of the instructors, who went shuffling round the ring for several hours, dexterously holding the learner on to the bicycle. Whenever he toppled over on one side, the instructor pushed him back again with a nicely-graduated pat. As so in as the learner could sit upright a little, the teacher would let go of the machine for a moment, and the novice, without knowing it, had to rely on his own efforts. The place, however, was too small for one to learn properly, as there was a pillar at each corner; at least, there seemed to be only four pillars at first, but by the time one was half-way round the ring there were four dozen. After the learner could go alone, he was taught to mount and dismount; the mounting seemed to be the most difficult part of the business, as the machine invariably collapsed in a heap, and the treadles barked the victim's shins.

After about six lessons, the instructor pronounced me perfect, and said that I was able to ride in public without disgracing myself. With the conceit of innocence, I cordially agreed with him, but soon found that riding in a covered shed, and riding on the public highway were two very different things. I could not get on the machine without the assistance of a friendly bricklayer, and, once mounted, there was an irresistible tendency on my part to steer straight into the nearest cart. If it were one hundred yards away the result was always the same; and, in order to avoid being crushed beneath the wheels, I had to dismount and ignominiously walk the bicycle past the vehicle. I believe there is a scientific explanation of this fact, and that practice does away with so homicidal a tendency. On my first trip, a girl (also a novice) suddenly stopped in front of me. To avoid running over her, I pulled up, hesitated how to get off, and came a frightful smash. "What a pity middle-aged people don't leave these things alone," she said with a sneer as she rode off. I'm sorry for the man who marries that girl.

The most practical way of deriving any benefit from bicycling is to begin with very short distances at first, and to rest at frequent intervals. There is a tendency when one becomes tired to grow careless and upset the machine. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty; it is also the price of proficiency in bicycling. I may mention one other pitfall for the unwary tyro, and that is the going downhill. To the seasoned bicyclist this may be the merest child's play, but I would rather sit a vicious horse a dozen times a day than ride a bicycle downhill. For the first three moments one experiences the sensation of flying; then, if the beginner is not exceedingly careful, this sensation becomes an actual fact, for the feet cannot keep the treadles, and, if the steering be forgotten, the result may be appropriately summed up in the words of a Salvation Army Captain, whom I had not the honour of knowing, but who kindly helped to extricate me from my machine. "Ah," said he (being unable to resist such a heaven-sent opportunity of pointing a moral), "life's just like bicycling. Going down 'ill, that's where the 'ell is."

As a matter of fact, nobody ever does learn. After a miserable

period of distressful effort, it suddenly comes. It would come experiences. very much sooner, if we were not hampered by the gratuitous advice of the person who is just able to ride, and therefore thinks he is justified in giving us hints that he never took himself, and knows quite well we are not going to take either. The most annoying person in the world is the advanced beginner; he is so glad to find someone who is a little worse than himself. Down at Battersea the period of probation is as cheerful as it can be made; they are used to

beginners there, and the witnesses are few; and that is always comforting to the small shred of pride that still clings to us, after we have mounted a machine for the first time.

The anticipation is the worst part. As we drive down Sloane Street, we wonder sadly why cycling was ever invented, and why we should feel compelled to learn it, even if it is; and why we do not learn to drive a hansom cab instead, or to turn a barrel-organ, or to sell cabbages off a barrow, or anything else that looks so easy—compared with cycling—in the streets we pass through. Even fate does not come to our assistance, for the horse does not fall down, nor the bridge give way; and we arrive uninjured at the place of torture, and feel that our last link with safety and happiness is severed, when we pay the cabman. In a subdued voice we ask for "Tom," or "Harry," or "Jim," an enquiry that argues no undue familiarity on our part, but merely ensures our getting the same stalwart instructor as yesterday. For we think—though the instructor doesn't—that our eccentricities are peculiar to us. However, he says exactly the same things as he did the day before; and we behave in exactly the same futile manner.

"Tread even," he begins. "Ladies never seems able to tread even with both feet alike." And we wonder vaguely if one of our legs is shorter than the other.

"Don't look at the wheel," he continues. "Keep the heye fixed on some distant hobject." We try to obey, and look helplessly at a policeman, a little way off, and

tell him in agonised tones that we are falling. The policeman smiles, and passes on; and the instructor wrestles with us until he has restored our equilibrium. We go quite smoothly for a few moments.

"There, you're riding by yourself now," says the instructor. But he does not say it again, for at the mere intimation of such a fact, we collide with the kerb, and collapse on to the path. We look at one another, with heated faces.

"Some ladies is worse'n you," pants the instructor. "Sometimes I've n. t left off 'olding of 'em, not for height lessons."

"Surely, you must be tired," we say, with a sudden and uncalled-for consideration. "Suppose we stop for to-day?"

"Bless you, tired, not me! You've only been on ten minutes," he says; and, although it seems to us quite an hour,

we return unhappily to the charge.

I suppose there is some compensation for all this self-imposed misery. Perhaps, when I have learnt to mount my machine without coming off promptly on the other side, and when I can see a wheelbarrow or a perambulator on the horizon without feeling flurried, and when an attempt to sound the bell or use the break does not land me in the road, I may have discovered what it is. And, meanwhile, I must allow that there is something in being obliged to order a new dress.

Bennett Coll's commend itself for conciseness and common-sense: "Get into the

saddle and use the treadles." The apparently sweet simplicity of the thing, in my case, so fired youthful ambition that I presently found myself mixed up with the remains of the adviser's machine. Mutual recriminations followed, ending in an adjournment to the gymnasium, where I took it out of him—or he out of me, I forget which—with the boxing-gloves. That was the beginning of it. The bicycles

of that period consisted of a front and back wheel connected, somehow, by a long backbone of steel which supported the saddle. They were called by the irreverent, "Bone-shakers," but the great thing was to possess a front wheel whose diameter was superior to that of any other. Consequently, I purchased a machine which boasted a diameter of forty-two yards—or feet; perhaps it was inches—and received instruction. That is to say, I was upheld by two stalwart and perspiring men (each at half-a-crown an hour, with beer), and solemnly conducted round a cinder "track." After three weeks of this treatment the novelty began to wear off, and the two men eagerly caught at my suggestion that I was now qualified to ride without assistance. I used to weigh heavier in those days than I do now. Besides, there was only one rule to remember, namely, "Pull the handle towards the side you find you're falling," a counsel of perfection whose value is appreciated only after repeated disaster consequent upon pulling

towards the other. Getting into the saddle was accomplished by two methods: You might elect to be hoisted by a crane; if no crane was handy, there was nothing for it but to seize the handle, take a prodigious leap into the upper air, fling one leg over the whole structure, and come down with a crash upon the leather seat. This required judgment, and usually smashed the steel back-



bone. I must have supported the entire family of a steel backbone manufacturer during my novitiate.

How different it all is now! We knew nothing of pneumatic tyres, cycle-lamps, mud-guards, or scores of other accessories now considered indispensable. There was not even a brake, nor a bell, or syren whistle to warn the unhappy pedestrian of his impending decease. "How to learn Bicycling?" It is an answered question. It is answered by the young lady (in appropriately rational costume) who, as she deftly mounts her silver-gilt (or otherwise) machine, throws a glance in your direction which clearly means, "There is really nothing here that calls for your assistance, thank you." She has only to lay two dainty five-and-three-quarters hands upon the adjustable handle-bar, walk upstairs, and take her seat leisurely before she fades away in the distance like a beautiful dream. Remembering my own experience, the wonder to me is how she does it. But, taking her and myself as opposite extremities of the cycling art, I should recommend young bachelors to learn bicycling by placing themselves unreservedly under the tuition of some member of the other sex. At present, the isolation of the cycling maiden has become pathetic; even the tandem is all too infrequent, whereas a side-by-side bicycle made for two would offer large advantages for listening to the nightingales on moonlit evenings. To my mind, Society has only to enact a law forbidding its daughters bicycling exercise without a suitable male attendant by their side. Then the thing would be done. The education of our young men would be rapid and complete, and the beneficial results to the State are hardly to be calculated.

Like all the rest of the world, I and a friend—she weighs should judge about eleven stone—determined to learn to bicycle. Our steps were gaily guided to a very large lofty room, with a boarded

Miss Dormer's experiences.

floor. There was a row of chairs down either side, and a platform at the far end, where a waltz tune was being rattled out on a cottage piano. Near the door, at a

table, receiving money and delivering tickets, sat a good-looking young woman with the masterful type of nose, clad in scarlet blouse and black skirt, the line dividing the two colours being a belt of tan-coloured leather.

The youths who taught the noble art of cycling were five in number, and were dignified by the title of "instructors." One was depressed and cadaverous, one rosy and brisk, one bald, one bushy, and one grey-headed. Each was a study in himself.

There were only about a dozen other people in the room, four of whom looked on from the chairs at the others. These others, mounted on wheels, were gliding round and round the hall.

An "instructor" came up with a machine, holding a strap in his hand, which he proceeded to put round my waist—the little there is of it.

The next thing was to mount the machine, and oh, what a treacherous, tipsy, tumbling, tricky thing it is when one begins to try to get on it by oneself! It turns over in a flash, and sends you off anyhow; it trips you up by the very foot you want o keep safe on the ground; and dashes forwards or backwards, taking the saddle maddeningly anywhere just where you are *not* trying to sit, dodging you in every direction, like the exasperating owl of a thing it is. But in the hands of the able "instructor," with the seat as steady as a rock, it was perfectly easy, and I was well up and moving onward in the trail of my friend in a moment.

Imagine us, therefore, perilously poised on slender wheels, and straps round our respective (and we hope still respectable) waists, whereby our unstable, wavering forms

are supported by two lean young men. So we wound our sinuous way round the wainscot; and as we went I was conscious of a pleased feeling.

The pace quickened, and my spirits rose as the warm blood coursed more freely through my chilly frame. Hulloa! my friend in front was nearly off; and a pull the instructor gave at the strap reversed the direction of her fall so effectually that she nearly came on to him, and where would he have been with that weight to bury him?

That was really humorous! I laughed, and I suppose I did it one-sidedly, for I lost my balance. To recover it, I clutched wildly at the scanty hair of

the patient, depressed youth guiding my erratic course. (He must have been pleased with my steady seat, for he had allowed a length of strap between himself and me.)

"Stick to the machine—stick to the machine, madam," he ordered hastily, and I turned the handles of the bicycle straight for the leg of a stout old gentleman careering past me. "Pardon!" I cried, in excited apology at his shout—and frantically reversed the turn of the handles. The instructor jerked me back—but too late! The bicycle had had enough of me, and leapt straight for the row of chairs. Bang! Crash! One would have thought the huge building was falling. But it was only the chairs, and I on the top of them.

Wellesley Pain's experiences.

I have only learnt once, and I have only had one pupil. I taught my sister; the instructions I gave her were those I had received myself. So I only know one way of learning to ride.

Here is my method.

Get a strong man to hold the bicycle while you mount. If you are a man do this

from the step, if you are a woman stand on the left-hand side of the machine with your face to the handles, put your right foot over on to the right-hand pedal, spring lightly into the saddle, and find the left pedal with the left foot. If you are a heavy man I beseech you not to come down on to the



A COMPLETE SPRAWL.

saddle with a thud. It will be very inconvenient to the man who is holding the machine for you.

Having got on to the saddle, don't be in a hurry to make the machine move. Be sure, first of all, that you are sitting comfortably. If the handle-bar is too high or too low, or if you cannot reach the pedals quite comfortably, get off, and have them adjusted. I am told that there is a proper way of telling whether your saddle is at the right height. Put the left-hand pedal down as near to the ground as it will go. Sit on the saddle, put your left leg out straight. The knee must not be bent. Keep your foot parallel to the ground. If the saddle is at the right height your foot ought to be able to go just under the pedal, when you are sitting up straight. With regard to the handle-bar, I prefer to have mine at such a height that I do not stoop when riding. I must confess, however, that all the fast riders I have seen have their handle-bars placed low and bend over them. I presume, therefore, that when sitting in the arched-back position you get more pace out of the machine, but I don't like it, nevertheless, and I don't fancy there is much good to be gained from it unless you are "scorching."

When you feel quite comfortable on the bicycle, let the man who is holding you up stand on the left-hand side, with one hand on your arm and the other on the



" JUST SAVED IT!"

saddle-pin of the machine. A lady, who learnt to ride in bicycle schools, tells me that when she had her first lesson, the instructor put a very broad strap round her waist. Fastened to this strap was a large handle, which the instructor held, thus keeping the machine up without interfering with the handles. In this way the pupil is taught to ride without a fall. Presuming that you are not learning in a school, I should advise the method I adopted.

Let the man who is holding you up push the machine along very slowly. Unless you have previously ridden a tricycle you will find a difficulty in keeping the feet on to the pedals for the first few minutes. The ball of the foot should be placed on the pedal. When you are quite accustomed to moving your legs round with the pedals, it will be time to think about going a little faster. To do this, try and get the machine along yourself without being pushed. Your assistant must keep one hand on the

handle-bar and another on your arm, until you have found out the way to put each



pedal down with the same amount of force. After a few minutes your assistant may take his hand off the handles, and leave you to do the steering.

This, I think, is the crucial point in the lesson. If you are going to take to cycling at once, you will discover in a very few minutes that it is not advisable to move the handles very much. On the other hand, if you are not going to be a quick pupil, you will move the handles about in an aimless, frantic sort of way,

and go wobbling about all over the road. It is useless to attempt to go beyond walking pace until you can keep the machine in the middle of the road fairly well. Of course your instructor has got hold of your arm—or, what is better, a piece of your coat-sleeve—all this time.

When you can steer the machine fairly accurately, put on a little more pace. Your assistant will have to trot with you. If you have not tried to ride too quickly, he will be able to give you all the assistance you need simply by holding on to your coatsleeve. The probability is that for the first hundred yards you will lean too much on to your instructor's arm. It is his business to press you gently back again. If he does this too hard, you will find yourself going over on the off side, when your instructor must pull you up again towards him.

With regard to mounting, the easiest method is as follows: Stand on the left-hand

side of the machine; put the right-hand pedal in such a position that as soon as your foot gets on to it the machine will be driven along. Then take hold of the handles, put your right foot over on to the pedal, and spring lightly into the saddle at the same time. The machine, of course, will then move forward. Fifteen



A NEAT TUMBLE.

then move forward. Fifteen minutes practice of this ought to make you fairly perfect at mounting.

So much for my method. It may be much worse than other people's, but my only pupil learned to ride well by it in one hour.

"How to learn bicycling!" Yes, that's just it! My man says by "keepin' on," by "stickin' to 'er!" to use his own comprehensive vernacular; but, strange as this may appear to those who do not ride, that is just what I find so difficult to do. And yet, when I come to consider, it is really wonderful what I can do with the bicycle, and it is still more wonderful what the bicycle can do with me.

The pursuit of bicycling has shown to me, amongst many things, what a very thin veneer this boasted civilisation of ours is, and what "a lot of human nature there is in man," as Mark Twain so aptly puts it—not to mention profanity.

I was shy at first; but when I found my tutor was not as base as I dreaded he might be, and held on to me and the machine, I gained confidence, and soon found myself addressing the bicycle in the soothing tones and encouraging remarks calculated to calm the temper of a vicious horse, such as "Whoa, there! Steady now! Easy! What, would you? No, you don't!" But in spite of these ejaculations I felt that I was falling, and turned the wheel as directed. Objects I had fondly believed were stationary, rocked and shifted, and a red brick wall came to meet me. I recovered my presence of mind, pointed with pride to the marks of the front wheel and handles on the bricks, and said: "You see I turned her," while my tutor only muttered to himself as he re-adjusted the handles. In my heart of hearts I rather prided myself upon my agility, and became convinced that cycling was indeed good for rheumatism.

The second venture was of a more exciting nature. We started off admirably, and

pursued an elderly lady to her very gate, and then, by an inspiration, aided by my instructor, we tore off at a terrific angle, and assaulted a road-sweeper on the opposite side of the way, who, being convulsed with laughter, was unable to save himself. The price of a couple of drinks curtailed remarks which were not suited to the mixed audience my performances had collected. For the third time I got astride, and artfully did all I could to stop the rotatory motion of the pedals, which were, however,



forced round by my perspiring tutor; for I suspected that he would, at any moment, give me a chance of going on or coming off on my own account. "Let 'er rip, sir," he pleaded. "Take it easy now, round with 'er-stick to 'er-stick to 'er." Again things became mixed, again I rose and confronted him with a smile, whilst I furtively rubbed my shins and knees. "I stuck to her," I said. "Yessir, but I means stick on 'er, don't take yer feet off." I said I would not. I would remember, and sought to gain time by referring to a drink. He, however, was not to be mollified; and yet once more I courted destruction, aided by a chorus of advice from the spectators. Some said "Sit up," and others "Keep her straight," and one, with sublime sarcasm, advised me to "Give the machine a chance." Carter Paterson's man, for whom I entertained nothing but kindly feeling, filled my soul with disgust and consternation by advising my instructor to "Let him go a bit." I realised the advice had been adopted, or rather the machine did, for it instantly turned upon itself, so to speak, rushed through the midst of the following multitude, and buried its front wheel between the wheels of the carrier's van. Yet once again my agility saved me, and, bursting with righteous indignation, I demanded, "What did you do that for?" His answer soothed and gratified me, I confess. "You're gittin' on, sir, you're gittin on! You turned AI!" and it occurred to me that perhaps, after all, I had intended to turn.

I once more allowed myself to be placed on the bicycle, and a moment later did turn a corner safely; not the corner I intended, it is true, but I realised that my turn for getting on had come, and broke the monotony of getting off.

If I live, and the local authorities do not prohibit me, I feel I shall in time learn How to Bicycle. I have realised that bicycling is distinctly a pastime with an object, and am encouraged by the systematic manner in which I have left my mark on trees and pillar-boxes. At lucid moments, and during the soothing effects of arnica, I am

inclined to think that bicycling should be compulsory, especially for elderly relatives and disagreeable people. If there were no carts, and if people would give up walking about in the aimless way they do, and the dogs refrain from acting in the supercilious way they do (they little dream of the terrible risk they themselves run), I should progress more quickly.

W. L. Alden's experiences.

bicycle, for I never learned to ride but once, though it is true that the process occupied some time, and was full of variety. The bicycle "school" possessed a circular track, the diameter of which was about twentyfive feet. It was situated in the back garden of the instructor, and was bounded on the north by a picket fence about a foot and a half high, on the south by a clump of rose bushes, on the east by an onion bed, and on the west by a brick wall. My instructor had formerly been a golf "professional," and he evidently believed that "hazards" should form a part of bicycle riding. His pupils were expected to pay damages when they landed in the onion bed or the rose bushes; but no charge was made for impalement on the picket fence or for collision with the brick wall. I never tried the fence, but I had two and sixpence worth of onions, and I should have had about four shillings' worth of rose bush if I had not landed among the roses at a comparatively late stage of my education, when the instructor was momentarily absent from the arena. He did not notice on his return that the stalks-if that is the correct nameof his largest rose bush were broken short off, and were held in place by neatly concealed strings. Why I never impaled myself on the picket fence I cannot imagine.

I can hardly be considered an expert on learning to ride the

My own belief is that dozens of pupils are annually impated on that fence, and die in great agony, but are ashamed to say where and how they met their death. I ought to give my instructor the credit of saying that when a man had once learned to ride on his remarkable track he was fit to exhibit himself as a trick rider in the most crowded thoroughfare in London.

> I cannot conscientiously advise anyone (except the publisher who declined my last novel) to learn to ride in the "school" above mentioned. My own conviction is that the safest and pleasantest way of learning to ride is to hire a man to learn for you. He

should be a man of about your own weight and age, and should be bound by agreement not to hold you responsible for damages to his person. Let the instructor put him on the bicycle while you sit in a comfortable chair with a cigar. Watch him as he falls, and endeavour to understand precisely why he fell under such and such conditions. You will thus learn how to avoid falling, and will also have the delight of seeing another Any intelligent man, who is capable of drawing conclusions from the fall of cards on the whist-table--and the man who cannot do this has no right to be called intelligent, no matter how many lesser things he may know-can draw conclusions from the fall of a man on a bicycle, and can thus learn to ride without the slightest danger or inconvenience. After you have learned to ride in this easy and rational way be very careful never to get on a bicycle. Remain satisfied with your theoretical knowledge Anyone can be a practical cyclist, just as anyone can be a practical barber. Whereas a theoretical cyclist is as rare and as remarkable as a theoretical barber.

ERRATUM. - IVe regret that the picture reproduced on page 609 of the May " Idler," "THEY FORGED THE LAST LINK WITH THEIR LIVES," was attributed to W. Turner Smith instead of W. Thomas Smith.



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# SUMMER.

FROM THE WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY HAL HURST, R.B.A.

## CORKEY MINIMUS.\*

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

ILLUSTRATED BY LEWIS BAUMER.

T.



F Corkey minor had been at school that term the thing would never have come about; but Corkey minor was always one of the lucky

chaps, and just when, in the ordinary course of events, he would have had to begin fagging for an exam., something happened to his right lung, and he had to go on an awful fine trip to Australia in a sailing-ship. That left Corkey major, who was a mere learning machine in the sixth, and Corkey minimus, who was twelve, and in the lower fourth.

It began like this. After Bray had licked Williams and Bethune, which he did one after the other on the same halfholiday, chaps gave him "best," as a matter of course, and he became cock of the lower school. He was solid muscle all through, and harder than stone; and he had a brother in London who was runner-up in the amateur "light-weight" championship two years following. fancied himself a bit, naturally, and was always roaming about seeking fellows to punch. But once, out of bounds in a private wood, a keeper caught him and licked him, which was seen by two other fellows, and remembered against Bray afterwards when he put on too much side.

He and Corkey minimus were in the same class, because Bray, though fourteen, didn't know much. At first they were great chums, and Bray bossed Corkey and palled with him; and when Browne, the under mathematical master, told Corkey minimus that he was "the least

of all the Corkeys, and not worthy to be called a Corkey," because he couldn't do rule-of-three or some rot, - Bray said a thing that Browne overheard, and got sent up. But by degrees the friendship of Bray and Corky minimus cooled off, and the matter of Maude settled it.

The doctor had four daughters, and Maude was the youngest. Beatrice and Ethel held no dealings with any fellows under the sixth, and Mary had something wrong with her spine and didn't count. But I never cared for any of them myself, because you couldn't tell what they meant. Beatrice, for instance, was absolutely engaged to Morris, for he told his sister so in the holidays, and his sister told Morris minor, and he told me the next term. Morris was the head of the school, and he had her photograph fixed into a foreign nut which he wore on his watch-chain. when he left, and she found out he was gone into his father's office at £80 a year—his father being a tea merchant—she dropped him like a spider. Mind you, Morris had told her he was descended, on his mother's side, from a race of old Irish kings, which may have unsettled her. Anyway, when she found he came, on his father's side, from a race of tea merchants, she wrote and said it was off.

But there were other things that upset the chumming of Bray and Corkey minimus before the Maude row, and they ought to be taken in turn. First, there was the Old Testament prize, which was the only thing Bray had the ghost of a chance of getting. But Corkey beat him by twenty-three marks; and Bray said

• Copyright in America by Eden Phillpotts, 1896.

afterwards that Corkey had cribbed a lot of stuff about Joshua, and Corkey said he hadn't, and even declared he knew as much about Joshua as Bray, and a bit over. Then, on top of that, came the match with neckties, which was rather a rum match in its way. Both of them used to be awfully swagger about their neckties, and each fancied his own. one bet the other half-a-crown he would wear a different necktie every day for a The month being June, that meant thirty different neckties each, and the chap who wore the best neckties would win. A fellow called Fowle was judge, being the son of an artist, and neither Bray nor Corkey was allowed to buy a single new tie or add to the stock he had in his box. At the end of a fortnight they stood about equal, though Corkey's ties were rather more artistic than Bray's, which were chiefly yellow and spotted. But then came an awful falling away, and some of the affairs they wore were simply The test for these was if the tie Then the terms of the passed in class. match were altered, and they decided to go on wearing different things till one or other was stopped by a master. Any concern not noticed was considered a necktie "in the ordinary acceptation of that term," as Fowle put it. At the end of the third week Corkey minimus came out in an umbrella cover done in a sailor's knot, but nobody worth mentioning spotted it; and the next day Bray wore a bit of blue ribbon off a chocolate box, which also They struggled on in this sort of passed. way till Bray got bowled over. I think Corkey was wearing a yard-measure dipped in red ink that morning, but it looked rather swagger than not. Class was just ended, when old Andrews, of all peoplea man who wore two pairs of spectacles at one time very often-said to Bray:

"What is that round your neck, boy?" And Bray said:

" My tie, sir."

Then Andrews said:

"Is it, sir? Let me see it, please. I have noticed an increasing disorder about your neck arrangements for a week past. You insult me and you insult the class by appearing here in these ridiculous ties."

"It shan't happen again, sir," said Bray, trying to edge out of the class-room.

"No, Bray, it shall not," said old Andrews. "Bring me that thing at once, please."

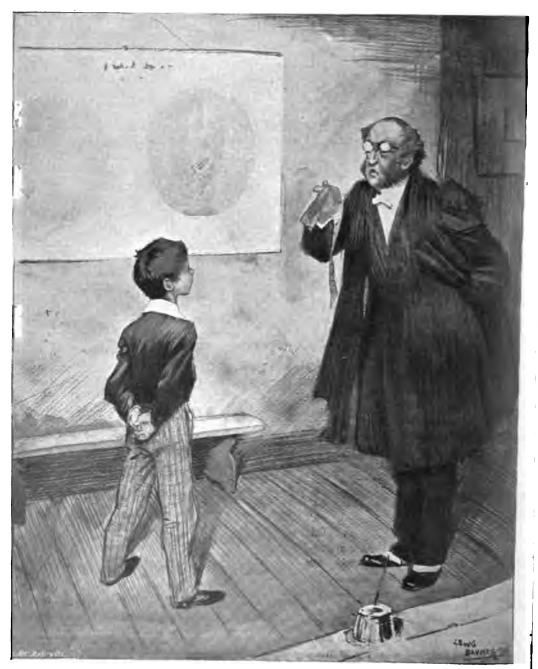
Bray handed it up, and Andrews examined it as if it was a botanical specimen or something.

"This," he announced, "is not a necktie at all. You're wearing a piece of Brussels carpet, sir—a fragment of the new carpet put down yesterday in the Doctor's study. You will kindly take it to him immediately, say who sent you, and state the purpose to which you were putting it."

So Bray, by the terms of the match, lost, and Corkey minimus won with the yard-measure. Then the feeling between them grew, especially after Bray paid up his half-crown.

Now we come to Maude. You see she was Corkey minor's great pal the term before, but now that he was at sea, and thousands of miles off, she chucked him and turned to Corkey minimus. shows what she was really. Anyway, in a bad moment for young Corkey, she told him he had eyes like an eagle's, and it simply turned his head. As an eagle's eyes are yellow, I couldn't see myself what there was to be so jolly pleased about, but he was, and, to show you what a chap may come to if a girl collars him, I know for a fact that Corkey minimus tried to do poetry for her. Whether he actually succeeded I cannot say, but he went down four places in class and got awfully dropped Maud was twelve—the same age as Corkey, by the way.

Then came that attempt of Bray to cut Corkey out, and, being a tremendous personal pal of Corkey's, I wished he had succeeded, but he didn't, and even his



"THIS IS NOT A NECKTIE AT ALL "

fighting didn't take Maude. After a month of giving her things to eat and so on, he said it was his red hair that stood between them; and told Fowle he didn't care a straw about her; but from the way he went on to Corkey minimus, any fool could see he really cared a lot. The chap called Fowle comes in here. This "obscene Fowle," as we called him out of Virgil, being really a term in a crib applied to harpies, though he would have run if a mouse had squeaked at him, was yet responsible for more fights than any fellow in the school. He sneaked about asking chaps if they gave one another "best," and when at last he found two who didn't funk each other, though they might be perfectly good friends, he never rested until there was a fight. got kicked sometimes, but not enough. That was owing to the fact that his hampers from home were most extraordinary. They came on Roman feast days, because he was a Roman Catholic by religion; and some fellows even said the more you kicked Fowle the more you were likely to get from the hampers. That was rot, of course, and a jolly suspicious thing happened once. Tucker-a chap in the lower fifth-kicked Fowle the very morning before a hamper came; and that same evening, after prayers, Fowle gave Tucker about half a whacking big melon, and the next day Tucker jolly nearly died. Fowle swore he hadn't put anything in the melon, but it is bosh to say that half a melon, if it's all right, is going to do a chap any harm. Anyway, we rather funked Fowle's hampers afterwards.

Well, this wretched, obscene Fowle, met me one day licking his fat lips and showing great excitement. So I knew he'd probably worked up a fight; but it wasn't that, though something worse. He said:

"Where's Corkey minimus? Bray wants him."

"What for?" I said.

"As a matter of fact he's heard something, and he says, though he's sorry, he's got to lick Corkey." Fowle smacked his beastly mouth as if he'd got pine-apple drops in it.

"What's Corkey done?" I said.

"It's about Maude. Young Corkey talks jolly big with her and doesn't e.en speak civil of his friends. By quite an accident I was passing through the shrubbery from Browne's house to the chapel yesterday and I went by the summer-house, which is out of bounds, and couldn't help overhearing Maude and Corkey minimus who were there. And Corkey distinctly said that Bray was as fiery as his hair, and that he had no more control of himself than a burning mountain; and Maude laughed."

"And you sneaked off and told Bray?"

"As his chum I had to."

"Ah, then I shall tell Corkey what you heard, being his chum."

"I shouldn't," said Fowle. "It's only making mischief. Besides, Bray won't take an apology now. He says he's stood all that flesh and blood can stand. Those were his very words. In fact I'm looking for Corkey minimus at this moment to tell him that Bray wants him up in the 'gym.'"

"To lick him?"

Fowle smacked his lips again.

" He's brought it on himself."

"Well," I said, "I'll give the message. You can go back and tell Bray you've told me."

"I'd rather have done it myself," said Fowle, regretfully, as though he was being robbed of tuck.

"Well, you won't," I answered him, being pretty sick with the worm of a chap by that time. "You go back and say that Corkey will turn up in ten minutes."

Then he cleared out reluctantly, leaving this tremendous responsibility entirely on my hands.

II.

I went off there and then for Corkey. It's a bit of a jar for a chap to get a message like that unexpectedly, and I didn't know what advice to give. Corkey major was no good. If I'd told him, he would have blinked through his goggles and have said some bosh—very likely in Latin. And Corkey minor, being thousands of miles away, it looked blue, because you can't ask anybody but a chap's own brothers to take up a matter like this.

The next minute I met Corkey himself, and from an awful rum look about him I thought for a moment he'd had the licking Fowle wrote it on a bit of paper and dropped it where Maude was bound to see it. He didn't put his name, but she knows his beastly writing. Now she's pretty well mad, and says it's a disgrace that a thick-necked, speckly, stumpy wretch like Bray should be cock of the lower school. Well, I said very likely it was, but I didn't see how it could be helped, him being such a fighter. Then



"I THOUGHT THAT IT MIGHT INTEREST YOU MORE THAN OTHER PEOPLE TO KNOW I'D BEEN INSULTED."

already. But he hadn't, and before I could speak, he said:

"Mathers, I've got to fight Bray."

"My dear chap, you couldn't," I began.

"I know," he answered, "but I've got to. Things have happened. Listen to this. I've just left Maude, and she's in a frightful bate. I shouldn't have thought a girl could have got in such a rage without hurting herself. Bray told Fowle that there were as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it—meaning Maude; and

she tossed her hair about, and said, 'I won't have anything more to do with the lower school at all, while he's cock of it.' Of course, I didn't think she included me, being—well, her greatest pal alive since Corkey minor went. So I said, 'Quite right, I shouldn't look at them.' Then she turned round rather suddenly and said I was included. So I said, 'I should be only too glad to fight him if there was a ghost of a chance, but there isn't. It's no good pretending. He's four inches taller,

and miles more round the chest and round the arms, and nearly two years older. In fact, he could lick me with one hand tied behind him.' Then she said, 'The days of chivalry are dead,' which she'd got out of a book, of course; and she added that she was tired of all boys, and that a chap with eyes like mine ought to have more 'devil' in him. Yes, she used that word. I said, 'What do you want me to do?' And she said, 'Oh, nothing. I wouldn't have a hair of your head singed for the world; only I thought that it might interest you more than other people to know I'd been insulted. course if it's nothing to you-" Then she stopped and marched away, and I went after her and asked her to explain, and she answered that the explanation She said, ought to come from me. 'D'you ever read dragon stories?' And I said 'Yes.' Then she went on, 'Well, in all the ones I've read, if a lady asked anybody to kill a dragon, the person didn't say that the dragon could beat him with one paw tied behind it, even though he thought so; but he jolly well went and did the best he could.' Naturally, after that, I saw what she meant, and I said, 'Oh, all right, Maude; of course, if you've been insulted, I must make the beggar apologise-or try to.' 'Yes,' she said, cheering up like anything. 'You are my own precious champion, and I love you.' I tell you all this because you're my chum, and you'll have to be my second. And if I can even black his eye before he settles me, it will be something."

"Well, I call it a chouse," I said. "She might as well have asked you to fight Blanchard or Sims. Look at your arms, not to mention anything else: they're like cabbage-stalks."

"Yes, I know all that," said Corkey minimus, "and it'll be rather beastly for her if he kills me. But the thing's got to be done, and the sooner it's over the better."

Then I suddenly remembered Bray's

message and told Corkey. He seemed surprised.

"He can't lick me on the spot if I challenge him to fight in a regular way, can he?" he asked, but rather doubtfully.

I said it seemed to me he couldn't. Then we went up to the "gym," where Bray was talking to about four chaps, including Fowle.

"Oh, you've come, you kid, have you? You'd better not keep me waiting another time when I send for you," he began. "Now I'm going to lick you for cheek."

"What cheek?" Corkey minimus said.

"Fowle heard you say I was as fiery as my hair."

"Oh, Fowle, he hears a lot, I know."

"Did you say it or didn't you?"

"Yes, I did, and I say it again; and you're a dirty bully too."

Bray came quite close to Corkey minimus and put his face so near that their noses were almost touching, like cats do when they're going to have a row.

"Say that just once more if it isn't troubling you too much," said Bray.

"I'll say it as often as you like," answered young Corkey, keeping his eye on Bray's, "and I'll say another thing too, which is, that before you talk so big about me being a 'kid' and licking me, you'd better find out first if I give you best."

"Golly!" said Bray, grinning like mad, "don't you?"

"No, I don't; and I'll fight you properly with seconds the first minute we can."

Corkey minimus had certainly come out of it fine so far, and I only wished he could fight as well as he talked. Of course, from Bray's point of view, it was the best thing that could have happened, because now he had a right to lick Corkey, and a right to lick him as badly as he could. The bell rang a minute afterwards, and going in, it was settled the fight should come off next Wednesday,

that being a half-holiday. A wood skirted the cricket-field, and as the third eleven, to which I, Corkey, and Bray all belonged, wasn't playing a match, everything suited very comfortably. Blanchard, the cock of the school, agreed to umpire, and he and another chap in the fifth very kindly promised to carry young Corkey home by a secluded way if he was too much smashed to walk. Fowle seconded. Bray. and I saw Bray teaching him how to fan with a towel and spurt water over a fellow's face between the rounds. course, it was about as good fun as killing rats with a stick for Bray.

### III.

Corkey minimus saw Maude once or twice before the fight, and he said he couldn't make out whether she was going mad or what. One minute she wanted him to fight, the next she implored him not to; one minute she hoped he would mutilate Bray to pieces, the next she blubbed and prayed him if ever he had any liking for her to give Bray " best." She said she kept dreaming of him brought back stark and stiff; and then, when he began to think she meant it, she called him her "knight" and her "hero" and her "King Arthur" and other frightful rot, and actually wanted him to wear one of her Sunday gloves under his shirt at the time of fighting! Corkey minimus said he very likely wouldn't wear a shirt; and then she thought he might hang it-I mean the glove—round his neck by a bit of string.

"Blessed if I shall ever feel quite the same to her after this," said Corkey.

"It seems rather rough to get broken up for life to please a skimpy girl," I said. Then he burst out as red in the face as an apple, and told me he would not hear a word against Maude, so I dried up.

There were three days before the fight, and Corkey minimus trained for it and gave away his pudding at dinner in exchange for the meat of the chaps who sat next to him. But you can't get your muscle up in a day or two like that, and it only made him awfully thirsty.

The day came at last and I may as well go on to the fight itself. The first were having a big match on our own ground, so nobody paid any attention to us, and we arranged a game that should have Corkey, Bray, and me on the same side. Then when our chaps were in, we three sneaked away into the plantation, behind some holly trees and a woodstack. arranged all the preliminaries, as cheerful as a goat, and Blanchard said they were right.. They marked out a ring and ran a string round and arranged corners for the seconds; and I saw that the obscene Fowle had towels and bottles of water and a basin-all of course for Bray between the rounds. Corkey minimus was rather sick with me for not bringing the same for him; but I'd brought a sponge, which I know is a thing a second chucks up in the air when his man is done for; and I explained and showed it to Corkey; and he thanked me and said he supposed that was about the only thing he should want. Blanchard said the rounds were to be two minutes long each, and Bray grumbled because they ought by rights to be three. But Blanchard told him to shut up and begin. When we saw Bray take his shirt off, I told Corkey he ought to; and he did. Then Blanchard laughed and said:

"By gum! they peel rather different!"
Bray was like a barrel, with muscles a lot bigger than hen's eggs on his arms. Corkey minimus seemed to be all ribs somehow, with arms about as lean as rulers. I told him to keep moving about and try and puff Bray a bit if he had time, and he said:

"All right, I'll try. If I can get a smack at his face, so as to black an eye or something, and show I've hit him before he does for me, I don't care."

I will say for Corkey minimus that he had about the best pluck I ever saw in a

chap. He was quite calm, and just his usual colour; and when Bray tossed him for corners, Corkey won; and Blanchard said I picked the right corner for him. Then he told them to fight fair, and said "Time!"

I'd prayed Corkey to try and surprise Bray at the very start if he could, and have a hit at Bray's face the moment they began. And I'm blessed if he didn't go and do it. Bray began fiddling about jolly scientifically with his hands, and I fancy he just squinted down to see if his feet were scientific too. At the same moment Corkey buzzed round his right and let Bray have it fairly on the nose. Bray jumped and looked about as much surprised as if he'd been struck by lightning; and Blanchard said:

"First blood for Corkey minimus!"

I yelled—I oughtn't to have, but I did, because to see blood dropping about on Bray's chest was fine. He sniffed and went for Corkey smiling. The smile was the beastliest part of it, for I hoped he would have got his wool off a bit and been wild. But he wasn't, and when he began to hit, Corkey got flustered and swing about like a windmill and caught it pretty hot. Yet he jerked his head so jolly quick that he didn't get more than about four smacks on it in the first round, though his body, which was white by nature, was pretty soon covered with red marks. He said they didn't hurt, and I cleaned him up and blew water over him at the end of the round. His lip was bleeding like mad, but luckily inside where his tooth had cut it; and he swallowed all the blood so nobody knew. Besides which the blood wasn't lost. Bray flung himself down in his corner, and Fowle looked after him, and even at a solemn time like that I laughed, and so did Corkey minimus, because Fowle tried to be too clever and spurted a lot of water into Bray's eye. Then Bray told him that after the fight he'd tie him in knots and kick him, looking forward to

which, of course wrecked Fowle's enjoyment entirely.

Blanchard said "Time!" again awfully soon, and I saw Bray meant settling Corkey now, because his reputation as a fighter was at stake, and he knew Corkey hoped to get through three rounds with luck. So Bray began hitting him like hammers, and though I was about as sorry for Corkey minimus as a chap could be, nobody would have been able to help admiring the way Bray hit. It was just at the end of this round, when Corkey had been knocked down once but got up again, that the awful rum thing with Maude happened.

Suddenly, without any warning, there was a noise like fowls getting up a hedge, and she rushed out from behind the woodstack with her eyes blazing and her hair streaming like a comet in a bate. She'd been running a good way, I should think, and she tore right into the ring straight at Bray, and, not trusting to words at a time like that, and not remembering her father was a clergyman, or anything, slapped his face both sides, and jolly hard too. Bray swore the horriblest words I ever heard used by a chap, because she'd given him more in half-asecond than Corkey could have in a year. Then he got into his shirt and hooked it with Fowle, but not before he heard her say:

"You little, fat, red-headed coward to fight and try and kill a boy half your age and size! I wish I could kill you, I do. It's shameful to think you're an English boy at all!"

Then she turned on the chaps from the fifth, and told Blanchard he was a disgrace to the school. So they cleared out too; and then she cried over Corkey, and said she would rather have been torn to pieces by unchained monsters than have let him be mangled like he was. And Corkey, who was pretty well dazed, forgave her and told her to go away. And she gasped and gurgled, and went.

I took Corkey back, and one or two things got to be known. It came out that Fowle had told Maude the place and the hour of the fight, but only after she had sworn-on some rotten saint Fowle knew—that she would not tell a single soul about it. She kept her swear all right, but came herself. And when Bray got to hear how it was she came-of course thinking Corkey had told her, which he would rather have died than do -then Bray tried a lot of Chinese tortures on Fowle that he'd seen at a waxworks. And chaps who saw it said that Fowle was so excited at the time that he called upon about twenty different well known Bible people by name to come and help him and destroy Bray. But they didn't.

As for Corkey minimus, the things he got from Maude after that fight you wouldn't believe. There were bottles of stuff to rub bruises with, and lozenges and grapes, and some muck for his eye, and little baskets of strawberries, and jolly books and rosebuds. She told the Doc-

tor about slapping Bray's face, and wrote a long letter of apology afterwards; and a week later she broke it to Corkey minimus that she was going to a boardingschool herself next term; which she did.

When Corkey told me about it, he added:

"And she's going to write me letters, because she's said several times that there's only one chap in the world for her now, and I'm the chap."

"I shouldn't think she could change her mind after all that's happened," I said.

And Corkey minimus said:

"I bet she will when Corkey minor turns up again, especially if he brings rum things with him from Australia. And you needn't repeat it, but to you as my chum I say that I don't care how soon he does come back either."

Which showed that there was more sense in Corkey minimus than you might have thought.



# PHROSO: A ROMANCE.\*

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. MILLAR.

CHAPTER XI.

THE LAST CARD.



N most families, at least among those that have any recorded history to boast of or to deplore, there is a point of family

pride. With one it is grace of manner, with another courage, with a third statecraft, with a fourth chivalrous loyalty to a lost cause or a fallen prince. Tradition adds new sanction to the cherished excellence: it becomes the heirloom of the house, the mark of the race, in the end, maybe, a superstition before which greater things go down; if the men cling to it, they are compensated by licence in other matters: the women are held in honour if they bear sons who do not fail in it. becomes a new god with its worship and its altar; and often the altar is laden with costly sacrifices. Wisdom has little part in the cult, and the virtues that are not hallowed by hereditary recognition are apt to go unhonoured and unpractised. I have heard it said—and seen it written that we Wheatleys have, as a stock, few merits and many faults. I do not expect my career-if, indeed, I had such an ambitious thing as a career in my life's wallet-to reverse that verdict. But no man has said or written of us that we do not keep faith. Here is our pride and palladium. Promises we neither break nor ask back. We make them sometimes lightly; it is no matter; substance, happiness, life itself must be spent in keeping

them. I had learnt this at my mother's knee. I had myself seen thousands and thousands poured forth to a rascally friend on the strength of a schoolboy pledge which my father made. "Folly, folly!" cried the world; whether it were right or not, who knows? We wrapt ourselves in the scanty mantle of our one virtue, and went our way. We alwaysbut a man grows tedious when he talks of his ancestors; he is like a doting old fellow, garrulous about his lusty youth. Enough of it. Yet not more than enough, for I carried this religion of mine to Neopalia, and built there an altar to it. and laid on the altar the rarest sacrifice. Was I wrong? I do not care to ask.

"My life is his life. For I love him as my life." The words rang in my ears, seeming to echo again through the silence that followed them, and they were answered in my heart by beats of living blood. "Was it true?" flashed through my brain. Was it truth or stratagem, a noble falsehood or a more splendid boldness? I did not know. The words were strange, yet to me they were not incredible. Had we not lived through ages together in those brief full hours in the old grey house? And the parting in the quiet evening had united while it feigned to sever. I believe I shut my eyes, not to see the slender stately form that stood between death and me. When I looked again, Demetri and his angry comrades had fallen back, and stood staring in awkward bewilderment, but the women had crowded in upon us with eager excited faces; one broad-browed kindly creature had run to Phroso and caught

<sup>•</sup> Copyright, 1896, by Anthony Hope Hawkins, in the United States of America.

her round the waist, and was looking in her eyes, and stroking her hand, and murmuring soft woman's comforting. Demetri took a step forward.

"Come if you dare!" cried the woman, bold as a legion of men. "Is a dog like you to come near my Lady Euphrosyne?" And Phroso turned her face away from the men and hid it in the woman's bosom.

Then came a cold rasping voice, charged with a bitter anger that masqueraded as amusement.

"What is this comedy, cousin?" asked Constantine. "You love this man! You, the Lady of the Island—you who have pledged your troth to me?" He turned to the people, spreading out his hands. "You all know," said he, "you all know that we are plighted to one another."

A murmuring assent greeted his words. "Yes, they are betrothed," I heard half-adozen mutter, as they directed curious glances at Phroso. "Yes, in the old lord's life they were betrothed."

Then I thought it time for me to take a hand in the game; so I stept forward, in spite of Kortes' restraining arm.

"Be careful," he whispered. "Be careful."

I looked at him. His face was drawn and pale, like the face of a man in pain, but he smiled still in his friendly open fashion.

"I must speak," I said. I walked up to within two yards of Constantine, the islanders giving way before me, and I said loudly and distinctly:

"Was that same betrothal before you married your wife or afterwards?"

He sprang half-way up from his seat, as if to leap upon me, but he sank back again, his face convulsed with passion and his fingers picking furiously at the turf by his side. "His wife!" went round the ring in amazed whisperings.

"Yes, his wife," said I. "The wife who was with him when I saw him in my country, the wife who came with him here, who was in the cottage on the hill,

whom Vlacho would have dragged by force to her death, who lay last night yonder in the guard-house. Where is she, Constantine Stefanopoulos? Or is she dead now, and you free to wed the Lady Euphrosyne? Is she alive, or has she by now learnt the secret of the Stefanopouloi?"

I do not know which made more stir among the people, my talk of his wife or my hint about the secret. They crowded round me, hemming me in. I saw Phroso no more; but Kortes pushed his way to my side. Then the eyes of all turned on Constantine, where he sat with face working and nails fiercely plucking the turf.

"What is this lie?" he cried. "I know nothing of a wife. Yes, there was a woman in the cottage."

"Aye, there was a woman in the cottage," said Kortes. "And she was in the guard-house; but I did not know who she was, and I had no commands concerning her. And this morning she was gone."

"That woman is his wife," said I.

"But he and Vlacho had planned to kill her, in order that he might marry your lady and have your island for himself."

Demetri suddenly cried, with a great appearance of horror and disgust,

"Shall he live to speak such a slander against my lord?"

But Demetri gained no attention. I had made too much impression.

"Who was the woman then," said I, "and where is she?"

Constantine, tricky and resourceful, looked again on the dead Vlacho.

"I may not tell my friend's secrets," said he, with an admirable assumption of honour. "And a foul blow has sealed Vlacho's lips."

"Yes," cried I. "Vlacho killed the old lord, and Vlacho brought the woman! Indeed Vlacho serves my lord as well dead as when he lived! For now his lips are sealed. Come, then,—Vlacho bought the Island, and Vlacho slew Spiro, and now Vlacho has slain himself! And neither

Constantine nor I have done anything, but it is all Vlacho—the useful Vlacho—Vl

Constantine's face was a sight to see, and he looked no pleasanter when my irony wrung smiles from some of the men round him, while others bit their lips to stop smiles that sought to come.

"O faithful servant!" I cried, apostrophising Vlacho. "Heavy are thy sins! Mayst thou find mercy for them!"

I did not know what cards Constantine held. If he had succeeded in spiriting away his wife, by fair means or foul, he had still the better chance; but if she were still free, alive and free, then he played a perilous hand, and was liable to be utterly confounded. Yet he was forced to action; I had so moved the people that they looked for more than mere protests from him.

"The stranger who came to steal our island," said he, skilfully prejudicing me by this description, "asks me where the woman is. But I ask it of him—where is she? For it stands with him to put her before you that she may tell you whether I, Constantine Stefanopoulos, am lying to you. Yet how long is it since you doubted the words of the Stefanopouloi and believed strangers rather than them?"

His appeal won on them: They met it with murmured applause.

"You know me, you know my family," he cried. "Yet you hearken to the desperate words of a man who fights for his life with lies! How shall I satisfy you? For I have not the woman in my keeping. But have you not heard me when I swore my love for my cousin before you and the old lord who is dead? Am I a man to be forsworn? Shall I swear to you now?"

The current began to run strongly with him. He had called to his aid patriotism and the old clan-loyalty that bound the Neopalians to his house, and they did not fail him. The islanders were ready to trust him if he would pledge himself to them. "Swear then," they cried. "Swear to us on the Sacred Picture that what the stranger says is a lie."

"On the Sacred Picture?" said he.
"Is it not too great and holy an oath for such a matter? Is not my word enough for you?"

But the old priest stept forward.

"It is a great matter," said he, "for it touches closely the honour of your house, my lord, and on it hangs the man's life. Is any oath too great when honour and life lie in the balance? Let your life stand against his, for he who swears thus and falsely has no long life in Neopalia. Here we guard the honour of St. Tryphon."

"Yes, swear on the Picture," cried the people. "It is enough if you swear on the Picture!"

I could see that Constantine was not in love with the suggestion, but he accepted it with tolerable grace, acquiescing in the old priest's argument with a half-disdainful shrug. The people greeted his consent with obvious pleasure, save only Demetri, who regarded him with a doubtful expression. Demetri knew the truth, and though he would cut a throat with a light heart, he would shrink from a denial of the deed when sworn on the holy Picture. Truly conscience works sometime in strange ways, making the lesser sin the greater, and dwarfing vile crimes to magnify their venial brethren. Demetri would not have sworn on the Picture; and when he saw it brought to Constantine he shrank away from his leader, and I saw him privily and furtively cross himself. But Constantine. freed by the scepticism he had learnt in the West to practise the crimes the East had taught him, made little trouble about it, and when the ceremonies that had attended the old woman's oath earlier in the day had been minutely, solemnly, and tediously repeated, he swore as bravely as you please before them, and thereby bid fair to write my death warrant in his

lying words. For when the oath was done, the most awful names in heaven standing sanction for his perjury, and he ceased, saying "I have sworn," the eyes of the men round him turned on me again and seemed to ask me silently what plea

man should have every chance for his life. I have given you back your island. Do this for me. Make Demetri swear. Ah, look at the man! See, he shakes; his face goes pale; there is a sweat on his brow. Why, why? Make him swear!"

I should not have prevailed without the assisting evidence of the villain's face. It was as I said; he grew pale and sweated on the forehead; he cleared his throat hoarsely but did not speak. Constantine's eyes said, "Swear, fool, swear!"

"Let Demetri also swear," cried some. "Yes, it is easy, if he knows nothing."

Suddenly Phroso sprang forward.

"Yes, lethim swear," she cried. "Who is Chief here? Have I no power? Let him swear!" And she signed imperiously to the priest.

They brought the Picture to Demetri; he shrank from it as though its touch would kill him.

"In the name of Almighty God, as you

hope for mercy, in the name of our Lord the Saviour, as you pray for pity, in the name of the most Blessed Spirit, whose word is Truth, by the most Holy Virgin and by our Holy Saint——" began the old man. But Demetri cried hoarsely:

"Take it away, take it away. I will not swear."

"Let him swear," said Phroso, and this time the whole throng caught up her command and echoed it in fierce insistence.



MORTES AND ANOTHER EACH TOOK ONE OF CONSTANTINE'S ARMS AND RAISED HIM.

for mercy I could now advance. But I caught at my chance.

"Let Demetri swear," said I coolly, "that so far as his knowledge goes the truth is no other than what the Lord Constantine has sworn."

"A subterfuge!" cried Constantine, impatiently. "What should Demetri know of it?"

"If he knows nothing it is easy for him to swear," said I. "Men of the island, a

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"Let him swear to tell the whole truth of what he knows, hiding nothing, according to the terms of the oath," said the priest, pursuing his ritual.

"He shall not swear," cried Constantine, springing up. But he spoke to deaf ears, and won only looks of new-born suspicion.

"It is the custom of the island," they growled. "It has been done in Neopalia time out of mind."

"Yes," said the priest. "Time out of mind has a man been free to ask this oath of whomsoever he suspected. Swear, Demetri, as our Lady and our law bid." And he ended the words of the oath.

Demetri looked round, to right, to left, and to right again. He sought escape. There was none: his way was barred. His arms fell by his side.

"Will you let me go unharmed if I speak the truth?" he asked sullenly.

"Yes," answered Phroso, "if you speak the whole truth, you shall go unhurt."

The excitement was intense now; for Demetri took the oath, Constantine watching with pale strained face. Then followed a moment's utter silence, broken an instant later by an irresistible outbreak of wondering cries, for Demetri said, "Follow me," and turned and began to walk in the direction of the town. "Follow me," he said again. "I will tell the truth. I have served my lord well, but a man's soul is his own. No master buys a man's soul. I will tell the truth."

The change in feeling was witnessed by what happened. At a sign from the priest, Kortes and another each took one of Constantine's arms and raised him. He was trembling now and hardly able to set one foot before the other. The dogs of justice were hard on his heels and he was a craven at heart. Thus bearing him with us, in procession we followed Demetri from the place of assembly back to the steep narrow street that ran up from the sea. On the way none spoke; but in the middle I walked, and in front of me

went Phroso, the woman who had come to comfort her still holding her arm in hers.

On Demetri led us with quick decisive steps; but when he came to the door of the inn which had belonged to that Vlacho whose body lay now deserted on the level grass by the sea-shore, he halted abruptly, then turned and entered. We followed, Constantine's supporters bringing him also with us. We passed through the large lower room and out of the house again into an enclosed yard bounded on the seaward side by a low stone wall towards which the ground sloped rapidly. But here Demetri stopped.

"By my oath," said he, "and as God hears me! I knew not who this woman was; but last night Vlacho bade me come with him to the cottage on the hill, and, if he called me, I was to come and help him to carry her to the house of my Lord Constantine. He called, and I, coming with Kortes, found Vlacho dead. Kortes would not suffer me to touch the lady, but bade me stay with Vlacho. But when Kortes was gone and Vlacho dead, I ran and told my lord what had happened. And my lord was greatly disturbed and bade me come with him; so we came together to the town, and passed together by the guard-house."

"Lies, foul lies," cried Constantine; but they bade him be quiet, and Demetri continued in a composed voice:

"There Kortes watched; my lord asked him whom he held prisoner; and when he heard that it was the Englishman, he sought to prevail on Kortes to deliver him up; but Kortes would not without the command of the Lady Euphrosyne. Then my lord said, 'Have you no other prisoner, Kortes?' And Kortes answered, 'There is a woman here whom we found in the cottage; but you gave me no orders concerning her, my lord, neither you, nor the Lady of the Island.' 'I care nothing about her,' said my lord with a shrug of his shoulders, and he and I

turned away and walked some paces down the street. Then, at my lord's bidding, I crouched down with him in the shadow of a house and waited. Presently when the clock had struck two o'clock, we saw Kortes come out from the guard-house; and the woman was with him. Now we were but fifty feet from them, and the wind was blowing from them to us, and I heard what the lady said."

"It happened as he says," interrupted Kortes in a grave tone. "I promised secrecy, but I will speak now."

"'I must go to the Lady Euphrosyne," said she to Kortes," continued Demetri. "'I have something to say to her.' And Kortes answered, 'She is lodging at the house of the priest. It is the tenth house on the left hand as you mount the hill.' She thanked him, and he turned back into the guard-house, and we saw no more of him. But the lady came slowly and fearfully up the road; and my lord beside me laughed gently, and twisted a silk scarf in his hand; there was nobody in the street except my lord, the lady, and me. And as she went by, my lord sprang out on her, and twisted the scarf across her mouth before she could cry out. Then he and I lifted her, and carried her swiftly down the street; and we came here, to Vlacho's inn; the door was open, for Vlacho had gone out; it had not yet become known that he would We carried her swiftly never return. through the house, and brought her where we stand now, and laid her on the ground; and my lord tied her hands and her feet, so that she lay still; her mouth was already gagged. Then my lord drew me aside, and took five pieces of gold from his purse, and said, looking into my eyes, 'Is it enough?' I understood, and said, 'It is enough, my lord,' and he pressed my hand and left me, without going again near the woman. And I, having put the five pieces in my purse, drew my knife from its sheath and came

and stood over the woman, looking how I might best strike the blow. And she was gagged and tied, and lay motionless. But the night was bright, and I saw her eyes fixed on mine. I stood long by her with my knife in my hands; then I knelt down by her to strike. But her eyes burnt into my heart, and suddenly I seemed to hear Satan by my side, chuckling and whispering, 'Strike, Demetri, strike! Art thou not damned already? Strike!' And I did not dare to look to the right or the left, for I felt the fiend by me. So I shut my eyes and grasped my knife; but the lady's eyes drew mine open again, although I struggled to keep them shut. Now many devils seemed to be round me; and they were gleeful, saying, 'Oh, he is ours! Yes, Demetri is ours. He will do this thing and then surely he is ours!' And suddenly I sobbed; and when my sob came, a gleam lighted the lady's eyes, and her eyes looked like the eyes of the Blessed Virgin in the church; and I I flung down could not strike her. my knife, and fell to sobbing. sobbed the noise of the devils ceased; and I seemed to hear instead a voice from above that said to me, very softly, 'Have I died to keep thy soul alive and thou thyself wouldst kill it, Demetri?' I know not if anyone spoke; but the night was very still, and I was afraid, and I cried low, 'Alas, I am a sinner!' But the voice said, 'Sin no more.' And the eyes of the lady implored me. But then they closed, and I saw that she had fainted. And I raised her gently in my arms and carried her across this piece of ground where we stand."

He ended, and stood for a moment silent and motionless—and none of us spoke.

"And I took her," said he, "there, where the wall ends; for I knew that Vlacho had his larder there. The door of the larder was locked, but I set the lady down and returned and took my knife from the ground, and I forced the

lock and took her in, and laid her on the floor of the larder. Then I returned to the house, and called to Panayiota, Vlacho's daughter, with whom I was acquainted, and when she came I charged her to watch the lady till I came again, saying that Vlacho had bidden me bring her here; for I meant to return in a few hours and carry the lady to some place of

safety if I could find one. And Panayiota, fearing Vlacho, and having an affection for me, promised faithfully to keep the lady safe. Then I ran after my lord, and found him at the house, and told him that the deed was done, and that I had hidden the body here; and I craved leave to return and make a grave for the body or carry it to the sea. 9 But he said. 'It will be soon enough in the evening. We shall be quit of troubles by the evening. Does anyone know?' answered rashly, 'Panayiota knows.' And he was enraged, fearing Panayiota would betray us; but

when he heard that she and I were lovers, he was appeased; yet I could not find means to leave him and return to the lady."

Demetri ended; Phroso, without a look at any one of us, stept lightly to the spot he had described. There was a low hut there, with a stout wooden door. Phroso knocked on it, but there came no answer. She beckoned to be Kortes, and he, coming, wrenched open

the door, which seemed to have been fastened by some makeshift arrangement. Kortes disappeared for an instant; then he came out again, and motioned with his hand. We crowded round the door, I among the first. And there, indeed, was a strange sight. For on the floor propped against the side of the hut, sat a buxom girl; her eyes were closed, her



"I KNELT DOWN BY HER TO STRIKE."

mouth open, and she breathed in heavy regular breaths; Panayiota had watched faithfully all night, and now slept at her post. Yet her trust was not betrayed; on her lap rested the head of the lady whom Demetri had not found it in his heart to kill; the bonds with which she had been bound lay on the floor by her; and she also, pale, and with shadowed rings about her eyes, slept the sleep of utter exhaustion and weariness. We

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stood looking at the strange sight—a sudden gleam of peace and homely kindness breaking across the dark cloud of angry passions.

"Hush!" said Phroso very softly; she stept forward and fell on her knees by the sleeping woman; and she lightly kissed Constantine's wife on the brow. "Praise be to God!" said Phroso softly, and kissed her again.

#### CHAPTER XII.

## LAW AND ORDER.

At last the whirligig seemed to have taken a turn in my favour, the revolutions of the wheel at last to have brought my fortune uppermost. For the sight of Francesca in Panayiota's arms came pat in confirmation of the story wrung from Demetri by the power of his oath, and his "Behold!" was not needed to ensure acceptance for his testimony. women rose compassionate murmurs, from men angry growlings that expressed, while they strove to hide, the shamefaced emotions which the helpless woman's narrow escape created. Her salvation must bring mine with it: for it was the ruin of her husband and my enemy.

Kortes and another dragged Constantine Stefanopoulos forward till he stood within two or three yards of his wife; none interposed on his behalf, or resented the rough pressure of Kortes' compelling hand. And even as he was set there, opposite the women, they, roused by the subdued stir of the excited throng, awoke. First into one another's eyes, then round upon us, came their startled glances; then Francesca leapt with a cry to her feet, ran to me, and threw herself on her knèes before me, crying, "You'll save me, my lord, you'll save me?" Demetri hung his head in sullen half-contrition mingled with an unmistakable satisfaction in his religious piety; Constantine bit and licked his thin lips, his fists tight clenched, his eves darting furtively about in search of friends or in terror of ayengers. And Phroso said, in her soft clear tones:

"There is no more need of fear, for the truth is known."

Her eyes, that would not meet mine, rested long in tender sympathy on the woman who still knelt at my feet. Here, indeed, she remained till Phroso came forward and raised her, while the old priest lifted his voice in a brief thanks to heaven for the revelation wrought under the sanction of the holy saint. For myself, I gave a long sigh of relief; the strain had been on me now for many hours, and it tires a man to be knocking all day long at the door of death. Yet. almost in the instant that the concern for my own life left me (and that is a thing terribly apt to fill a man's mind) my thoughts turned to other troubles, to my friends who were I knew not where, to Phroso who had said—I scarcely knew what.

Suddenly, striking firm and loud across the murmurs and the threats that echoed round the ring in half-hushed voices, came Kortes' tones.

"And this man? What of him?" he asked, his hand on Constantine's shaking shoulder. "For he has done all that the stranger declared of him; he has deceived our Lady Euphrosyne, he has sought to kill this lady here, we have it from his own mouth that he also slew the old lord, though he knew well that the old lord had yielded."

Constantine's wife turned swiftly to the speaker.

"Did he kill the old lord?" she asked. "He told me that it was Spiro who struck him in the heat of the brawl."

"Aye, Spiro or Vlacho, or whom you will," said Kortes with a shrug. "There was no poverty of lies in his mouth."

But the old feeling was not dead, and one or two again murmured.

"The old lord sold the island."

"Did he die for that?" cried Francesca

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scornfully. "Or was it not I in truth who killed him?"

There was a movement of surprised interest, and all bent their eyes on her.

"Yes," she went on, "for I think I doomed him to that death when I went and told him my story, seeking his protection. Constantine found me with him and heard him greet me as his nephew's wife, on the afternoon of the day that the deed was done. Can this man here deny it? Can he deny that the old lord was awaiting the return of the Lady Euphrosyne to tell her of the thing, when his lips were for ever sealed by the stroke?"

This disclosure, showing a new and vile motive for what Constantine had tried to play off as a pardonable excess of patriotism, robbed him of his last defenders. He seemed to recognise his plight; his eyes ceased to canvass possible favour, and dropped to the ground in dull There was not a man now to raise a voice or a hand for him, and their anger at having been made his dupes and his tools sharpened the edge of their hatred. To me his wife's words caused no wonder, for I had from the first believed that some secret motive had nerved Constantine's arm, and that he had taken advantage of the islanders' mad folly for his own purposes. What that motive was stood out now clear and obvious. It explained his act and justified abundantly the distrust and fear of him that I had perceived in his wife's mind when first I talked with her on the hill. having launched her fatal bolt, turned her eyes away again, and laying her hand in Phroso's stood silent.

Kortes, appearing to take the lead now by general consent—for Phroso made no sign—looked round on his fellow-countrymen, seeking to gather their decision from their faces. He found the guidance and agreement that he sought.

"We may not put any man to death on St. Tryphon's day," said he. The sentence was easy to read, for all its indirectness. The islanders understood it, and approved in a deep stern murmur; the women followed it, and their faces grew pale and solemn; the criminal missed nothing of its implied doom and tottered under the strong hands that now rather supported than imprisoned him. "Not on this day, but to-morrow at break of day." The voice of the people had spoken in the mouth of Kortes, and none pleaded for mercy or delay.

"I will take him to the guard-house and keep him," said Kortes; and the old priest murmured low, "God have mercy on him." Then, with a swift dart, Phroso sprang towards Kortes: her hands were clasped, her eyes prayed him to seek some ground of mercy, some pretext for a lighter sentence. She said not a word, but everyone of us read her eloquent prayer. Kortes looked round again; the faces about him were touched with a tenderness that they had not worn before, but the tenderness was for the advocate, and no part of it reached the criminal. Kortes shook his head gravely: Phroso turned to the woman who had comforted her before, and hid her face. Constantine, seeing the last hope gone, swayed and fell into the arms of the man who, with Kortes, held him, uttering a long low moan of fear and despair, terrible to listen to even from lips guilty as his. Thus was Constantine Stefanopoulos tried for his life in the yard of Vlacho's inn in Neopalia; the trial ended, he was carried out into the street on his way to the prison, and we, one and all, in dead silence, followed.

The yard was emptied and the narrow street choked with the attending crowd that followed Kortes and his prisoner till the doors of the guard-house closed on them. Then, for the first time that day, Phroso's eyes sought mine in a rapid glance, in which I read joy for my safety; but the glance fell as I answered it, and she turned away in confusion. Her avowal, forgotten for an instant in glad-

ness, recurred to her mind and dyed her cheeks red. Averting my eyes from her, I looked down the slope of the street towards the sea. The thought of her and of nothing else was in my mind.

Ah, my island! My sweet capricious island!

A sudden uncontrollable exclamation burst from my lips and, raising my hand, I pointed to the harbour and the blue water beyond. Every head followed the

direction of my outstretched finger: every pair of eyes was focussed on the obiect that held mine. A short breathless silence - a momentary wonder - then, shrill or deep, low in fear or loud in excitement, broke forth the cry.

"The Governor! The Governor!"

For a gunboat was steaming slowly into the harbour of Neopalia, and the Turkish flag flew over her.

The sight wrought transformation. In a moment, as it seemed round me melted

away: the street grew desolate; the houses on either side swallowed their eager occupants; Kortes alone, with his prisoner, knew nothing of the fresh event; Phroso and Francesca only stood their ground: Demetri was slinking hastily away: the old priest was making for his home: the shutters of Vlacho's inn came down, and girls bustled to and fro, preparing food. I stood unwatched, unheeded, apparently forgotten; tumult, trial, condemnation seemed past like visions; the flag that flew from the gunboat brought back

modern days, the prose of life, and ended the wild poetic drama we had played and a second One-eyed Alexander might worthily have sung. How had the Governor come before his time, and why?

"Denny!" I cried aloud in inspiration and hope, and I ran as though the foul fiends whom Demetri had heard were behind me. Down the steep street and on to the jetty I ran; as I arrived there the gunboat reached it also, and, a moment

later, Denny was shaking my hand till it felt like falling off, and from the deck of the boat Hogvardt and Watkins were waving wild congratulations.

Dennyhad jumped plexion dark and sal-

straight from deck to jetty: but now a gangway was thrust out, and I passed with him on to the deck, and presented myself with a low bow to a gentleman who stood there. He was a tall full-bodied man, apparently about fifty years old; his face was heavy and broad, in com-

low; he wore a short black beard; his lips were full, his eyes acute and small. I did not like the look of him much; but he meant law and order and civilisation, and an end to the wild ways of Neopalia. For this, as Denny whispered to me, was no less a man than the Governor himself, Mouraki Pasha. I bowed again vet lower; for I stood before a man of whom report had much to tell-something good, much bad, all interesting.

He spoke to me in low, slow, suave tones, employing the Greek language which he spoke fluently, although as a



to me, the throng denny had jumped straight from deck to jetty.

foreigner. For Mouraki was by birth an Armenian.

"You must have much to tell me, Lord Wheatley," he said with a smile. first I must tell you with what pleasure I find you alive and unhurt. Be assured that you shall not want redress for the wrongs which these turbulent rascals have inflicted on you. I know these men of Neopalia, and they are hard men: but they also know me, and that I also can be a hard man if need be." And his looks did not belie his words, as his sharp eye travelled with an ominous glance over the little town by the harbour. "But you will wish to speak with your friends first," he went on courteously. "May I ask your attention in half-anhour's time from now?"

I bowed obedience: the great man turned away: and Denny caught me by the arm, crying, "Now old man, tell us all about it."

"Wait a bit," said I rather indignantly.

"Just you tell me all about it."

But Denny was firmer than I, and my adventures came before his. I told them all faithfully, save one incident; it may perhaps be guessed which. Denny and the other two listened with frequent exclamations of surprise, and danced with exultation at the final worsting of Constantine Stefanopoulos.

"It's all right," said Denny reassuringly. "Old Mouraki will hang him just the same."

"Now it's your turn," said I.

"Oh, our story's nothing. We just got through that old drain, and came out by the sea, and all the fishermen had gone off to the fishing-grounds except one old chap whom they left behind to look after their victuals. Well, we didn't know how to get back to you, and the old chap told us that the whole place was alive with armed men, so——"

"Just tell the story properly, will you?" said I, sternly.

At last by pressing and much ques-

tioning I got the story from them and here it is; for it was by no means so ordinary a matter as Denny's modesty would have had me think. When the consternation caused by the cutting of our rope had passed away, a hurried council decided them to press on with all speed, and they took their way along a narrow, damp, and slippery ledge of rock that encircled the basin. So perilous did the track seem that Hogvardt insisted on them being roped as though for a mountaineering ascent, and thus they went on. The first opening from the basin they found without much difficulty. Now the rope proved useful, for Denny, passing through first, fell headlong into space and most certainly would have perished but for the support his companions gave him. For the track turned at right angles to the left, and Denny walked straight over to the edge of the rock. Sobered by the accident, and awake to their peril (for it must be remembered that they had no lantern) they groped their way slowly and cautiously, up and down, in and out. Hours passed. Watkins, less accustomed than the others to a physical strain, could hardly lift his feet. All this while the dim glimmer that Denny had seen retreated before them, appearing to grow no nearer for all their efforts. They walked, as they found afterwards, or walked, crawled, scrambled and jumped, for eleven hours, their haste and anxiety allowing no pause for rest. Then they seemed to see the end, for the winding tortuous track appeared at last to make up its mind. It took a straight downward line, and, Denny's hard-learnt caution vanishing, he started along it at a trot, and with a hearty hurrah. He tempted fate. The slope became suddenly a drop. This time all three fell with a splash and a thud into a deep pool, one on the top of the other; here they scrambled for some minutes, Watkins coming very near to finding an end to the troubles of his eventful service. But Denny and Hogvardt managed to get him out. The path

began again. Content with its last freak, it pursued now a business-like way; the glimmer grew to a gleam, the gleam spread into a glad blaze. "The sea, the sea!" cried Denny. A last spurt landed them in a cave that overlooked the blue waters. What they did on that I could by no means persuade them to tell; but had I been there I should have thanked God and shaken hands; and thus, I dare say, did they. And besides that, they lay there, dogtired and beaten, for an hour or more, in one of those despondent fits that assail even brave men, making sure that I was dead or taken, and that their own chances of escape were small, and, since I was dead or taken, hardly worth the seeking.

They were roused by an old man, who suddenly entered the cave, bearing a bundle of sticks in his arms. At sight of them he dropped his load, and turned to fly; but they were on him in an instant, seizing him and crying to know who he was. He had as many questions for them; and when he learnt who they were and how they had come he raised his hands in wonder, and told Hogvardt, who alone could make him understand, that their fears were well grounded. For he had met a Neopalian but an hour since, and the talk in all the island was of how the stranger had killed Vlacho, and been taken by Kortes, and would die on the next day; for it was on the early morning of the feast day. Denny was for a dash; but a dash meant certain death. Watkins was ready for that, though the poor fellow could hardly crawl. Hogvardt held firm to the chance that more cautious measures gave. The old man's comrades were away at their fishinggrounds, ten miles out at sea; but he had a boat down on the beach. Thither they went, and set out under the fisherman's guidance, pulling in desperate perseverance with numb weary limbs under the increasing heat of the sun. But their will asked too much of their bodies. Watkins dropped his oar with a groan, Denny's moved weakly and uselessly through the water that hardly stirred under its blade, Hogvardt at last flung himself into the stern with one groan of despair. The old fisherman cast resigned eyes up to heaven, and the boat tossed motionless on the water. Thus they lay while I fought my duel with Constantine Stefanopoulos on the other side of Neopalia.

Then, while they were still four miles from the fishing-fleet where lay their only known chance of succour for me or for themselves, there came suddenly to their incredulous eyes a shape on the sea and a column of smoke. Denny's spring forward went near to capsizing the boat. Oars were seized again, weariness fled before hope, the gunboat came in view, growing clear and definite. She moved quickly towards them, they slowly, yet eagerly, to her; the interval grew less and less. They shouted before they could be heard, and shouted still in needless caution long after they had been heard. A boat put out to them, they were taken on board, their story heard with shrugs of wonder. Mouraki-could not be seen. "I'll see him!" cried Denny, and Hogvardt plied the recalcitrant officer with smooth entreaties. The life of a man was at stake. But he could not be seen. The life of an Englishman! His Excellency slept through the heat of the day. The life of an English lord! His Excellency would be angry, but——! The contents of Denny's pocket, wild boasts of my power and position (I was a favourite at Court, and so forth), at last clinched the His Excellency should roused; heaven knew what he would say, but he should be roused. He went to Neopalia next week; now he was sailing past it, to inspect another island; perhaps he would alter the order of his voyage. He was fond of Englishmen -it was a great lord, was it not? So, at list, when Hogvardt was at his tongue's end, and Denny almost mad with rage, Mouraki was roused; he heard their story, and pondered on it with leisurely strokings of his beard and keen long glance of his



BIDDING HIM WELCOME IN STATELY PIRASES,

sharp eyes. At last came the word, "To the island then!" and a cheer from the three that Mouraki suffered with patient uplifted brows. Thus came Mouraki to Neopalia; thus came, as I hoped, an end to our troubles.

More than the half-hour passed swiftly in the narrative; then came Mouraki's summons and my story to him, heard with courteous impassivity, received at its end with plentiful assurances of redress for me and punishment for the islanders.

"The island shall be restored to you," said he. "You shall have every compensation, Lord Wheatley. These Neopalians shall learn their lesson."

"I want nothing but justice on Constantine," said I. "The island I have given back."

"That is nothing," said he. "It was under compulsion: we shall not acknow-

ledge it. The island is certainly yours. Your title has been recognised: you could not transfer it without the consent of my Government."

I did not pursue the argument; if Mouraki chose to hand the island back to me, I supposed that I could, after such more or less tedious forms as were necessary, restore it to Phroso. For the present the matter was of small moment; for Mouraki was there with his men, and the power of the Lord—or Lady—of Neopalia in abeyance. The island was at the feet of the Governor.

Indeed such was its attitude; and great was the change in the islanders when, in the cool of the evening, I walked up the street by Mouraki's side, escorted by soldiers and protected by the great gun of the gunboat that commanded the town. There were many women to watch us, few men, and these unarmed, with

downcast eyes and studious meekness of bearing. Mouraki seemed to detect my surprise.

"They made a disturbance here three years ago," said he, "and I came. They have not forgotten."

"What did you do to them?" I made bold to ask.

"What was necessary," he said; and "They are not Armenians," added the Armenian Governor with a smile that meant much; among other things, as I took it, that no tiresome English demanded fair trial for riotous Neopalians.

"And Constantine?" said I. I hope that I was not too vindictive.

"It is the feast of St. Tryphon," said His Excellency with another smile.

We were passing the guard-house now. An officer and ten men fell out from the ranks of our escort and took their stand by its doors. We passed on, leaving Constantine in this safe keeping; and Mouraki, turning to me said, "I must ask you for hospitality. As Lord of the Island, you enjoy the right of entertaining me."

I bowed. We turned into the road that led to the old grey house; when we were a couple of hundred yards from it, I saw Phroso coming out of the door. She walked rapidly towards us, and paused a few paces from the Governor, making a deep obeisance to him, and bidding him welcome to her poor house in stately phrases of deference and loyalty. Mouraki was silent, surveying her with a slight smile. She grew confused under his wordless smiling; her greetings died away. At last he spoke, in slow deliberate tones:

"Is this the lady," said he, "who raises a tumult and resists my master's will, and seeks to kill a lord who comes peaceably and by peaceful right to take what is his?"

I believe I made a motion as though to spring forward. Mouraki's expressive face displayed a marvelling question; did I mean such insolence as lay in interrupting him? I fell back; a public remonstrance could earn only a public rebuff.

"Strange are the ways of Neopalia," said he, his gaze again on Phroso.

"I am at your mercy, my lord," she murmured.

"And what is this talk of your house? What house have you? I see here the house of this English lord, where he will receive me courteously. Where is your house?"

"The house belongs to whom you will, my lord," she said. "Yet I have dared to busy myself in making it ready for you."

By that time I was nearly at boilingpoint, but I still controlled myself, and I rejoiced that Denny was not there, he and the others having resumed possession of the yacht, and arranged to sleep there, in order to leave more room for Mouraki's accommodation. Phroso stood in patient submission, and Mouraki's eyes travelled over her from head to foot.

"The other woman?" he asked abruptly. "Your cousin's wife—where is she?"

"She is at the cottage on the hill, my lord, with a woman to attend on her."

After another pause he motioned with his hand to Phroso to take her place by him, and thus we three walked up to the house. It was alive now with women and men, and there was a bustle of preparation for the great man.

Mouraki sat down in the arm-chair which I had been accustomed to use, and, turning to an officer who seemed to be his aide-de-camp, issued rapid orders for his own comfort and entertainment; then he turned to me and said civilly enough:

"Since you seem reluctant to act as host, you shall be my guest while I am here."

I murmured thanks. He turned to Phroso and waved his hand again in dismissal. She drew back, curtseying, and I saw her mount the stairs to her room. Mouraki bade me sit down, and his

orderly brought him cigarettes. He gave me one and we began to smoke, Mouraki watching the coiling rings, I furtively watching his face. I was in a rage at his treatment of Phroso. But the man interested me. I thought that he was now considering great matters; the life of Constantine, perhaps, or the penalties that he should lay on the people of Neopalia. Yet even these would hardly seem great to him, who had moved in the world of truly great affairs, and was in his present post rather by a temporary loss of favour than because it was adequate to his known abilities. With such thoughts I studied him as he sat silently smoking.

Well, man is very human, and great men are often even more human than other men. For when Mouraki saw that we were alone, when he had finished his cigarette, flung it away and taken another, he observed to me, obviously summarising the result of those meditations to which my fancy had imparted such loftiness,

"Yes, I don't know that I ever saw a handsomer girl."

There was nothing to say but one thing, and I said it.

"No more did I, your Excellency," said I.

But I was not pleased with the expression of Mouraki's eye, and the contentment induced in me by the safety of my friends, by my own escape, and by the end of Constantine's ill-used power, was suddenly clouded as I sat and looked at the baffling face and subtle smile of the Governor. What was it to him whether Phroso were a handsome girl or not?

And I suppose I might just as well have added, what was it to me?

TO BE CONTINUED.





THE DRUM-MAJOR. FROM A PASTEL

# MR. ARTHUR JULE GOODMAN AND HIS WORK.

THE worst of art is, it gives a man so many chances to take a false view of himself.

When one is weak, he can, if an artist, insist that he is merely refined.

A lazy man tells himself that he would be no better mechanic if he did not lie drowsing, and wait for Heaven-sent inspirations to wake him up.

A man who prefers society's giddy whirl to slaving over his easel, assumes that he can never get into the Academy save by giving a certain number of high-teas.

He who is strong in drawing but weak in colour, is persuaded that, after all, colour is of no consequence—and vice versâ.

Sometimes the make-believes are temporarily successful because their delusions are adopted by their friends.

Perhaps the most marked characteristic of Arthur Jule Goodman is his desire to be honest with himself and his work. If



MR. A. J GOODMAN IN HIS STUDIO.

(From a photo by Fradelle & Young.)

his beautifully-drawn figures and faces have sometimes fallen short of the poetic qualities their author aimed at, it is because the artist has hampered himself by over-conscientiousness, or because he had Puritan ancestors.

There is a decidedly Yankee twang to

dwelling to the owner; at the end of that time the artist was invited to the house to make a port third of Mark Twain.

Mr. Goodman does not mind confessing that his early artistic efforts were not a success.

He was sent to study architecture at



WILLIAM TERRIS AS "DUDLEY KEPPEL" IN "ONE OF THE BEST."

the story of Mr. Goodman's early career, a story as rambling as one of Mark Twain's lectures.

Perhaps that is because he was born in Hartford, Conn., and the first picture he ever drew was a portrait of Mark Twain's house. It was twenty years before the pencil graduated from the the Institute of Technology, Boston, Mass. There they did not in the least appreciate his pictures of houses, with nice lakes, trees, sunsets, clouds, and other embellishments.

On the contrary, Professor Ware objected because the key-hole was always ten or twelve feet above the door-sill, or



THE BUTTERFLY'S SUPPER. FROM A WATER COLOUR PAINTING.



'WHERE THE REAL AND IDEAL MEET." A SKETCH IN THE GARLENS OF THE TUILERIES AT PARIS.

perhaps there was no way to reach the second story save by a ladder outside.

Feeling himself not appreciated as an architect, the young man took his fate into his own hands, at the mature age of sixteen, and went on the stage. He began successfully at the Howard Athenæum in Boston, in an interpolated speciality consisting of imitations of famous actors.

This career of glory was ignominiously cut short by the arrival of a representative of the family, a proud, wealthy Puritan uncle from Detroit.

The play-acting truant was pulled up short and dragged out West. There, by way of punishment for his crime, he was apprenticed to a lithographer. Every once in a while he would slip away and play a theatrical engagement in Canada—unless his uncle got there first.

The young artist's ambitions never crystallised into definite shape until he met his last master in lithography, the late Matt. Morgan, an Englishman.

Brilliant, inventive, original, Matt. Morgan was one of the finest lithographers the world has ever seen, and as such almost unknown in London—at least among those who make a fad of lithography.

By the time Mr. Goodman came of age he was second only to Matt. Morgan, and had a very fine salary. He made a speciality of drawing portraits on stone, many of them from life. Among the hundreds of people he drew were Adelaide Neilson, Mary Anderson, Rosina Vokes, Victoria Woodhull Martin, Barry Sullivan, and P. T. Barnum.

It was Mr. Morgan's custom to confiscate the major part of his young friend's income and put it in the bank. Thanks to this, Mr. Goodman was soon able to give up lithography for the Académie Julien, and found himself in Paris with enough money to last a few years.

His work attracted instant notice at the Académie Julien, but not of a kind to make him unduly proud. Bouguereau got almost excited over his first drawing, saying it was the worst drawing in the school, and the best—the worst in point of technique, the best in point of characterisation.

This, happily, put the pupil on his mettle. In a few months he won, not only honourable mention for technique, but the friendly interest of the master.

Mr. Goodman has a passionate love of colour, as well as great natural facility in colour expression. Term after term he would address Bouguereau, his favourite teacher: "Well, mon Maître, I begin painting this term, eh?"

And Bouguereau, giving him a fatherly pat on the shoulder, would reply: "When you are a great draughtsman you will learn painting in a few weeks. Draw another term, my son."

Our student meant well, but as time went on, this enforced abstinence from colour began to wear on him. One day, being tempted, he fell, i.e., he painted a picture



ELLEN TERRY AS ROSAMOND."

for the Salon. Whereupon Bouguereau smiled indulgently; perhaps he had held his pupil as long as he expected to.

STUDY FOR DECORATION. "THE DANCE." PENCIL DRAWING.

At that time Mr. Goodman was known among the students as "the grand old man." Probably they called him so because he was young and small, or because 'e was so shockingly earnest and indus-

trious, or because he had very large ideas and would never undertake a canvas that was not at least twice as tall as himself.

> This love of "largeness," however, stood him in good stead when he left the easy, irresponsible Paris life behind, and went to New York to earn his living.

There, his first commission was an actdrop for the Broadway Theatre, subject to be an adaptation of "The Arrival of the Bride." by Detti. The picture called for a little of everything - trees, a castle, flowers, horses, coach, and sixty lifesize figures. Mr. Goodman revelled in the "muchness" of it, and finished it in eight weeks. After that he could always get breadand-butter by frescoing the walls of stately stage-palaces with goddesses, nymphs, cupids, roses, clouds, &c.

When the goddesses began to pall, he would go into some lithographic house and do a few portraits on stone. He sent some oil paintings to exhibitions, and sold them for less than they cost him to make.

Then he decided to go into black-and-white work. He took an odd way to do it. He travelled with a country circus, and made, in pencil, a number of strong, original drawings of the subjects he saw.

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"DAY DREAMS." PROM A WATER COLOUR PAINTING.

They were accepted at once, and published in *Harper's Weekly*. This was in 1889, and he has been drawing for publications over since

lications ever since.

TRUMPETER 9TH LANCERS. FROM A DRAWING IN CHARCOAL.

Mr. Goodman is very fond of the old-fashioned country circus. He finds its atmosphere as bracing as that of the theatre is enervating. Next to his study

in Paris, he values his circus experience, and believes there is to be seen no nearer approach to the Olympian games than the early-morning practice of the

> athletes. Under foot the daisyspangled carpet of the village green, overhead the sunlit luminosity of the canvas tent, newpitched each day at daybreak. sooner is the last guy-rope taut, than, with a rush like a flight of swallows. enter a group of young men clad in faded pink tights and trunks. The practice goes on about an hour, full of startling risks and instances of dogged persever-The men ance. are lithe, reckless. unconscious what could a draughtsman like better? Mr.Goodman believes that if a trip with a circus were a compulsory part of every artist's education. the race of maudlin æsthetes would become extinct. is impossible not to be impressed by the ruggedness, sobriety, and simplicity of men whose

business it is to risk their lives to amuse the public.

Having always had that facility in catching a likeness which amounts to a

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NORMANDY WOLAN AT THE LOOM.

sixth sense, Mr. Goodman naturally drifted into portrait work. During three years he drew, chiefly for *Harper's* and *Century*, dozens of portraits of all kinds of celebrities, from clergymen to clowns, from great musicians to great detectives; from authors, editors, and statesmen to

study of his private house; Salvini in his dressing-room; Massenet at his writing-table; Archdeacon Farrar in his library, writing a sermon; the late Charles Gounod in the act of composing; Ellen Terry in her dressing-room; the late Edwin Booth in his



"GLADYS." FROM THE WATER-COLOUR PORTRAIT.

ballet-dancers. A more fascinating and varied occupation could not be imagined, nor one more grateful to the student of character.

It has been Mr. Goodman's hobby to draw people amid their customary surroundings, and not in his own studio. He drew President Cleveland in the room at the Player's Club; Willie Winter in his den, writing on "Shakespeare's England"; Richard Wats in Gilder, in the editor's easy-chair at the Century offices, in the act of dictating polite rejections to writers from all parts of the world; James Gordon Bennett steering the Sereda up the River Seine



STUDY FOR "THE VIKING."



STUDY

It is Mr. Goodman's experience that great men and women are not only characterised by homely, kindly simplicity, but that the individuals themselves are nearly always greater than their works. For instance, those who know Archdeacon Farrar only through the fluent elegance of his writings or his discourse in the pulpit cannot possibly divine what a virile, muscular, generous Christian he is in private life, how powerful his character.

Like most Americans of English ancestry, Mr. Goodman has always had a passion for London. He loves the mystery of the fogs, the beautiful purple and blue atmospheric effects, with their strongly-marked planes of dis-

tance, the wild loveliness of Hampstead Heath. He has an almost personal affection for the British Museum with its incomparable art treasures, and the National Gallery is one of the comforts of his life. In short, he has a boyish, old-fashioned habit of enjoying whatever is good or beautiful, the sort of thing an up-to-date æsthete would consider quite *infra dig*.

The Diana-like proportions of English women fascinate him, also the brilliantly beautiful colouring of both women and children.

While doing "War Notes" for the *Pall Mall Magazine* he thoroughly enjoyed the British soldier, his looks, his style, his breezy good-humour.

"London," he says, " is as rich and varied as the taxes, and that's why I'm willing to pay them."



A CHARCOAL DRAWING by GOOGE



SKETCH AT THE GRAND PRIM.



PENCIL STUDIES -1. A YOUNG CAPUCHIN. 2. A NORMANDY FISHER GIRL.

One of Mr. Goodman's recent portraits was that of the eminent surgeon, Sir Spencer Wells. The sketch was made at the distinguished gentleman's beautiful home, Golder's Hill, Hampstead Heath. Nothing could exceed the laconic wit of the great surgeon. He speaks little, but no word is wasted.

"His mind is so strong," says Mr. Goodman, "that you feel as if he gave out sparks, like an electric battery."

There is a curious old sun-dial in the great garden at Golder's Hill, and around the base of it has been carved a very characteristic motto.

"What a wonderful motto for an artist to bear in mind!" exclaimed Mr. Goodman when he saw it.

"I like it. That's why I put it there," said Sir Spencer.

The motto is, "Do to-day's work to-day."





ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY HARDY.

THE arrival of our dear donkey at the home which was to be his for all too short a period was not altogether auspicious.

He was a love of a donkey, and came from Suakim, having been brought thence (with inconceivable difficulty I should say, judging by my knowledge of our dear Moko's character!) by an uncle, my father's brother, who, I suppose for his sins, had been stationed at that remote and lonely spot for a year or two, to keep in check the Mahdi's men under Osman Digna.

Dottie, my sister, aged ten, and I, a gentleman of twelve summers, had been awaiting our beloved but as yet unseen friend for a full week; spending all our time in breathless and agitated expectation at the play-room window, which commanded the road to Portsmouth, five miles away, at which place our Moko was

to be landed and sent down to us by road. My father, who was rector of our little country village, had characterised my Uncle Jack's kindness in sending us the donkey from Suakim as "short-sighted"; he was not in love with the prospect of having a donkey about the premises, and, to speak truth, never got over his prejudices against our beloved.

Well, the arrival of the donkey was not, as I say, very auspicious. We were at our window, on the look-out, as we had been for the last week, watching with sick hearts, that came of hope deferred, the corner of the road a couple of hundred yards away, when suddenly a youth came round that corner. He did not walk round, nor run round, nor ride round, nor drive round, nor come round in any of the ways one expects a youth to come round a corner. He flew round and alighted on his head in the road.

"What is that boy playing at?" said Dottie. "How did he come round the corner?"

I said he looked as though someone had just kicked a goal with him from somewhere down the road. I could not think of any other way.

The boy did not appear to seriously object to that particular way of coming round corners; he did not at any rate lie there and die. He got up and appeared to remonstrate with someone. Then he seized what looked like a bit of rope and pulled, but was himself pulled out of sight very quickly. It was very mysterious.

But five minutes later a great and joyful event took place. Trotting quietly round the same corner and down our road came the loveliest grey donkey, and upon its back the identical boy of the mysterious appearance of a few minutes before.

"Oh, Charlie, look!" cried Dottie, jumping down and clapping her hands in her excitement. "Can it be ours? Can it be ours?

"I don't know," I said; I tried to appear cool and dignified, but found it difficult because of the tumult of my agitation. "I don't expect so; there are lots of donkeys; we won't believe it till it comes in at our gate!" I was just going to write that a moment later the donkey did come in at our gate; but this would have been incorrect. It did nothing of the sort.

The boy came in, true; but not the donkey.

The boy entered our premises de haut en bas; that is, he flew in from on high, as though alighting after a flight through space, from Saturn, say, or Mars or Jupiter, or one of those places. Of course he arrived wrong way up.

And again that boy arose and addressed the donkey (who remained on the other side of the gate) in terms which were now audible, and which were very eloquent.

And again he seized the rope, which

was now seen to be a halter, and pulled; and again this tug-of-war went against the boy, who disappeared from view.

Then Dottie and I could contain ourselves no longer, and we darted out of the room (which was unlawful in our establishment), and down into the yard (which was penal).

When we reached the yard the donkey was just arriving. That boy, we found, was an inventive genius. Having discovered that no persuasion would induce the animal to enter the yard in the ordinary manner, he had got it round with its back to the gate. Then he had pulled at the halter as though he longed to prevent the donkey backing into the yard, with the result that the tail of the dankey very soon appeared at the yard side of the gate, and presently the rest of him followed, and last of all came the boy, still pulling at the end of the halter. Then we had our donkey safe, for the boy quickly shut the gate after him, and there he was.

But when we had got Moko, he was an awkward possession to deal with. He was all for freedom and the rights of the individual, was Moko. Neither my sister nor I ever got any real good out of him; he would not carry us I mean, or let us drive him about in a basket-cart we had, or anything of that sort. My father always insisted upon it that he was possessed of the devil; but then I know very well why father said that. It was because Moko came to the porch of the church one day while father was preaching within, and brayed. Father was obliged to stop until Moko had finished and went away, and all the congregation laughed. Moko often escaped out of his stable and had a little exercise on his own account, but he always returned on these occasions; for though, on principle, he would never do anything that he was asked to do, yet Moko was attached to us in a way, and would never, I am sure, have allowed any other donkey to say one word against us.

Moko had a duel one day. He had escaped, as usual, and was out for a constitutional when he suddenly met another member of his persuasion. What the other said to offend Moko I really cannot tell; for when he was observed by us the fight was already in progress; and this was how it was done.

The offence having been committed and satisfaction demanded and accorded. the combatants advanced towards one another, shaking their heads from side to side, showing their teeth, and setting their ears well back. Then just at the moment when we supposed that each was about to seize the other by the throat, both suddenly turned round and let fly with their heels. No one gets much hurt this way, and honour is soon satisfied. But Moko kicked too high and allowed the other dankey to get in, as it were, under his guard; so that he got his "wind bagged," and his honour was satisfied sooner than it otherwise would have been.

It was not very long before it occurred to my father that Moko was an unprofitable member of the family. He had a very good appetite-Moko, I mean, not father, who makes it a boasting matter that he never recollects to have had a second "helping" of anything, from a child up !- Moko had a magnificent appetite, as most loafers have; and after a month or two of feeding Moko and receiving nothing in return excepting a demand for an increase of wages from Bob the boot-boy, whose duty it was to wait upon Moko, father wearied of welldoing and struck. He announced that our dear friend must go. He must be offered, father said, to the first costermonger that came.

Well, as it happened, a man did come very soon, a man with a handbarrow, a seller of fish, and to him were made, under the pretence of the purchase of a few mackerel, overtures for the removal of Moko.

The man's face underwent a change.

He looked first surprised andelated, then sly and suspicious.

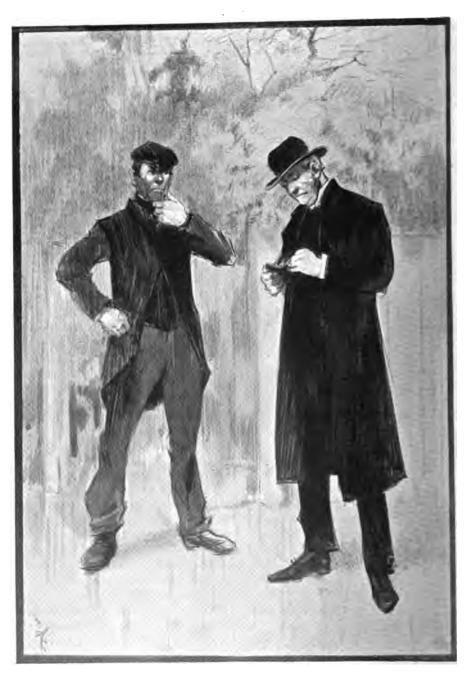
Maybe, he said, there was something the matter with the donkey? But on this point father reassured him. Moko was a beautiful animal, he said, for those who liked donkeys and knew their ways, and understood how to get a little work out of them; and so Moko was.

"Ah, but," said the man, "you'll be wanting too much for him!"

"Not a bit of it, my good man; take him and welcome," said father. "I want to get rid of him!" This was a foolish speech of father's, and cost him ten shillings; for our friend suddenly discovered that he would require this sum as a guarantee for the keep of the donkey in case it should prove to be useless, until specially educated to his work.

Eventually that coster took away Moko together with his new harness and ten shillings. I use the expression "took away Moko" for want of another; but as a matter of fact Moko took him away and not he Moko. Moko had looked on with surprise while the man harnessed him to his handbarrow, and when the harnessing was quite finished he proceeded to kick the barrow to pieces, which catastrophe destiny prevented, however, by causing him to get mixed up with one of the shafes; so that Moko now stood with his fore-feet within and his hind feet without it. That habit of kicking too high was always getting Moko into trouble. He overdid his kicking so. Afterwards he stood on his head, and then sat down in the middle of the mackerel, which, by this time, carpeted the road; for he had overturned the cart during his struggles for freedom.

Moko was not a bit angry or even vexed. He inspected the fish quite benevolently, just as though contemplating a purchase, and he licked one of the mackerel, raising his nose afterwards, and curling it up in great disgust. Then he was re-harnessed; and when this was ac-



"FATHER PROVED GOOD FOR ABOUT FIVE POUNDS."

complished, and long before the coster was ready for a start, Moko suddenly rushed away down the road, not up it, as the coster would have chosen if consulted; and he and his new owner passed out of sight, both going strong, but the coster a bad second, Moko leading by fully ten yards. As they did not return down the road, we could only suppose that the coster found another way to his home, and we saw no more of Moko until twentyfour hours later, when he suddenly arrived in our yard with a shaft and a bit of the side of a barrow still attached to him, and went into his old stable, shaft and all.

We felt that this was most friendly and kind of dear Moko, and his touching loyalty to the old home almost drew the brimming tear. But we quite expected to see and to hear our friend the coster before very long, and you will not be surprised to know that we very soon did both hear and see him. We heard him quite easily without artificial assistance. He came carrying the other shaft and a few bits of harness and fish and barrow, not much of this latter; and he was a very angry cos-Dottie was sent out termonger indeed. to eat strawberries in the back garden as soon as he appeared, and so was I; but, though I love strawberries, and the permission to pick and eat was rarely given, I preferred to return and listen, unseen, to the coster's explanations, and to his special uses of the English of Her Majesty. He displayed on this occasion a marvellous vocabulary.

He wished my father to explain, it appeared, what he (the costermonger) was going to get for the loss of his barrow and half a hundredweight of fine mackerel? He described Moko, our poor dear Moko, whose fault he declared it to be that disaster had overtaken him, as something very wile; he said it had played L (whatever that may have meant) not only with his barrow and his fish, but also with everything he possessed at home, including

a baby, which he said Moko had eaten, or jumped on, or something. He said if he had known what sort of an adjectival beast this past-particial donkey was, half-asovereign would not have induced him to take the blanketty thing off father's hands. How much was father good for?

I think poor father proved good for about five pounds before the man went away, and I only hope the baby got a share of it.

So that here was our Moko on our hands again, and for a long while poor father was at a loss to know to whom to apply for relief from him.

I really think that it was the appearance on the luncheon-table one day of a porkpie that gave father an idea for the disposal of our beautiful. Father, who wore a very thoughtful air, asked to be informed where the pie came from. My mother, I remember, replied that she was so pleased that father liked the pie. It had come, she explained, from a new pork-pie and sausage shop lately opened in Portsmouth, and——

"Write me down the address of the shop, my dear!" said father.

That afternoon father had particular business in Portsmouth. He returned at dusk, wearing a face which recalled the happy days of his youth, and carrying a delicious German sausage which he had purchased at mother's newly-discovered shop. Mother was delighted to have found something that father really liked, and we had a plethora of pork-pies and kindred dainties for a few days after this, and until father gave the word to desist from further purchases; but I am digressing.

That night, when darkness had laid its sable wing over the land, I was awakened by noises in the yard; the dismal expressions of some man who said that he had been kicked in the stomach (by Moko, of course), and the cheery rejoinder of two others who hadn't. In the morning Moko had departed.

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It was the very day after this that father wearied of pork-pies and sausages, and bade mother buy no more of those dainties. And poor mother bewailed the sad fact that no sooner did she hit upor something that father could eat with relish, than he tired of it!

It did seem hard. But as for me, I was old enough—being a forward youth—to apprehend that father was drawing the line at Moko—as a dainty, I mean—as a pork-pie or a German sausage. Father, you see, never really appreciated Moko in any form.





PRECIOUS BURDEN.

By Max Comper.

# THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

BY J. F. NISBET.



S one swallow does not make a summer, so no one man's experience can with certainty be taken as a key to the riddle

of life. Nevertheless, an experience, if truly given, forms at least a useful mémoire pour servir. It is a document, in the Zola sense, and an accumulation of documents must be the proper basis of any theory of life which is entitled to respect. Ruminating in this fashion the other day, I bethought me of my next-door neighbour in one of those Inns of Court, which are, in some sort, a microcosm, a compendium of the life of the great world outside; the essence of all the passions, the virtues, the vices, the self-sacrifices, the indulgences, the hopes, the fears, the aspirations, the disappointments, the loves, the jealousies, the treasons, the griefs, the resignation, the cynicism, that go to the shaping of society. If those grey walls had only had eyes for all they might have seen, and ears for all they might have heard, what storehouses of wisdom they would be.

Failing their counsel it occurred to me to ask: What have their inmates to confess? The word confession suggests Rousseau and, I am sorry to say, George Moore; then one reflects that every author who writes of human nature must more or less draw upon himself, like the spider which spins its web out of its own vitals. But in the end the picture so painted is evidently not a true picture; it is only the artist's conception of what the picture ought to be, or what he thinks the public will be pleased to see. No; there is no assurance of truth in literature, which must from its very nature—

It was at this point of my ruminations that my thoughts turned more particularly to my next-door neighbour. I did not then know his name, though we had been on nodding terms for years. He might have been sixty, but was leading a jolly bachelor life on a private income which, if not large, must have been sufficient, for he had pleasant supper parties in his rooms, the noise of which occasionally broke the quietude of the quadrangle in the early hours of the morning.

I suspected him once of wearing stays, for the fall of his back was almost too perfect, but, in general, he was so spruce, dapper, alert, and well-set-up, that on second thoughts I felt I was doing him an injustice. Besides, your elderly gent who does wear stays resorts to additional methods of make-up. He dyes his moustache: he studies the effect of dress like a woman of thirty-five; he is learned in lotions; he diets himself on the Banting principle; he fights the gathering wrinkles and the crow's feet with a daily system of face massage; he takes his beauty-sleep when he can; he is never to be seen at a disadvantage. But there was not much of that about my friend. He was scrupulous as to his gaiters, his patent-leather shoes, his dainty socks, and the perfect fit of his trousers. For the rest, he did not mind his rubicund face, in conjunction with his white moustache and his fringe of white hair round a shiny bald pate, making him look like a rejuvenated Father Christmas. He was one of those, evidently, who found the world a pleasant place to live in, and would be loth to leave it. What an authority, I reflected.

he must be on certain of those problems to which I am seeking a solution!

The man had long interested me, and, I own, not always agreeably. something saddening in the spectacle of an elderly fop wearing the responsibilities of life with so jaunty an air. that while it is permissible to bear up with a stout heart against the increasing weight of years, there is a point beyond which it is indecent to carry the struggle. sixty years of age, one ought not to be living alone, playing at youth, and in the hands of domestic mercenaries. ought to have learnt, and to be practising, the art of being a grandfather. pleasant to see a woman failing to grow old gracefully, especially a woman who has been attractive. Even more unpleasant is it, perhaps, to observe the symptoms of a too prolonged lutte on the part of a man; because he has less excuse for his actions. A man is never old in the sense that a woman may be. He never loses his hold upon the opposite sex. He may retire from the battle, but he is never to be ranked as a non-combatant. A man's life suffers no such breach of continuity as befalls a woman's. there are limitations to his activities, and at sixty-

All this had passed through my mind, but its only effect was to convince me that my remarkably well-preserved, elderly beau might be able to throw light into some of the recesses of life to which I was a stranger. For a moment an idea stopped me in the plan I was conceiving.

"If you want to present a 'document,'" I said to myself, "why not your own experience? You can be sure that it is true, and insignificant as you may be as an unit in the mass of humanity, you are nevertheless, a human being, and therefore one of the items that make up the account."

But the idea had only to occur to me to be rejected. Let one's experiences be what they may, it is impossible to be frank with regard to them—to be absolutely and truly unreserved, to be innocent of all arrière pensée in unveiling one's innermost thoughts to the general reader. Jean-Jacques himself, after his famous exordium about sitting down to write a book which should be without example, and which should find no imitators, only succeeded in giving a wholly insincere and theatrical piece of autobiography.

To interview my interesting acquaintance on such points as I thought he could clear up with regard to certain disturbing pretensions on the part of the Advanced Woman seemed my best course. The result, I thought, would be entirely trustworthy. I could make sure of being the faithful exponent of my friend's opinions, though I durst not take the responsibility of my own; while he, for his part, speaking anonymously and irresponsibly, would naturally have nothing to conceal.

The interview was easily arranged.

"Delighted, my boy, to tell you what I can about anything," was my friend's reply to the suggestion that I might have a little confidential chat with him. After we had sat down in his cosy room, and the whiskey and cigars had been produced, and I had cast my eye over some types of beauty negligently strewn about the table and the mantelpiece.

"Now, tell me," he said, and I noticed just the trace of an Irish accent in his speech. "What is it?"

I confessed my object as delicately and succinctly as I could. I was seeking the truth on a subject where truth was difficult to find, where humbug tricked itself out as conviction, where the poet, the plain man, and even the cynic were in a conspiracy to deceive themselves and the world——

"Stop!" interposed my friend. "Is it religion? Or is it love that you would be after? For these are the only subjects that your words point to."

"Love," I answered. "It is a subject upon which so few people write rationally, that it occurred to me I could not do better than address myself to one who, like yourself, must have seen the world under all its aspects, and who, man to man, can have no motive for disguising the truth."

He took the implied compliment graciously.

"Well, it is not want of knowledge, or rather want of experience," he rejoined, "that I can reproach myself with. Go on."

"Then, perhaps you can tell me whether the New Woman——"

"The New Woman," he interrupted, "is only the abnormal woman who is always with us. She is new only in so far as she is breaking out in print. In my young days she was the maiden aunt. But that was before she had learnt to write and publish."

"Then you have no belief in the equality of the sexes?"

" Equality be-"

Fearful of opening a flood-gate of invective, I hastily interposed that I meant equality in a political sense.

"Political equality!" continued my interlocutor, in a mollified tone. mean do I admit that women are a separate class in the community—a class which, not being represented in Parliament, suffers injustice. Pshaw! Women are no more a separate class than the lining of your coat is a separate garment. They are themselves of the very fibre of the community—the woof of the fabric of which men are the warp; and no interest can be represented in Parliament or elsewhere without women being concerned in it, at least in an equal degree with men. Do you know any man whose luck or whose misfortune is not shared by some woman—or women? Who has suffered most by the slump in South Africans, think you? Look at the guestion politically if you like. Every M.P.

necessarily represents the female side of his own household, and through that the interests of women at large. Suppose he is a little too apt to identify his wife's interests with his own; he has her daughters to think of, and their welfare must be at least as dear to him as that of any outsider with a vote, not excepting the chairman of his own election committee. In every Act of Parliament the word man technically comprises woman; and I should say that that was, in practice, the fact. Sex, after all, is an infinitely greater 'interest' than party."

"You don't think, supposing woman to obtain the franchise, there would be any chance of a Woman's Party being formed in Parliament?"

"There is no solidarity among the sex, and the mistake that the 'advanced' people fall into is to assume that there is anything like a common interest among women. Every woman judges of her interest with reference to that of some particular man. If anything, women are unjust to each other. If they sat on juries I would not give much for the chances of the female plaintiff in a breach of promise case. Politically and socially women have more to hope from men than from each other in the way of generous treatment. There will never be a Woman's Party in Parliament in the sense that there is an Irish Party or a Labour The female vote would merely reinforce the male vote along the whole line. A good-looking Whip or a fascinating Leader of the Opposition might control a certain number of spinster votes, but Party ties would predominate. Dogma is the sheet-anchor of the female nature which abhors nothing in the world so much as initiative or independence. Give a woman a man's shoulder to lean upon, a man's eyes to look into, and she is happy!"

"Universally so?"

"I can only speak according to rule. The great 'female interest' rests on the tripod of the husband, the baby, and the

perambulator. Of course, the abnormal woman, that is the woman whose amatory sensibilities happen to be feebler than her intellectual impulses, is a law unto herself. But the equality agitators can never get beyond the theoretical stage. The exercise of a vote, or even the wearing of a pair of trousers, will never change a woman into a man or affect in the smallest degree the fundamental relation of the sexes as by natural law established. I spare you Voltaire's epigram on the subject. Or rather, let me tone it down for you so far as to say that there will never be equality between husband and wife until nature ordains them to bring forth children alternately."

As we were getting upon interesting ground, I ventured to press home the question of the part played by sex in the body politic.

"You don't think then," I continued, "it will be practicable to tie men down, either conjugally or extra-conjugally, to the same lines of conduct as women instinctively adopt."

"Man being naturally a polygamous animal," rejoined my interlocutor, "I don't see----"

" Polygamous?"

"Certainly. All over the world polygamy is the rule, and not more in Constantinople than in London. By changing your latitude or longitude you do not change the essential principle of human The patriarchs indulged in nature. wives and concubines with the express sanction of Jehovah, who was much less scrupulous upon this point than Mrs. Grundy. The latitude of morals among the Greeks and Romans is known to every schoolboy. Among all modern races, except the Anglo-Saxon, the same rule obtains, reservation being made solely with regard to the purity of the family strain. To this end, namely the making sure as far as possible of the paternity as well as the maternity of off-spring, the instincts of both sexes adapt themselves. It does not require the reading of the marriage service to do it. But that object gained,—well, nothing else matters much."

"Am I to understand, then, that love has no rights of its own in the relations of the sexes?"

"Love is only a sentiment with which we clothe the primary instinct referred to"

I was taken aback. My friend must have noticed a look of disappointment on my features, for he passed the whiskey and resumed the breezy manner which, for the moment, he had laid aside, as he added:

"But what, after all, is a name? You may call a woman by a scientific term if you care to, but that won't safeguard you against the witchery of her smile, or the magnetism of her person-My philosophy only holds good while she is not standing by to disprove it. Call her a goddess. I don't mind, though she is no more that than man is a god. Let us grant all that is claimed for Let us believe, if you like, that the sex. St. Librada preserved the precious jewel of her virginity through the special favour of Heaven by growing a beard. the same in the end."

"But your plan reduces the world to so terribly matter-of-fact a level——"

"My plan! Nature's plan, you mean. But it has its compensations, my boy. Help yourself to the bottle, and try this other cigar. It is wonderful how the world improves when you look at it through a cloud of smoke."



"Pleeseman, come 'ome with me and see what's up with my old man; I'm afraid something's

"Wot's 'e bin doin'?"
"'E's come 'ome sober."

## A FLYING MARCH.

BY W. L. ALDEN.

ILLUSTRATED BY D. B. WATERS.

walking together on our way to the post-office, when we met a regiment of infantry. Of course we stopped to look at them, for I don't suppose there is a man living who doesn't like to look at soldiers. Even a regiment of Chicago counter-jumpers, dressed in a ridiculous uniform, and playing at soldiers, interests me, and as for this particular regiment, it was one of the best in the Federal Army, and that's saying a good The Professor looked at the men in the critical sort of way that everybody puts on in such circumstances, and presently he said, "Colonel! isn't it your opinion that a regiment that could march two hundred miles a day would be much more efficient than one that could only march twenty miles?"

NE day, Professor Van

Wagener and I were

"All other things being equal, it certainly would," I replied; "but the soldier who can march a hundred miles a day, not to speak of two hundred, isn't born yet."

"I think you are mistaken, Colonel!" said he. "It's my idea that by the use of proper means it can be made just as easy to march at the rate of twenty miles an hour, as it now is to march at the rate of four miles an hour."

"There you are again!" said I. "You're thinking of some invention that is going to revolutionise the art of warfare. My dear Professor, you've been revolutionising warfare ever since I knew you, but I haven't noticed that it has been revolutionised to any great extent."

Well! nothing more was said on the subject at that time, but about a month later Van Wagener came over to my house one morning with a big basket full of machinery and chemicals on his arm, and asked me to lend him the use of my backyard for an hour or two, while he revolutionised the art of warfare. Of course, I told him that he could do anything in my back-yard that he might want to do, provided he didn't do it with dynamite or any other explosive, and he assured me that this time there was nothing in the slightest degree dangerous in what he meant to do.

"I will explain the whole matter to you," he said, sitting down on a bench in my back-yard, and wiping his forehead with a cloth stained with chemicals, for the basket was heavy, and the day was hot. "You remember we were speaking the other day about the marching abilities of infantry regiments. Now, let me ask you what it is that makes it hard work for a soldier to march, or for any man to walk. Isn't it the force of gravitation, which holds him down to the ground, and prevents him from lifting his foot except by a muscular effort?"

"I suppose it is," said I.

"Very good," said Van Wagener.
"Now if you could reduce the force of gravitation one-half, or, say, two-thirds, it would be just that much easier for a man to walk than it is in existing circumstances, wouldn't it?"

"I admit it," said I For it was always necessary to admit Van Wagener's premises, provided you wanted to carry on a conversation with him.

"You are really an intelligent man, Colonel!" said he, "although at times you are rather slow to perceive the merits of any valuable invention. As I was saying, the thing to do if you want to make walking or marching easier, is to reduce the force of gravitation. Now, this is what I propose to do in the case of every individual soldier. Why no one has hit on the same idea long ago is something I can't understand. But that's the way with most inventors. They never see what is directly before their eyes, but always look for something that is miles away."

As this was what I had said hundreds of times to Van Wagener about his own inventions, I began to think that he wasn't as utterly unteachable as a scientific man generally is.

"Please to 100l at my shirt for a moment," continued the Professor. "As you see, it is made of very thin cloth covered with a coating of india-rubber. Also, you will perceive that it is made of two thicknesses of rubber-cloth, joined together at the neck and the waist, and that just where the collar-button would ordinarily come at the back of my neck, is a small valve. Now this shirt will hold just as many cubic feet of hydrogen gas as would be sufficient to lift a man of my weight, together with eighty pounds of arms and accoutrements."

"Don't you find the rubber shirt rather warm?" I asked.

"It is a little warm," he replied, "but I can easily overcome that. Besides, the warmth of the shirt has nothing to do with the question. The fact on which I wish you to fix your mind is that by filling this shirt with hydrogen, I overcome the effect of gravitation. That is to say, I make myself as light as air."

"Then you mean a soldier shall fly instead of march?" I said.

"Not at all," said Van Wagener. "I simply propose to make him so light that he will be able to take steps thirty or forty

feet long, and to jump over hedges and streams with perfect ease."

I wanted to remind the Professor of a jumping machine that he had once invented, and that had nearly killed him when he tried to use it, but I kept quiet.

"Now," said my friend, taking off his coat and waistcoat, and wiping away the perspiration that was streaming down his face, "I will proceed to give you a practical illustration of the value of my invention. This is the first time I have actually experimented with it, but I have absolute confidence in its practicability."

With that Van Wagener opened his basket, and took out a sort of tin knapsack with a rubber tube attached to it. "This," said he, "is the generator. I fasten this on my back, and you will understand that if I were a soldier I should carry it outside my knapsack. I connect the tube with the shirt-valve, and turn this little stop-cock. The moment the stop-cock is turned the gas begins to generate, and flows through the tube into the shirt. When I have enough gas to reduce my weight one-half, I shut off the supply, and march on my way, taking steps twenty feet long, and feeling almost as light as a bird. But first, I must fasten these leaden soles to my boots, so that I can be sure of preserving an upright attitude. You see, I shall be in just the same condition as a diver, the weight of whose body is reduced as he sinks in the water. He is obliged to wear shoes weighted with lead, for without them he might go down head first."

Van Wagener carefully tied his lead soles to his feet, and then he buckled the generator on his back, and tried to turn the stop-cock of which he had spoken. He had so much difficulty in finding it that he asked me to turn it for him, which, of course, I did.

Presently the gas began to hiss as it was generated, and the Professor began to swell as his shirt gradually filled. When it was apparently about half full, he asked

me to turn off the gas, and then he started to walk across my back-yard. There is no denying that the gas got in its work fairly well. Van Wagener went across that yard taking steps that were about ten feet long, and bounding gently into the air every time his feet touched the ground. Still, his walk was to all appearance the drunkest walk that has ever been seen since the days when Noah made his great invention of drunkenness. The Professor's body was swinging forwards and backwards and sideways, and was mostly at an angle of, say, fifty degrees with the ground. It was clear that if it hadn't been for the lead soles fastened to his boots, he would have done a good deal of walking on his head. I followed pretty close after him, and he evidently enjoyed himself immensely, for he kept calling out to me to notice how light he was, and demanding to know whether he hadn't knocked gravitation endways with his gas machine. when he came down with both feet in a briar-bush, and stuck there until I pulled him out by main force, leaving a large proportion of his trousers in the bush, he never lost his spirits. He had walked twice round the yard when a little accident happened which interrupted his experiment. He came down with both feet on my cat's tail. Now Tommie was one of the best-tempered cats I ever knew, that is to say so long as you treated him with proper respect. He was also the champion cat-fighter of New Berlinopolisville, and there wasn't hardly a night that he didn't have a match on with some rival cat, and, as a rule, he won it in two, or at the most three, rounds. was lying asleep under a small rose-bush when the Professor came down on his tail, and it irritated him, as was only I should have been irritated myself if I had been in his place. Being mad all over, Tommie frees his mind with a few remarks, and then he makes a jump for the Professor's shoulder, where he

stopped long enough to give him a couple of good ones on each cheek that drew the blood, and then he went over the fence in search of a quiet spot where he could make repairs to his tail. I came up to the Professor to sympathise with him while he was wiping the blood from his face, but he sang out to me not to bring my cigar anywhere near him, for the gas was leaking, and an explosion might be brought about. I could see that his size was rapidly growing less, and in a little while the gas had all escaped through half-a-dozen holes that the cat's claws had made in the shirt, and the Professor was able to walk like an ordinary Christian.

"I can't do anything more," said Van Wagener, "until I have mended the leaks in my shirt." And then he used a lot of scientific language about cats in general, which was excusable under the circumstances.

I said to him that Tommie was one of the leading cats of New Berlinopolisville, and was universally respected. As for his getting angry when a scientific man with leaden soles landed on his tail, that was only human, and he ought not to blame the cat for it.

"I don't blame him so much for getting angry," said Van Wagener, "as I do for not taking any interest in science. But that's just the way with a cat. Any cat would sooner spoil an experiment than not. A friend of mine who does a good deal of vivisecting tells me that he has more trouble with cats than with any other animals. However, the mischief's done now, and there's no use in saying anything more. You'll admit, I think, that my experiment was a great success?"

"I'll admit," said I, "that any army in the world would run away from an enemy approaching in the same style as you circulated round my yard."

"Wait till I have had a little more experience," said the Professor. "I did not have quite gas enough in my shirt, and

my shoes were not quite heavy enough. When I find out the exact quantity of gas I ought to use, and the precise weight that needs to be attached to my feet, all that will be necessary will be practice. venture to say that, with about three days of practice, I shall be able to walk at the rate of thirty miles an hour, with perfect steadiness, and without the least danger of accident. To-morrow, at about this hour, I will come back here with my shirt repaired, and everything ready for a final and conclusive experiment. I hope you will have the goodness to lock up that abominable cat, for I can't promise to succeed in any experiment if that beast is on hand."

"All right," said I, "the cat shall be locked up. But I ask you what will happen when your army marches across country with their shirts inflated with gas? Cats are awfully common, and if the army treads on a cat's tail there'll be a panic that will be worse than a defeat."

Van Wagener didn't condescend to answer me, but he marched out of my yard with his basket on his arm, and a glow of triumph in his face, which struck me as being a little previous, in view of all the facts.

Well! the next day the Professor turned up at the same hour in the very best of spirits. This time he had extra heavy lead weights for his feet, and when everything was ready, I turned on the supply of gas for him, until he judged that his weight had been reduced to about onethird of what it ordinarily was. Then he gave me the word to turn off the gas, and he started to walk across the yard. walk was only a little drunker in appearance than it had been the day before, but he certainly did get over the ground at a tremendous rate. Every time his feet touched the earth he bounded about ten feet into the air, and came down again a good thirty feet from where he had started. He went the length of the yard, which was fully five hundred feet, in no time at all,

and, as he passed me on the way back, he was so excited that he tried to clap his feet together, and to crow like a rooster. I don't say this was quite worthy of a respectable scientific man, but allowance must be made for an inventor who finds that his invention works. But the Professor made the biggest mistake in his life when he tried to clap his feet together. In so doing, one of his lead soles, which had been tied on by the Professor himself, with a sort of knot that was of no manner of use, dropped off, and Van Wagener went up into the air like a shot.

I saw him trying to reach the stop-cock that shut off the gas from his shirt, but he could not find it, and it would have done him no good if he had found it. that shirt needed was some sort of safety valve for letting the gas escape in case of accident, but Van Wagener had omitted to furnish it with any such valve. Without his lead sole he was considerably lighter than the atmosphere, and consequently there was nothing to prevent him from going up. There was a gentle breeze from the southward, and as Van Wagener rose slowly and seemed to be drifting towards the thicklybuilt part of the town, I was in hopes that he would be able to catch hold of some building and hold on till some one could come to his aid. He never said a word as he sailed upwards, but I'm ready to bet that he would have given a good deal if the cat could have jumped on him from the roof of the house and punctured his shirt. I sung out to him to keep cool, which is the easiest thing to say to a man who is in difficulties, but he simply smiled a resigned sort of smile, and disappeared behind the house.

I ran out of the front door and chased the Professor, keeping my eye on him just as a sailor keeps his eye on a man who falls overboard, though there wasn't any chance of sending a lifeboat, or for that matter, a life-balloon, after him. He drifted along at an elevation of perhaps fifty feet, and presently I saw that he was heading



WAN WAGENER HAPPENED TO HIT THE TOP OF THE PRESBYTERIAN STEEPLE.

directly for the Presbyterian church. The church itself was only about thirty feet high from the ground to the roof, but it had a steeple that was a good hundred feet in height, though it didn't look it. In fact it looked as if it was lower than the Baptist steeple, which was only eightyfive feet high, and the Presbyterians used to win no end of bets by inducing strangers to bet on the comparative height of the two steeples. However. that is neither here nor there. Wagener drifted along amid the general enthusiasm of the inhabitants, who all rushed out of doors to see him, and imagined that he had contrived some new way of navigating the air, and was making a big success of it. Everybody said that this time the Professor had made the greatest invention of the century, and that New Berlinopolisville would have a chance to put up a monument to him, after his death, that would attract thousands of visitors. I said nothing, for nothing that I could say would be of any help towards getting the Professor down to the ground in safety, and I hadn't the heart to destroy the reputation that he had so suddenly and accidentally made.

By rare good luck, Van Wagener happened to hit the very top of the Presbyterian steeple, and he caught hold of it and held on for all that he was There wasn't much to hold on to except the lightning rod, for, of course, there wasn't any cross there, and in the place where a cross ought to have been there was a big gilt pine-apple which was too big to put one's arms round. I never could understand why a gilt pine-apple was put there. I asked the head deacon about it one day, but he didn't condescend to answer me, and merely suggested that I had better study the Scriptures. Now, I've been in the habit of studying them ever since I was a boy, but I never remember coming across any allusion to pine-apples. Some day I'm going to

enquire into the thing and get a satisfactory answer. My own idea is that when the committee that was building the church came to deciding on a decoration for the top of the steeple, old Deacon White, who was an importer of pine apples, and bananas, and such, thought he could advertise his business by putting a big gilt pine apple where nobody could fail to see it.

By the time I got alongside of the church there were about two thousand people, men, women, and children, there, waiting to see the Professor fall, and speculating as to what extent he would be smashed by the time he should strike the ground. They were all in the best of spirits, as folks generally are when they are admitted free to some attractive show. Deacon White was the only exception; he disapproved strongly of Van Wagener's conduct, and said that it was little better than sacrilege. Of course, I knew that the Professor was in no danger of falling down. What he wanted to do was to avoid falling up, whenever it should become necessary for him to let go his hold. I saw that the thing to do was to get a rope to him as soon as possible, calculating that he would have sense enough to know how to use it. The difficulty was how to get the rope to him, for the steeple was perfectly smooth on the outside, so that nobody could possibly climb it, and there was no ladder in the town that would reach half way up to the pine-apple. Pretty soon I saw my way. I sent a man to get two hundred feet of stout line, and then I found a boy who was flying a kite, and bought out his whole stock for fifty cents. I used to be a middling good kite-flyer when I was a boy, and it didn't take me very long to manœuvre that kite so that the string fell across Van Wagener's shoulder, and I saw him seize it with one hand. Then I bent the two hundred feet of line to the kitestring, and shook it as a signal to the Professor to haul away. He did so, and in a little while he had one end of the line in his possession, and he cast the kite adrift, string and all.

Any man who wasn't a scientific person would have known that I expected Van Wagener to tie the line to his ankles, and let me pull him gently down. Professor never thought of that. the line fast to the lightning-rod, and started to slide down it. Naturally, his inflated shirt made that impossible. could see him hanging on to the line with both hands, and with his body swinging out at right angles, but in spite of all he could do, he couldn't manage to climb down the line a single foot. The public got more excited than ever, and the betting on the Professor's ultimate fate was But after a time he came to the conclusion that he had made a mistake. and I was never more relieved in my life than I was when I saw him climb back to his perch on the pine-apple, and begin to unfasten the line. He kept me on the anxious seat for the next ten minutes while he waited to rest, and then I was delighted to see him make the line fast to both his ankles. I hauled away on my end till the line was taut, and then Van Wagener let go his hold, and I began gently to gather him in. The crowd cheered when they saw what was going on, though there was a good deal of wrangling about the bets, which some people claimed that I had interfered with by providing Van Wagener with the means of escape. Of course, there was something to be said in support of this view of the matter, for if it hadn't been for me the men who bet that Van Wagener would fall and kill himself must have won. ever, the dispute was settled by arbitration, and Deacon White, the arbitrator, declared that all bets were off, in consequence of my interference, which, he added, was entirely justifiable in the cir-He wasn't a very sociable cumstances. sort of chap, but he was a perfectly square man in all business dealings, and the public had confidence in him.

It was a beautiful spectacle, the way in which the Professor came down as I hauled in on the line. He kept perfectly erect, but he also kept slowly revolving on his axis, as you might say. His arms were stretched out at right angles to his body in order to steady himself a little, and the general effect of him was that of an angel without wings, in the act of blessing the public. There was a sweet smile on his face when he came near enough for us to notice it, and his eyes were closed, probably because he felt a little dizzy, and that gave a peaceful sort of look that aroused universal admiration. When he reached the ground, I got a good hold of him, and slit his inflated shirt with my penknife. Then, when the gas had all escaped, I untied his legs, and, giving him my arm, for he was more or less weak with the excitement of his adventure, I took him home, followed by a cheering and enthusiastic crowd composed of all the leading citizens of the place, without distinction of creed or politics.

For my part I consider that Van Wagener's invention was a success, but, curiously enough, he never made any further experiments with it. You see, he had got a pretty big scare when he was drifting over the town, and clinging on to the Presbyterian steeple, and the result was that he weakened, as you might say, on his invention. I never could get him to speak of it afterwards, and when I saw that it really troubled him to have me remind him of it, I dropped the subject. Now that Van Wagener is dead, it is open to anyone to take up his invention and make a practical success of it. I shouldn't be at all surprised if Edison took it up some day, for he is a master hand at working out other people's ideas. course, I don't intend to meddle in the The world is good enough for me as it stands, and if I had my way there wouldn't be anything fresh invented for the next hundred years.



CONTEM-PLATION.

By W. O. Bowman.

### REVELATIONS OF AN ALBUM.

#### PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE.

BY JOSEPH HATTON.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. MARGETSON.

XI.

WITH "A FOREGONE CONCLUSION" AT FRITTON.



the silver birch is to other trees, so is Fritton Decoy to the other inland waters of East Anglia. The one is known as "the lady of the wood."

The other might be called "the lady of the broads." As champagne-cup, judiciously iced and with a delicate flavour of borage, is to brandy-and-soda on a hot day, so is A Foregone Conclusion to King Solomon's Mines. Drifting on an August afternoon by the wooded shores of Fritton, I have discarded Haggard for Howells. For the grace of its sinuous shape, the park-like decoration of its banks, the fine residences that nestle among its foliage, and the rich reflections that are peculiar to its shady nooks, Fritton Decoy has no equal in East Anglia.

It is fourteen days since I saw London, or heard anything of its news, except in scraps, through out-of-date newspapers, and letters from men who bewail their lot as poor wretches who are compelled to haunt the August club and seek amusement in off-season concerts. You can shut yourself up in a Norfolk inn, at this time of the year, and find your keenest interest in the weather, for fishing or sailing, and a heart for either the newest or the oldest fiction.

One's attention to the joys and sorrows of the heroine is not distracted by a brood

of tiny water-hens, paddling out from the rushes, almost beneath the bows of your boat, or a school of small fish making a watery fluster of splash and ripple, in their efforts to escape the voracious pike that is after them. The cries of pheasants in cover and the soft cooing of woodpigeons only add a soothing atmosphere to the story. I light a fresh cigar, dispose my cushions into a position of comfort, and travel lazily along with the narrative. It shows me the palaces of Venice, and gives me the society of two interesting American women—mother and daughter. The mother is one of those thoughtless, talkative, kindly old ladies who try to be young in manners and habits, and who are always agreeable because they only aim at a feminine amiability. The motive of Mr. Howells' story is clearly defined in its title. It is indeed a foregone conclusion that is developed from the outset. They are a well-contrasted and entertaining company, Don Ippolito, Miss Vervian, her mother, and the American consul. Mrs. Vervian is one of the most natural and pathetic of the author's creations. The story is pleasant and dreamy. There are charming passages in it, but I don't like Mr. Ferris. He is what London would call bad form. His wound in battle does not even make him in the least heroic. This, at all events, is my Fritton Decoy impression. Criticism is a matter of mood. Many an author has suffered from his reviewer's liver. Imagine my friend, who is wearing his heart out in London, when he hoped to have been shouldering his gun on the glorious Twelfth, being entrusted with the duty of criticising a parcel of books for a journal that gives him a free hand! But the good book eventually pulls through; Mr. Howells sits at his desk and turns sheets of blank paper into dollars; and that is one of the wonderful things in literature—not because Mr. Howells does it—the general transfiguration of white paper into scrip that has a currency like banknotes. Messrs. Tillotson, the famous purveyors of fiction, and Mr. Watt, the literary agent, are cashing the scrip every day.

I pause in my reading to think of the author of A Foregone Conclusion as I saw him at home, in Boston (U.S.), employed at the time upon his then latest novel. It was a very English-looking house where he lived. He was sitting in a quietly furnished and cosy room at work upon his typewriter. It was a Boston machine, somewhat complicated I thought, but very handy, and Mr. Howells worked it with singular facility. I asked him to show me the mystery of it, and he wrote with it a kindly message to my daughter, who had been mentioned as one of his great admirers. It was soon after a Scotch house had begun to publish those dainty little editions of American authors which have made more than Mr. Howells popular in the old country. He told me that he did all his work upon the typewriter, and could think through it as easily as through a pen. A little pile of neat manuscript lay by his side, to testify thereto. He and Mr. Lawrence Barrett were great friends. If Barrett had been equal to his ambition he would have been a great actor. As it was, he had a fine dramatic instinct, was highly cultured for a self-taught man, a most agreeable companion, was an excellent actor of a few rôles, and had a keen appreciation of the work of Howells. had known Barrett for some years, and liked him as well as an actor will allow you to go on liking him if you don't admire everything he does. Some actors cannot endure criticism; most require an un-

qualified admiration. There are exceptions, very notable and very lovable exceptions, but it is a profession that is apt to make a man vainglorious. I was greatly pleased with that typewriter. In the evening, when I returned to my hotel, I found a facsimile of it, with a note from Barrett: "I had been wondering what I could give you for a Christmas-box; you provided the cue to-day." I turn down the page of A Foregone Conclusion to recall this incident of Boston, and imagination mingles the passing-bell with the local sounds. Barrett suffered from a complaint that made his life and work a hard struggle, and he may be said to have died in harness. It was tragic that, having, with tears in his eyes, told a New York audience that Edwin Booth would never act again, he should be the first to disappear from the scene. He and Booth played together for a season prior to Barrett's death. Booth lived to return to the stage after Barrett's heart-breaking prediction, and passed away gradually, day by day, among his friends and colleagues at the Players' Club.

I observe that my edition of A Foregone Conclusion is marked here and there. The critical admirer is evidently a woman. "Ferris had noticed," writes Howells, "that all his (American) countrywomen past their girlhood seemed to be sick; he did not know why; he supposed it was all right, it was so common." My predecessor, in the study of the book, had evidently been much impressed by this statement. The truth is American girls have not the physical training of English girls, and I question if the American climate would permit of it. At the same time it is possible that American girls walk too little. There is no finer exercise than walkingnot even bicycling. In one of the American papers that are stored away in my locker, a good deal of fun is made of an American girl who is called an "Anglomaniac" because she carries herself erect, is dressed simply, and has a "bull-pup on a chain." The caricature is clever, but the bull-pup overdoes it. This is a year or two ago, and our cousins take to new things and new ideas with avidity. Tennis and the bicycle are both popular with the American women; and if they modify their use of ice-water and candies, reduce the temperature of their hot rooms, and observe other hygienic conditions—why, then they will not be American girls any longer; and, after all, the American girl is a delightful institution.

But talking of novels and caricature, I believe there is in that same journal that is pushed away in my locker, and is therefore unavailable at the moment for verification, an account of a tragedy that might well supply an admirable suggestion for the plot of what is called an "up-to-date" novel. She was a beautiful woman, the envied of her sex, rich and rejoicing in a jealous husband that made her all the more interesting to her friends. But alas, in the midst of her triumphs, and with the first prize for the most beautifully equipped and decorated carriage at Nice's battle of flowers on her dressing-table, she was on her death-bed. "Darling," she whispered to her husband, who was bending over her, "loved one, I am dying; I have a confession to make before it is too late; and oh, I implore your forgiveness!" "Don't distress yourself," said the husband. "My dear one," she continued, "I know it will wring your heart—I — I have—been—untrue—to you; but-" " My poor wife," he answered, "I freely forgive you. Try to die happy. I know all—and that is why I have poisoned you!"

### XII.

#### THE TWO BOSTONS.

Talking of Boston, look in your encyclopædias, and you will find No. 1, the town of Boston, England; and No. 2, the city of Boston, United States. The one is built upon the site of the monastery of Icanhoe, founded by St.

Botolph in 654, and, being rebuilt by the Danes in 870, was an important commercial town in the thirteenth century, and was made a staple for wool by Edward III. in 1357. The other Boston was settled in 1630, and to-day, Christ Church, built in 1723, is shown to the visitor as an These latter facts accentuate the meaning of the "Old World and the New." The famous St. Botolph's Church, in the English Boston, was founded in 1309, and to-day, its tower, 223 feet high, is still a noble landmark by sea and land. The Boston of Massachusetts was named after this Boston of Lincolnshire in England; and the mother city has always taken a deep interest in the progress and welfare of the beautiful city by the Charles River. This sentiment has been exemplified in many ways. It cropped up in the Boston people's invitation to his excellency, the American Minister, to inaugurate the new dock. A native of the American Boston (for I presume Cambridge may fairly be considered to be part of the great Massachusetts city), in Mr. Lowell the Lincolnshire folk would have had among them a very special representative of their namesake city, an example of its learning, its scholarship, and its genius. Minister from Washington to London, he would also have typified to them the greatness and power of which the Massachusetts Bay colony was the beginning. A household word, his name would have recalled to them, as it will now, the name of Lincolnshire's own native poet, Tennyson, which links the two worlds with another name known on this side of the Atlantic as intimately as on the other, that of Longfellow.

The sentimental and practical associations of the two cities, each seaports, each with its historic struggle for freedom, afford opportunity for poetical and political comparisons which would not have been lost on an orator of Mr. Lowell's aptitude for exploiting contrasts and pointing the morals that underlie historic facts



A LITTLE WORLD OF DYKES AND SLUICES.

The country all around this English Boston is full of strange interest. The adjacent sea washes a coast-line as flat as the fens to which St. Botolph's tower once upon a time was as important a beacon to landsmen as to sailors. For many a long year after the Normans had literally conquered the Saxon land the native islander stood out in this district, often going forth to meet the foe on stilts, so that, having delivered their assault, they could retreat in safety into the fastnesses of their bogs and marshes. The aspect

of the country to-day is very much like the Dutch lands of the Anglo-Dutch pioneers of Massachusetts. It is a little world of dykes and sluices, of canals and sluggish rivers, a vast flat, dotted here and there with ancient homesteads and picturesque market towns. Bulwer Lytton knew Lincolnshire well (he was Member of Parliament for Lincoln in his early days), and you will find his knowledge, historical and geographical, fully displayed in his masterly novel, Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings. Lord Tennyson was "native

and to the manner born." His poetic temperament and genius annexed all that is beautiful and inspiring in a vast plain.

Just as you may trace many of Shakespeare's similes and scenic descriptions in the natural surroundings of Stratford, you can walk in the footsteps of Tennyson in the Lincolnshire wolds and fens, and fix some of his most striking pictures and the things that have inspired his sublimest thoughts.

"Gray old grange, or lonely field,
Or low morass and whispering reed,
Or simple stile from mead to mead,
Or sheep-walk up the lonely wold."

This is Lincolnshire to the very core; and so also is the following poetic vignette, in which you may almost feel the atmosphere round about that ancient Boston which stretches forth friendly hands to the Massachusetts city:

"A league of grass washed by a slow, broad stream,

That stirred with languid pulses of the oar, Waves all its lazy lilies, and creeps on, Barge-laden to three arches of a bridge Crowned with the minster towers."

It is in the direction, it seems to me, of Tennyson's moods that Nathaniel Hawthorne did his best work. He found inspiration in the repose of Salem as Tennyson did at Sowerby in Lincolnshire, and in his quiet retreat away from the bustle and excitement of city life. To me the story of The Scarlet Letter is as real as that of the Boston massacre, or the story of The Boston Tea-Party, and far more familiar than the adventures and quarrels of Winthrop and Dudley. Hester Prynne and Dimmsdale will probably outlive the pioneer. They are better known everywhere. Recently, when I was in the American city, I took a deep interest in locating the old market-place, which was the scene of the "New England Holiday," so graphically described by Hawthorne, "when the new governor was to receive his office at the hands of the people, and

Esther Prynne and his little Pearl came into the market-place." What a living realisation of the early days of Boston the poet-novelist paints! It is worth while recalling a few dashes of the inspired brush: "The picture of human life in the market-place, though its general tint was the sad gray, brown, or black of the English emigrants, was yet enlivened by some diversity of tone. A party of Indians in their savage finery of curiously embroidered deer-skin robes, wampum belts, red and yellow ochre and feathers, and armed with bow and arrow and stoneheaded spear, stood apart, with countenances of inflexible gravity, beyond what even the Puritan aspect could attain. Nor, wild as were these painted barbarians, were they the wildest feature of the scene. This distinction could be more justly claimed by some marinersa part of the crew of the vessel from the Spanish main—who had come ashore to see the humours of election - day. They were rough-looking desperadoes, with sun-blackened faces and an immensity of beard; their short trousers were confined about their waists by belts, often clasped by a rough plate of gold, and sustaining always a long knife, and in some instances a sword. From beneath their broad-brimmed hats of palm-leaf gleamed eyes which, even in good-nature and merriment, had a kind of animal Thus the Puritan elders, in ferocity. their black coats, starched bands, and steeple-crowned hats, smiled not unbenignantly at the clamour and rude deportment of these seafaring men; and it excited neither surprise nor animadversion when so reputable a citizen as old Roger Chillingworth, the physician, was seen to enter the market-place in close, familiar talk with the commander of the questionable vessel." It would be to trespass unduly on the reader, to reprint half of this notable chapter of the great American novel, which I feel tempted to do, but I wonder how many Bostonians

have taken the book as their guide, and tried to stand upon the very spot where the great election-day festival was held.

#### XIII.

#### OUTSIDE THE WORLD.

It was a dainty sketch of a Norfolk windmill, a stretch of sedgy dyke and a summer sky, that set me thinking of that vacation on the broads. I seem, so far, to have written an inconsequential kind of reminiscence, for which I hope I may be forgiven. If it has the ring of holiday in it I dare say I shall. who have had their annual vacation may see some reflections of their own chaotic memories in it. Those who have had none may catch a sense of rest in it. and sleep the better. It is not always a bad recommendation that a writer possesses the charm of the narcotic. I have quite a little collection of books that I use as soporifics. It is a fine old county for a holiday, Norfolk; a great wide land of homesteads, windmills, browsing cattle, sleepy rivers, and land-locked lakes. There are wayside inns where the antiquated signs hang out in an old-fashioned way; there are ingle-nooks, ancient oak furniture, pewter pots, diamond-paned windows, and in the smoking-rooms farmers with long clay pipes and foaming tankards of home-brewed ale. If you elect to stay at one of these old inns, you find the walls are as thick as a fortress, that the food is of the best, the milk creamy, the eggs of the freshest, the sausages and pork-pies something to remember, and that your bill is moderate and rendered with cordial civility. You would soon find yourself ceasing to pity the sturdy old fellows who, after their day's farming, fishing, or riding, sit in the ingle-nooks and smoke their pipes, and discuss the local incidents of the time. I suppose you would at last hanker after London or Manchester, Edinburgh or Liverpool, or wherever your favourite city may be; and that presently you would turn your back on the Norfolk inn; but you would never forget it, and it would enable you the better to realise an incident of local life that the Reverend Richard Lubbock met with some years ago. call their lakes "broads" in these parts, and Mr. Lubbock says, when first he visited the broads he found here and there a squatter on the verge of a pool, who relied almost entirely on fishing and shooting for the support of himself and his family. One of these men whom he mentions regarded the broad on which he lives as his microcosm—his world and its opposite extremity—his Ultima Thule. His thoughts never got beyond the lake but once, when he informed Mr. Lubbock, with a doubting air, that he had sent his wife and his two eldest children to a fair at a country village about two miles off, "that their ideas might expand by travel," as they had never been away from "our broad." This man's life presented no vicissitudes; it was an alternation of local employment. In winter, after his reed-cutting, he would every night be found waiting for the flight of fowl, or paddling after them on the open water. With the first of February he launched his trimmers for pike, and sold the fish to itinerant dealers, who sold them in the Norwich market. When the pike were out of season, eels came in, and there were lapwings' eggs to hunt for. At the end of April he shot ruffs on the little island in the middle of the lake. Later. he would be watching the shoals of tench that came in to spawn. Then would come summer, and he mowed the marsh. In August would come teal and snipe, giving him good shooting and an easy market for his birds. By the end of September the snipe-shooting would be very good, and he would make a little money by piloting other gunners in search of sport. Within a few miles were the cities of Norwich and Yarmouth; yet he had seen neither since he was a boy. He had been married at the little church

near "our broad," and reared a family, and for years his only mental trouble was the doubt whether he had acted wisely in letting his wife and his two eldest children go away from the broad for a few hours to a village two miles away. I not seen and conversed with an old man at Fritton (who had lived there fifty years, in the same spot, and in the same cottage), I could hardly have realised this lifelong retirement outside the world. Moreover, the coast was only a few miles off, with ships at sea going to foreign lands and coming back again; and at Norwich there was a great cathedral, and five miles away railway trains from Lon-Fifteen years ago I came upon two fishermen at the Land's End who had never seen an illustrated newspaper, nor read any other journal except the local journal of Penzance; and yet they lived within a stone's throw of the bay where the first American cable was landed.

If the average travelled American knows more about London than the average Londoner, the average English traveller may easily know more about old Boston than the Bostonians. I find no mention of the Scarlet Letter in connection with the Old State House in any of the local guides, and I never met anyone who had endeavoured to locate that dramatic scene of the election procession and the death of Was it not Tristram Shandy Dimmsdale. who was always going to mend or grease the hinge of his door, and never did? I don't know that it is a very apt illustration, but it strikes me in connection with the things we promise ourselves to do that we never accomplish. For many a long year it has been my desire to trace the footsteps of Hawthorne in Boston and Salem, and then perfect a similar feat in regard to the imaginary lives of Hester Prynne, Dr. Chillingworth, and the Reverend Arthur Dimmsdale. In the year 1891, having paid my third or fourth visit to Boston, and my third to Salem, I began to work out the subject as a labour of love, and had made arrange-

ments to issue the result through the great daily paper that the late Col. Cockerill was conducting in New York. I don't think I was sorry that he gave up the position before I began to transcribe my notes, and after my preliminary essay had been published. After all, it is better to be content with an author's imaginary lines of country than to worry about identifying them; you only court disappointment; as, for example, Hawthorne's best identified scene of fiction The House of the Seven Gables has not, to begin with, seven gables, though in other respects one can follow the plan of the story sitting by the window in Hawthorne's favourite corner.

If succeeding pages of these Revelations should once more link my notes with Boston, I shall hope to recall a passing reminiscence of my last visit to the Old State House. Meanwhile, this present contribution has assumed the shape of a holiday paper, and shall so come to an end. It was not alone at Fritton that we lured the unsuspecting "denizens of the deep." Fritton is hardly the water for sailing; it has no outlets into the rivers, and our last trip was from Oulton to Bredon Water. Pending the next turning of the leaves, my boatman has hauled in our lines, and tugged up his sail. It is as brown as a Venetian sheet, but without its painted glory; and the sun is less lavish of his beams than when he rises and sets on the lagoons. But, as the Italian sky is needful for the palaces and campaniles of Venice, so do our more sombre lights harmonise with the grey old homesteads, the black and white windmills, the sedgy dykes, and the great cattle-dotted plains. As we creep away from Oulton, the clouds race by, but gradually rest as the sun drops seawards and fires them with a soft ruddy glow. Cattle and windmills, old houses and poplars, catch the new light, and those beyond the western radius stand out cold and grim and defiant against the northern sky, where there is the faint sug-



A BROAD-BEAMED BARGE CARRYING HER GREAT BROWN SAIL THROUGH BANKS OF WHISTERING RUSHES.

gestion of a new moon. My skipper has lighted his pipe, and the smoke of it curls up against the resin-streaked mast to be dispersed by a puff of wind that makes music among the tackle. I join him in the sweet, though silent companionship of the weed, and don't care a button what is happening in any other part of the world. I don't believe at the moment there is

such a place as London, or such institutions as clubs. On the contrary, I believe that all the world is a Norfolk water-way, with a broad-beamed barge carrying her great brown sail through banks of whispering rushes; and that a camp-stool with a cushioned back, a fine cigar, and an innocuous cup of dainty brewing, placed handy, represent the height of sublunary bliss.



# THE CHRONICLES OF ELVIRA HOUSE.

#### BY HERBERT KEEN.

#### ILLUSTRATED BY W. DEWAR.

### VI.-THE YOUNG LADY IN BLUE.



R. BOOTH and I had spent Christmas in Paris, and on our homeward journey we had, for a fellow-traveller, a pleasant, good - looking

young Englishman, who informed us that his name was Duncan Evanson, and that he had come over for a trip to Europe from Canada, where he had a small farm. We three were the only occupants of a smoking compartment as far as Amiens, and he became very friendly. He was one of those frank, outspoken, honest lads who make no mystery of themselves and their affairs, and in a very short time we had learnt his family history and all about him. He told us that he was an orphan who, as a lad, had run away to sea from the stern guardianship of an unsympathetic uncle; that after a few years of knocking about the world he had settled down in Canada, and had invested the small fortune he had inherited upon coming of age in the purchase of a farm. That he was doing well and had saved money. For the rest his buoyant spirits and hearty laugh afforded irresistible proof of happiness and prosperity.

There was something about the youngster which attracted both of us staid worldly old bachelors. His freshness and good temper, a touch of sailorly recklessness, an utter absence of affectation, his honest simplicity, and his boyish manners, won both our hearts. If he was not a polished gentleman, his conversation revealed that he had the instincts of a true one, and his personal appearance was decidedly prepossessing. Mr. Booth, who seldom relaxed from his quiet reticence, became quite genial to this young stranger, and, knowing my friend to be a pretty shrewd judge of character, I was delighted to perceive that he shared my own favourable impression.

"I dare say you fellows would laugh if I told you the real reason why I came to England," exclaimed young Evanson, abruptly, after an unusual pause in our talk.

"What was that?" I enquired.

"I came to find a wife," said the young man, blushing.

"There are plenty of pretty girls in Canada," remarked Mr. Booth, smiling.

"Yes, but—well I always fancied I am rather fond of a distant cousin of mine. We used to know one another when we were youngsters. I've always written to her once a year, and she has sent me Christmas cards and things."

"You've been to see her?" suggested Mr. Booth, as young Evanson paused with some confusion.

"Yes, when I arrived here I found her people had taken her over to Nice. Not very civil, was it?"

"Cruel only to be kind," I quoted.

"Oh, yes. I suppose they didn't like to tell me. I'm just returned from Nice," he added, somewhat irrelevantly.

"Engaged?" I enquired, alluding to the lady.

"Yes, and when I saw him—and her—I knew what a fool I have been."

For the space of a minute or so the

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young man gazed out of the carriage window at the flat landscape with gloomy discontented eyes; then, catching sight of my sympathetic expression, he threw back his curly head against the cushion behind him and burst into a merry laugh.

"It isn't so bad as that!" he cried.

"A la bonne heure!" said Mr. Booth, joining in the laugh; but I think we both felt relieved to find that the case was not desperate.

At Amiens, where we alighted for refreshment, we lost sight of our young friend, and when we re-entered our compartment his place was still vacant. the other seats meanwhile had been In the opposite corner to mine was a fat priest, who scowled at us over his breviary; an officer of the Chasseur d'Afrique sat bolt upright, with sword between his knees; and Mr. Booth had a new neighbour in the person of a stolid compatriot in a fur travelling-The door was slammed, the signal given for departure, and we were beginning to fear that young Evanson would be left behind, when at the very last moment he caused general confusion by stumbling in headlong as the train was moving off.

"Oh! I say, you fellows," he exclaimed breathlessly, addressing us with a heightened colour, "I've met such a pretty girl."

"Already?" exclaimed Mr. Booth, with a smile of amusement.

"I think she is English, but she speaks with an accent—the prettiest accent," he cried enthusiastically, ignoring my friend's sarcasm. "She is travelling in a carriage for dames seules, and I believe she is going across. She is dressed in blue—all in blue—with a blue veil, and she has blue eyes, bluer than the skies, than the heavens! Pardonnez moi, Mosso, je regret de vous incommoder."

The last words were addressed to the cavalry officer, whose shins he had kicked in making a violent dash at the window,

which he proceeded to open wide without paying the slightest regard to the silent protests of the priest. After nearly throwing himself out in a further attempt to obtain a view of the back part of the train, he tramped over all our feet in returning to his place and said:

"She is quite alone, and has never been to England since she was a child."

"Were you introduced?" enquired Mr. Booth, reprovingly.

"No, she was trying to open the door of the compartment, which turned out to be locked. She wanted a cup of coffee, so I went to get her some, and while she was drinking it we talked a little. By Jove! she nearly made me miss the train. I say! she is a pretty girl. Fair—with blue eyes. Her name is Miss Chetwynd."

"Did she tell you?" I enquired, with a warning glance at our fellow-passengers.

"No, I saw it on her luggage. Oh! she is quite a lady. Most charming and delightful. Dressed in blue. Did I tell you she is dressed in blue! Blue hat, blue veil, blue jacket, with mother-o'-pearl buttons, but not the same colour as her eyes. Young, beautiful—by Jove! I've never seen such a beautiful face in my life. She reminds me of that blue picture in the Luxembourg, the angel or whatever she is, with a blue robe, surrounded by cherubs' faces, in the clouds, don't you know? I say, we are going to stop here? Hi! Guard! Combien de minutes d'arrêt?"

This may be taken as a fair sample of our young friend's conversation for the remainder of the journey, and it is needless to add that he ceased to be an agreeable companion. The boredom which Mr. Booth and I suffered in consequence was somewhat relieved by amusement at his artless enthusiasm, but to the rest of the occupants of the compartment the lad was an unmitigated nuisance. His rhapsodies about the young lady were only varied by attempts to thrust his body out of the window, by dashes from one window to the other, and by restless-

ness which completely destroyed all com-But he was evidently quite insensible to what was thought of him, and equally unconscious, I am sure, of causing anybody inconvenience; he took the whole carriage into his confidence and conducted himself like a veritable lunatic. The French officer frowned at first, but ended with sympathetic smiles; the fat priest was sulky but apparently resigned himself to the inevitable; our compatriot wrapped his fur cloak around him and protested by a dignified silence. We were all relieved, but not, I think, vindictively so, when on reaching Boulogne the young man stumbled out of the compartment, dragging his belongings after him.

Mr. Booth and I made our way to the boat without troubling ourselves about young Evanson and his inamorata, and as the weather was bitterly cold, with a strong breeze, I took up a convenient station on deck, where I could suffer in comparative seclusion. My friend, who was impervious to this kind of torture, scraped acquaintance with the Captain, and I soon discerned him bobbing up and down on the bridge in supreme enjoyment of the tempestuous scene. We made a very rough passage, and showers of spray at length compelled me to shift my seat. This brought within the purview of my despairing eyes a young couple seated very close together under an umbrella, one was a young man, whom I presently recognised as Duncan Evanson; the other a pretty girl in a blue veil, whose identity I readily Their proceedings did not interest me in the least, but I was vaguely conscious that they were perfectly contented and happy. The girl's figure was concealed in her companion's capacious ulster, the hood of which was drawn down over her head and brow, but I became aware that her beauty merited the admiration of her attendant, a fact of which he seemed to be fully aware. Their behaviour was, I am bound to say, perfectly discreet, and I was in a mood to be severely critical.

What became of them I do not know, for I was scarcely conscious of my own proceedings till I found myself seated with my friend, in the London train, speeding to our destination with refreshing smoothness. I enquired of Mr. Booth whether he had seen anything of young Evanson, but he only replied that he believed he was in another part of the train. Miss Chetwynd, he added, had apparently not been met by her friends at Folkestone.

We both dozed till we reached Victoria, and at the terminus we were too much occupied with the Custom House process to think about young Evanson. As we emerged from the examining room, however, the young man rushed up to us full of apologies.

"I'm awfully sorry, you fellows, but---"

"Never mind," interrupted Mr. Booth, good-naturedly, as we shook hands, "we quite understand. Have you delivered up the young lady to her friends?"

"No, she is in a cab there; I'm going to see her home. The fact is that her father is too seedy—gout or something—to meet her."

"Well, I suppose you don't complain," I laughed.

"She says it is unnecessary. But if you only knew her!" exclaimed the young man, more enthusiastically than ever, "I say, would you like to be introduced?"

"Another time; perhaps if you tell us where you are staying, it will do as well," I replied.

"The Métropole Hotel for the present," he said, with a laugh and a blush, "I'll call on you, anyhow. What's your address?"

My friend and I handed him our cards with pleasure, for we both looked forward to seeing more of the young man; he glanced at the cards and then exclaimed in a tone of amazement:

"Hullo! Elvira House, Baker Street! Why, that is where we're going."

"Who? you and——?"

"I mean Miss Chetwynd. It is her father's address."

The surprise was mutual. We, on our side, knew of nobody residing at Elvira House of the name of Chetwynd. No doubt, however, the young lady's father had arrived there during our absence. The end of it was that, as there happened to be a scarcity of cabs, we arranged to share the four-wheeler in which the young lady was already seated, and thus formally made her acquaintance.

I had seen enough of Miss Chetwynd to appreciate the privilege, and I am free to confess that in five minutes I was soon completely fascinated by her. shy and naturally a little embarrassed, her manners were charming, and she spoke of herself without the slightest She had been for the last reserve. twelve years in a convent-school near Paris, and had now completed her educa-Her mother was dead, and the only relative that she knew of was her father, whom she had seen only at rare intervals. He was at present staying, apparently, at Elvira House, but until we told her she did not know it was a boarding establishment; indeed, she seemed to know very little of her father or his plans. She gave us to understand that he was engaged in some business which caused him to travel about extensively in England and other countries, but she evidently had no idea what he proposed to do now that she had come She spoke of her parent with back. tenderness and respect, but I fancied that this must be due, in some measure, to idealistic sentiment, for she confessed that she had not seen him for many years, and the only photograph which she possessed of him was a very old one.

Our arrival at Elvira House caused quite a commotion. Mrs. Nix, the Major, and several of the guests were good enough to come into the entrance-hall to greet us, and among the latter was Mr. Chetwynd, a tall, handsome, aristocratic-looking man of military appearance, attired in irreproachable evening dress, and carry-

ing his left arm in a sling. The meeting between father and daughter was pleasantly affecting, the girl rushed forward with outstretched hands, and her parent clasped her to his bosom. They embraced with fervour, and the onlookers, I am sure, all envied Mr. Chetwynd his pleasurable sensations. The young lady, whose flushed cheeks and shining eyes enhanced her natural beauty, excited general admiration, and those who had not seen her before, stared open-mouthed with astonishment. As for young Evanson, he seemed incapable of dragging himself from the spot, so I foolishly suggested that, if our hostess could find room for him, he might as well remain among friends at Elvira House as go on alone to a strange hotel. He hailed my suggestion with extravagant enthusiasm, and though the house was full Mrs. Nix had not the heart to turn him away, and somehow or other contrived to make arrangements for his accommodation.

We had left Paris by the eleven o'clock train, and, owing to the delay caused by the rough passage, we were too late for the ordinary dinner; but Mrs. Nix, with her usual foresight, had anticipated this, and we found awaiting us a welcome repast, which proved a very merry one, for it was enlivened by the presence of nearly everyone in the house. The attraction, of course, was Miss Chetwynd and Mr. Booth, and I felt that the extraordinary interest manifested in us was a transparent excuse for staring at our fair travelling companion. However, our reception was decidedly flattering, though we were both of us too fatigued to appreciate it.

I was not introduced to Mr. Chetwynd, who sat with his daughter at the farther end of the table, but I learnt that he had already made himself extremely popular, especially among the ladies. It appeared that he had arrived on the very day of our departure, bringing, by way of introduction, the card of a gentleman who had stayed at Elvira House on several occasions.

Nothing was known of him, except that his manners and conversation were those of a gentleman, but everyone seemed to believe that he was a wealthy man of good family and connections.

When the party broke up I found that Mr. Booth had already slipped away to his own room, and before turning in myself, I paid him a brief visit, as I was sometimes in the habit of doing. I was curious on the young lady's account, to hear what he thought of Mr. Chetwynd, as I had observed that they had been introduced, but my friend was in one of his unsociable moods, and either had formed no impression one way or the other, or else he did not choose to unburden himself. He sat in front of his fire, smoking a pipe, and leaning forward with the poker in his hand making savage digs at a lump of coal which spurted out little jets of gas at his assaults.

"What business had Lockwood to hand his card to a casual acquaintance whom he met in a railway train?" he growled, referring to the gentleman who had been the means of introducing Mr. Chetwynd.

"How do you know that?" I enquired.

"Oh! I found out that Chetwynd knows nothing about Lockwood," replied Mr. Booth.

"Well, there's no harm done, is there?"
I asked in surprise.

"Not that I know of; but it was thoughtless of Lockwood," he answered sulkily.

My friend's ill-humour at this trifling incident seemed unaccountable, and I was about to make some remark to this effect when there came a knock at the door, and Mr. Chetwynd himself entered the room. He started back at seeing me, but Mr. Booth, glancing at him over his shoulder, said without turning:

"Come in, I expected you."

"I wished to speak to you alone," said Mr. Chetwynd, quite humbly, and evidently flustered. "I should consult Mr. Perkins in any case," replied Mr. Booth, making a sign to me to remain. "So you may just as well say what you have to say before him."

I was no less annoyed by my friend's tone, which was at once peremptory and contemptuous, than by the abject demeanour of Mr. Chetwynd, whose polished ease of manner seemed to have given place to a sort of cringing attitude.

"You recognised me, of course?" said the latter, in a low, nervous tone.

"Yes," said Mr. Booth, digging at the piece of coal.

"Well, Mr. Booth, I'm at your mercy. I have come to know what you propose to do," said Mr. Chetwynd, with a poor attempt at defiance.

"Why did you return from America?"
"I had to," said Mr. Chetwynd shortly.

"So I imagined; you have the gout, I see, which keeps you within doors?"

"Yes," said Mr. Chetwynd, with rather a sly look at his swathed hand.

"You think you are safe here?"

"I thought so."

"Ah! But why didn't you go on the Continent?"

"I was looked for in Paris and else where."

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Mr Booth, with a sudden burst of petulance, "a nice state of things, and you have the impudence to come to a respectable house like this. What are you up to here? What's your game?"

"Nothing, Mr. Booth! I swear it, I can pay my way? See here!"

The unhappy man, whose true character and antecedents were now painfully apparent to me, hurriedly produced a pocket-book, disclosing a bundle of bank-notes. Mr. Booth shrugged his shoulders without looking round.

"That is not the point. How can I, knowing who you are, stand by and allow you to associate with honest folk? I don't

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want to be hard on you, man, but that is my difficulty. As for the police, I have nothing to do with them."

"May I appeal to your friend here?" exclaimed Mr. Chetwynd, who, no doubt discerned signs of sympathy in me.

"Yes, if you tell him enough to enable him to judge," said Mr. Booth, rising and standing with his back to the fire.

"Mr. Perkins," said Mr. Chetwynd, addressing me with emotion, which I felt was partly assumed, "I am an unfortunate man, a gentleman by birth and education——"

"A University man," interposed Mr. Booth, sotto voce.

"—who, misled by evil companions and evil influences, have broken the laws of my country."

"And of most others," again interposed my friend."

"I have expiated my sins in prison."

"Here, at all events," said Mr. Booth, significantly.

"Until I am proved guilty I am entitled to claim to be innocent," said Mr. Chetwynd, grandiloquently. It is enough that there is nothing against me in England; I will admit that there is a warrant out against me in America, which, but for the prejudice which exists against me, I would at once surrender to."

"I think you know enough now," said Mr. Booth, glancing at me with a smile. "Now, is this the sort of gentleman who ought to be permitted to remain here?"

"What about your daughter?" I enquired, my heart wrung with pity for the poor girl, who, I felt assured, knew nothing of all this.

"Gentlemen, it is for her sake that I came here!" exclaimed the poor wretch, suddenly breaking down and bursting into tears. "I dared not leave her any longer at a foreign school. For one thing, I could not afford it. I had nowhere to receive her; no relatives who would not cast my story in her teeth; no respectable friends whom I could trust. I thought if she

came here, among decent people, that if
—if any misfortune happened to me, some
one who was honest might pity and befriend her."

"What do you propose to do about her?" enquired Mr. Booth, with a sternness which I knew was assumed to conceal his emotion.

"She is a pretty girl, isn't she? I know men—rich men—who might marry her. I must look round. I must make plans. To tell the truth I had no idea she was so attractive. She can sing well, I know—a marvellous voice. There's money to be made on the stage——"

"Good God! man! don't talk like that," interrupted Mr. Booth, in angry indignation, "don't think of your own advantage."

"Well, she'll have to earn her living if she doesn't marry," said the man, in a shamefaced way, "and as for marrying she may as well make a good match while she is about it, with that face, and figure, and voice—"

"You should be proud of her," I interposed hastily, exasperated, like my friend, by a subtle undercurrent of base selfishness, which was more apparent from his manner than from his actual words.

"I am proud of her, of course; she resembles her poor mother, who was the most beautiful woman I ever saw," he said, with some feeling. "If I am driven from here I'm sure I don't know, apart from personal inconvenience, what I shall do."

"I think you may remain for the present," I said, completely carried away by the thought of the poor girl's doubtful future.

"You hear what Mr. Perkins says," observed my friend, with a deprecatory shrug, which did not conceal from me that he was secretly relieved by my decision.

"I am grateful to you, gentlemen, and you shall not regret your consideration for me," said Mr. Chetwynd, recovering in an instant his dignified tone and bearing. "I understand that you will not disclose my

real name and antecedents," he added, addressing Mr. Booth.

"No!"

"Thank you! In my child's name I thank you."

He turned and left the room with a calm and reassured demeanour, and I could not, for the life of me, determine how much of his recent emotion had been simulated and how much was genuine. Mr. Booth resumed his seat, and began digging at the coal in the grate with renewed vigour.

"A new responsibility we have undertaken, Perkins," he muttered, when we were alone. "That fellow is one of the most accomplished forgers that was ever sent to penal servitude."

"Poor girl! What will become of her," I exclaimed. "To be sure," I added, "there is young Evanson."

"H'm! Unless I'm mistaken in—in Chetwynd—as he calls himself—he won't encourage that. Besides, even if young Evanson were willing, what a father-in-law! And we don't know anything about the girl yet; she may be attracted by a dream of riches—and—and infamy."

"Booth, can't we save her?" I exclaimed eagerly.

"We can't warn her against her own father," said Mr. Booth, with a shrug. "Besides, we have promised to keep his secret; as for young Evanson, he ought not to be permitted to make a fool of himself."

We discussed the matter in rather a gloomy spirit until a late hour, and incidentally my friend gave a sketch of Chetwynd's career, which had been extremely unedifying. For my part, I began to repent of my impulsive sentimentality, and when we parted for the night, we both felt awkward and embarrassed at the thought of the deception we had agreed to practise upon Mrs. Nix and our fellow-boarders.

The next day, however, our uneasy consciences ceased to trouble us when we renewed acquaintance with the young

lady in blue. Her beauty, and, above all her freshness and innocence overcame our scruples, and we became rivals of young Evanson. We were not singular in this, for Constance Chetwynd won all hearts by her sympathetic charm of manner, her brightness, her gaiety, and her unaffected good-humour. Whether she received a hint from her father to show us attention. or whether, because we were elderly, she yielded to the spontaneous impulse of an affectionate nature, I do not know, but at all events she manifested towards us a frank and confiding friendliness which was highly flattering to our self-esteem. I am quite sure that, for the girl's sake, we would both have done a great deal more, had occasion demanded, than maintain a discreet silence about her father's antecedents.

Fortunately, Mr. Chetwynd-to adopt his assumed name for the purposes of this narrative-rendered our task less invidious by refraining as much as possible after our arrival from associating with the other inmates of the house; on the plea of illness he kept to his room almost entirely, only occasionally appearing even at meal times. He gave out that he was suffering from a severe attack of gout in the arm, but Mr. Booth and I had a shrewd suspicion that this was a subterfuge. We could not but commend his prudence, however, whether it was due to purely selfish motives or to gratitude for Mr. Booth's forbearance. In return we constituted ourselves the guardians of his pretty daughter, an office for which there was so much competition that we aroused the jealousy of the whole establishment.

Our duties in this connection were agreeable enough, one or other of us made a point of accompanying her on her walks abroad; we showed her the sights of the town; took her to places of entertainment; and, in short, did our best to render her first visit to the Metropolis instructing and amusing. In this I think

we succeeded fairly well, judging from the young lady's warm expressions of gratification; but I do not doubt that she would have preferred a more juvenile and attractive escort, and this was just the trouble.

Young Evanson, of course, strongly resented our line of conduct. We considered ourselves to be under a solemn obligation to discourage his admiration for the ex-convict's daughter. We did this not only in the lad's own interests, but in consequence of the strongly-expressed wishes of the girl's father, who had soon discovered the state of affairs. What Mr. Chetwynd's real motive was in rejecting an honest suitor for his daughter's hand I do not know; it may have been laudable, but I fear that he was influenced by a desire to bring about a more ambitious marriage. At all events we felt bound, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, to present every possible obstacle to young Evanson's courtship, and, as it went against our hearts to do this, our position was not altogether enviable.

Duncan Evanson was a spirited young fellow, and was not at all the man to allow his love schemes to be baulked by two elderly gentlemen. Moreover, he had elicited the warm sympathy of Mrs. Nix and all the ladies, so that in spite of our most elaborate precautions he found plenty of opportunities of urging his suit. Unluckily for him, however, Constance Chetwynd was a dutiful daughter, and her manner plainly showed that she had been warned by her father to resist the young man's ardent friendship. This fact, coupled with the tacit opposition of Mr. Booth and me, which she must have been quite shrewd enough to discern, caused the poor girl to treat her lover with a certain degree of coldness, though I was able to console myself with the conviction that there could be no doubt of the ultimate issue.

My own impression is that, in the end, young Evanson's love would have prevailed against Mr. Chetwynd's hostility, or

that a runaway match would have resulted, but before this event happened an event occurred which relieved me, very considerably, from any sense of responsibility.

One evening Mr. Booth and I were descending the stairs at the rear of our fellow-boarders on the way to the diningroom. Just as we reached the hall the street-door was opened by George, the footman, in response to a ring at the bell. A tall, stout, elderly gentlemen stepped briskly across the threshold, at sight of whom Mr. Booth uttered an exclamation, and hurried forward with outstretched hand.

I observed this much, and then passed into the dining-room without giving a second thought to the incident. I assumed that the stranger was a visitor for Mr. Booth, which, indeed, appeared to be the case; for my friend was absent from his place at table for a considerable time. When he at length joined us I fancied that he looked a trifle disturbed, and presently I saw him hand a slip of paper to George, at the same time indicating Mr. Chetwynd with his forefinger.

Without the least impression of anything being amiss, I watched George convey the note to Mr. Chetwynd, who sat beside his daughter at the farther end of the table opposite to me. The girl was, fortunately, engaged in an animated conversation at that moment with her nextdoor neighbour, and she therefore did not observe the uneasy start which her father gave as he glanced furtively at Mr. Booth's missive. He turned white to the lips, and for some moments seemed literally thunderstruck with consternation. quickly controlled himself, however, and, slipping the note quietly into his waistcoat, resumed his meal as though nothing had happened. Mr. Booth meanwhile was eating his fish with complete unconsciousness, apparently, of the effect of his communication.

After this I kept my eye upon Mr. Chet-

wynd, whose dazed and preoccupied manner plainly showed that something unpleasant had occurred. What it might be I was at a loss to imagine, especially as he made no responsive signals to my friend, nor as much as glanced in his direction. But I noticed that he relapsed into silence, answered questions in monosyllables, and gazed at his daughter from time to time with a peculiar expression, in which dismay, anxiety, and tenderness were strangely blended.

When we had finished dinner, and the ladies were on the point of retiring, the footman appeared with a telegram, which he handed to Mr. Chetwynd. The latter opened it eagerly, and, after a glance at the contents, exclaimed aloud with an air of annoyance:

"A business message. I must travel to Liverpool to-night. What is the time?"

"Nine-thirty," said his neighbour.

"I haven't too much time, I must start at once. I shall be back, I hope, tomorrow evening."

He rose hurriedly as he spoke, and accompanied by his daughter, hastened from the room. The ladies followed his example and when the men were alone I cast a questioning glance at Mr. Booth. I felt convinced, from my friend's imperturbable manner, that the episode of the telegram had been arranged by him, and I began to have a dim suspicion that he was assisting Mr. Chetwynd to evade the law. But Mr. Booth avoided my gaze by feigning to be absorbed in delicately peeling a pear; and presently, while I was talking to another boarder, he contrived to slip quietly out of the room.

When our party broke up and strolled into the hall we found Miss Chetwynd taking leave of her father, who was equipped for his journey in a heavy ulster, and carried a small valise in his hand. The street-door was open, and a hansom was in waiting outside the house; after a hurried farewell Mr. Chetwynd stepped into it, and

was driven off, while I accompanied the young lady to the drawing-room. Mr. Booth was nowhere to be seen, and I assumed that he was in the smoking-room.

Although the circumstances connected with Mr. Chetwynd's abrupt departure had impressed me with a vague foreboding, nobody seemed the least uneasy, and even the girl soon recovered her After all her father was to be back on the following day, and a journey to Liverpool was not a hazardous undertaking. Constance Chetwynd was easily induced to take her place at the piano, and with young Evanson hanging over her, enchanted us all by her delightful rendering of simple old English ballads. Her voice was so fresh and melodious that I could have listened to her for hours, and bed-time had arrived before I had remarked my friend's continual absence.

I then began to wonder what had become of him, for he was so devoted to music, and such an enthusiastic admirer of Miss Chetwynd's singing that he never missed the opportunity of hearing her. I descended to the smoking-room, and, not finding him there, I went upstairs to his room. Here I discovered him, seated in front of the fire, smoking a pipe, and apparently in the worst possible humour.

"Hullo! What have you been up to?" he growled.

"Listening to Constance Chetwynd's singing. And you?" I replied.

He was silent for a few moments, and then he said sullenly:

"I've been assisting a scoundrel to escape from justice."

"I thought so," I exclaimed.

"It's not much in my line, but for the girl's sake——"

"I understand!" I interposed warmly. "Thank God that you've managed it! she suspects nothing."

"I saw him off to Liverpool, and his daughter will receive a telegram to-morrow



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to say that he has sailed for Sierra Leone," he said.

"Good heavens! and the poor girl?" I exclaimed.

"She remains here for the present, in my charge—and yours," he replied quietly.

I was rather taken aback at this, not because I was unwilling to act in loco parentis—far from it—but because I thought it a remarkably cool proceeding on the part of Mr. Chetwynd. Mr. Booth evidently divined what was passing in my mind, for he said with a smile:

"He is less to blame than I, it was my suggestion."

"I am quite satisfied. Poor child! I suppose you received information. Perhaps the man who called just before dinner——?"

"That's it, be gave me a friendly hint. Chetwynd's hiding-place is suspected, an extradition warrant has been issued; another hour and it might have been too late," he said, rising from his chair, and replacing his pipe in the rack.

"What would have happened if he had been arrested?" I enquired.

"He would have been taken to America and convicted. It is a clear case—seven years at least. Good-night, old chap."

I sought my own chamber with feelings of great sadness and perplexity, and spent a long time gazing into the fire and pondering over the difficulties of our position. To tell Constance seemed cruel—not to tell her did not appear to be quite right. In view of young Evanson's attachment the situation was most perplexing. The clock struck three during my deliberations, and I began to prepare to retire when I heard the bell ring violently. I waited a moment, and, hearing the ring repeated, I opened the window and looked into the murky street.

"What is it?" I called out.

A dim figure from below responded, "Is this Elvira House?"

"Yes, yes," I replied impatiently.

"I'm from Euston, sir-the Liverpool

express—an accident to Mr. Chetwynd. Does Mr. Booth live here, sir?"

To hurriedly resume my discarded attire and hasten downstairs was but the delay of two minutes. I found the messenger on the doorstep.

"There has been an accident to Mr. Chetwynd. He got out for refreshment at Crewe, and tried to jump on the train when it was moving. He is badly crushed but still conscious, and the doctor, by his directions, has telegraphed to us to send Mr. Booth of Elvira House. Are you Mr. Booth, sir? We have an engine and first-class carriage ready and can send you down at once."

Telling him to wait five minutes, I rushed to Mr. Booth's room, and, rousing him from a deep slumber, acquainted him with the sad occurrence. He insisted on my at once going to young Evanson and bid him prepare to go immediately with us. Less than a quarter of an hour saw us well on our way to Euston, when we found the special snorting impatiently for our arrival. An official approached us and asked for a moment's conversation with Mr. Booth, from which the latter returned with a solemn expression on his face.

"There is, I fear, no hope for Mr. Chetwynd," he said. "A second telegram has been received saying that his injuries are certainly mortal."

Evanson was deeply moved, as indeed were we all. For some time as we rushed through the chilly night we kept silence, but at last Mr. Booth looked up and said:

"Mr. Evanson, the sad event that has occurred has unsealed our lips upon what we should otherwise have kept from you, and has made possible for you a great happiness. In fact, if you are the man I take you for it has given you a most charming and innocent young creature for a wife."

He then detailed at length the sad story of Chetwynd's life, dwelling upon the extenuating circumstances, and especially the fact that Constance knew nothing of her father, and that he had purposely abstained from thrusting himself upon her during the years of her girlhood.

"Now, Mr. Evanson," he concluded, "you know all. Chetwynd is a man of good family, though, of course, that is nothing to urge in his favour. If you decide to keep your intention of marrying Constance we shall honour and respect you for it, though, of course, no person will have the right to blame you if you withdraw. In the former case we hope and believe that Constance will never know the truth about her father from you. It is for you to decide, and whatever your decision may be, we shall respect your motives and keep silence on the whole matter."

Evanson was prompt and decisive. "I guess, Mr. Booth," he said, "there are blackguards in every family. I know generally when I have picked a sound cherry that there were bad ones on the same branch. I am, I hope, a gentleman, sir, and Constance is going to be my wife. I know I am not worthy of her, but please God, she will help to make me a better man."

We shook hands warmly with the honest lad as we steamed into Crewe station. We were too late. Chetwynd had expired a quarter of an hour before our arrival. After making the necessary arrangements we returned together to London the next evening, and, to cut a long story short, Evanson and Constance sailed for their Canadian home, man and wife, within the month following Chetwynd's death. Mr. Booth gave her away and by special request I acted as best man on the auspicious occasion! I should not forget to mention that the doctor who attended Chetwynd handed Mr. Booth notes to the value of £350, which were in the unhappy man's possession. Evanson declined to touch them, and asked Mr. Booth to make restitution with them as far as was possible, which was done. Constance did not lack a most extensive trousseau upon that account however. How Evanson explained Chetwynd's pecuniary affairs to Constance I never Women of her kind — thank Heaven—are easily satisfied, and not suspicious about these matters. I dare say he told her Chetwynd had an income which expired with him.



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FAIR maid with most modish and modern of hats,
Fair maid with the marvellous eyes,
Come flee from the smallest of up-to-date flats
To where, 'neath the river-bank, lies
Λ boat with the gayest of cushions, and pug
To bark at the crowd from the bow,
Or snarl at my rival, an Anglicised Thug,
Who'd tranquilly strangle me now.

Put off these bright flowers, the plainest of straw
Will serve for the river to-day,
For furbelows cast o'er your features a flaw;
Let us glide with the current away,
Forget fashion's fancies, the fads of the towns,
The whimsical ways of "our set";
And clothe your young beauty in whitest of gowns—
The gown that you wore when we met.

"Tis July. Was it May when we met, and you—Well, Won my soul with your shadowy eyes? Since then you have sighed for the tale that men tell When Life's tinsel is stripped of its lies. And the heart of July, has it ripened your own? Do you feel all its rapturous glow? Afloat on the fluctuant tide, and alone, Let us slip through the sunset and—know!



H.I.M. THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY AND HIS SONS.

(From a photo by Schaa wächter, B.rlin.)

## HOW THE KAISER BRINGS UP HIS SIX BOYS.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.



HE German Emperor is the Father of his people, in a make-believe way; just as George Washington is the

Father of his country. But at the Court of the Hohenzollerns there are seven children—six boys to one girl—who give their Imperial papa as much trouble as his army of half a million men.

In the army governing is easy enough. The Emperor signs an order; the order is carried by an orderly officer; it reaches the general; he is trained to obedience; so are the soldiers; and at a given moment such a little paper might make a war blaze that would scorch half the frontier of Europe. So much for William the Kaiser, as commander of a nation in arms!

As the head of his nursery, his power is much more limited than that of President Cleveland.

One day he accepted at my hands a little cruising canoe of American build, which had carried me down the Danube and through the rapids of the Iron Gates. He became very enthusiastic about this little boat, with its neat little sails; its nickel-plated drop rudder; its folding centreboard of brass; its watertight bulk heads; its sleeping arrangements; its tent that fitted over the well, and its dozens of practical details. His nautical eye appreciated the usefulness of the little craft for the purposes of exploring strange waters, and he made me sail it up and down in front of the palace gardens at Potsdam.

Then he said with energy: "All my boys shall be canoeists!" That was splendid news to me, for I have the

feeling that a boy is only half a boy who cannot sail and paddle his own canoe.

Now, at that time, I had an idea that the German Emperor could do much as he pleased—at least in Germany. But there I was wrong.

The Empress soon afterwards spoke to me about this canoe; and, of course, I spread before her the glories of shooting down a swift stream, through foaming rapids, and between threatening rocks. But Her Majesty did not share my enthusiasm—at least not for her children.

She said to me: "Oh, no! That is too dangerous. I shall never allow my children in a canoe."

"But," protested I, "the Emperor has already given his consent."

"Oh, that may be," said she, with the sweetest of smiles in the direction of her husband. "He may be Emperor of Germany, but I am the Emperor of the nursery."

And so you see that the wearing of an Imperial crown does not mean so very much power after all.

Fortunately, however, the Empress shares with her husband a strong taste for outdoor life, and this gives them in most things joint views as to the proper education of children.

The boys enter the army at ten years of age. Each in turn wears a little uniform, and is drilled as though he were to enter an army of Tom Thumbs. On his head he wears the high metal headpiece which was in fashion during the reign of the Great Frederick, and which was worn by some of the English soldiers during our revolutionary war.

When the little ten-year-older first steps into the ranks he barely reaches the belt of the tall guardsman by his side; and when the band begins to play, and the marching commences, the little fellow has to skip and jump as well as he can to keep up with the vast strides of his fellow-warriors.

Of course, at ten years of age the little Hohenzollern is not made to do soldiers' work of a serious kind; but he can drill with a light rifle, and fence and ride, and, what is most important, commence early to think of the day when he may be called to fight in the defence of his country.

I should not like to have America governed by soldiers, but it would, I think, be most excellent if every American boy learned to drill in the ranks, and to shoot and march properly, so that every ablebodied man in America could step at once into the ranks in case of necessity. All this could be done if citizens gave up a few weeks in each year to learning the soldiers' duties.

A large part of the education which a Hohenzollern prince receives, he gets outside of the class-room. The Emperor himself is a good sailor, and can handle a sailboat like any old tar. In spite of what the Empress said about canoes, the young princes have much to do with the water in the way of swimming, of sailing, of rowing, and skating. Potsdam, where they spend most of the year, is surrounded by beautiful lakes which were practically unused by the royal family until the present Emperor showed his great taste for water sport.

The princes have in these waters a full-rigged, three-masted ship, which looks at a distance like an old-fashioned man-o'-war frigate. In this toy frigate the Emperor and his sailor-brother spent many a happy day as children; and to-day the sport is carried on by his six-boys—at least, by as many of them as are big enough to stand up.

In order that his children may be properly taught, the Emperor has some blue-jackets sent from the real ships of war; these see that no accidents happen, and stand ready to fish up such of the little princes as fall into the water.

The Emperor has very sensible notions about education; for he was himself brought up in a very healthy manner by most sensible parents, who gave him only simple food to eat and simple clothes to wear, but let him play a good deal in the open air. His children he now brings up in the same sensible manner.

If you saw them romping about in the woods or on the lawn-tennis court, you would take them to be hearty and happy young Americans just out of school having a rare good time.

Their outdoor life interests me most, for in Germany the school-children suffer much from being kept too long bent over their desks, and many a school-child is harmed for life by the cruel way in which his teachers try to cram book-stuff into him. The Emperor saw this bad side of the school teaching, and when he came to the throne he immediately commenced to make things better for the children.

He first of all shortened the hours of work, and then he encouraged football, rowing, and other sports which make the body strong. His reason for doing this is that a boy who has a vigorous body may accomplish something when he grows up, but a sickly body is apt to make a sickly mind.

So he gives his boys first, good outdoor exercise, to make their bodies strong; and then he puts into their minds the knowledge for which there may be room. He has them taught English and French besides German. They have to learn the history of their own country as well as the geography. In fact, what they learn from their tutors is just about what the average boy would learn in London or in New York.

The most difficult part of a prince's education is to make him natural, and unassuming in his treatment of others.

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If you were a prince, and everybody tried to please you, and called you "Royal Highness," the chances are that you would become conceited and perhaps very disagreeable. The Emperor's children, so far, have shown very good sense. They meet many strangers; they shake hands frankly; look you straight in the face; listen attentively to what you tell them; answer distinctly—in other words, behave like little gentlemen. In this respect they take after their father.

I can remember him as a child of twelve years old when he used to romp with other children of his age. Had you been looking on at these games you would hardly have discovered which was the prince and which were his guests. He never showed that he had any more rights than any other boy; he never tried to force the boys to play his game, but rather tried to discover which game would please the

largest number of boys. He took his tumbles manfully, and gave as good as he took.

He is now bringing up his six boys like chips of the old block; and the example he sets is being followed by thousands of sensible parents all over Germany.

When I first visited Germany as a boy, there were no rowing clubs there, no school sports of any kind. I thought German boys a very stupid lot of babies. Now, however, wherever I cruise in my canoe I find every kind of sport well carried on: lawn-tennis, football, sailing, rowing—even canoeing.

Even if we do not agree with the Emperor politically, we must, I think, all admit that as the father of a lusty family of boys he is training them up in a manner to make him popular with every healthy-minded father.





JEZEBEL.

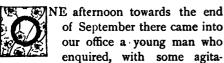
By . J. Goodman.

"Then Jezebel sent a messenger unto Elijah, saying, So let the gods do to me, and more also, if I make not thy life as the life of one of them by to-morrow about this time."—I KINGS, Chapter XIX., 2.

## "A PAGE FROM THE FUTURE."

BY HUGH COLEMAN DAVIDSON.

ILLUSTRATED BY MAX COWPER.



tion, whether he could see the head of the firm. For the purpose of this story I shall style the firm Stubden & Son, merely adding that our business is chiefly a criminal one, and that we have been connected with many celebrated cases. One of the clerks said that my father was engaged at the moment and asked whether I would not do instead. The young man hesitated, but eventually agreed to the suggestion, and was shown into my room.

He was a tall, manly young fellow, about four-and-twenty, with a frank, intelligent face, fair hair, and pale blue eyes. His clothes had evidently been cut by a fashionable tailor, and he had every appearance of being wealthy. When he introduced himself as Malcolm Balderstone, I knew this was the case, for I recognised him as the owner of estates in various parts of the country, the most important of them being in Cumberland.

"Perhaps I should have got someone to introduce me," he said, speaking in a nervous jerky sort of way.

"It's not at all necessary, Mr. Balderstone," I replied. "Will you please state your business?"

"Very well. Here goes." He pulled himself together and went at it with a rush. "Three days ago I came from Liverpool by the mid-day express to Euston. I had a small camera, and on the way I took several snapshots. One of them I took as we were passing through a wood. It was not meant to be

anything in particular. I merely wanted to see how the trees would come out. Yesterday afternoon I developed the plate. Here it is." With a movement which was almost startling in its suddenness, he produced it from a small case, and thrust it into my hands. "Don't drop it. Whatever you do, don't drop it. I wouldn't have it damaged for a thousand pounds."

The plate showed a couple of fine oaks, with smaller trees between. Beyond them was apparently a path parallel to the rail way. At least, it looked like a path, though only a very small portion of it could be seen. And here stood a girl and a man, separated by a short distance, the girl falling backwards, the man pointing at her a pistol from which smoke was issuing as if it had just been discharged. It was, I should think, the most uncanny photograph that human eyes ever looked upon. The effect was intensified by a peculiar mistiness which I took to be the result of amateurish work.

"This is most extraordinary, Mr. Balderstone," I said, looking up at him. "You seem to have photographed a murderer, or would-be murderer, in the very act of committing his crime."

"Yes, that's extraordinary, I suppose," he said. "I mean it would be, but "—he stopped to moisten his parched lips—"that young lady is my affianced wife."

The announcement was so startling, so completely unexpected, that I did not know what to say to it. I dropped over the plate and pretended to be engaged in studying it, though I was in reality trying to collect my thoughts.

"Then you have had news?" I said at length. "You have had a letter giving information?"

"No, no, you don't understand. The young lady—Miss Thornton—is not there. She never has been there, she says. She's in London. I've just left her."

Balderstone was certainly sober. began to suspect mental aberration.

"You puzzle me more than ever," I said. "If Miss Thornton has not been at this place, it is clear that the young lady who appears to have been shot at must be someone else. So you have no cause for uneasiness."

"I must express myself very badly," said Balderstone, passing his hand across his forehead. "I am a bit flurried, perhaps, but it's so plain to me that I thought you would understand it too. There's only one possible explanation. That is a photograph, not of anything that has happened, but of something that will happen, unless—unless I can prevent it. Now you see why I am so put out."

"But surely most unnecessarily. How could such a thing be?"

"I can't say; I only know it is so. That plate is the proof. Haven't you heard of people seeing friends who were really far away when some danger threatened them? It often happens in Cumberland. It can't be confined to one county. Don't 'coming events cast their shadows before?'"

"But, Mr. Balderstone, have you ever heard of the shadows being photographed?" I smiled as I spoke, but the annoyance in his face showed that it would not do to treat the matter lightly. So I added more gravely, "Well, what is it you want us to do for you?"

"To trace that man,"—he laid his finger on the plate—"and to help me to protect Miss Thornton."

"I should have thought that a detective would have been of more use to you than a lawyer. By the way, will you answer me one question? Why have you

come to me instead of going to your own solicitor?"

"well, because he would laugh at me. You see, he's such a matter-of-fact old chap. He's good enough at drawing leases and all that sort of thing, but he knows no more about crime than a child. Not so much, sir, by Jove," said Balderstone, with sudden energy. "If he has only a poacher to prosecute, he's sure to bungle over it. Think of that! Though, mind, I'm not saying he isn't a capital old fellow in his own way."

"After a pause I said: "Well, I hardly like to advise you to enter upon such a wild business, especially as it may cost you a good deal of money."

"I bank at Coutts's," he said, interrupting me impatiently. "You can apply to them if you wish. The question is, will you help me? If not, I must get someone else."

I left the room to consult my father, and upon my return told Balderstone we would do what we could for him. He gave me a few more particulars, such as the time of reaching the wood and the last station he remembered passing, and he promised to send me some photographs at the earliest possible moment. The plate itself he was afraid to trust in my hands. It was arranged that should I want him at any time, I was to telegraph to him and he would come to me at once.

As soon as the photographs arrived, I sent for Baxter, a detective whom we had employed on several occasions. When he heard what was wanted of him, he roared with laughter. It was the queerest job, he said, that had ever come his way. He had once been commissioned to sleep in a haunted house, but to track a ghost by the aid of a photograph—well, that beat everything. I had great difficulty in impressing upon him the fact that as Balderstone regarded the matter most seriously he must do the same.

"But where am I to begin, sir?" he asked, wiping his eyes.

"That is more than I can tell you," I replied. "As the young lady supposed to have been photographed at that spot was actually in London at the time, the man may be anywhere. You must exercise your own discretion. What you have to do is to find him. Should you recognise him from that photograph? Here, take this glass and look at him carefully."

Baxter took the magnifying glass I handed him, and looked at the photograph through it.

"Yes," he said, slowly, "I should know him, I think. He wears knickerbockers and big Dundreary whiskers, not a usual combination, and bless me"—he paused and suddenly lowered his head—"why, yes, he's holding the pistol in his left hand. He must be left-handed. Oh, I should have no difficulty with him if only I could come across him. But the young lady is close at hand—here in London. I think I'd just like to have a look at her first."

As this idea had not occurred to me, I had not asked Balderstone for her address. However, we found it in the directory, and when we had settled a few business details, Baxter went off to commence his search for a man about whom we knew absolutely nothing—not even whether he had any existence in the world of fact.

He called next day to say that he had seen Miss Thornton. He had watched her leave her house, and had followed her to the Park, where he had had a good opportunity of observing her without attracting attention. She was a remarkably handsome girl, he said, and unless he was mistaken she was rather "flighty," but beyond that he kept the result of his observations to himself. He told me that he was starting immediately for Restingbury, the station nearest, according to our calculations, the scene of the photo-

graph, and he would write as soon as he had anything to communicate.

Two days later I had the following letter from him:—

"SIR,—I have found the man, astonishing as it may seem. He wears knickerbockers and big Dundreary whiskers; he is left-handed; he is the same in every respect; there is no mistaking him. His name is Grimshaw, and he owns most of the land round about here. He is a widower, lives by himself in a fine old house, the Manor; has been much abroad; is liberal with his money; but is too cold and reserved to be popular. It is said he has a secret, but that is always the way with country people. If they don't know everything about a person's business, there must be something wrong. I escape this reproach, being, as you know, a dealer in corn and talking freely about my affairs.

"I have visited the scene represented in the photograph. The representation is exact. stood on the railway embankment and saw the two oaks, the other trees, and the glimpse of path Hearing a train in the distance, I walked to the path and stood just where the man is standing in the photograph. As the train passed, I could hardly see it, not so much as a whole compartment at a time; so a man who meant to commit murder would not have stopped for that cause. If he knew the place at all, he would know that he would never be seen except by a miracle. He might even have chosen such an opportunity as the best for his purpose, if he thought it possible that someone might be loitering about, for the sound of the train would smother the report of his pistol.

represents anything that may, or will happen. If it represents anything at all, it must be something that has happened, and to that end I am directing my enquiries. But as yet I cannot hear of any young lady missing in this neighbourbood. I have hopes, however, and already am on friendly terms with the head gardener at the Manor. You see, we have tastes in common, including beer, which is uncommonly good here. In a few days I will write again.

"Yours obediently, "George Baxter."

Perhaps I ought to have known that there was in existence such a man as was shown in the photograph. Yet Baxter's letter, saying that he had found him, rather startled me. At the same time, it did not help to solve the mystery—if anything, made it more puzzling. Was Balderstone wrong in saying that Miss Thornton had not been at Restingbury? That seemed to be the supposition upon which Baxter was working.

Two days later I received from him a telegram in these words: "Young lady here the image of Miss Thornton. Must have a man in town. Am wiring Whittaker."

Whittaker was another detective who occasionally worked in conjunction with Baxter when the latter wanted help. But why he wanted help now, I could not understand. It seemed to me that he had got the explanation. A young lady had been shot and perhaps wounded by Mr. Grimshaw, and Balderstone, who had photographed the scene from a passing train, had supposed her to be Miss Thornton, whom she greatly resembled. What could be simpler?

After the telegram came a week's silence.

As I had not thought it prudent to tell Balderstone what had been done, he paid me a second visit. Although his agitation was less apparent, he certainly looked more depressed than he did on the previous occasion, and there was a weariness in his manner which I had not noticed before. I felt certain that if he knew the man in the photograph had been identified, he would have rushed of to Restingbury, and probably have spoilt everything.

On that point, therefore, I remained silent, merely telling him that an intelligent detective was at work, and that we hoped very shortly to have a full explanation to offer him. He was disappointed of course; he had expected to have the whole of the tangled skein unravelled in a single day.

As he was leaving, I enquired after Miss Thornton.

"I've not seen her for more than a week," he said. "She is ill, I am sorry to say."

"Not worry, I hope? You have not told her what is disturbing you?"

"I have," he answered. "I told her before I told you—the same morning. We had promised to have no secrets from one another, so I was in honour bound to do so."

"And the news upset her?"

"I don't know about upsetting her. It certainly made an impression upon her."

A clerk entered the room and handed me a telegram. I opened it and said that it come from Baxter. Its contents were so surprising that when I read them I could scarcely control my features. Here is the message:

"Young lady here was Miss Thornton. She disappeared yesterday. Whittaker says she has not returned home. Can you enquire through Balderstone?"

"Mr. Balderstone," I said, as soon as I could speak with sufficient calmness, "would you oblige me by going to Miss Thornton's parents and asking to see her, and then coming back here?"

I never saw such a change come over anyone as came over him at that moment. He had risen to go, and he seemed suddenly turned into stone. His face was ghastly white, and although his lips moved, no sound came from them.

"But why?" were the first words I caught.

"There's no need for alarm," I said.
"I merely wish you to ask her"—I gave the only excuse that occurred to me—
"whether she has ever met the man in the photograph."

"Is that all?" He stared at me incredulously. "I did ask her, and she laughed and said it was impossible to recognise anyone from so small and indistinct a photograph."

"Then will you tell her he is lefthanded. Perhaps that may enable her to identify him?"

Another stare, and he was striding towards the door. He had a hansom

waiting outside. I heard him shout to the driver. The next moment the hansom was going at a furious pace along the street.

In less than an hour he was back again. As soon as he entered the room, I noticed a great difference in him. There was a calmness in his manner which was quite new, but it was the calmness of despair.

"They have been deceiving me," he said. "Miss Thornton has not been ill as they told me; she has disappeared and they don't know what has become of her. She left home over a week ago to visit some friends in Lincolnshire—that is what they tell me now—but she has never arrived there. They got a letter this morning to say so, and they are telegraphing all over the country."

"But why was this kept from you?"

"Because, they say, she wished it."

"The young lady who promised never to keep from you a secret?"

"Don't speak like that, sir," said Balderstone, sharply. "You may be quite sure that what she wished was right. I know that because I know her—you don't. If I don't understand, I shall some day. She will tell me. Now, Mr. Stubden, what do you propose to do?"

"I shall leave by the first train for Restingbury. If there is any news, I will telegraph."

"Restingbury! Where is that?"

"The place in your photograph."

He did not speak again until I shook hands with him, and then, with a look of piteous entreaty, he said:

"May I come with you?"

"I think not, Mr. Balderstone," I said.
"You see, we don't know where to look
for Miss Thornton. But I have just
heard she is not at Restingbury, so you
need not be uneasy on that account.
London is the best place for you, it is so
central. When definite news reaches
you, you can start off in any direction."

I don't think he was quite satisfied. He seemed about to urge some reason for accompanying me, but suddenly checked himself and turned away. For a few moments he lingered, and then went out very quietly, without another word. I could not help feelingly exceedingly sorry for him, the more so as I did not know what to apprehend.

Had the strange idea which possessed him taken hold also of me? Perhaps to some extent it had. Events which I could not understand were following one another in rapid succession, and were driving me forward, whether I would or not. As the man in the photograph had been found at the place it represented, and as the girl had in some mysterious way gone there too, I thought it possible that there might be some connection between them. So far, at any rate, I now believed in what I previously regarded with profound scepticism.

It was late at night when I reached Restingbury station; a little wooden cabin where I should imagine railway travellers were seldom seen, so astonished was the sleepy porter when I alighted. As I had decided to stay at the inn, I made my way there, and found Baxter sitting in solitary grandeur, with a pipe and a tankard of beer, in the one room which was allotted to visitors.

He told me, in answer to my questions, that Miss Thornton had been staying at a gamekeeper's cottage. Owing to the difficulty of following her without attracting notice, he had not seen very much of her. But she had spent most of her time in painting in the woods, and, so far as he was aware, she knew nobody in the neighbourhood. He was positive that she could not, without his knowledge, have met Mr. Grimshaw, or anyone else. Two days ago she had gone out as usual, and had not returned. Since then she had not been seen. Neither the gamekeeper nor his wife could give any information about her, but as she had left her luggage behind, and not paid their accountonly a few shillings-they were afraid



" MISS THORNTON !" SAID BAXTER, IN AN AWRD VOICE.

that some accident must have befallen her.

"What is your own opinion, Baxter?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, "I've been to all the railway stations round about, and I can't find a trace of her."

"I don't think you have been looking in the right place. I mean to search the wood."

Baxter's tankard came down with a crash. He rested his elbows on the table, and stared at me in amazement.

"Surely to goodness, sir," he exclaimed, "you don't believe in that photograph!"

"I'll answer that question later," I said. "Beliefs, like everything else, are liable to change. But one thing is certain. I am going to the wood, and I wish you to accompany me."

So, shortly after eight o'clock next morning, we started for the scene of the photograph. Baxter took me to it by way of the railway embankment, and from that point of view I had no difficulty in recognising it. After remaining there a few minutes we entered the wood, passing between the two oaks and so reaching the part which, a little to the right, plunged into a sea of tall bracken, just beginning to turn brown. Knowing the spot well, Baxter did not stay there He showed me where a train could be seen, and then commenced wading through the bracken, but suddenly stopped, uttering a cry of alarm. sprang towards him, but stopped also, for at his feet lay a beautiful girl, her blue eyes staring in horror at the cloudless sky overhead, her right hand upon her heart, through which, as we afterwards discovered, a bullet had passed.

"Miss Thornton!" said Baxter, in an awed voice. "Mr. Stubden, how do you explain it?"

I couldn't then; I can't now. After the lapse of two years I am sill unable to prove by whom the unfortunate girl was murdered. But in my own mind I am convinced that I know the truth, though my conviction rests solely upon a photograph which was placed in my hands more than a fortnight before the scene it represents could have happened. No jury would dream of accepting such evidence, and I, as a lawyer, feel that I ought not to accept it either. Yet I can't help myself.

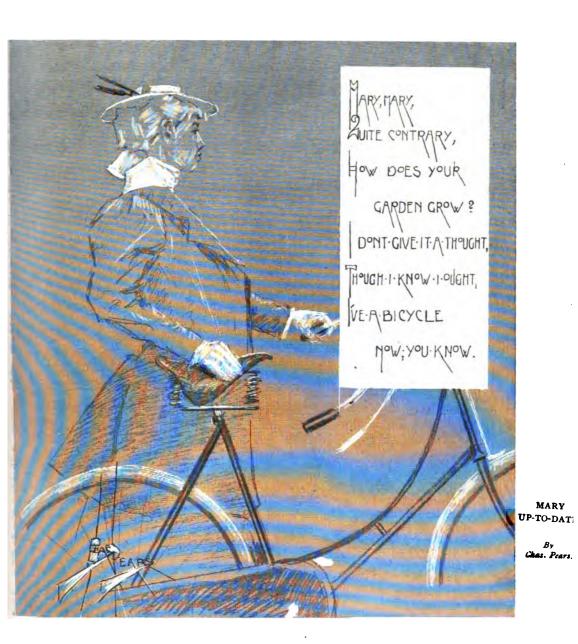
One fact has been ascertained beyond all doubt, that Mr. Grimshaw and Miss Thornton actually met at Cannes in the previous spring, and were then on the most friendly terms. But after long and careful enquiry we have failed to find any evidence that they ever met in England. Why she made her secret journey to Restingbury whether, recognising him in the photograph, she wished for some reason to see him again before her marriage with Balderstone, or whether that uncanny picture drew her to her doom as a moth is drawn to a candle—in what way she communicated with him, what passed between them, whether the photograph really represented the exact manner of her death, and, if so, how such an extraordinary circumstance can be explained—upon these and other points there rests a cloud of impenetrable mystery, which is not likely to be lifted until the day when all things are revealed. Mr. Grimshaw still walks erect among his fellows, but in my eyes he is a murderer.

In a large and handsome building, within thirty miles of London, there is a tall man, still young in years, though old in looks, who talks perpetually about a photograph—the photograph of a tragedy which, he tells you, is about to happen to a beautiful girl, his affianced wife, unless he can prevent it. With this object in view he implores the aid of everyone he meets, and he is furiously angry when he is not allowed to pass outside the gates. For the building is a lunatic asylum, and the man is Malcolm Balderstone.

Is this just? If no other world lies beyond the present one, it cannot be. But

all who think otherwise believe that all things that have been, that are, and that will be, are written in the Book of Fate, and by them the fact that one man was permitted, by some inscrutable means and for some inscrutable reason, a glimpse of one of its pages will be regarded as confirming their belief, with all its assurances, that what seems wrong here will be set right hereafter.





## LETTERS TO CLORINDA.º



Y DEAR CLORINDA,—A curious experiment is being made in blast London. London with its veneer of cheap cynicism, hiding its

rotten heart; London with its tinsel smartness, covering its wooden head; London the home of "Yellow Books" and Pioneer Clubs, of bold women and nervous men, has been offered a senti-A scent of the dried mental play. lavender has been wafted over the footlights of the Criterion Theatre. altar to Dickens has been set up at the corner of Piccadilly Circus; and what your grocer's son, turned journalist, dubs "middle-class sentimentality," Mr. Wyndham has dared to present to a fashionable We are given West End audience. broken-down post-chaises and comic grooms, we are introduced to red-faced sea-captains, peppery, filled with strange oaths but good at heart; to sweet-faced old ladies with white fluttering hands and angel smiles; to pretty housemaids, and to noble-hearted but pragmatical professors; to gallant young men in love, very jealous concerning beautiful young ladies dowered with innocence, smirks, and prattle; to rich middle-aged baronets, who never tell their love, but who worship the memory of bread-and-butter misses till they die old bachelors at ninety. Dickens himself might have written the play; its narrowness, its frank absurdities, its exaggerated pathos, its air of afterdinner optimism, its simple ignoring of human nature, are all the Master's. But there is also in it that which was his also. namely, tenderness. Some writers are spoiled by too much criticism; Dickens suffered from too little. He made his way too easily. Meeting with no opposition his art grew softer where it should have hardened. It is vexing to think that the creator of Pegotty and Sidney Carton should have written for us a Little Nell and an Esther Summers.

How perfect is his pathos at its best. There are few finer pages in literature than the death of Old Barkis, who went out with the tide; few more irritating scenes than the death of little Paul Dombey. About Dora I know you do not agree with me. Few women will accept her, but to me she is quite possible. One knows these little women: shallow, simple souls, intensely lovable so far as they go. They are only half women. One feels if one could graft some other half-woman on to them, they would be perfect. Such women might be sorted out and paired with the mannish, intellectual women that one sometimes meets: welded together, the two would make a very perfect whole.

So few of us are complete in ourselves. Do not you women sometimes think to yourselves what a nice husband a mixture of Tom this, and Harry that, and Dick the other would make? Tom is always so cheerful and goodtempered, but you feel that in the serious moments of life he would be lacking. You would not go to him for comfort or for strength. In your hour of sorrow it is grave, earnest Harry you would wish to have near you. He is a good sort, Harry; perhaps after all he is the best of the three; but then is he not just a trifle commonplace and unambitious? Your friends, not knowing his sterling, hidden qualities, would hardly envy you. Dick, on the other hand, is

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clever and brilliant, he will make his way. There will come a day, you feel, when a woman would be proud to bear his name. If only he were not quite so self-centred!

But a combination of the three! That is the man you could love.

The woman David Copperfield wanted was Agnes and Dora rolled into one. He had to take them one at a time. I wonder if in another existence Nature will elaborate her work by means of amalgamation? That was the theory of a strange old fellow I used to meet years ago at a French restaurant in Soho. He held that very few people were sufficient in themselves to be granted a future individual existence. His idea was that two or three or four or six of us according to our intrinsic value would be combined together to make a new individuality, fitted for some older and more advanced planet. Man, he argued, was already a collection of the beasts. The nature of every one of the lower animals is contained in man. To fit him for still higher purposes, it will be necessary to take the courage of one man, the wisdom of another, the kindliness of a third, the intellect of a fourth.

"Take a city man," he would say; "a hard-headed, shrewd, practical man of the Colonel North type; add to him a poet, say Swinburne; mix them with a religious enthusiast of the Cardinal Manning school, and there you will have a personality, possible for a higher sphere of life. Or take a Balfour, and mix him up with a John Burns and a Labouchere. Balfour and Labouchere would go admirably together. And if you wanted to strengthen them with more enthusiasm, you might add Joseph Parker, or Hugh Price Hughes." He thought that Irish politicians would be mixed with German professors; that leading actors would go well with agricultural labourers and Oxford dons. He was convinced that Beerbohm Tree, Mr. William Archer, and a few Gaiety Johnnies (we called them "Mashers"

then), together with a New Humorist—he was kind enough to suggest myselfwould produce something very choice. He had not, when I first met him, quite made up his mind whether the sexes were likely to be reproduced in a future state, or whether men and women would be used indiscriminately in the forming of a new dual sex. But towards the end of our acquaintance, he came to the conclusion that the future being would contain within himself both male and female, and to each combination he therefore added a few women. He seasoned. so to speak, his dishes with feminine sauce. A few actresses, for instance, would provide piquancy to this group; half-a-dozen lady novelists would supply the neurotic nerve to another. Mrs. Kendal would, he thought, go well with George Moore; and Ouida would be excellent boiled down in the same mould with Mr. Gladstone.

It was a weird theory. The thought that, in a future state, I should only be a bit of a man, was irritating; and yet it seems to me at times that, even in this planet, I am three or four distinct and separate beings. Who is the man that is ever standing by me, ever watching my doings with a half angry, half amused contempt? He whispers to me that I am a fool, a beast, and I know he is speaking the truth. I close my ears to him, and try to glide past him, but I know his eyes are upon me.

Who is the little mean creature within me that I cannot control, whose cowardly trembling causes my legs to quake beneath me the while I myself am brave and confident; who puts words into my mouth that I never intended to speak, that I loathe myself for uttering; who uses my brain to obtain his paltry ends; who strives and pants for things I myself do not desire? Which of us is the real ego, which the master? None of us. We go through life chained together in one presence, only that we may everlast-

ingly contend with one another. But to our common dying day we never become one.

What a wonderful book was Stevenson's Jekyll and Hyde. It haunted me for weeks. Every man whose eye I met, every man whose hand I took, I found myself looking through and through. Under the respectable white waistcoat and frock-coat I seemed to see a grinning, shrunken shape. If only some development of the Röntgen Rays could photograph our souls beneath our spoken words what strange pictures we should see.

They are becoming rather a nuisance, these X rays, by the way. Our photographers have abandoned "Types of English beauty" to plague us with types of English skeletons instead. The illustrated papers are filled with photographs of diseased bones and babies' livers. Where once we saw Mrs. Langtry's profile, Mrs. Langtry's back, Mrs. Langtry going out, Mrs. Langtry lying down; Maude Branscombe pouring out tea, Maude Branscombe dying on a doorstep in the snow, we now have photographs of diseased knee joints, and vivid pictures of tuberculosed left lungs. In the window of the London Stereoscopic Company, that once was filled with cabinets and promenades of "Our Celebrities" (and oh! how many of them there were; one used to wonder who was left that was not a celebrity) are now given over to studies of shoulder-blades and jaw-bones. Photographers fight with one another for the copyright of a deformed skeleton. lady suffering from a crooked spine, or the fortunate possessor of an internal cancer is able to make an income out of photographic royalties.

A lady journalist has had her inside photographed for the benefit of the readers of the Daily Courier. We are shown Miss Banks' ribs and spine, the deformed joints of Miss Banks' foot. We are advancing. It used to be only the soul that was laid bare to the public by

the enterprising artist; now it is his body. I remember walking down Arundel Street one day with a journalist friend. The talk turned upon the domestic troubles of a certain minor poet.

"Is it true," I asked, "that he is engaged to be married?"

"I really couldn't tell you," replied my friend, "I haven't read any of his poems for the last fortnight."

We have read of the French actor who, when his mother lay dying, made use of the occasion to study the expression of his tear-stained face in the glass. One of these days I want to discuss with you the question whether the acting profession degrades its votaries, whether the perpetual assumption of the emotions is not injurious to the character. Might not the nightly exercise of the passions increase them, as daily exercise would unduly develop the muscles? Might not a continual use of loving tones and looks react upon the cells of the brain, till a man found it necessary to be always more or less in love. There was a famous French actress once, I forget her name, who was always accustomed to play queens, with the result that she could tolerate no other position in her private life. Her servants had to address her as "Your Majesty," and to serve her on bended knee. I know a comic actor, who cannot ask you to pass the mustard to him without endeavouring to raise a laugh, and who can always be relied upon to be really funny with the asparagus. To see a popular actor or actress enter a drawing-room invariably affords me great pleasure. bring, as did Mr. Cleaver in Our Mutual Friend, their own atmosphere with them; their air of graciousness and condescension is superb. I once, by the way, had a dog, whose soul, in a former state of existence, must, I am sure, have belonged to a leading actor. You knew him-poor old Punch. You must remember how he always entered a room. Most

dogs scratch open the door, and then worm themselves through the smallest possible opening. Punch, on the contrary, would first of all fling the door wide open with a bang. Then, having attracted everybody's notice, he would march grandly in through the centre. It was a superb entrance, and never failed. his former existence, the method had no doubt always secured what is technically called "a good hand." As a dog, the poor fellow occasionally got the foot for it. It necessitated somebody's getting up and closing the door after him, and that somebody was generally myself. never broke him of the habit. That was his idea of a proper and becoming entrance, and he was not going to come in sideways for anybody. Literature does not insist upon a man's playing with his emotions, but it demands the selling of his hopes and fears, his joys, and his sorrows. Where would poor Heine's reputation have been, had his heart never been broken? And many a writer owes his finest passages to his baby's deathbed. It is not a pleasant thought, but it sometimes seems to me that like the beggars of St. Sophia, we sit by the wayside, exposing our sores for alms.

That is really what it comes to. As a race, we are growing just a little too fond of indecent confession. Nothing is sacred to ourselves. We live in the market-place, and a literary agent stands beside us with his auctioneer's hammer. But, at least, we might keep our bones and our livers to ourselves. Confound these Röntgen Rays. It is not pleasant to be always thinking of the skull that lies behind every fair face we see. When we raise our sweetheart's hand to our lips we do not want to be thinking of the long, black claw beneath the soft whiteness.

It is not intended that we should see the reverse side of Nature. The old lady is very tidy, everything that is unpleasant she hides away from us. Everything she exposes is beautiful. She shows us the sweet flower, the noble tree. The ugly roots she drapes with her green earth. Her worms and maggots she puts out of sight; it is not wisdom to grub about for them. Her black mud she covers with her rippling streams and sedge-bordered rivers; and the heart of man she buries out of sight still more carefully. Perhaps it is as well.

The analytical novelist is a foolish person. He is going against her wishes. He is doing no good work. Why can he not leave us alone?

Which argument brings me back to sentiment, and the subject of the sentimental drama versus the problem play. We are tired of Ghosts and Tanquerays, of Heavenly Twins and of the dirty doings of the Rougon-Macquart family. Of what use is this perpetual puddling in the sewers of life? We know the evil is there; let it rest. We do not benefit the tree by ever poking about its roots and crying out, "Look at the mud in which it growe: Look at the worms about its fibres!" Cover the roots up, as Nature intended them to be covered up. Take more heed of the leaves and the blossoms.

"Do not admire the flower," I hear my clever friends exclaim, "that is sentimental. Let us cut the thing open and analyse it."

Besides, what do they know of life, these folk who are for ever explaining it to us? They only know what they see, and they see so little; and for what they do see they have no true understanding. The real meaning, the real beginning of all things is hidden from us. We are like children who cut up their dolls for the pleasure of knowing that they are stuffed with sawdust, and then think they know all that need be known concerning the making of dolls. Yes, here is sawdust in it, my little friends, but the sawdust is not the doll. What good have you done? Give her a pretty name; bear her gently in your little arms. Teach her, scold her, see that she says her lessons, and keeps



HE GAVE THE PIANO A ONE-TWO IN THE JAW WHICH MUST HAVE DRIVEN HALF ITS